

BARRINGTON REVIEW.

VOL. 7. NO. 52

SATURDAY, APRIL 29, 1893.

\$1.50 A YEAR.

BARRINGTON.

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

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

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

GERMAN EVANGELICAL CHURCH.—Rev. Wm. A. Schuster, Pastor. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. Evening service at 7:30 p. m. Sabbath school at 12 a. m.

GERMAN EVANGELICAL ST. PAUL'S CHURCH.—Rev. E. Rahn, Pastor. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. Sabbath school at 12:30 a. m.

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

BARRINGTON POST, No. 253. A. R. Department of 115—Meets every second Friday in the month at Parker's Hall. A. S. Henderson, Commander; L. F. Elvidge, S. V. C.; L. H. Bate, J. V. C.; A. Gleason, M. E.; E. R. Clark, O. D.; C. G. Seab, O. G.; Henry Reuter, Sergt.; F. A. Lagaschulo, Chap.

R. C. No. 85.—Meets the second and fourth Wednesdays of each month. Emily Gleason, Pres.; Miss Bertha Seebert, Sec.

M. W. A. Camp 830.—Meets first Saturday of each month at J. Meyer's Hall. E. R. Clark, V. C.; John Robertson, W. A.; Fred Kirchner, B. M.; T. Lamey, Clerk; William Anthoni, W. L.; Lyman Powers, E. P. A. Hawley, S.

S. P. Parker, aged 71, died at his residence Friday evening, April 27, 1893, of cancer of the liver. The funeral occurred last Monday, the Rev. Bailey officiating. The remains were taken to Crystal Lake for burial.

Mr. and Mrs. Dunham, Church of Hebron, Neb., are visiting friends here this week.

Mrs. J. Brown was visiting her sister, Mrs. Johnson, at Nevada during the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. Mark Bennett of Chicago were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Henderson last Monday.

Old gold dust, 20 cents a package at A. W. Meyer & Co.

Frank Wilmeth has recovered from the mumps and is now able to be out.

A. W. Meyer made a business trip to Waukegan last Friday.

There is probably no tile on the market that has given greater satisfaction to the consumer than the Gilbert tile. They are well burned and have not shown any signs of disintegrating during the past years, where exposed to the most severe tests of wet and frost. E. Lamey has put in a large stock of the tile and is able to supply you with any quantity at prices as low as the lowest.

Miss Emma Meyer of Wheeling is visiting with her parents this week.

Mrs. Addie Swenson of Chicago was the guest of Mrs. Creel last week.

Frank Harrower spent last Sunday at the home of his parents.

Among those on the sick list this week are Mrs. Woodbridge Hawley, Mrs. S. Peck and Mrs. Crabtree.

Use Uji tea, which for purity, strength and flavor is unexcelled. A. W. Meyer & Co.

Miss Ella Harrower of Waukegan is visiting her uncle, Mr. J. Harrower, this week.

William Wilmer, who has been enjoying a vacation during the past week, has commenced work at the depot again.

The Rev. Goesele conducted the services in the Baptist Church last Sunday afternoon.

Miss Laura Cowden of Nunda spent last Sunday with friends here.

Mr. Abbs and family will soon return to the city.

Miss Maggie Sweeney visited friends in the city this week.

Born—April 22, to Mr. and Mrs. Anthoni, a daughter.

Last Sunday evening Mr. Waller lectured to a large and appreciative audience in the Methodist Church on "The People of India and the Missionary Work Which Is Being Done There."

Dr. D. A. Smith of Mayfair paid a short visit here last Tuesday.

C. B. Otis was a Chicago visitor last Sunday.

Miss Jennie Shorman of Chicago visited with her father last Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Harworth attended the fifth anniversary of the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Sisson at their home at Arlington Heights last Monday evening.

Just like our mothers used to make—Colin's Janeville, Wis., bread, sold only by John C. Plagge.

Mr. J. Kitson's house is nearly completed.

Mr. Granger of Melbury called on friends here last week.

Mr. H. Dickinson of Chicago called on friends here last Monday.

Clark McIntosh made his parents a short visit the fore part of this week.

Miss Ida Landwerer spent last Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. Gieske.

Mr. and Mrs. Richmond were visitors of Mr. and Mrs. Heise last Sunday.

Call for Chase & Sanborn's coffee at A. W. Meyer & Co.

William McLain has rented his home near Jackson Park and is now living in the Kennecott house at Honey Lake.

Miss Laura Wilmer spent a few days this week with friends at Elgin.

William Selleck spent last Sunday at the home of his sister, Mrs. Fox.

John Barnett of Chicago visited with his mother last Sunday.

PARK RIDGE.

CHURCHES.
CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.—The Rev. Charles S. Leeper, pastor; C. M. Davis, Superintendent. Sunday services, at 10:45 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday-school, at noon. Prayer meeting on Wednesday evening, at 8:00, in the lecture room of the church. Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor, Sunday evening, 8:15 o'clock.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.—The Rev. R. H. Dooliver, pastor; L. Laus, Superintendent of Sunday-school. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sabbath school 11:45 a. m. Prayer meeting on Wednesday evening. Epworth League meeting Sunday evening at 6:30.

VILLAGE OFFICERS.
W. P. Black, President
Elias W. Robinson, Charles A. Lutz, Cord Huisman, F. E. Gides, C. M. Davis and George H. Miller, Trustees
George T. Stebbins, Clerk and Commissioner of Public Works
S. H. Holbrook, Treasurer
Joseph A. Phelps, Supt. Water Works
C. B. Moore, Police Officer
G. H. Fricks, Health Officer

SCHOOL TRUSTEES.
Owen Smart, President
Frank W. McNally, Secretary
A. R. Mora, Treasurer
Thomas Jones, Charles Kobow, P. C. Jorgeson, J. E. Berry.

Wm. Freestone and family have moved to Benton Harbor, Mich.

The great World's Columbian Exposition will open its doors on Monday, May 1. Arbor Day comes on the same date, and the very many of us who cannot attend the inaugural ceremonies of the Fair can perhaps plant a Columbian tree to commemorate this great event.

The Northwestern University Glee Club concert which was postponed on account of the inclement weather, will take place at the M. E. Church on the evening of May 1.

There appears to be quite an epidemic of measles in Park Ridge at present.

Arbor Day, May 1, will be observed as a public holiday. Don't forget to plant your Columbian tree.

Mr. Williams and family and Mr. William Colman and wife will occupy one of William Phillipson's houses from May 1.

Mrs. L. C. Whittemore of Chicago will spend the summer with her daughter, Mrs. J. B. Goodfellow, in Park Ridge.

It would appear to us that the simple fact of writing the name of a candidate on the election ballot, even if the voters be not excited, would express the motive and intent of the voter and that such ballot should be counted.

William Zuetel, Real Estate, Insurance and Loans, Edison Park, Ill.

SCREEN DOORS.—A good 1 1/2 inch screen door, wired and stained, or painted, at S. E. Arnold's Edison Park Lumber Yard, for \$1.25.

LIME, CEMENT, ETC.—For the best lime on the market go to S. E. Arnold's Edison Park Lumber Yard, for the celebrated Marble Head brand costs no more than poor lime. Also Cement, Stucco, Fibre Hair, Sand, Building Papers, etc.

At the Congregational Church next Sunday morning, the Rev. C. S. Leeper will preach about "Trees of Righteousness." The evening subject will be, "The Opening of the World's Fair and What It Means."

TO RENT.—A two-story house, corner Clinton and Cedar Streets (now occupied by Mr. Brewer.) Apply to O. D. Gallup.

Get a time card of the station and post yourself on the new trains, likewise on change of old ones.

We earnestly request all persons indebted to this paper to settle their obligations at once, as we must have the money for running expenses. Our collector, Willie Black, will call on you. He is also authorized to take new subscriptions.

The continued wet weather has had a depressing effect on business of all kinds, and more particularly does it affect real estate sales.

For bargains in real estate, houses to rent, etc., call on W. E. Blackie of Park Ridge.

The Rev. R. H. Dooliver will take for his subject Sunday morning, at the M. E. Church, "The World's Fair Congresses." In the evening, "The Greatest Thing in the World."

If some of our good brethren and sisters in Park Ridge, who take such pleasure in endeavoring to unearth and resurrect the family skeleton which they imagine lurks in the closet of their neighbors, would pay more attention to their own domestic fireside they would be better off.

A little boy walked into Mr. Tarnow's grocery store one day recently, foot-sore and weary, and covered with mud. He was crying as if his heart would break, and after being pacified with something to eat (for he appeared half starved) he stated that he had run away from the training school at Feehanville, where he had been sent by his mother some two months previous. He complained of being ill-treated there by some of the boys and wanted to get back to his home in Chicago. Policeman Moore took the little waif in charge and after providing for him over night sent him on his way rejoicing.

Farewell Reception.
A farewell reception was tendered to the Rev. Geo. W. Colman and wife in the hotel parlors on Thursday evening last, at which members of both churches, and friends generally, were present. Refreshments were served and a short musical program given, consisting of quartet singing by Messrs.

Robinson, Stevenson, Holbrook and Sord. Mrs. Albert Becker played a piano solo and Mrs. Ches. Whitlock and Miss Nellie Orr, a duet. The Rev. Mr. Colman was pastor of the Congregational Church in Park Ridge for five years. With hosts of friends to regret his departure, all heartily join in wishing him a long and happy life. Mr. Colman and his most estimable wife will reside in Englewood.

Park Ridge Rhymes.
Some women grow old and begin to scold, then their husbands crawl under the table.
Then the woman scolds more, and the husband feels sore, and says to her, "Dear, you ain't able."

There's a great deal of strife goes on in this life,
And when a fellow gets right down, it is caused by a frown,
And oftentimes 'tis caused by a dimple.

The Man Says.
When you are gone, I know not where,
My bosom will be filled with care,
My thoughts on thee shall ever rest;
I hope you may be ever blest.

When pleasure-hill content with strife,
Your thoughts should wander back to me
Remember that I think of thee.

THE WOMAN SAYS.
—Rats—
and that settles it.

—Henpecked.

Board Meeting.

An adjourned meeting of the Village Board was held on Saturday evening, and after canvassing the vote of the recent election the vexed question of the sewer petitions was taken up. President Black thought it was a great mistake to endeavor to set aside the ordinances already passed, also the special assessments. The gentleman thought that a postponement until fall would meet with general approval, as thereby a saving of 25 per cent might be effected on material, labor, etc., and a consequent rebate given. The matter was finally left for the incoming Board to dispose of. A bill was presented by C. B. Robinson of \$83.04 for laying 529 feet of water pipe on Beacham Avenue, at 16 cents per lineal foot. The bill was approved and ordered paid. Two petitions for sewer and water mains on Crescent Avenue were presented, and ordinances were drafted and presented at the next regular meeting. A transfer of \$100 was ordered made to meet Mr. Robinson's bill for water mains. The resident and Clerk were authorized to sign and deliver warrants to Contractor Melton for South Park Avenue sewer when estimate was given by engineer McLennan. Further time

drainage for Rand Road. The electric light ordinance was deferred indefinitely. There were present at the above meeting President Black and Trustees Heelsmann, Miller, Robinson and Lutz. After adjournment we observed two prominent members of the Board hanging on each other's neck (as it were) and mingling their condolences, while tears of regret, or it might have been joy, coursed down their haggard faces. The spectacle somewhat unnerved us and when one of them remarked in a choked voice to his friend in affliction, "that now both were about to retire to private life they would perhaps get some of their friends back again" we silently slid out the door, pondering over the uncertainties of life, particularly where political aspirations are involved.

To Whomsoever It May Concern.

For a number of years past having been engaged in the real estate and newspaper business in the village of Park Ridge, and having, as I fully believe, the entire confidence of the majority of residents here in my business dealings with them, I feel called upon to say a few words relative to the rights, not only moral, but legal, of an agent who is instrumental in negotiating transfers of property from one person to another. Having studied for years the fluctuation in values of land in this vicinity, and being on the ground constantly to watch the rise and fall of values, I am prepared to make the statement openly and without conceit that I am posted in all details in this connection. I am not doing business here for love, but for pecuniary benefit to myself, when I can do so honestly, and the sooner we people realize this fact the better it will be for all parties concerned. The laborer is worthy of his hire, no matter in what branch of industry he may be found, whether it may be at the desk or on the farm. When the question for work faithfully performed on the matter of commissions shall become a bone of contention between myself and others, I shall, although disposed to be perfectly fair, not be found in the least backward in asserting my rights.

—W. E. BLACKIE.

Special Notice.

Willie Black of this place is authorized to collect subscriptions due the Park Ridge Herald, also to take orders from new subscribers. Please settle promptly, as all bills due us must be paid by May 15 if possible.

—Git a Holler on 7—

One afternoon about 4 o'clock, as the employees of the treasury department were coming out of the big building, two newboys stood waiting for the clerks. Both boys were small. One was stout, the other pale and delicate. The larger boy cried his papers in a strong bass voice, while the little fellow's voice was a shrill, piping, high lyric tenor, with a far-away tone. The boy with the bass voice turned round, and with a look of disgust and contempt, said to his companion in the news business: "Oh, cum off; w'y don't ye git a holler on ye?"

DESPLAINES.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.—The Rev. J. N. Dingle, Pastor; B. F. Kinder, Superintendent Sunday-school. Sunday services 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday-school at 12 m. Prayer meeting on Wednesday evening. Young People's meeting Sunday evening 8:45.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.—The Rev. F. J. and Mrs. F. J. Pastor; Geo. A. Wolfgram, Superintendent Sunday-school. Preaching Sunday morning at 10:30, and in the evening at 7:30 o'clock. Sunday-school at noon. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening.

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

ST. MARY CHURCH.—The Rev. L. S. Lynch, pastor. Services at 9:30 Sunday morning. Sunday-school at 11 a. m.

GERMAN EVANGELICAL CHURCH.—The Rev. E. Boesch, Pastor. Sunday services at 10:30 a. m.; Sunday-school at 11:30 a. m.

FOR SALE (CHEAP).—A fine building spot of 102x175 feet on Milwaukee Avenue about three blocks south of N. W. R. R. depot. Inquire at this office.

J. B. Eastwood, the station agent, is laid up with rheumatism. Mr. Foote is taking his place at the office.

J. C. Barry has taken a lay off on account of bronchial troubles.

It has been found out that Christopher Haverly, whose death was noticed last week, executed a deed about three years before his death conveying all his real estate to Joe Walter. Mr. Haverly was unmarried and if his property had not been disposed of before his death it would have gone to his brothers and sisters. The relatives are not disposed to give up the property without a contest.

A zither club from Chicago gave a lively entertainment at the Village Hall last Saturday evening. The attendance was not large, but the company probably made enough from the sale of refreshments to pay expenses at least.

A special meeting of the Village Board was called last Monday evening for the purpose of canvassing the returns of the late election. President Senne in the chair and all the members present except Trustee Eckert. The returns were opened and read by the clerk, after which the President declared the following persons elected: President, P. S. Hoffman; Clerk, E. C. Schaefer; Trustees, A. H. Jones, E. D. Scott and John Marshall. The Board then adjourned sine die. After adjournment the members of the new Board were sworn in, the oath of office being administered by Justice Scharringhausen. Mr. Senne then, in a formal manner, delivered the keys to his successor, P. S. Hoffman, with a benediction so soft and low that it could hardly be heard across the room. The new Board will meet next Monday evening to organize.

How about the election contest, Mr. Wicke? The new members are already sworn in, and if they get fairly in their seats it will take a ten-foot crowbar to pry them out.

David Lewis has gone to Springfield, Mo., for his health.

Scarlet fever has visited the family of Chas. Schaefer. One of the boys is sick with the disease.

The German Evangelical Society will give a musical and literary entertainment at the Village Hall Tuesday evening, May 11.

The Desplaines Literary Society had a pleasant gathering at the residence of Chas. Schaefer last Thursday evening. The Society expects to present a drama to the public some time in the near future.

The first of a series of Union Temperance meetings was held at the Methodist Church last Sunday evening. There was a large attendance. The Rev. E. W. Huelster offered prayer and read scripture selections, and the Rev. J. N. Dingle discussed the saloon question in a calm impassioned manner. In starting out he scored certain prohibition sheets that are given to exaggeration and falsifying and declared that editors who publish such libelous stuff do infinitely more harm than good to the cause. He then read extracts from prohibition papers and said that no candid intelligent man could believe such statements, but on the contrary knew them to be falsehoods. The next meeting will be held at the Congregational Church on Sunday evening next. There is some expectation that Capt. Black of Park Ridge will be present and speak to the congregation.

Fifty Dollars from Grover.

A few weeks ago a married couple in Iowa named a new girl baby "Kath Cleveland" Rankin. A marked copy of the newspaper containing the announcement found its way to the White House and in a short time the parents of the Democratic baby received a letter from Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland inclosing a draft for \$50 for the benefit of the infantile Democrat. Had Mr. E. C. Schaefer taken our hint thrown out some time ago he, too, might have been \$50 ahead, and perhaps, might have been handling the mail pouches before this. Modesty is very becoming in some things, but it cuts no figure in politics.

Obituary.

Luther Jefferson, second son of Stephen S. Jefferson, died at the home of his parents in Desplaines, last Friday, April 21, at 5 p. m., after a short illness. He was 26 years of age last January and up to a short time before his death was in the employ of the Western Paper Printing and Card Company at Riverview as local engineer. The company placed a high estimate on his services, as he was always to be found at his post except when sickness prevented. The funeral was held from the house and the crowd was so great that many had to remain outside during the services. Among the beautiful floral designs contributed by friends was one contributed by the Western Paper Printing and Card Company. Rev. J. N. Dingle conducted the services on the occasion. The remains were buried in the family lot at Park Ridge Cemetery. A long procession of carriages followed the remains to the grave.

Puzzled Farmers.

An agricultural editor in Bremer County Iowa, in speaking of the lack of practical education in our public schools says:

"The latest test we have seen is that of two farmers in southern Iowa who took two steers to town one weighing 1200 lbs., the other 1600 lbs. The dealer paid them \$10 for the two, an average of 5 cents a pound, but it was agreed all around that the 1600 lb. steer was worth a half cent per pound more than the other. The dealer handed the farmers the money and told them to divide it themselves. They could not 'figure' it out, and the local paper published a bid for answers."

Let the pupils in Prof. Quantrell's room see if they can succeed in "figuring this out," and if they can give correct solutions, hand them into the News. We more than half suspect that those "puzzled farmers" never attended our modern public schools but had to attend schools where all education outside of the three R's is called a "fad." This is about the view taken by Mr. A. S. Trude on facts and if the gentleman had another \$ tackled on to his initials, it would not be far out of the way in regard to his position on the school question.

Hear the News.

Our popular and enterprising news agent, Eugene Rogers, will open a news stand in the office of Scott & Scharringhausen May 2, when he will be happy to supply the reading community with anything they want in the line of dailies, periodicals, magazines, etc. He is also authorized to take subscriptions for the Desplaines News.

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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 8:30 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. Sabbath school at 12:15 p. m.

BAPTIST CHURCH.—The Rev. Wyckoff, pastor. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. at the Masonic Hall.

A very large wedding occurred in the south part of the town, on Sunday last. Up to Tuesday morning the strains of the accordion could be heard playing dancing music. Dancing has no effect on some people.

The family of August Schultz came very near being suffocated by gas one day of last week. Had it not been for a man working in the shop below Mr. Schultz's apartments and discovering the odor they would have probably sojourned to the other dwelling home.

Base ball game is scheduled to take place here to-morrow.

Are you dealing in chickens? Chicken raising is the latest fad.

Mr. Chas. B. West of Kensington visited here on Sunday last.

The real estate seems to be advancing here every week. The Butler Land Association is disposing of lots every day to city parties.

Who will get the postoffice?

George Dymond is serving on the jury.

Mrs. Mert Wilcox of Forest Glen, who is well known here, has been very sick the first of the week, and one time not expected to live. At present writing Mrs. Wilcox is somewhat improved.

Is the May party gone altogether, or will it be a mud party?

Dr. Tanner of Irving Park had the misfortune of losing his driving horse this week. It seems that the doctor was in the drug store of this place and as he came out he saw his horse upon the ground suffering from weakness, which hindered it from rising. The horse was taken in a near stable and cared for for three days, but it finally grew worse and the best advice was to shoot it and put it out of its misery, of which there was positively no cure.

The coming American Derby seems to prove very interesting upon the minds of our talents. Of late Don Alonzo seems to be their choice and probably before another week closes they will have some other one picked for the winner.

NORWOOD PARK.

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

Insure in the "National" of Hartford. William Zuetel, Edison Park, Ill.

Screen Doors.—A good one and one-eighth inch screen door, wired and stained, or painted, at S. E. Arnold's, Edison Park lumber yard, for \$1.25.

Lime, Cement, Etc.—For the best lime on the market, go to S. E. Arnold's Edison Park lumber yard, for the celebrated Marble Head brand costs no more than poor lime; also cement, stucco, fibre, hair, sand, building paper, etc.



A Grass-Grown Battlefield.

Sweet grasses clothe the valley where they fell.
Of that dark time, Nature has naught to tell.
The tender flowers nod where breathed their last
A thousand soldiers in the bloody past.

You would not dream that once this tranquil spot
Had felt the burning hail of rifle shot;
Or heard the screaming of the deadly shell,
Or the wild triumph of the Red and Yellow.

Hark! Is not that the mar-halling of men?
Is not a war-like bugle wake the glen?
Is not the tramping of ten thousand feet
Heard, keeping rhythm to the drummer's beat?

No! not an infant in its mother's arms
Breathes freer than this scene from war alarms.

The record of that awful day is writ
In human hearts. Here is no trace of it.

It should be haunted. Phantom host should rise
And cloud with battle-smoke the smiling skies.

The clash of meeting bayonets we should hear
And booming cannon shock the listening ear.

We stand in awe and list with bated breath
To catch some echo of their tragic death.

It does not seem that time could banish quite
The pain, the horror, or the dread afflict.

But earth is not in sympathy with war;
How speedily she covers every scar!

Is not the screen she waves o'er graves for-got
A mute denial of the battle fought?

The Dutchman's Ghost.

In the autumn of 1901, while Company C, Twenty-eighth Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry, were doing picket duty along the Potomac near Nolan's Ferry, Md., a German of that company named Kauffman, was put on a post on a tow-path, with instructions to keep his eyes upon the river in order to detect any boat in crossing the river from the opposite side. Kauffman espied along with a dead branch standing up from it, the log floating leisurely down with the current. On the top of the branch was seated a small white owl. It looked weird enough in the bright moonlight to Kauffman, and he immediately challenged, "Who goes there?" Back came the answer from the owl, "Who, who?" "Yes, dot is vat I say, who?" No reply from the owl—Kauffman immediately fired his rifle at it, and the owl flew straight at him with its beak open, and, with a screech, dropped his rifle and, with a screech, ran to the reserve post, with the owl following close over his head. "Took him away, took him away," the reserve ran out to see what the noise was, asking Kauffman what the trouble was. "Well, poys, I shoot at a ghost and he run right at me, and he nearly catch me." About this time one of the reserves had caught the owl that flew into the bough house the boys had built for shelter. He brought it out and asked the Dutchman if it was his ghost. Says Kauffman, "You dink I was some tam fool? You dink I toant know a ghost ven I see him from some bird?" Afterwards when any of the boys would hear an owl hoot, they would call Kauffman an owl, and he would call Kauffman an owl. "Rin, Dutch, there is another one of your ghosts." Sometimes when Kauffman was boasting of his bravery, some one of his company would take all the wind out of his sails by asking him if he had seen a ghost lately. L. Blundin in the Volunteer.

The Soldiers' Friend.

The number of pension claims that Gen. Butler put through without fees no man can tell, for if the claim was one that he regarded as warranted and the claimant was poor, he never refused to take it in hand. During the latter years of his life, especially, he delighted in doing good in this way, and he seemed to enjoy his good work so much that one felt tempted to question whether his motive was not after all a selfish one.

A Grand Army button was the "open sesame" to his heart. In the Old United States Court Building in Boston about five years ago he was engaged in cross-examining the witnesses in a very important distillery case. His cross-examinations were always a terror to witnesses on the stand. He had examined a half-dozen of them with unusual severity, walking up and down before his lawyers' table as he did so with even more theatrical effect than was his wont.

A new witness was called. An old man hobbled to the chair. The right sleeve of his coat was empty and pinned up to the lapel, in which was the little bronze Grand Army button. Gen. Butler's eye caught sight of it. His manner changed at once.

"Where did you serve, comrade?" he asked in a kindly way.

"I went out with the Eighth Massachusetts when you led us down through Baltimore, General," the old fellow answered in a shaky voice, "and I served right through until I lost the arm at Fort Pike."

The following day the applicant received several thousand dollars for the loss of his arm, and a stated amount each month during his natural life.

A Midshipman's Wit.

On board a man-of-war bound home from China was a young midshipman named Jones. He was a favorite with the officers and had in him the talent for the making of a fine officer. The midshipmen on board stood their watch forward, and every hour it was their duty to come aft and write up the weather columns of the ship's log, showing the readings of the barometer, thermometer, and to have the chip log for her speed.

The Captain, in company with the officer of the deck, was walking the weather side of the poop deck conversing when Midshipman Jones came aft

to write up the log. The barometer, a mercurial one, was hung in the Captain's cabin, and Jones, having read it, helped himself liberally to the Captain's sherry on the cabin sideboard. In walking the poop the Captain happened to glance down the cabin skylight and saw the midshipman's proceedings. When Jones came up on the poop to leave the log the Captain addressed him as follows:

"How is the barometer, sir?"

Jones saluted and said: "Steadily rising, sir; steadily rising."

The Captain then asked: "And how is the decanter, sir?"

Jones was taken aback, but with a steady voice replied: "Steadily falling, sir; steadily falling."

This reply was too much for the Captain, and bursting out laughing, said: "Young man, your bright reply has saved you from punishment, but it is long way to Frisco, so hereafter I beg of you not to consult the decanter as often as you do the barometer."—Detroit Free Press.

Confederates in Yankee Garb.

"Let me tell you a queer fact," remarked Major J. B. Harlow to The Man About Town one day the past week. "I don't know that the idea has ever occurred to another person, but I have asked many of our friends about it and their experience and observation tally with mine. Now to the point: It is a curious truth that just after war whenever a 'Yank' bought a suit of clothes it was gray, pepper and salt for instance, while the 'Johnnies,' when able to do so, invariably bought blue. When I came out of the army I bought a suit of gray, or pepper and salt, and all Union soldiers I have since asked about the matter did the same, while the Confederates bought blue. I have often wondered why it was, and came to the conclusion that after three to five years' service in the Union ranks the men became tired of the blue, and their first wish was to get something as far removed in color as possible, consequently they took the gray. It was the reverse on the part of the Confederates and they took the blue. When you realize that the only colors in use for men's wear are the blue, black, brown and gray, you see that the selection was circumscribed. Now that fact is dying out and sentiment growing the Yanks are returning to the blue and the Johnnies, clinging to the gray."—St. Louis Republic.

New York's Free Night Schools.

The night schools of the Cooper Union, New York, are all free, and are divided into two sections, the scientific and the art. The studies pursued in the former are algebra, geometry, natural philosophy, astronomy, chemistry, geology (from October to January), descriptive geometry, electrical measuring (from January to April), analytical geometry, elementary mechanics, trigonometry, differential and integral calculus, applied mechanics, analytical chemistry and mechanical drawing. They are divided into a curriculum of five years. Any student may attend for as long or as short a time as he pleases, though if he is absent three times without satisfactory excuse he forfeits tuition in the school. The art sections studies are rudimentary drawing, decorative designing, form drawing, architectural drawing, modeling in clay and perspective drawing.

Had a Narrow Escape.

Dr. Thomas Musgrove, now a dentist of Philadelphia, is an ex-confederate with an excellent reputation as a soldier, but he made a narrow escape from an ignominious death during the war and he owed his life to the great and tender heart of Abraham Lincoln. The young man seized a favorable opportunity to slip through the lines and visit his parents in northern Delaware. He was recognized, however, while within the union lines, seized and held as a spy. He was innocent of any evil intent in visiting the North and influential friends presented his case to the President. Their story was convincing and Mr. Lincoln said: "It is a pity a poor fellow can't come to see his mother," assured the intercessors of young Musgrove's safety.

Old Colonial Architecture.

Some of the most charming examples of colonial architecture survive in the old homesteads of Annapolis, Md., and in like homesteads throughout Anne Arundel County. The show place of the Eastern Shore was for many years Old Westover, near Princess Anne, Somerset County, where there was a great ball-room, much used in the fox-hunting days of the Wilsons' ancestors of the late United States Senator, E. K. Wilson. Princess Anne itself has several interesting houses, including an enormous, rambling old dwelling, built by that Eastern Shore man who caused Princess Anne to be made a port of entry, in order that he might the more conveniently import from Europe the furniture for his new mansion.

Not in the Country.

There are many places in Ireland to which are attached legends wherein the Satanic majesty figures. The Devil's Gap, the Devil's Bowl and many others might be mentioned. A bright story of Irish wit is told in this connection by an exchange.

One day an English tourist was being shown the sights by a guide. The "Gap" and the "Bowl" had been visited, and the tourist remarked:

"What an amount of land the Devil possesses in Ireland! He must be an important personage in your country."

"Wishin, then," said the guide, promptly, "can yer honor's right; but, like the rest of the landlords, he's an absentee."

Work for Cranks.

The time-worn "million stamps" he still survives, and is likely to prove immortal. People all over the country are trying to accumulate 1,000,000 canceled postage stamps in the belief that a standing offer is made by the government or by somebody of a big prize for such a collection. Some think that \$10,000 is the sum guaranteed, while others imagine that the reward is the endowment of a permanent bed in a hospital. The popular notion on this subject, being somewhat undefined letters asking about it are constantly received at the Postoffice Department, Washington. But no denials serve to destroy the widespread faith in this strange chimera.

Miss Mary Anderson, now Mme. de Navarro, lives in absolute privacy in a small house near Tunbridge Wells. She spends her time studying Spanish under her husband's tuition.



Tiny Tokens.

The murmur of a waterfall
A mile away.
The rustle when a robin lights
Upon the spray;
The lapping of a lowland stream
On dipping boughs.
The sound of grazing from a herd
Of gentle cows;
The echo from a wooded hill
Of cuckoo's call.
The quiver through the meadow grass
At evening fall.
Too subtle are these harmonies
For pen and rule.
Such music is not understood
By any school;
But when the brain is overwrought
It hath a spell
Beyond all human skill and power
To make it well.
The memory of a kindly word
For long gone by.
The fragrance of a fading flower.
Sent lovingly.
The gleaming of a sudden smile
Or sudden tear.
The warmer pressure of the hand,
The tone of cheer:
The hush that means "I cannot speak
But I have heard."

The note that only bears a verse
From God's own word.
Such tiny things we hardly count
As ministry.
But when the heart is overwrought
Oh, who can tell
The power of such tiny things
To make it well?—F. R. Haverhill.

Vienna's Bachelor Club.

Our Vienna correspondent is able to contradict a misleading report, says the London Telegraph. It has been said that a club of men of position has been formed in that city for the assistance of young women of humble station who may aspire to marriage with them. A new club has indeed come into being, but it is of quite another sort. It is a club of professed bachelors—a celebrate order of dandies. It derives its origin no doubt from a well-known London institution which bears the same name. But our Bachelor's Club binds its members by no self-denying ordinance in regard to the future, and we believe it demands not more than that candidates shall have been single at one time in their lives. That might be tolerated as a passing condition, but it is a very different thing to shut the door to repentance forever. The Viennese women are justly incensed, and some threaten to retaliate by forming another society pledged to stern refusal of all offers from the Bachelor's Club. This implies the belief that the bachelors cannot possibly keep their vows and it proves to be in singular harmony with experience. They have broken them by anticipation. An indignant woman has openly charged the President with frequent promises of marriage to herself and has demanded his deposition. In all probability the institution will have to change its title and become the Sour Grapes.

A Western Girl's Idea.

A very clever young Western girl, who came to New York with the desire to work and make money, and who has heretofore failed in that attempt, has sent out cards to wealthy housekeepers to the effect that she will make contracts to sweep, dust and clean their apartments so many times a week for so much. In the advertisement of a sudden loss of servants she believes she will be able to take up a great many orders. "It is a genuine fact," says she, "that the general run of servants in New York are too saucy, ignorant and slovenly to know how to set a room to rights neatly and artistically as well. They are always breaking precious bric-a-brac, tearing exquisite silken picture scarfs and tidies, or scrubbing the dust and grime into elegant portieres. I believe some women ought to make a profession of housecleaning."

Shakespeare's Birthplace.

What is amiss at that Mecca of Shakespearean devotees, the birthplace of the poet? Since those two gentle enthusiasts, the Misses Chatterley, went the way of all flesh, some five years since, much to the regret of Stratford pilgrims, the other couples of lady custodians have succeeded to the care of the house and its relics, but each and all have relinquished their posts. The latest are Miss Harper and Miss Tennant, who, before undertaking this duty not long ago, held an appointment at Leamington. It is stated that the twain in tendering their resignation, have made complaints of "discourteous treatment," and that previous resignations were to some extent due to similar dissatisfaction.

Kate Field on Apologies to Audiences.

Kate Field is opposed to apologizing to audiences, public or private. "The first time I apologized to an audience," she says, "was in an interior town of New York State, owing to the miscarriage of my trunk. I was obliged to appear on the platform in a traveling gown. It was an eminently respectable gown, and had I not been goose enough to exhibit distress, few would have known that it was not what is classically called store clothes." * * * The next morning, in the only journal of that town, I read a long tirade on my disrespect to an audience made up of the elite—how I need not think myself superior to clothes, and how my indifference to appearances was so pronounced as to destroy the charm of the lecture, if it had any! Not one word more regarding the lecture!

Dr. Reifsnnyder's Good Work.

Dr. Elizabeth Reifsnnyder, who is in charge of the Margaret Williamson Hospital in Shanghai, China, is one of the first women physicians in that country, and she has proved a blessing to her sex. In a letter to a friend Miss Reifsnnyder sets forth the beauty

and grace and innate good qualities of the Chinese women.

"I believe," she writes, "that there is fine material in Chinese women. They are very ingenious, industrious and obedient. In matters of art, such as fine embroidery, painting and carving, they excel, and when they undertake deeper studies they expand their minds with a sudden burst of success which is marvelous."

During the past year Dr. Reifsnnyder has treated over twenty-seven thousand patients at the hospital and has filled over thirty-six thousand prescriptions. She loves her work and has become so used to the climate of the Orient that her health is excellent. On the subject of women physicians she is very enthusiastic, and she emphatically says that owing to the large number of women nurses in the East the people take kindly to female doctors.

The Late Mme. Grevy.

In unexpected turns of the wheel of fortune, the unknown to places of power and dethroning the mighty without warning, France leads the nations, not excepting America, where the grandson of the millionaire may black boots for the grandson of the crossing sweeper. The installation of the late Mme. Grevy in the Elysee is a happy instance. She was the daughter of a tanner, and earned her living in Paris as a bonnet maker. When she married, her whole fortune was less than \$500; at her death she leaves something like a quarter of a million to her daughter. She did not invent an ancestry with her promotion, nor assume fine airs with her rich gowns. Her manners were characterized by simplicity, her accounts were carefully audited to the smallest detail, and she set her face against court etiquette.

First Lady of France.

Mme. Carnot, wife of the President of the French republic, is a brunette, with dark blue eyes, a pale complexion, delicately molded features, and hair as black as glossy as black satin. Her expression is at once intellectual and charming, says a writer in the Ladies' Home Journal. Outside her official duties, which are many, Mme. Carnot leads a very quiet and domestic life. The ordering and superintending of her toilets absorbs a good deal of her time and is really one of her official duties, the dress of the wife of the ruler of state exercising a widespread influence over the commercial interests of France. Then she is interested in a number of charities and drops in from time to time to see how her proteges are progressing.

Mrs. Sewall in New York.

Mrs. May Wright Sewall, the president of the national council of women and chairman of the World's Congress of representative women, is in New York stirring up enthusiasm. She wants money and she wants appreciation from New York women. She is likely to get both. One thing Mrs. Sewall excels in, and that is her all-time plea-anxiety of manner and calmness of spirit. No matter how much the women about her may quarrel and quarrel, she remains true to the salient point—her mission. She is at present the guest of Mrs. Elizabeth Grannis, editor of the Christian Union, at her home on East Twenty-second street. She has been visiting Dr. Clement Lozier, the president of Sorosis.

Even the Mob Respected Her.

Mrs. Perrin, the oldest member of the Daughters of the Revolution, who died recently in New York, was a descendant of Admiral Coligny, the celebrated French Huguenot, and her grandfather was General Falconer, one of Washington's aids-de-camp. At the time of the draft riots in New York City, Mrs. Perrin lived on West Forty-seventh street, and a mob surrounded the house, threatening to burn it down. She went out on the front steps and made a speech so fearless and so patriotic that the brutalized crowd was moved to some sentiment of manhood, and, after loudly cheering her, went on their destructive way leaving her home unharmed.

About Women.

Mrs. Anna Potter, independent candidate for mayor of Kansas City, has refused a Republican endorsement. She is a woman of much decision of character and has some wealth. At present she is building a house and her workmen say that she shows much executive ability.

The wife of Senator White of California, is sometimes spoken of as a "Spanish beauty," and her dark hair and eyes and rich complexion seem to justify such a suspicion. But in the interests of accuracy a Washington paper declares that she was born in North Carolina and had a French father and Irish mother. She was educated in Philadelphia, but went to California while a young woman.

While an Andover student was sketching the Phelps homestead not long ago a lady who was walking near him paused and pleasantly referred to his task. He replied with enthusiasm and explained that with his mother at home he had read all of Miss Phelps' writings and was anxious to get a picture of that author's place of residence. The lady smiled and made him a little bow. "I am much obliged to your mother," she said amusedly. "Will you tell her so from Elizabeth Phelps Ward?"

Notes by the Way.

The Empress of Austria, when she travels about incognito, uses the following three names: "Mme. de Tofna," "Mme. Nicholson" and "Miss Simpson."

Mrs. Emily Crawford, the well-known Paris correspondent, on one occasion ran nearly a couple of miles in thin ball shoes through a blinding snow storm in order to dispatch an important item of news to her husband's paper.

For the first time in its history, the pulpit of the Free High Church, Edinburgh, was on a recent Sunday occupied by a lady, when Mrs. McVicar addressed a crowded congregation on the progress of evangelization in Italy, especially in the mountainous districts.

Mrs. Fleming of Harvard College Observatory, who recently discovered twenty-one new variable stars and has done much valuable astronomical work, is a native of Dundee, Scotland, where she was educated, and afterward taught in the public schools for five years.



The Growler.

Nothin's good enough for him
Weather's bright—he wants it dim;
Winter comes with frosty rim to
Swears he'll freeze 'fore summer-time;
Summer comes, it's heat is felt,
Swears that he's goin' to melt!
Can't half please him, if you try,
So don't mind him—pass him by!

Goes for one man with his vote—
(Wrapped in a five-dollar note—
Bets on him—looks awful wise—
Tother feller gets the prize—
But that don't put him out—
Got something to growl about—
Swears 'twas fraud, with knowin' eye—
Jes don't mind him—pass him by!

All he wants in this creation—
After vittles an' salvation—
Is good livin' to help him howl
An' a livin' chance to growl!
If he's fat, or if he's slim,
Growlin' meat an' bread to him!
Regular business, makes folks sigh—
But don't mind him—pass him by!

A Broken Clavicle.

Fifty years ago European audiences listened with rapt admiration to Rubini, a tenor, of whom it was said that, though he himself could not act, he made his voice act for him. The intensity of expression he gave to his voice, the judicious use of the tremolo, and the management of light and shade produced a thrilling effect. But his great vocal feat consisted in taking the B flat of the upper octave without preparation, sustaining it for a long time, and then letting it imperceptibly die away. The listeners could hardly believe their ears.

The adventures are always on the edge of danger. On one occasion Rubini, after repeating this vocal feat, and being a second time encircled, found himself unable to produce the expected note. Determined not to fail, he gathered up his vocal strength and made a supreme effort. The note came with its wonted power, brilliancy and duration, but at the cost of a broken collar-bone.

A surgeon examined the singer and found that the tension of the lungs had been too powerful for the strength of his collar-bone. Two months' rest would be required to reanimate the clavicle, and this the singer declared to be impossible, as he had only finished several days of a long engagement.

"Can I sing at all with a broken collar-bone?" he asked.

"Yes, it will make no difference in your voice," answered the surgeon. "But you must avoid lifting heavy weights, and any undue exertion—above all, you must leave the B flat alone."

Rubini continued to sing with a broken clavicle until the termination of his engagement.

A Vision of the Future.

When our younger friends revisit the Empire City in 1923, they will complete their series of bird's-eye views by surveying that of which so many are now dreaming—the greater city of the future. The idea of "Greater New York" has of late taken hold upon the public mind. Movements once begun, in view of such a conception, never go backward. The civic pride now awakening is sure to fulfill its mission with increasing ardor. Thousands of my readers will live to ascend some tower above the Harlem River, from which they will see not only Manhattan Island, filled to all its shores with buildings, and the acropolis where are grouped the Mausoleum, Columbia University and St. John's Cathedral with its dome and cross at the highest—but will also gaze upon the residential city to the east, with its series of magnificent parks, its beautiful mansions set in garden closes, its speedways, plazas, and broad-shaded streets. In the distance, the Brooklyn district will beacon from Long Island shore, huge as New York is now, and united by bridge after bridge with what will then be the district of New York. For, while both the present cities may retain their present titles, the imperial metropolis will inevitably be consolidated under one name—and that, perhaps, neither Dutch nor English, but aboriginal. There is none more purely American than Manhattan, and none to which the term "historic" more truthfully can be applied.—E. C. Stedman, in April St. Nicholas.

An "Office Cat" Worth Having.

A passage cat whose favorite spot is on the study table has found a new use for himself. He watches his master's pen, and occasionally, when the writer is tired, takes the holder in his mouth. But his real usefulness is to act as a paper-weight. When a sheet is finished and laid aside, the cat walks gravely to it and takes his seat on the paper. As soon as another is laid aside, he leaves the first and sits down on the second. Sometimes, to try him, his master lays down on different parts of the table, sheets in rapid succession. But "Pohatan"—the cat—remains seated, shrewdly supposing, that to be fun, not business. When work begins anew, the cat seats himself on the last paper laid down, and waits for another. Thus he shows that he watches his master's work, and perhaps thinks it his duty to keep the paper from blowing away.—April St. Nicholas.

Intelligent Cow.

Col. L. D. McDonald of Columbia City, Ind., as reported by the Indianapolis News, tells a good story of animal intelligence. He had bought a lot of stock, including a cow and her calf, which he was driving home. The cow's affection for its offspring had attracted attention more than once.

At length a river was reached, which, being unbridged, the cattle had to ford. The water was deep, and as the cattle plunged in they were swept off

their feet, the mother cow among the rest.

The calf, meantime, was taken by the current several rods down-stream, and when the poor cow regained her footing and discerned this, her distress was apparent. Instead of making for the opposite shore, as the other animals had done, she swam down the stream below her calf. The current drove the young creature against the protesting bulk of the mother.

The cow, satisfied at this state of affairs, started for the shore, the calf swimming alongside of her. About midway of the river the swift current, striking the calf in the fore-quarter, swept it behind the cow, and again it floundered down-stream.

Once more the mother went to the rescue. She had to swim around to the other side of the calf, and this done, she had to steady herself in the stream until the calf was against her side. Her efforts were this time successful, and cow and calf swam safely to shore.

Hardly a Courier.

It is related of Felix Moscheles, the pianist and composer, and the much loved teacher of Mendelssohn, that at one time, after a concert tour, he took the vessel from Calais to Dover in most unpropitious weather.

"It was a day never to be forgotten!" he says. "We spent fully fourteen hours on the stormy sea. I was tormented with all the sufferings of seasickness. At last, about midnight, when we were getting near Dover and the steward asked me for my passage fare, I only had strength to point feebly to my well filled pocket. 'For shame!' exclaimed the steward; 'a courier, and so sissie!'"

"And whence did I get this title of courier?" At the Austrian Embassy they had stamped my large packet of music with the Imperial seal, and inscribed it 'Despatches,' so that I might travel free of tax and delay, and the steward quite naturally supposed I was the bearer of despatches, crossing and recrossing the channel frequently.

The musician does not say whether he explained the mistake or not, but he does state his relief when, arrived at Dover, he exchanged the vessel for the mail-coach, and his qualms were ended.

The Trial of the Chicago Anarchists.

Joseph E. Gary, the presiding judge at the trial of the Chicago Anarchists, thus sums up his article on this subject in the Century for April: "For nearly seven years the clamor, uncontradicted, has gone round the world that the Anarchists were heroes and martyrs, victims of prejudice and fear. Not a dozen persons alive were prepared by familiarity with the details of their crime and trial, and present knowledge of the materials from which those details could be shown, to present a succinct account of them to the public. It so happened that my position was such that from me that account would probably attract as much attention as it would from any other source. Rightminded, thoughtful people, who recognize the necessity to civilization of the existence and enforcement of laws for the protection of human life, and who yet may have had misgivings as to the fate of the Anarchists, will, I trust, read what I have written and dismiss those misgivings convinced that in law and in morals the Anarchists were rightly punished, not for opinion, but for horrible deeds."

Old Advertisement.

From an old number of the Philadelphia Aurora is taken this curious advertisement, showing the custom in Pennsylvania of slaveholding in 1803, and how one man endeavored to get back a lost slave.

From the subscriber ran away, October last the eighth day, a dark mulatto man, named JOSS, Not heard of since until my loss; Just 26 years in his age, 5 ft. 10 in. I'll engage He is in height, and I suppose A scar on one side of his nose. He also on the fiddle plays; And fond of spiritous drink always; And when he has got pretty mellow An impudent talkative fellow. Has much of a mechanic mind; Few better farmers you will find. Who ever in jail does him secure, And notifies me, I'll insure Them 30 DOLLARS when they please Paid as reward, by JAMES HAYES.

For Young Readers.

The railroad service of the United States gives employment to about 1,000 people.

To force the timid bachelors of Canada into matrimony, there is serious talk of imposing a tax upon them.

Forty years ago the Mormon Temple at Salt Lake was begun. It cost \$2,500,000. On April 6th it is to be dedicated.

Kangaroos are such a plague in Australia that the government pays a bounty of eight pence for each of these animals that is killed.

A cheerful old couple, Mr. and Mrs. John Ballenger, of Maytown, Ill., have just celebrated the seventy-sixth anniversary of their wedding.

A perfect steam-engine, only 1-1/2 inches long, has been made by Henry Cox, of Gloversville, N. Y. It contains 2,336 separate pieces.

All idle men who are willing to work, in Seattle, Wash., are supplied with tools and set at work chopping for the city at fair wages.

Henry Adamson of Porter County, Ind., went to bed the other night with perfect hearing. When he awoke next morning he could not hear a sound.

Many of the potatoes sold here as Bermuda tubers are fraudulent. They are of native growth, and treated with acids to make them look like the Bermuda vegetable.

In the Department of Herault, France, it is estimated that 800 pounds of small birds are annually trapped and killed to furnish gay feathers for bonnets.

The cutters of Buxton, Maine, found a half-blown lily imbedded in one of the cakes. It was carefully thawed out, placed in a sunny window, and it soon blossomed as beautifully as a lily in midsummer.

The Scotch of It.

A wealthy Scotchman had a pet idea that he would leave his two daughters their weight in £1 notes, but when he found that one of them would balance £55,344 and the other would need £51,250 to draw the beam he had to alter his will and get down to a more reasonable basis.

MAN.

I was born as free as the silvery light
That laughs in a southern fountain;
Free as the sea-far bird that nests
On a Scandinavian mountain;
Free as the wind that moans at the way
And plucking a clasp of another—
Yet in the slave they scourged to-day
I saw and knew—my brother!

Vested in purple I sat apart
But the cord that smote him bruised me;
I closed my eyes, but the son that broke
From his savage breast accused me;
No phrase of judgment just
The plaint of my soul could smother,
Creature vile, abused to the dust,
I knew him still—my brother.

And the autumn day that had smiled so fair
Seemed suddenly overclouded;
A gloom, more dreadful than nature owns,
My human mind enshrouded.
I thought of the power benign that made
And bound men one to the other;
And I felt in my brother's fair afraid,
And ashamed in the shame of my brother.
—Florence Earle Coates.

WANTED, A GOVERNESS.

GOVERNESS (English), required at once by a Russian family resident at Odessa; French, drawing music, three girls, eldest 14; salary \$500; references exchanged. Apply personally between 2 and 6 to-day to KANSEROFF, Langham Hotel.

He was an elderly Russian, slightly gray, the "Kanseroff" of the newspaper advertisement. He spoke English, like the majority of his well-educated compatriots, with scarcely perceptible accent.

When Cecil Pentreath, with outward composure and inward tribulation, was shown into his private sitting room at the Langham hotel that afternoon, he laid down the Times and regarded her pretty face with evident approbation.

At the end of five minutes he said he believed she would suit his friends, and that he would pay her passage out to Odessa, providing—and he did not doubt that it would be the case—each found the other's references satisfactory.

"I will give you till this time tomorrow to consider the matter and make such inquiries as you think proper," he said, in conclusion.

"Anyhow, I suppose I need not start for a week or two?" she asked. "I should like a little while in which to take leave of my friends."

"Naturally you would," he answered kindly. "There is no immediate hurry. A fortnight hence would suit the Petrovitchs very well. I've no doubt."

The next afternoon, having perfectly satisfied herself in the interim of the respectability of her future employers, she went to keep her appointment with Mr. Kanseroff.

He was not alone to-day. Another man was in the room, a younger man, who was seated at a writing-table strewn with papers, and who merrily glanced up and bowed as she entered, and then paid no more attention to her.

Kanseroff rose courteously, shook hands, and asked her to sit down.

"Well, Miss Pentreath," he said, "and have you decided to go to Russia?"

"Yes," she answered simply.

As she spoke she was conscious that the stranger—his interest suddenly awakened—had turned his head, and was looking at her earnestly; the keen scrutiny rendered her somewhat uncomfortable. He said something rapidly to his friend in Russian. From the note of inquiry in his voice, and the mention of her own name and that of Petrovitch, in the reply, she guessed correctly that he had asked her what was.

In the ensuing few minutes, while she discussed business matters and settled the date of her departure, she was sensible of the fact that every word she uttered was being absorbed and criticized by the man at the other end of the room, and that all the time he was watching her closely—that his eyes never left her face.

When at length she rose to go he called Kanseroff aside, and the latter left the girl with a brief apology and a request that she would remain a moment.

The two men talked eagerly, excitedly; but it was the stranger who was having most of the say. She could not understand them, of course. It appeared to her, however, that he was making some proposal of which Kanseroff did not approve. At last the elder gave in, but half convinced, and shrugged his shoulders, remarking in English:

"Well, have your own way. But you must make your own arrangements; I shan't interfere."

The young man turned abruptly to Cecil, who had been watching the little scene with natural curiosity.

"Miss Pentreath, would you like to earn \$5,000?"

A rush of color flushed Cecil's face.

"Ah yes," she said with a little gasp in her voice. "But why do you ask me? How could I make so much?"

"By leaving England in two days instead of two weeks, and taking a little packet of papers with you—a little packet that is of such great importance to my family that I do not care to transmit it in the ordinary way, through the post."

The girl's clear eyes met the man's bewildered, questioning. Then a sudden light dawned upon her; his motive became clear.

"Oh," she cried, and her breath came and went rapidly, "in plain words, sir, you want me to smuggle papers into Russia which would get me into trouble were they discovered by the police?"

"Yes."

"Then I must decline, it would be wrong."

"On the contrary," he said quickly. "It would be right. You might even be the means of saving my life."

His tone and manner were earnest. Whether he was speaking the truth or whether this earnestness was merely assumed to convince her, it was difficult to say, but the girl was satisfied.

"My, I ask why you have chosen me for this work?"

"First, because you are going to the country anyhow; secondly, and chiefly, because you are a foreigner and a mere girl. You will pass unheeded, unsuspected, where others would not—that is to say, if you can keep your self-possession when it is needed, and I think you can, for though you are so young, you have nerve, character—you are to be trusted."

She did not speak for a moment, but thought deeply and rapidly, with her gaze upon the floor.

Womanlike, she shrank at the idea of danger and was about to refuse; then she thrust all thought of self aside, and only remembered her mother, her sister, the man she loved, and what such a sum of money could do for them and held her tongue.

"Give me \$10,000 and I will do it."

"You know how to ask, Miss Pentreath."

"I won't jeopardize my safety for less," she said firmly. "If I were alone in the world I should refuse altogether; but I want the money for the sake of those who are very dear to me."

"Very well," he answered after a pause. "You shall have your \$10,000 directly. I receive advices that you have fulfilled your part of the contract. I will give you the papers the morning you sail."

"When you arrive you must wear a white rose, an imitation one will do very well. Your responsibility will cease and your reward will be won, when you have delivered the packet safely into the hands of a man with a similar one pinned in his coat, who will contrive to ask you—how, when, or where, I cannot tell you—for the present from his friend in London."

Two days later Cecil found herself on the deck of an outward-bound steamer, the parting over, the voyage begun.

On the ship the time seemed endless to her, and she could settle to nothing. Every day seemed a week. She was in a fever of impatience to reach her destination, and get the critical period over. Yet, such is human nature, when she was told by a fellow-passenger that they would arrive the next morning she would have given as much to retard their progress as previously she would have given to accelerate it.

She was awakened about 8 o'clock in the morning by the sudden cessation of the accustomed motions as the Korniloff came to a standstill beside the quay at Odessa.

Already the deck was strewn with luggage, crowded with passengers, and in a wild state of commotion. Officials in uniform were affixing large seals to all trunks and packages, large and small, prior to despatching them to the custom house to be opened and searched.

Other officials were searching every hole and corner of the steamer itself, and one stood in the gangway apparently to prevent anyone from going ashore.

"Do they always search the ships like this?" asked Cecil of one of the officers with whom she had grown friendly during the voyage.

"No, it isn't usual. You see they are on the alert just now to stop certain papers getting into the country. The passengers—some of them, at least—will very likely be searched too. Nobody has been allowed to land yet."

She felt herself turn red and then white, and she nervously fingered the imitation rose which she had that morning pinned for the first time at her throat.

"Mrs. Petrovitch will be waiting for me. Surely they'll let me land now."

"I dare say they will. I'll find out for you," said the sailor, kindly.

He went up to one of the custom house men and spoke to him in Russian.

"This young English lady wishes to go ashore at once. There is nothing to detain her, I suppose?"

The official called another, and the two eyed Cecil and consulted together. Of course she could not understand a word of what was passing, and in consequence had to endure awful suspense with assumed indifference.

It was evident to her at last, however, that they had not the least suspicion of her, for one shrugged his shoulders and the other asked her in French, as a mere matter of form:

"Have you anything about you—any papers?"

It was only for an imperceptible instant she hesitated and then she told the first deliberate lie she had ever told with a calm face and the blood tingling to the very finger tips.

"No."

"Very good, mademoiselle. You need not remain."

Mrs. Petrovitch and one of her girls met her and took her home. She was an amiable woman, and no doubt the governess would have been very comfortable beneath her roof; but all the same, if she could secure her \$10,000, Cecil did not intend to remain long in Russia.

The following morning about 9 o'clock the front door was thrown open in common with every other door in Odessa, and a stream of people began to pass in and out. Every man who entered, whether he was gentleman or peasant, took two eggs from the pile on the table, broke one and ate a piece of it, and presented the other to the hostess or any other female member of the household with the formula, "Christ is risen." To which the lady replied, "He is truly risen."

Cecil was watching the scene from a corner with considerable interest, when a dark man dressed like a peasant, advanced and extended an egg toward her. He wore a white rose, and he placed himself before

her so that his figure shielded her from the room.

"You bring me a present from my friend in London," he said softly and rapidly in excellent English.

For answer she slipped the packet into his hand.

He gave a sort of sigh of intense relief, and concealed it at once without the least sign of confusion on his face.

When she raised her head to look after him he was gone.

About 5 o'clock in the afternoon a month later a curious little scene was enacted outside the entrance of a certain large block of offices in the city. A young lady drove up in a four-wheeler and sent a boy into the building with a message.

A moment later a man came out, whose perplexed face suddenly crimsoned with astonishment and delight as he saw her who wished to speak to him. He shouted to the cabman to drive on—anywhere, sprang into the vehicle and clasped the girl in his arms.

"Ceil, my darling!"

"Frank!"

"Why didn't you write to tell me you were coming home?" he repeated.

"Why are you back again so soon? What does it mean?"

"I wanted to surprise you. Oh, Frank, I've good news for you—such good news. What should you say if I told you that what we've always longed so for is ours at last—a little capital that will enable you to start in business for yourself?"

Then, incoherent with happiness and excitement, she told him all. He heard her story, and when she had finished touched her cheek with a gentle hand.

"But, my dear, I can't accept so much from you."

"Then you value money more highly than you value me?"

"Ceil, what an idea? You don't believe it?"

"I shall believe it if you still refuse. It must be so since you are not willing to take the \$10,000, and—she hid her blushing, happy face on his shoulder—and you are willing to take me!"—St. Louis Star-Sayings.

STORY OF A STONE-CUTTER.

Why San Luis Potosi's City Hall Grows Slowly—A Strange Narrative.

A strange story is told by Louis T. Hunter, ex-conductor upon the Mexican national road, says a writer in the St. Louis Republic.

In the city of San Luis Potosi is a city hall which, when completed, the inhabitants claim, will be the eighth wonder of the world. It has been many years in course of construction and has cost millions. When it will be completed no man can say. There is a present cause of delay which promises to continue indefinitely. The front of the building is beautifully ornamented in stone. The Mexicans wanted skilled stone-cutters for the carving, so they imported a dozen experts from Pennsylvania. They were all young men tempted by continual employment at high wages. One Fourth of July a member of their band got drunk. His name was Robinson. He stood in one of the little saloons of the city and at regular intervals yelled:

"Hurrah for the Fourth of July!"

To him entered a drunken Mexican who responded with, "Viva el cinco de Mayo!"

The American's patriotic repartee was promptly "To h—!" said he, with the 5th of May! "Bah for the Fourth!"

The Mexican drew a dirk and made a savage rush. Robinson shot and killed him.

His American comrades left the city in all directions. He was tried and condemned to death. It struck the authorities, however, that with Robinson in the grave there would be no one to finish the carving upon the vast expanse of the hall front. So they deferred shooting him until the task was ended, and set him to work.

Every day, Sundays excepted, in the shine of summer or the blasts of winter, he may be seen panted like a fly upon the front of the building, chipping away, while a file of soldiers stand guard in the street below. When the day's work is done he is taken back to his cell. But life is sweet, even to Robinson, and they say that he is in no hurry to finish. The marvelous skill at shinking which he has displayed, challenges the admiration of every one of the millions of men who regard work as an imposition.

It is calculated that at his present rate of progress the carving will be completed in about 340 years, if he should live so long; which seems unlikely.

The First to Cross.

Mrs. Lawrence Turnure, of New York, who died a few days ago, was known to the oldest residents of Batavia as Miss Jane Redfield, third daughter of the late Herman J. Redfield, of Batavia. Mrs. Turnure was a woman of unusual brilliancy of mind and a noted beauty in her early youth. She was high-spirited and daring, and as an instance of this may be noted the fact that in the collection of the Buffalo historical society is an iron cradle, used to carry persons across the chasm of the Niagara river upon a cable during the building of the suspension bridge to which is attached a card stating that "Miss Jane Redfield was the first woman to cross the Niagara gorge in this cradle."

The Small Boy's Fun.

Jimmy—Why don't you come over here and skate. The ice is a heap slicker.

Tommy—There's more fun here. If I was to break through here I'd likely drown, an' over there th' water ain't a foot deep.

A TALE OF SMUGGLERS.

EVEN WHEN CAUGHT IT IS HARD TO CONVICT.

Aloud Claims Made That Valuable Dresses Are the Property of Fashionable Dress-makers—Smuggling Jewelry.

"Smuggling! Well, I should say so. Not of a very exciting kind, it is true, but constant violation of the customs laws that must be looked after, and the worst of it is that the most persistent offenders are women, and wealthy, high-bred, educated ladies at that."

The speaker was a special agent of the treasury department, one of those men whose position in official life is hard to define, but who, at a stipend of \$8 per day and expenses, exercise vicariously all the functions of the secretary of the treasury himself and, many unlucky imposters contend, all the powers of justices of supreme court of the United States as well.

"There are, of course, he resumed, 'many people in trade who make an effort, and very often a successful one, to beat the customs. Dress-makers and diamond-dealers are the chief offenders, and in these cases it is decidedly difficult to convict either one. Our system has been for years very complete, and we have men located in Europe and constantly upon the steamer docks abroad to keep track of leading dress-makers and dealers who we know are in Europe. We are notified of the date of their sailing, and either the men of our force or the surveyor's staff are on the lookout for their arrival. The modistes of this city, who usually return from abroad with from five to twenty trunks, are put through a pretty searching examination, and then the trouble begins."

"Several years ago we made large seizures of trunks belonging to well known dressmakers of this city and Boston and pursued the cases vigorously. Evidence was produced showing that nearly all the costumes contained in the trunks, some of them valued as high as \$1,200 apiece, were bought for wealthy ladies of New York and Boston. Not one of them had been 'declared' as dutiable, and yet every one of these dressmakers had been abroad yearly and knew the demands of the customs laws as well as you or I. It was useless, however, the jurists promptly declared the women not guilty, and Judge Brown was compelled to release the goods, upon which at least \$5,000 of duty should have been paid, the duty on silk then being fifty per cent ad valorem. Since then we have been very careful in making seizures."

"The modistes have pursued the custom for some years of declaring one or two costumes in each trunk and claiming the remainder to be their own personal wearing apparel. It is too difficult to secure evidence to refute these claims and distinguish between the goods to be worth the time it takes. Occasionally new comers in the field of dress-making attempt to conceal the goods, and that is their undoing. A woman will attempt to come off the steamer with one valuable costume over the other, or with goods concealed about her person, and she is generally invited by the acute inspectors to visit the searching room."

"On one occasion we took sixty yards of valuable lace with which a woman had larded a woollen petticoat valued at about \$2, and which she claimed was proper trimming for it. While attempts at concealment of this kind indicate a determination to smuggle, the offender is generally allowed on appeal to the collector or secretary of the treasury to pay the duty and take the goods."

Dealers in jewelry and precious stones are the leading smugglers among men, although the cigar trade for many years gave us a great deal of trouble. Diamond smuggling is frequent and is persistently kept up, although the duty on gems is but ten per cent and the profit saved is not very great. The pursuit of the diamond smuggler is most unsatisfactory, although the hauls sometimes made are heavy, and were the jewels always confiscated the profit to the seizing officer would be considerable. But diamonds are goods of a character which the owner would most naturally conceal about his person, and the law compels the seizing officer to enter the alleged offender's mental processes and prove that it was his intent to defraud the revenue before he can be convicted of smuggling."

"I myself followed a leading Maiden lane dealer whom I knew was smuggling diamonds constantly for nearly two years without making any larger capture than a package of bort (uncut brown and black stones used for rock drills and in diamond cutting) which was of course undetectable. The firm represented by this man had a branch house in Paris. He often visited that city but returned empty handed. We found him making frequent trips to Montreal, and inquiry of the Canadian Customs authorities revealed the fact that large packages of precious stones were addressed to him at the Montreal Post-office. Diamonds are admitted to the Dominion duty free, but must be declared to the customs officials, as must all imports. The frontier officer who was working the case with me visited the Post-office and saw the dealer receive the package from the authorities."

"He then ascertained the train by which the importer was to return to New York, and the two had the sleeper to themselves. As soon as the train crossed the line the special agent charged the dealer with the

possession of the stones, and as the latter refused to submit to search, he was taken down on the floor of the car by the stalwart agent, who sat on him until his clothes were investigated. Not a thing was found, and profuse apologies and the good sense of the dealer only saved the officer from serious trouble. It was three months after that we learned that the package had been sent to a man at Windsor, opposite Detroit, who carried the diamonds across the river, and shipped them to the Maiden lane house by express, and they entered the city without exciting suspicion. We never caught any of them. It is the habit of many diamond and jewelry dealers to transfer their stock to women who travel on the steamers for that purpose, and they are rarely ever suspected or searched."

NUISANCE OF THE BORE.

He Never Seems to See When He Is on the Wrong Track.

The man who is not a bore, if he hits on an uncongenial subject, very quickly leaves it, says the Spectator. The bore raps on, oblivious of the mental opposition which he is encountering. The bore has no notion of what is the line of least resistance. He does not pick the smoothest path he can find, but snorts with the utmost unconcern down the road of maximum friction. The man who is not a bore sees in an instant that the story of how the village pump was painted, contrary to the orders of the vicar's church warden, is not interesting to his audience and immediately changes the subject. Not so the bore. He knows, or thinks he knows, what is a really good story, and, therefore, oblivious of the far-away look that has come into the eyes of Miss Tones and Mr. Smith, he makes them drink the anecdote to the dregs. Unaware that he is not sailing down a pleasant stream of talk, he does not spare the smallest detail and recounts verbatim what the clerk said to the pew opener or to the grocer's assistant, who sings alto in the choir. It is this fact, that lack of sympathy and of ability to enter into other people's feelings constitute the bore, that makes it possible for some men to be both bores and not bores.

Carlyle took a friend, a much younger man, out walking with him, and in his usual way, indulged in a monologue, in which, nevertheless, his companion was much interested. Once or twice, however, the friend ventured to put in a word or two of objection in regard to something said by Carlyle. This annoyed Carlyle intensely, and when they reached home he turned upon his companion and addressed to him the following warning: "Young man, I'd have ye know that ye've the capacity for being the greatest bore in Europe." The poor man had hardly spoken a dozen words, but since these had been critical they had made him seem to Carlyle a potential bore of colossal proportions.

Many men in this way get unjustly called bores. They venture to doubt some statement made in conversation and are at once branded with the most terrifying of names. These unfortunate persons are, in truth, not bores at all, but merely the innocent detectors of the latent capacity of boring in others. Carlyle showed by his speech what was indeed the fact, that he, not his friend, possessed the potentiality of boring. It is true that his great imagination generally saved him, but he often went perilously near the line. Had he not been the man of genius he was, he would assuredly have been the greatest bore in Europe.

A Woman's Lonely Half-Century.

A strange romance was ended by the death near Stonersville, Pa., recently, of Mary Reis, who for fifty years led a lonely life because her parents forbade an early marriage. She was 78 years old. When a girl she fell in love with a young man whom her parents did not admire, and they forbade her a marriage. This broke Mary's heart and her home had no more charms for her. She preferred to live by herself and she refused to accept the hospitality of friends or neighbors, saying that all the world was against her. Twenty years ago she moved into the little stone house, and after that she rarely saw anybody. One Monday a friend called and offered to help her in any way, but she refused aid. Her body was discovered on the kitchen floor and \$20 was found in the little house of the recluse.—Philadelphia Record.

A Heavenly Attribute.

Quenter—It's funny how some people's opinions vary. There's Meekleigh, for instance; he was of the opinion that his wife was heavenly before he married her.

Jester—And to a certain extent he has occasion to think so yet.

Quenter—In what regard, pray? Jester—Why, they say "Order is heaven's first law," and it's Mrs. Meekleigh's, too. She doesn't do much else but order, and the worst of it is that he doesn't find it politic to do other than obey.

Warranted Against Breakage.

Clara was perched upon the fence post, swinging her chubby legs and singing at the top of her sound little lungs. "Be careful, Clara," I said, "as I passed by; you might fall and break your bones. I'm afraid you'll get hurt." "Oh, don't be 'fraid," she answered reassuringly: "I did fall down yesterday already, and I never even cracked."—Kate Field's Washington.

Nothing Saved.

Miss Bleeker, describing a fire—The building was completely gutted. Miss Emerson, of Boston—Yes, thoroughly entrained.—Judge.

NOTEWORTHY NAMES.

The late duke of Somerset left ninety-two wills for the heirs and lawyers to quarrel over.

Capt. Charles King, whose stories of army life last rest many people, talks them into a phonograph.

The last surviving relative of Aaron Burr is dead. He was the inventor of the Burr hat machine, which made millions of hats in a year and revolutionized the trade.

At the age of 91 Right Hon. C. P. Villiers, who was a schoolmate of Lord Byron, is still one of the best whist players in London, and can beat half the crack players in the London clubs.

William Ordway Partridge, the Boston sculptor, gets \$10,000 a year for his statue of Shakespeare, and will receive \$27,000 for his equestrian statue of Garfield. He is only 31 years of age.

Miss Emily Reifhull, the noted English social reformer, is endeavoring to organize in London a suburban home, in which working women and girls can each have a small private room at low rent.

M. Munkacsy is at work in his Neully studio on a picture of such dimensions that the canvas has to be raised and lowered by a machine for the purpose. It is thirteen feet high and forty-five wide.

Nikola Tesla, the young scientist whose investigations in electricity give promise of producing very brilliant results, is an Austrian, the son of a priest of the Greek church. He is about 36 years of age.

M. Cavaignac, possibly the coming president of France, is of Irish descent, from the Kavanaghs, who were kings of Leinster. President MacMahon, it may be remembered, was of similar extraction, and proud of his ancestry.

Grace Greenwood's stories are always in demand. At a tea drinking at the Boston Woman's club the other day she was asked to tell one more story, but excused herself by saying: "No—I cannot get more than one story high on a cup of tea."

An intelligent Zulu recently said to a missionary: "You missionaries trouble us. Before you come our wives got food out of the ground for us, and brought us children and cattle. You make us give up our wives, our beer, cattle for our daughters and want us to spend money for clothes, books and preachers. Life was easy before. You make it very hard."

In a coal mine unused for three years in Plaingrove township, Lawrence county, Pennsylvania, John Martin, exploring for minerals for the Juniata land company, found the skeleton of a man chained to a post in one of the rooms. The remains are supposed to be those of John Baird, a soldier who disappeared while on a furlough during the war. He came home to visit his sick wife, found her dead and became insane. The skeleton will be interred beside the body of his wife.

RARE CHANCE TO BUY PIANOS.

Chickering-Chase Bros. Co., 219, 221, Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Offer Special Bargains.

The Chickering-Chase Bros. Co. have a large number of fine instruments, consisting of odd styles, second hand and rented pianos, and a number of medium grade pianos, the agency for which they have discontinued. All of these pianos will be sold at prices which will astonish buyers and among these instruments are squares, at forty dollars; upright pianos, at \$125; grands, at \$250, and new pianos of discontinued agencies for \$190. The Chickering-Chase Bros. Co. is one of the largest and best known piano houses in the world, and their name is a guaranty in itself, that any instrument bought of them will be found to be exactly as represented. The prices quoted above cannot be duplicated, and intending purchasers will do well to profit by the opportunity offered.

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Office Hours: 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. Sundays, 10 a.m. to 3 p.m. All languages spoken.

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

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and similar matter, sent to the Editor.

GENERAL NOTICE.

This will be the last issue from our old
quarters, and in the future the
patrons of this paper are duly
requested to send all notices for print
to Room 25, 155-157 Washington Street.

By the time this paper is published, only
require a few days to go from New
York to Chicago during the winter
months. This means a very close
train, and a very close train, and
for the distance is the best in the
world.

LOW WALLACE has the pleasure of
knowing that 50,000 copies of "The
Har" have been sold to readers of the
English language, while people of
every tongue, every tongue, on this
terrestrial ball, seem to desire a
translation.

A portion of the great preacher
Spurgeon has been posing in the
mantle of the deceased, and a list
detected. Now a son will try to
garment on, and if he can't fill it,
the evidence that there is little in a
name would seem to be complete.

Edison complains that the patent
laws of this country are very unfair
to the inventor, and declares that all
the money he has made came from
the patents taken out in England.
This will strike most people as not a
little queer, in view of the sum he
has accumulated.

The interesting news comes from
Mexico that the native doctors, have
quitting spiders to cure typhus
fever. It is supposable, in lieu of
denial, that the festive tarantula is
still retained in the practice of
materiamedica Mexicana as an an-
tidote for excessive alcoholism.

One of the visions of Jules Verne
is likely to become a reality. Ex-
periments have demonstrated to the
satisfaction of experts, of the navy
that a ship can be constructed with a
capacity for submerging itself and
moving below the surface of the
water rapidly and under strict con-
trol.

Two French captains fought the
latest duel. It was thought that pos-
sibly they would rob the custom of
that gentle and innoxious aspect
that makes such affairs to be smiled at.
But they heeded the precedent.
Honor was satisfied with six shots
that involved no danger save to spec-
tators.

The governor of the federal dis-
trict in which the City of Mexico is
situated has just discovered that
smoking in the theaters is objection-
able, and has issued an order forbid-
ding this indulgence to playgoers
either during the performance or be-
tween the acts.

English girls have a new fad.
They have taken to setting up their
favorite bits of literature in the
"Braille" type for the amusement of
the blind. The work is easy, and is
praiseworthy form of charity, since
the literature for the blind has hith-
erto been limited.

A Chicago woman seized a burglar
by the hair the other day and suc-
ceeded in effecting his capture. The
methods of Delia are still effec-
tious, it seems, and the sex to whom
she bequeathed her knowledge of the
art of subduing bumptious masculinity
would do well to remember the
lesson she taught.

The mortality rate now obtaining
in New York is fearful, approaching
that of an epidemic. An attack of
pneumonia is now regarded as about
the same as a death warrant, and by
many able physicians the disease is
recognized as infectious. Much of
the difficulty is attributed to the ex-
ceptionally dirty streets.

Artists and others who have
pictured the southern negro angling
with a bent pin, a piece of twine and
a clothes pole will be surprised to
learn that the fishing tackle of some
southern negroes is as fantastically
ornamental as the war-dubs of
cannibals or the weapons of Alaskan
Indians, and is often made in a man-
ner to excite the envy of the most
enthusiastic Northern sportsman.

After winning glory for saving a
train in Oregon has been ar-
rested charged with having loosened
the rail that gave him a chance to be
a hero. So another idol tumbles, but
aggravated this time by the fact that
the passengers theoretically snatched
from death had given their bold
rescuer a purse made up of contribu-
tions averaging twenty-two cents
apiece.

SCHILLER THEATER.

"The Crust of Society," in which
Mr. John Stetson's players have been
so highly extolled in this and other
cities, is expected to cause something
of an upheaval at the Schiller Theater
on Monday evening next. But at the
outset it may be said that the theme
has been touched with delicate and
skillful hands by the adaptor, Miss
Louise Imogene Guiney, a young
woman of great intellectual force, in
whom Boston takes great pride.
"What is truth?" said jesting Pilate
and would not stay for an answer. In
the dramatic sketch, "The Crust of
Society," truths are revealed in an
open and naked daylight. The play
is the theatrical sensation of the sea-
son. It tells a story of unbridled and
doubtful morals, of the musques and
mummings of men and women whose
day begins when the Angelus of even-
ing is ringing. It breathes a light
upon abnormal lives, upon the fever-
ish of giddiness and folly. It displays
a phantasmagoria of black coats and
white shoulders, of speculations in
speckled consciences and hearts of mar-
ble. The original production of "The
Crust" in Boston caused quite a quiver
in the literary circles of that city. Its
morals were the subject of torrents of
attacks and defenses in the public
press.

Monday, May 8, Rose and Chas.
Coghlan's Company presenting "Di-
plomacy," "Peg Woffington" and
"Money."

TO THE NEW VILLAGE TRUS- TEES.

For a number of years the Park
Ridge Herald has been published and
in general circulated in the village of
Park Ridge, the town of Maine, and
throughout the northwest portion of
the county of Cook. Its subscribers
are equated by the hundreds and its
readers are located all over the coun-
try.

Its existence is an established fact
and its responsibility is unquestioned,
and to compare it with any of the fly-
by-night local sheets which have spas-
modically appeared and as suddenly
disappeared after a brief, uncertain,
and inglorious season, would be sim-
ply absurd.

The Park Ridge Herald has never
munched nor defrauded its subscribers
or advertising patrons. The subscriber
who pays for his subscription is confi-
dent that he will secure what his money
calls for. He knows that when he set-
tles for one year's subscription he will
receive the paper for twelve months,
not three weeks or months, and the
same may be said of the confidence of
those who favor with advertisements.
The Park Ridge Herald has been tried
and not been found wanting, or lack-
ing or missing.

For several years the Village of
Park Ridge recognized the Herald
as its official organ, as it should, ac-
cording to law, and the village print-
ing was done by us at low rates, and per-
fect satisfaction was given. On the
regular day of issue the Herald ap-
peared and in its columns were the
ordinances, special assessment not-
ices, election notices, official reports,
or whatever it was necessary to pub-
lish. No yeeks were skipped through
the incompetence or neglect of those
by whom the paper is published, and
public business was not delayed or de-
ferred owing to the non-appearance of
the Herald. It was not issued by
chance or in fair weather only, but
weekly as it ever has been since its
first publication.

During the past year the village
printing has been attempted in an
irresponsible sheet, which came out
when it could, without regard to regu-
larity or contract or anything else. No
one knew when ordinances passed
would be printed. It was a sort of
lottery, a game of perhaps, as it were,
perhaps they would be published the
next week, the week after, or perhaps
never.

With the action of the last Board of
Village Trustees the Herald has no
fault to find. They had a right to
withhold the official patronage if they
chose to do so. Of the new President
and Board we ask nothing but justice
to ourselves; we simply ask them it is
policy to try any more experiments
and request of them only that recog-
nition that the Herald deserves.
The Herald has always represented
the best interests of the residents of
Park Ridge and ever has treated its
citizens, whether or not subscribers,
with impartiality, and endeavored to
steer clear of all factional fights or
local dissensions and present to its
readers the current news of Park
Ridge, its environs and sub-
urbs. The Herald is an outgrowth
of Park Ridge, belongs to Park Ridge
and is supported by the people of Park
Ridge, and to it rightfully belongs the
good will and patronage of Park
Ridge.

Gentlemen of the Board, by doing
the Herald justice you are only doing
justice to yourselves and your fellow
citizens.

Bozous Filigree Work.

It probably will interest those who
buy Indian and Mexican filigree work
on the trains in New Mexico and Ariz-
ona to know that many of these
fragile curios are manufactured by a
firm of people in the street called
Maiden Lane, in the city of New York.

EDISON PARK.

During a recent visit to this charm-
ing suburb, we were both delighted
and surprised at the rapid growth of
the place, and the unparalleled look of
prosperity all around. Handsome and
substantial dwelling houses seem to
have sprung up in a day. The sound
of hammer and saw reverberates
through the land, and business is
booming. Besides the houses already
built there are ten new ones, also a
fine thirty-room hotel under contract.
S. E. Arnold, the lumber merchant,
and Mr. Wheldon, the grocerman, are
overrun with business. The "Hotel
Wisconsin," now in process of erec-
tion, and a second large one nearing
completion, will both be marvels of
beauty. Now to cap the climax, this
beautiful village of Edison Park would
appear to need the co-operation of a
live and energetic newspaper repre-
sentative, and we believe the Park
Ridge Herald can fill the bill. Any
residents who may wish to subscribe
for the paper can leave their names
with Mr. S. E. Arnold or William
Zustell, either of whom we feel assured
have the interest of this village at
heart, and will help this movement
along. Sample copies will be cheer-
fully sent on application.

OFFICIAL STATEMENTS.

Sworn Reports of Receipts and Ex-
penses for the Past Year.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, 1893.
County of Cook, 1893.

Township No. 4, Range 19, of the 3d P. M.
Office of Township Treasurer (School Funds).

The following is a statement by D. B. Wood,
Township Treasurer of Township No. 4,
Range 19, of the 3d P. M., in the County of Cook,
State of Illinois, of the amount of public funds
received and expended by him during the fiscal
year just closed, ending on the 30th day of
March, 1893, showing the amount of public
funds on hand at the commencement of said
fiscal year, the amount of public funds re-
ceived and for what purposes expended, during
said fiscal year, the amount of public funds re-
ceived and for what purposes expended, and the
amount of public funds on hand at the close
of said fiscal year, as follows:

Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 15th
day of April, 1893.
F. J. FILBERT, Justice of the Peace.

FUNDS RECEIVED AND FROM WHAT SOURCES
RECEIVED.

Date.	1892.	Amount.
Amount of public funds on hand at the commencement of the fiscal year, commencing on the 1st day of April, 1892.		\$2,833.38
April, 1892, Received interest on township fund.		81.33
April, 1892, Received tuition to credit of school district No. 4.		12.65
June, 1892, Received interest on State fund from County Superintendent.		531.25
June, 1892, Received from fractional district in Lake County.		120.61
June, 1892, Received miscellaneous amounts.		1.00
Dec. 5, Received of delinquent school tax from County Treasurer.		1,042.35
1893.		
March 15, Received from Township Collector of district school tax.		4,822.42
Total receipts with previous balance.		\$9,569.61

FUNDS EXPENDED AND FOR WHAT PURPOSES.

Date.	1892.	Amount.
Paid in compensation to teachers.		\$5,044.47
Paid for fuel and other in- cidents.		651.41
Paid for repairs on school- house.		47.88
Paid for furniture.		21.80
Paid to H. H. Rohlfman, district collector.		200.00
Paid to H. H. Rohlfman, interest on bonds.		17.50
Paid to F. J. Filbert, Clerk of School District No. 4.		26.00
April 12, Paid to J. W. Kingsley, School Treasurer of Bar- rington.		161.48
Paid to Township Treasurer of school fund.		175.00
Paid to W. C. Williams, for publishing school report.		6.30
Total amount expended to March 31, 1893.		\$5,335.55
Balance of cash in Treas- ury April 1.		\$3,204.46
		\$9,569.61

STATE OF ILLINOIS, 1893.
County of Cook, 1893.

Town of Palatine,
Office of Township Treasurer (Highways).

The following is a statement by Fred
Rohde, Township Treasurer of the
Highways of the Town of Palatine, in the
County and State of Illinois, of the amount of
public funds received and expended by him
during the fiscal year just closed, ending on
the 30th day of March, 1893, showing the
amount of public funds on hand at the commence-
ment of said fiscal year, the amount of public funds
received and for what purposes expended, during
said fiscal year, the amount of public funds re-
ceived and for what purposes expended, and the
amount of public funds on hand at the close
of said fiscal year, as follows:

Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 15th
day of April, 1893.
F. J. FILBERT, Justice of the Peace.

FUNDS RECEIVED AND FROM WHAT SOURCES
RECEIVED.

Date.	1892.	Amount.
Amount of public funds on hand at the commencement of the fiscal year, commencing on the 1st day of April, 1892.		\$536.10
Nov. 22 Received from Herman Dierker, saloon license.		133.00
Nov. 22 Received from County Treasurer, delinquent tax.		406.56
Dec. 16 Received from County Treasurer, aid for bridges.		875.00
1893.		
Mar. 4 Received from A. F. Garmes, Town Collector.		1,500.00
Mar. 4 Received from Aug. Langhoff, Overseer, account of poll tax.		16.00
Mar. 13 Received from A. F. Garmes, Town Collector.		945.29
Total receipts.		\$3,473.91

FUNDS EXPENDED AND FOR WHAT PURPOSES.

Date.	1892.	Amount.
By paid J. H. Meyer, road labor, self and team.		\$ 8.00
Fred. Gieske, overseer, and teaming.		283.00
Aug. Langhoff, overseer, and teaming.		235.00
Fred. Heinberg, overseer, and teaming.		102.75
Publishing treasurer's report.		4.75
Loges & Schultz, scrapers and repairing tools.		131.40
Mrs. Wilson, dinners for commissioners.		2.10
Elmer Robertson, livery hire.		4.00

P. E. Lane, Iron Bridge Co., for two bridges.

Wm. Langhoff, overseer.	49.50
H. P. Premar, for grading.	6.10
Fred. Dorge, building four stone abutments.	750.00
Henry Law, for grading.	62.25
Carl Meyer, for grading.	24.75
W. R. Taylor, for grading.	15.00
G. Garmes for teaming.	8.25
Henry Othmer, labor, self and team.	9.00
Henry Lesberg, repairing bridge.	2.00
Henry Lindebaum, labor, self and team.	12.25
Wm. Gerke, for gravel.	5.55
John Folger, repairing tools.	50.35
Fred. Bode, labor.	8.25
Wm. Garmes, building bridge and teaming.	83.00
Henry Wittenberg, for grading.	15.00
Wm. Langhoff, for gravel.	22.82
Joe Timmerman, for grading.	81.75
Wm. Tegtmeyer, building bridge and grading.	74.25
Reynolds & Zimmer, hardware and painting bridge.	12.32
Erich Rhode, for gravel and labor.	6.45
Batterman, Ableson & Co., lumber.	98.98
H. H. Lesberg, for teaming.	6.00
Anderson & Co., lumber and hardware.	154.42
Herman M. Meyer, for grading.	2.00
Fred. Rohde, treasurer's com- missions.	15.00
Total expenditures.	\$5,335.55
By cash on hand to balance.	\$3,204.46
	\$9,569.61

STATE OF ILLINOIS, 1893.
County of Cook, 1893.

Town of Palatine,
Office of Town Superintendent.

The following is a statement by Herman
Dierker, Supervisor of the Town of Palatine,
in the County and State of Illinois, of the
amount of public funds received and expended
by him during the fiscal year just closed, end-
ing on the 30th day of March, 1893, showing
the amount of public funds on hand at the com-
mencement of said fiscal year, the amount of
public funds received and from what sources
received, the amount of public funds expended
and for what purposes expended, during said
fiscal year, the amount of public funds re-
ceived and for what purposes expended, and the
amount of public funds on hand at the close
of said fiscal year, as follows:

Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 15th
day of April, 1893.
F. J. FILBERT, Justice of the Peace.

FUNDS RECEIVED AND FROM WHAT SOURCES
RECEIVED.

Date.	1892.	Amount.
Amount of public funds on hand at the commencement of the fiscal year, commencing on the 1st day of April, 1892.		\$51.52
Aug. 3, Received from H. Scherding, eq., trustee fees.		15.00
1893.		
Feb. 3, Received from County Treas- urer, delinquent tax.		240.22
Mar. 4, Received from A. F. Garmes, Collector Town Tax.		621.60
Total receipts.		\$812.30

FUNDS EXPENDED AND FOR WHAT PURPOSES.

Date.	1892.	Amount.
Salary of commissioners of highways.		\$87.00
Salary, M. Reynolds, town clerk.		21.45
Morris Company, printing tickets.		10.00
Herman Dierker, supervisor's salary.		8.50
Palatine Enterprise, printing.		1.50
Palatine Independent, printing.		1.50
M. Morris, committee, Decora- tion Day.		25.00
M. L. Pinney, Thistle commis- sioner.		57.00
Town auditors.		7.50
John H. Allard, assessor for 1892.		101.00
F. J. Filbert, ex town clerk, salary.		5.00
John H. P. ac, killing sheep by dogs, ac, killing sheep by dogs.		4.00
F. J. Filbert, Justice fees.		2.10
Total expenditures.		\$416.05
Mar. 23, By cash on hand to balance.		794.28
do Town Tax.		794.28
		\$812.30

GOVERNMENT RED TAPE.

An Unfortunate Clerk's Petition Refused
in Official Style.

A French government clerk entered
the private office of the head of his de-
partment to ask for a fortnight's holi-
day. The official received him with
his usual affability and told him to
hand in his request in writing.

"Oh! I did not think that was neces-
sary if I applied to you in person,"
said the clerk.

"Oh! yes; in fact, it is indispensable."
Then the clerk handed the official a
note, and the official, who was busy
with his pen, ink and paper, set down and
wrote.

"The clerk obeyed. The petition was
written out, signed and folded.

"Now," said the functionary, "you
have only to present it."

"To whom?"

"To me, forsooth." And, taking the
petition, he wiped his glasses, care-
fully adjusted them, read the docu-
ment from beginning to end, placed it
on file along with a number of similar
applications and then remarked with
the utmost gravity: "I have read your
petition and regret exceedingly that I
cannot accede to your request."

"Imagine the feelings of the poor
clerk!"

A rather singular incident occurred
on the Savannah, Florida, and West-
ern railway the other day. It was
about forty miles from Waycross on a
through train to Chattanooga. On
the track just in front of the train the
engineer, Mr. Dulles, saw a sheep
with a young lamb. It was too late
to stop the engine, and the train passed
on, leaving motion in its wake. Ar-
rived at Waycross the engineer de-
scended from his engine and saw the
lamb alive and unhurt on the cow-
catcher. It had been carried forty
miles without a scratch.

Shamrock and Shamrock.

Those who believe that one of the
lost tribes of Israel settled in Ireland
lay stress on the fact that "shamrock" is
the Arabic word for trefoil, which,
under the name of shamrock, has been
made the national bloom of Ireland.

CHICAGO AMUSEMENTS.

A List of Chicago's Most Popular Theaters.

AUDITORIUM.

"America" began its long six
months' run at the Auditorium last
Saturday evening. The brilliancy and
character of the spectacle exceeded all
anticipations and its triumphant suc-
cess was assured long before the
curtain fell on the magnificent finale.
To describe but half the enchanting
features of "America" in a sufficiently
clear manner would be an impossible
task at this time. A succession of
pictures each more elaborate than the
other, processions and ballets of hun-
dreds of superbly costumed people,
guilty caparisoned horses, delightful
music, beautiful women, a maze of
color and light and a series of superbly
costumed beautiful tableaux and
scenes constitute in part the
whole production. The story, an
outline of which has been pub-
lished in these columns, is told
in a surprisingly coherent and vivid
style. From the first scene, show-
ing the old city of Santa Fe, with the
Alhambra in the distance to the daz-
zling finale revealing typical Chicago
welcoming the nations to the World's
Fair, the famous incidents of Ameri-
can history are presented with the
greatest fidelity. Versatility is one of
the most charming characteristics of
the piece. Not for one moment does
it become monotonous. The changes
change continually, and the great dis-
similarity of the scenes and their in-
cidental action imparts a freshness and
vivacity which increases and enlivens
the interest of the spectator to the very
end. Much of the action is done in
pantomime by trained artists of the
Italian stage and in a manner far more
effective and eloquent than dialogue.
It is accompanied by descriptive music
rendered by a very fine orchestra of
fifty players. The allegorical charac-
ters, Progress, Civilization, Liberty,
Perseverance, Bigotry, Peace, Educa-
tion, Typical Chicago, etc., give a
coloring to the details that is both
fanciful and charming.

CHICAGO OPERA-HOUSE.

Russell's Comedians closed a three-
weeks' profitable engagement last
Saturday night at the Chicago Opera
House in "A Society Fad." The clever
specialties of the several favorites of
this strong and unique organization at-
tracted large houses at every perform-
ance. On Monday night Marie Tem-
pest and the J. M. Hill Opera Comique
Company opened to an overflowing
house in Smith & DeKoven's new
comic opera, "The Fencing Master,"
which scored a big success right from
the start. The opera is a bright,
tuneful work, filled with music far
above the average comic opera stand-
ard, many of their numbers being per-
fect gems in their way. The stage
settings, scenery and costumes are all
on a magnificent scale, the spectacular
effects far eclipsing anything yet
seen in comic operas in this coun-
try. Marie Tempest, the most char-
ming of prima donnas and actresses,
dainty and sweet as ever, plays the
leading role, which is the best she has
ever had. In her splendid voice is
heard to good advantage. She is sur-
rounded by a most capable company
that Manager J. M. Hill has gathered
together, including such well known
operatic artists as Hubert Wilkie, Sig-
nor Michelina, Wm. Broderick, Charles
Hopper, Jerome Sykes, George Mac-
kenzie, Grace Golden, Bessie Cleve-
land, Agnes Sherwood, and Mrs. Pem-
berton Hinks. The American
Extravaganza company played a re-
turn engagement in Cincinnati last
week, which broke the former record
of the company there. The company
will return to the home theater, the
Chicago Opera House, opening the
World's Fair season on May 27th, with
a gorgeous production of the greatest
of all spectacles.

McVICKER'S.

The fifth week of the triumphant
career of "The Black Crook" com-
menced Monday evening at McVicker's
Theater. This spectacle in its finery
and magnificence has never been
equalled on a Chicago stage and every
night banks of humanity are packed
in McVicker's handsome auditorium
and the building fairly shakes with
their applause and laughter. Thomas
O'Brien has added a new song and a
number of new acts to his already long
list of specialties. Pretty Louise Mon-
trose is bewitching as ever, and Mr.
Fielding, the juggler, is just as enter-
taining. The four French dancers con-
tinue to kick, and Stalacta leads the
flirt army over the brilliantly lit
theatrical and fights with Herzog every
evening. The bowery and the Tara-
ra-ra ballets are vociferously ap-
plauded, as well as Mlle. Tornaghi,
fairly-like ballet dancer, and Signor
Nicola Guerra, whose pirouetting is
marvelous; it lasts for fifty-two bars
of music. And the grand climax of all
these many features and beautiful
scenes is the wondrous transformation
scene, which is indeed a revelation.

BATTERY D.

Chicago's great music hall, Dr. F.
Ziegfeld, president, Trovadero, pre-
sented all the leading European and
American attractions will open at
Battery "D," Saturday night, April 29.

HAVLINS.

At the home theater of the South
Side, Gus Williams, in his new farago
of fun, "April Fool." Next Sunday,
Dr. Carver, in "The Scout."

WINDSOR THEATER.

Hundreds turned away unable to see
Dr. Frank Carver, champion rifle shot
of the world, in his play, "The Scout."
See the horse fall twenty feet. Next
Sunday, "The New Devil's Auction."

BOOLEY'S THEATER.

Opening Tuesday, May 3, Fanny
Bayenpost, in her grand production of
Sakara's "Cleopatra." Sale of seats
and boxes begins to-morrow.

GRAND OPERA-HOUSE.

Last week of the engagement of
Mrs. Potter and Mr. Biew, every
night and at the matinee Saturday.

WARSHIPS IN LINE.

REPRESENTATIVES OF TEN DIFFERENT NATIONS MANEUVER.

Sunshine Adds Beauty to the Occasion—Marching Order of the Vessels—Unveiling of the Statue of John Ericsson.

New York, April 27.—In the landlocked harbor of New York, when the first rays of the morning sun drove the hazy shadows away, was shielded safely the great Columbian fleet, comprising the magnificent, grim warships of the ten European powers, joined with the finest of the United States vessels.

The phantom ships which sailed in out of the mists of the sea Tuesday were bright and majestic realities in the glorious sunshine this morning. The only element wanting to insure the triumphant spectacular success of the great naval parade was supplied by the perfect weather. Not a trace was left of the steel-gray clouds and rain and fog of yesterday. Clear skies, bright sunlight and bracing breezes gave a setting to a panoramic scene whose beauty and suggestiveness have never been surpassed.

In the sharp, clear light of the early morning every distinct feature of the great warships stood out in bold relief. Anchored in two great columns, stretched over the whole surface of the bay, the vessels of the ten nationalities represented could be distinguished at a glance. The snow-white hulls and graceful outlines of the American fleet were not more conspicuous than the huge black hull of the British flagship, the towering military masts of the French main battle, or the sharp lines of the crack German cruiser Kaiserin Augusta, with her formidable Krupp guns, offset by the elegant outlines of the Dutch Van Speyk, which again contrasted with the graceful hull of the swift Argentine Nueve de Julio and the massive armament of the Brazilian battleship Aquidaban.

It was shortly after 9 o'clock when Admiral Gherard's flagship gave the preliminary signal to break anchor and fall into line. They started up the harbor in two columns, the port column led by the Philadelphia and the starboard column by the British cruiser Blake. Most of the foreign ships were in the starboard column, nearest the New York shore, and all passed the battery in the following order:

United States—Rear-Admiral Gherard, commander-in-chief; Philadelphia (flag), Newark (flag), Atlanta, San Francisco, Bannock, Bennington, Baltimore, Chicago (flag), Yorktown, Charleston, Vesuvius, Concord.

Argentina—Rear-Admiral Howard, Nueve de Julio.

Holland—Capt. Arriens; Van Speyk.

Germany—Capt. Buchsel; Kaiserin Augusta, Seeadler.

United States—Miantonomah.

Great Britain—Vice-Admiral Sir John Hopkins, commander-in-chief; Blake (flag), Australia, Magicienne, Tartar.

Russia—Vice-Admiral Koznakoff, commander-in-chief; Dimitri Donaskoi (flag), General Admiral, Rinda.

France—Rear-Admiral Le Libran, commander-in-chief; Arethuse (flag), Hussard, Jean Bart.

Italy—Rear-Admiral Magnaghi, commander-in-chief; Etna (flag), Giovanni Bauson.

Spain—Rear-Admiral Gomez Y. Do no, Commander-in-Chief; Infanta Isabel (flag), Reina Regenta, Nueva Espana.

Brazil—Rear-Admiral De Noronha, Commander-in-Chief; Aquidaban (flag), Tiradentes, Republica.

The start was made so promptly at 9:45 that thousands of spectators who had gathered to witness the spectacle from the Navesink highlands and the heights of Fort Wadsworth and other points of advantage on Staten island had hardly taken up positions before the guns of Fort Hamilton and Wadsworth boomed their welcome to the advancing fleet. Steaming neck and neck the two admirals and their flagships leading the way set the pace at a rate of between eight and nine knots an hour. A stiff breeze curled the waters into white-capped breakers, but the magnificent ships glided along so smoothly that their motion scarcely seemed perceptible. A cable length and a half separated each ship from the other and this distance was maintained with absolute precision. The contrast presented by the snow-white American fleet and the dark-hulled foreigners was very perceptible as they moved along side by side, each heightening the effect of the other.

ERICSSON STATUE UNVEILED.

The Ceremony Took Place at a Rather Early Hour This Morning.

New York, April 27.—A tribute of honor to the son of another country, whose genius befriended us in the time of our need, constituted the first formality in the Columbian fetes of today. While the Columbian fleet was slowly making into life in the harbor this morning on shore the air was rent with the music of bands and preparations were being made to unveil the statue of Ericsson.

As early as 7:30 o'clock the members of the New York and Brooklyn Swedish singing societies assembled in Union Square and marched down Broadway to the battery to assist in the unveiling of the monument. The double-turreted monitor Miantonomah came up from the lower bay early this morning, anchored off the battery and fired twenty-one guns when the statue was unveiled by Miss Ericlinda Anderson. The statue was then delivered to the civic authorities by Secretary Ashley W. Cole and accepted on behalf of the city by President Paul Dina of the Park Board. Col. William C. Church made the oration.

The statue of Ericsson was modeled by Julian Scott Hartley and was cast in bronze by the Gorham Manufacturing Company at Providence. The figure of Ericsson is eight feet nine inches high, making the total elevation of the monument seventeen feet. There are four low relief bronze panels set in the pedestal. The subjects represented are "The Battle Between the Mermaid and the Monitor," "Steam Fire Engine in Action," "Steam Sloop of War," on which the first application of a screw propeller to warships was made, and a group of various inventions, such as a solar and calorific engines. The head of the statue was modeled from a bust taken from life. The figure stands in an

easy position, holding in the left hand a scroll, to which the inventor points with his right hand, in which he holds a pair of compasses. Ericsson is represented as wearing an old-fashioned, double-breasted black coat.

The arrangements were such that the ceremonies of unveiling were ended by the time the fleet appeared off Governor's Island on its way to the anchorage.

MILLION DOLLARS IN SIGHT.

Wonderfully Rich Gold Strike in Southern Oregon—Large Nuggets.

PORTLAND, Ore., April 27.—A special from Central Point says: The richest gold strike in southern Oregon since the days of '52 has been made within two miles of this place in the last week. The entire country is wild with excitement. If the present exodus to the hills continues the town will be depopulated before the end of the week. A reporter to-day visited the scene of the Hersheberger strike, mentioned a few days ago. The rich pay streak continues to grow richer, and they are taking out gold in fabulous quantities. Within two hours this morning more than 500 in coarse gold was taken from the ledge. This mine is in the famous Willow Springs district, which has a gold-producing history, dating back from 1832. Within a radius of one mile from the Hersheberger claim no less than six rich pockets are being worked.

From 500 to 800 was taken out of each to-day with a single miner. One ledge contains pay streaks showing pieces of gold as large as peas. The main body of the ledge is of free-milling rock that will run 500 to the ton. It is estimated that there is \$1,000,000 in sight.

LUTHERAN PASTORS MEET.

Two Days' Conference Begun at Rockford, a Large Attendance.

ROCKFORD, Ill., April 27.—The pastors in the Rockford district of the Swedish Lutheran Churches commenced a two days' conference in this city yesterday, with a large attendance. To-day general topics concerning church work were discussed and plans laid out for doing better work. Rev. Mr. Frykman, of Sycamore, is the presiding officer. Among the more prominent pastors present are Rev. Thelander, of Elgin; Rev. Tesander, of Geneva; Rev. Challman, of Batavia; Rev. Ekeberg, of Aurora; Rev. Stark, of DeKalb, and Rev. Lundell, of Peatonica.

Geary Law Won't Be Enforced.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., April 27.—United States Attorney Garter had been advised by Attorney-General Olney that he need not order the arrest and deportation of unregistered Chinese after May 5, in accordance with provisions of the Geary law. The reason is that a prompt hearing and judgment on the constitutionality of the law is expected by the United States Supreme Court, and while the legality of the act is in question matters would only be complicated by a wholesale attempt to enforce its provisions.

Wisconsin Woman Lost in New York.

New York, April 27.—Emma D. Homes, 50 years of age, a resident of River Falls, Wis., has been reported to the New York police as missing, having disappeared on March 22 last, at Forty-second Street and Fourth Avenue, where she took a car to go to Brooklyn ferry. Henry Ailer, her brother, a banker of River Falls, has telegraphed the police to offer \$300 reward for any information concerning her.

Minister Lincoln's Return Home.

LONDON, April 27.—The Hon. Robert T. Lincoln, the retiring American Minister, will sail for the United States on the 6th of May.

Chicago Board of Trade.

CHICAGO, April 26.—The wheat trade rested between two very conflicting influences. The weather and the crop news formed the entire force on the buying side of the market. The north-west was cold and too wet for any spring work and this caused firmness in Minneapolis and Duluth markets. The southwest was too cold for any advance in wheat fields. The signal service came with predictions of frost to-night for Wisconsin, Iowa, Kansas and Missouri. The State and Washington crop bulletins were anything but flattering. Over against this bull news was the immense pile of wheat here and elsewhere for which there appears to be little demand. Minneapolis, Duluth and Chicago show a surplus of 35,000,000 bu. in public and private houses. The failures on every hand day after day and the hesitating policy of the government in financial matters, all work against buyers. While the very public cable was unchanged, the cable was much lower on wheat futures. Paris is to 20 off on wheat and 20 to 40 on flour. Following the opening there was a little bulge on buying on orders from outside points, including New York, St. Louis and Minneapolis. There was no local buying. The selling price was much more than what was offered. May was quoted at 72 1/2 off to 73 1/2, July sold 74 1/2 off and off to 75 1/2 to 76 1/2.

Closing quotations were:

Articles High Low April 27 April 25

Wheat 2 71 70 71 71

May 72 71 72 72

July 74 73 74 74

Sept. 76 75 76 76

Corn 2 41 40 41 41

May 42 41 42 42

July 44 43 44 44

Sept. 46 45 46 46

Oats 2 29 28 29 29

May 30 29 30 30

July 32 31 32 32

Sept. 34 33 34 34

For. 18 17 18 18

May 18 17 18 18

July 18 17 18 18

Sept. 18 17 18 18

Lard 10 9 10 10

May 10 9 10 10

July 10 9 10 10

Sept. 10 9 10 10

But. 10 9 10 10

May 10 9 10 10

July 10 9 10 10

Sept. 10 9 10 10

Putting a Little of It in Motion.

"Talk about air being free!" said the young man in knickerbockers, handing \$150 over to the bicycle dealer and taking the machine. "It's the most expensive thing on earth. You're making a clean profit of \$7.50 on the air in those pneumatic tires, by gum, and I know it!"

THREE SCORE KILLED

FEARFUL RESULTS OF THE CYCLONE IN OKLAHOMA.

Sixty-two Human Lives Crashed Out—Two Distinct Cyclones, a Hail Storm and a Water Spout Join in the Work of Destruction.

OKLAHOMA CITY, O. T., April 27.—Two distinct cyclones, a terrific hail storm and a waterspout combined to wreak awful destruction in the newly built towns in Oklahoma last night. It is reported that sixty-two human lives were sacrificed. It is positive that forty were killed, while several were fatally and scores seriously injured. The damage to property is incalculable.

The names of the victims, so far as known, are:

THE REV. J. M. COEN, MR. and MRS. FERRY, MR. and MRS. BANKS, MISS ELLA JERRY and FRANK BANKS.

JOHN & O'CONNOR, WIFE, TWO SONS and THREE DAUGHTERS.

FAMILY of a MR. JOHNSON, consisting of five persons.

Orders for thirty-one coffins have been received here and at Norman, and supplies have been telegraphed for from other points.

The burial of the form was laid upon the prospect little town of Norman, on the Santa Fe railway, about twenty miles south of here. At that point thirty-one people were killed, dozens injured and the town almost completely destroyed. A pall has overspread the town, business is suspended and everybody is able to render any assistance to the poor, unfortunates or toward removing the dead bodies are out searching along the track of the cyclone. People are frenzied and cannot give any estimate of their loss, and know nothing except to care for the dead and injured. Oklahoma City has responded, and the Mayor and principal citizens organized a relief corps and are at the scene of destruction.

Further on the towns of Downs and Keokuk Falls fared but little better. The towns were nearly devastated, and scores of people injured fatally and otherwise, though the loss of lives here, if at all, will not be as serious as at Norman. The first signs of the impending danger were seen in a pall of black clouds overshadowing the northwest for miles around, while farther away to the west rushing across the horizon could be seen the cyclone. Men left their homes, places and hurried to their homes, where all who could quickly sought the cyclone caves. At 7:30 o'clock the monster from the West reached its antagonist in the northwest, and with their combined strength swooped down on the town of Moore. Houses with precious lives were caught up and carried before the angry torrent, great trees were twisted, and barns, fences and everything in its path were laid low. Passing along for eight miles it struck the town of Norman, where the damage was reported, and then on to Downs and Keokuk Falls and through Pottawatomie county, where thousands of dollars' worth of property was demolished.

The house of J. O'Connor, near Moore, was destroyed, and O'Connor and his wife and three children and five neighbors who had sought shelter in the building were crushed to death. The frame house of John Banks was torn to pieces and he was killed, while others of his family of six were badly injured, three of the children and Mrs. Banks fatally. The home of Henry Dyer was demolished.

West of Norman eight houses were demolished and five people badly injured. East of the stricken town two men and two women were killed. Around Norman, after the cyclone, a fearful hail storm started in and after it a violent rain storm. It was too dark to search out the dead, and most of the injured and dying who were successful in making their voices heard above the storm's roar there came but feeble relief. The wailing cries of the unfortunates and here and there locate the imprisoned victims, but help in most cases was out of the question, and several of the unfortunates were compelled to lie buried beneath the debris of their homes. Men and women and children by the score spent the dismal night in the rain in an endeavor to find their loved ones. Their search was generally fruitless and when morning came it found little children crying for their mothers, wandering around wet to the skin and nearly ready to drop.

Many Families Leave the Lowlands.

St. Louis, Mo., April 27.—As a result of the swelling of the Mississippi the inhabitants of East Carroll and the American bottoms opposite St. Louis are beginning to move out of the district to the high ground and many of them to this side of the river to escape the high water. They anticipate almost as much of a rise this year as last and the lesson they learned by bitter experience and suffering they will long be remembered. "This is one of the districts where many people were caught in the second stories of their houses and on their roofs by the floods last spring."

An elegant SOUVENIR and VISITOR'S GUIDE, showing the World's Fair buildings, size and cost, and silk Pocket Note Book with calendar and map, showing location of Brock, the new manufacturing town on the Chicago & Northwestern Railway and the Wisconsin Central Railroad, fourteen miles from the Court House. Copies will be mailed on receipt of TEN CENTS IN POSTAGE, by Wm. S. Young, Secretary Brock Land Association, Home Insurance building, corner Adams and LaSalle, Chicago.

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Madam McCollar, the only colored clairvoyant in the West that tells you all the past, present and future, so when you are in the city consult her in regard to love or business. 106 North Paulina street. Take Indiana street car to Paulina street, then go two blocks south.

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DENTIST.

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A WHITE WORLD.

Never knew the world in white
So beautiful could be.
As I have seen it here to-day
Beside the wintry sea.
A new earth, bride of a new heaven,
Has been revealed to me.

The sunrise blended wave and cloud
In one broad flood of gold.
But touched with rose the world's white robes
In every curve and fold.
White blue air did over all
Its breath in wonder hold.

Earth was a statue half awake
Beneath the sculptor's hand.
How the Great Master bends with love
Above the work he planned.
Easy it is, on such a day,
To feel and understand.

—Lucy Larcom.

"MAJOR AND MINOR."

It was on an evening in February that I first saw the major. Business duties had temporarily placed me in Chicago, and it was in a semi-genteel boarding house that our first meeting took place.

In appearance he was of the medium height, and inclined to stoutness. A thin fringe of gray hair still lingered in the neighborhood of his neck. Under the influence of violent emotion little waves of color mounted to his forehead, and rippled to the back of his neck.

He had the prominent eyes and apoplectic cheeks of Jever's military heroes. A tawny suit of a doubtful pattern, which, from constant wear, had assumed the outlines of his rugged form, was his week-day wear. On warm Sunday mornings a blue and white striped linen blazer was his favorite costume, but upon winter nights he assumed a gorgeous quilted satin smoking jacket, a present from a fair acquaintance.

Our regard for each other was to a certain extent mutual, and many an evening I spent in the little prophet's chamber on the third floor that he called his own, smoking the pipe of friendship, and occasionally indulging in the stronger and less tenuous delights of malt liquor.

The major was a host in himself. A fund of anecdotes was always at his disposal, and a certain degree of wit, perhaps not entirely free from vulgarity, flavored his reminiscences.

Twice a widower, his only child was a little sharp-featured woman who paid him annual visits, and described herself vaguely as being in "military."

Our acquaintance had lasted several months, with every sign of becoming permanent when an incident occurred that threatened to end it.

Not finding the major in his room one evening I commenced to make inquiries and found to my astonishment that he had taken to playing poker. My surprise was unbounded. Here was a man who had passed his sixtieth milestone of life unscathed, suddenly falling into the embraces of the gambling goddess.

I found the major on the top floor of the house. He flushed and looked a little ashamed as he met my eye. There was a half apologetic tone in his voice as he said, "Sit down, boy, and take a hand." I begged to be excused, but stayed for a little while to see the major's luck.

The party was made up of five persons, mostly boarders in the house, and it was evident, even to my inexperienced eye, that the major was getting the worst of it.

Despair sat solemnly on his features as the game progressed, and gradually but surely his small stack of blue and red chips dwindled away and his opponents' stacks grew larger. It must have been five in the morning. An unhealthy ray of returning daylight stole into the room, giving the gas a sickly hue, discovering worn patches in the shabby carpet and discolored smears in the cheap paper on the walls. It was a back room. The only window looked upon a dismal yard where an early-rising, villainous-looking cat stole softly over the fallen snow. A light breeze shook the window frames and blew feathery flakes of snow against the panes. The major's face looked haggard; the pouches under his eyes heavier and more pronounced; the dull red of his complexion had faded into a dull drab and his listless eyes followed the cards as they were dealt with an eagerness that was almost painful. An hour later the party broke up. It was then 6 o'clock on Sunday morning. Snow had ceased to fall and the rays of sun, multiplied several times, stole into the room. A couple of sparrows perched on the window sill and announced the arrival of day. The major was the last to go. He had lost all he had. His unsteady footsteps echoed along the passage to his room. I heard him shut the door and lock it, then I went to bed.

When the passion of play seizes a man there is only one slavery that can be compared to it—the slavery of drink. The major was fairly in its toils.

I said good-by to all the pleasant little evenings spent in his stronghold. I sat alone on the steps in front of the house during the warm summer months that succeeded winter and spring. The fall came and business compelled me to leave the city. The major came to see me off. As the train pulled out of the depot I saw him standing on the platform waving his adieu. He had aged greatly. The bright morning sun revealed and heightened the shabbiness of his clothes, the wrinkles in his cheeks, the thousand and one characteristics that mark the rapid advance of old age. Twice again I saw the major. Under what circumstances? You shall see.

Two years later I returned to Chicago. Winter again had the city in its icy grip. I was living then three miles from town, and was glad on returning home to exchange my wet overshoes for a warm pair of slippers

and as easy chair in front of a blazing fire.

I must have dozed off and slept a great deal later than I expected, for I woke with a start to find the fire almost out, and the lamp very low. I was not alone in the room. Seated in a chair by the expiring embers of the fire was one of the most pitiable objects that I had ever seen.

In the thin-pinked cheeks, the shrunken form and the shabby garments I had difficulty in recognizing my quondam acquaintance, the once jovial major.

The melting snow ran in little rivulets from his clothes and formed pools of water upon the floor, and icicles glistened in his bristly gray mustache. One shaking hand held a battered brown derby, the other was thrust into the semblance of a pocket in his seedy great coat.

He explained in a rambling way how he happened to be there. By some instinct he had found out where I lived, and finding the door only partially closed had found his way in and sat patiently there waiting for me to wake up. His story was of the old threadbare type. The story old as Adam of a man's weakness, of a general descent into the pit of degradation from which one gambler in a thousand is digged. The evening games of poker had been exchanged for the more open and deadly fascinations of the professional gambling-house.

His face had become as familiar to patrons of Hankins' (then in its zenith) as that of the city hall. Becoming at last too penniless and shabby to be granted admission even there, he had drifted from one to another of the smaller and less reputable gambling houses that flourish in Chicago. When fortune smiled he dined, when she frowned he starved. Possessed always of one idea. Following the same insane will-o-the-wisp that has lured thousands to destruction, the hope of making a lucky coup that should enrich him at a stroke, he lived out his miserable existence.

His wretched story was followed by an appeal for money, just enough to give him another start, as a loan to be repaid when he brought off his coup. He left the house an hour later with money in his pocket; once only I saw him again.

It was Christmas Eve; late as the hour was, the streets were still filled with people. It had been an exceptionally mild winter, and a drizzling rain fell. The sidewalks, sticky with half-melted snow, made walking anything but pleasant. Quite as much as a matter of precaution as anything else, for I was in one of the lowest and most dangerous parts of the city. I took to the middle of the road. I had arrived at a quiet and little-frequented street; not a soul was in sight. The noise of my footsteps on the sloppy stones was the only sound that broke the silence. A sudden turn brought me close to the river.

A small crowd had gathered there, and I joined them. In the center of the group lay a dark indistinguishable mass dripping with water; a policeman knelt beside it. As the crowd slightly separated I pushed my way to the front, and saw that the object was a body just taken from the river.

At that moment the policeman raised his lantern and the light fell full upon the face of the corpse. Swollen and bloated beyond description, were the features; sodden with water and reeking with the river slime, "dead for several days," said the policeman as he allowed the head to fall back and rose from the ground. The friendly darkness hid the body from view. The glance I had had was sufficient. I had taken my last look at the major.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Curfew Still Rings.

In some of the New England towns and villages it is still customary to ring a church or factory bell at 9 o'clock at night, and no further back than war times it was a general practice in cities of over 25,000 people. This custom perpetuates the curfew (couvre feu, cover fire) of William the conqueror's time, when church bells were rung to notify the people that it was time to bank the fires and put out the lights. There is a strong New England element in Brooklyn, and it may be owing to this fact that the practice has been maintained in the neighboring city of ringing the city hall bell at 9 o'clock every night. It is a good thing on some accounts because it enables the residents of the city to set their clocks and watches.

They Never Die.

Insurance Agent Our rate on that amount would be \$50 a year.

Customer—That is rather more than I want to pay.

—Let me see, what did you say your business was?

—I am an office-holder.

—Oh, well that makes a difference. I'll take off \$10. Office-holders are among our best risks.

—I suppose you know that I draw a pension from the government for being in the war?

—No, certainly not; that will bring your payments down \$15 more. Pensioners come under the A1 XXXX gilt-edge head.—Boston Herald.

Hurt Him.

He—Some things are awfully provoking. The other evening as I was writing a note before going out to a reception I got an ink spot on my shirt bosom. My roommate was fearfully cut up about it. She—Why should he feel any worse than you? He—It was his shirt.—Judge.

Waiting for the Winner.

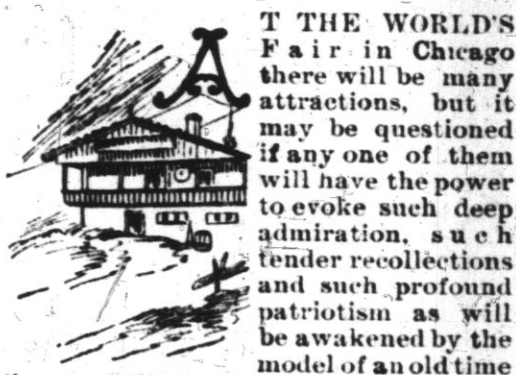
—Have you named the baby yet?

—No. His two uncles are bucking each other in the stock market just now.—Indianapolis Journal.

GERMANY AT CHICAGO

PEN PICTURES OF THE DEAR FATHERLAND.

A Typical Teutonic Village With Castles and Town Hall—A Picture From the Middle Ages—Ancient Costumes and Weapons.



THE WORLD'S Fair in Chicago there will be many attractions, but it may be questioned if any one of them will have the power to evoke such deep admiration, such tender recollections and such profound patriotism as will be awakened by the model of an oldtime German village, with its picturesque buildings and many quaint surroundings. Here will be found a faithful picture of life in the Fatherland as it is in many rural districts to-day, and, attached as they are to the traditions of the mother country, it need hardly be said that Germans of all classes and countries will find here countless objects of interest and will see nothing that will not remind them of their old home and of their forefathers. Others, too, besides Germans cannot fail to be charmed with this historical object lesson, and only a dullard or an idiot can pass through these charming old buildings without having his senses quickened by delightful sights and sounds and without feeling himself transported, as it were, from a citizen of the nineteenth century into a burgher of those days when tournaments were in fashion and steam engines unknown.

Dr. Ulrich Jahn of Charlottenburg, a pupil of Virchow and a zealous scientist, seems to have been the first to think of exhibiting a German village at the World's Fair, and the direction of the work is now in his hands. Equally interested in the work are two prominent financial institutions—the German Bank of Berlin, the guiding spirit of which is Herr Siemens, and the National Bank, which is managed by Herr Magnus. Thanks to their efforts a responsible company with limited liability was formed, and to Herr Bernhard Drenburg, Director of the German-American Trading Company, and Herr Schmidt of Omaha, was assigned the task of making the "German Ethnological Exhibition" a success.



HESSIAN TOWN HALL.

Their first work was to obtain sufficient space for the exhibition, and in this they soon succeeded, an area of 145,000 square feet being assigned to it. Their next work was to select an architect, and their choice fell on Herr Karl Hoffacker, one of the Presidents of the Society of Berlin Artists and a high authority on architecture and decorative paintings. The contract for erecting the buildings was awarded to a firm of Frankfurt-on-the-Main, and it was expressly stipulated that all the wood-work used on the work should be cut and fashioned in Germany. Thus it will be seen that the work is not only of German but also of German material.

At the entrance to the village is a high square tower with a moatway, and over the arched portal is the inscription, "To the Golden Tankards." Within the entrance is a large space, in the center of which is a music pavilion, built in the form of a tent. To the right towers the castle and to the left extend halls dedicated to conviviality and refreshment. These halls are noted for their Upper Bavarian style of architecture, with its green woodwork and white interstices. In the covered hall a place of honor has been given to two charming female busts, modeled by the sculptor Brutt of Berlin. Adjacent to the halls are two music pavilions, so that enthusiastic Teutons can at the same time quench their thirst at the buffets and drink in the music of the great German composers.

But on to the castle, which is a real moated stronghold, such as used to be built in old times on plains where they could be protected by water. The entrance tower is accessible by a bridge, and has the time-honored terrace and sloping roof. On both sides are covered moatways, one of which leads to the palace, while the other leads to a group of buildings, in which the stewardess spends her time roasting juicy sirloins for the expected guests. At



BLACK FOREST COTTAGE.

tistically carved escutcheons ornament the parapet of the balcony over the gate, and the date "1564" shows that the building was restored in that year. To the left of the gate are decorated apartments in which food and drink are served, and to the right is a priceless collection of weapons, armor, works of art, costumes of German races and other Northern relics of the days of old. Here we see, modeled in wax, a long procession of the most powerful emperors and national

heroes that Germany has ever possessed, from Hermann the Cherusker, Charles the Great and Barbarossa, down to William I, who after a long period of disunion united Germany once more. Near them and doing them honor stand peasants from every province in Germany, forming in their picturesque holiday attire a richly colored procession, for German peasants are of gay colors, sparkling tinsel and embroideries glistening with gold and silver threads.

Near the town hall, and peeping out from green trees and bushes, are farmhouses from the Spree Forest, Upper Bavaria, the Black Forest and Westphalia. The Westphalian farmhouse belongs to the Friesland-Saxonia type, the chief characteristic of which is that not only the living rooms but also all the other necessary buildings connected with a farmhouse, such as stables, stables, pigsties and roof houses, are united under one roof. The union necessitates an immense building, which in



COTTAGE IN THE SPREE FOREST.

its outlines resembles a cathedral with three naves. Stately the house certainly is. Its straw roof is more than twice the height of the side walls and above the gable horses' heads, the ancient Saxon sign, are displayed rudely carved in wood at the end of both the cantilevers. In addition to the date of the building there are engraved the names of those who have lived in it, and on the long crossbeam is the Scriptural sentence, "The Lord bless my going out and my coming in," and also the I. H. S. Against the gate posts immense stones are placed to protect them from collision with vehicles. To the left stands the dog kennel, in which the watch-dog lies on the alert, and from the leather collar around his neck hangs a bar of wood about a hand long. Leaning against the wall is a hook for catching geese and near by is a ladder, which leads up to the poultry loft. Behind the gate is a large thrashing floor and beside it are the stables and the stalls for the pigs and oxen. At one end of the thrashing floor is the fireplace, behind which are the dwelling room and the bed room. In the latter is an alcove for chests, in which may be stored the family's stock of silver and other precious things, including the gold embroidered hoods and the large amber necklaces of the women.

The Black Forest farm house is a comfortable building. Its characteristics are the ground floor, executed in cut stone and plaster, the dark brown timberwork overhead, the arched windows with their wooden breast walls, the small paneled windows which slide sideways and above all the immense straw roof projecting far over the walls and reaching on to the left side almost to the ground. It may also be noticed that a house of this type slopes backward, so that vehicles can drive slantingly over the elevated barn floor. The living rooms and bedrooms are on the first story, and on the ground floor are the stalls



WESTPHALIAN FARMHOUSE.

and stables. Above the first story is the barn floor, with its hay loft, and to the left, where the roof hangs low down, are placed the pig sty and manure heap, the latter being carefully covered over. At the gable the roof extends far enough to provide a substantial cover for the upper arbor. Against this, the warm side wall generally stands a large hive of bees. In winter, when the Black Forest lies deep in snow and the brooks are frozen over, such a house is right warm and comfortable.

The Upper Bavarian farm house somewhat resembles a Swiss cottage. The walls are of white plaster, the window frames are ornamented with colored scrolls, the shutters are painted green, the balustrades of the arbors are ingeniously carved, the beamheads are faced with frontal boards, decorated with tufts, and the doors are ornamented with star shaped borders in profile. The roof, which is rather flat, is constructed of shingles, and is weighted with heavy rocks to protect it against storms. The gable faces the road and is surmounted by a cross. In the upper part of the boarding also is generally engraved a picture of Christ's martyrdom, for in Catholic Bavaria the population is very religious.

The Ninth Day of the Moon.
Mr. Glaisher, the aeronaut, asserts, after long and patient investigation, that the ninth day of the moon is the most rainy of the whole twenty-eight, and that in the first and last weeks of the moon's age the rainfall is less than the average. The records kept by Mr. Glaisher also indicate 4 o'clock in the afternoon as the rainiest hour in the day.

Salt and Ice.
People who are interested in knowing what the temperature of their feet was after traveling over street car tracks and other places where salt was used to melt the snow during the past winter should remember that a mixture of two parts of pounded ice and one of common salt will reduce the temperature of a body surrounded by it to 50 degrees below zero.

HE WAS A FAILURE.

Pathos of the Broken-Down Theatrical Makeshift.

"Why don't you try comedy?" she said.

"Me," he replied, pushing his fingers through his long hair and gazing fixedly at the pale little woman beside him.

"Ah! Ha! 'Twould never do, my dear," and the few spectators who overheard this remark agreed with him, for it was plainly not his forte.

He was an actor. His every movement indicated this; but one of the old school. He had been playing serious parts so long that the assumed expression of the stage remained with him on the street, and probably did not depart from him even in his sleep.

He played comedy? Never, says the Denver Times. It would be impossible, and so the pair passed out of sight.

Everybody on Sixteenth street that afternoon saw them. They were not an ordinary couple, and had those who glanced at them known their history they would probably have remembered some of the incidents of their life.

The man in his youthful days gave promise of becoming a great actor, but he developed certain eccentricities that always kept him in the lower ranks of the profession. His wife, who was a celebrated ballet dancer in her day, married him when both were young, and she has been a good and faithful wife to him through all his troubles. In fact, but for the money she earned he would probably have starved.

He is still an eccentric man, and his appearance in comedy would be a treat for the gallery gods. For years he has been the first walking gentleman in various companies. Once he appeared in comedy, and once only.

A manager who had known him in his early days resolved to give him a chance. He was cast for the part of a jolly old man who was very fond of the girls, in a skit which was brought out in an Eastern city many years ago.

He made a decided hit at the rehearsals, and on the opening night he was so anxious to outshine the others that instead of acting the jolly old man he acted a serious, disagreeable old fellow, and endeavored to make the play a tragedy instead of a farce, so he lost his place and ever after had to content himself with the parts of walking gentleman and general utility man.

This was his great fault; he also had a bad habit of endeavoring to rival the star. There are many funny stories told of this man. He always dresses like the picture of an actor and poses on every opportunity. The front of a theater is his principal lounging place. He is positively delighted if any one looks at him, and to be pointed out as an actor makes him happy for an hour.

He carries in his pocket a clipping from a little country paper in New York state which contains the only favorable newspaper notice he ever received. This is exhibited on the slightest provocation, with the greatest pride.

How does the man live?

His wife supports him most of the time, and occasionally he gets a week's engagement.

ONLY WAITING.

Till Her Anger Was a Little More Subdued.

A boy was passing along Fifth street the other day, relates the Washington Post, when a man beckoned him into an alley and whisperingly inquired:

"Boy, do you see anybody in front of the fourth house down that way?"

"Yes," replied the boy, after stepping back to take a look.

"Male or female?"

"It's a woman."

"Anything in her hands?"

"Yes, looks like one of those swamp-elm stakes which come around bales of hay."

"Which way is she headed?"

"This way."

"How is she looking in the face?"

"Very pale, and her chin seems to be working as if she were chewing gum. Any one you know?"

"Great guns! but it's my wife. I should say I did know her. Coming this way?"

"No, she has taken a seat on the steps and is looking both ways. Waiting for you?"

"You bet she is! Probably been waiting ever since daylight. One more favor, my son. You may be married some day and know how it is yourself. Just stand out where you can see her, and I'll go in over the back fence. After I get into the house I can argue with her. Keep your eye on her, and if she goes in without me, you are a good boy, and I'll give you nothing to nobody. First-rate wife, but a little excitable. Here I go, and if she moves you whistle, and whistle like blazes."

As she didn't move the boy didn't whistle, and he will never know what the climax was.

Rectifying the Error.

"I bought a dozen eggs of you yesterday," said Gazam to Mr. Peck, the grocer.

"Yes, sir, I remember bringing them to you. Do you want another dozen?"

"No, I don't. I came in to see that half of those eggs had chickens in them."

"Indeed? I'm very glad that you told me. It will enable us to rectify the matter."

"Then you will give me six good eggs for the bad ones, I suppose?"

"No, indeed! I'll charge you three dollars more for the lot. Spring chickens are cheap at fifty cents each. Will you pay for them or shall I put it on your account?"—Brooklyn Life.

THE ST. LOUIS CARNIVAL.

Arrangements Completed For the Fall Season of This Year—The Beer War Ended.

St. Louis, April 24.—The carnival season for 1893 has been practically inaugurated by a series of meetings of the Autumnal Festivities Association to complete plans and decide as to the sums to be set aside for illuminations and other attractions out of the million dollar fund subscribed by citizens and local corporations. Arrangements have been made with the electric light companies to furnish power for a magnificent electrical display and there will be a number of Columbian set pieces most magnificent and costly in character. All the principal streets will also be illuminated by means of electricity and a-o-gas, and it is also contemplated to have a series of moving electrical effects, taking advantage of the trolley wires of the countless electric railroads in the city. The illuminations will be the most costly yet attempted, and will be held during the months of September and October. The Exposition will open for its tenth season early in September and continue for forty days. The Veiled Prophet will hold his parade and ball on the second of October, during which week the Agricultural Fair will be held. It is expected that thousands of visitors to the World's Fair will come on to St. Louis every day during the summer and fall.

The beer war is over. The attempt to create a diversion of trade by cutting the price in half has not proved a success, and no one regrets greatly the return to what are regarded as living rates. The enormous breweries in the South End did not meet the cut and claimed that the falling off in business so far as they were concerned was entirely nominal. However this may be, the relations between the owners of the various breweries seem to be very friendly and an immense volume of business is being transacted. The same is true generally of almost all manufacturers in the city, long hours and continual working at hard pressure being common.

Most of the candidates who were pledged to help the wheelmen to improve the streets of the city and in other ways assist bicycling were elected. The wheelmen's movement was a novel one in politics, but it carried about three thousand votes with it, and was altogether so successful that the political organization will be kept up. Among the first things that the wheelmen will ask from the friends whom they have helped to elect will be a race track in Forest Park. There is now a speeding track there for trotting and pacing horses, but it is controlled by an association whose officers do not sympathize with the wheelmen, and do not allow them to use it. The result of their application will be either that they get one of the fastest tracks in the country built in the park for the exclusive use of bicycles or the horsemen will be ordered to share the present track with them.

The Assemblymen of the city have decided not to appropriate the \$25,000 that was wanted to make a statue of Gen. Sherman for the main entrance of the new City Hall. This was a disappointment to the friends of the movement, but it will not result in the plans being abandoned. The Grand Army men have taken up the matter and the statue will now be paid for by private subscription. There is not a single equestrian statue among the many that decorate the parks and public places of the city, and there are several good sculptors here who want to try their hands at one. The city was asked to appropriate a much smaller sum than statues of this kind cost usually. If the statue is erected through a subscription it will be a much finer one and will cost probably \$30,000.

STRIP, THE ELECTRICIAN.

A Four-Footed Wire-Layer and His Ways of Working.

Many people in Brighton, England, are interested in watching the clever work of "Strip, the Electrician," who, after laying down many miles' length of copper wire, for the purpose of electric lighting, in London, has lately gone to Brighton with the same object.

Last Mr. Edison should not at once recognize the name of his distinguished "collaborative," we will explain at once that Strip is a clever little fox-terrier, the property of Messrs. Cramp-ton, the electrical engineers, and that she is under the special protection of that company's night watchman.

Strip's method of working is as follows: The workmen lay down, in the desired position, a short length of the stout iron pipe which is to shelter a corresponding length of the copper wire along which the electric current will ultimately pass.

The iron pipe having been fixed, Strip is called, has the end of the copper wire fastened to her collar, and, at the workman's sign, goes in at one end of the pipe—"And comes out at the other end," says the intelligent but too hasty reader. Not so, however. The other end of the iron pipe has a bar across it, over which the copper wire must be strained to keep it taut. Strip, having entered the pipe with the wire fastened to her collar, presents herself at the other end to the workman awaiting her there, who thrusts his hand under the bar, unfastens Strip's collar, and draws it and the wire out. Strip, when she feels her collar gone, turns around, retraces her steps, comes out again at the same end she went in at, and lies down on the workman's coat until she is wanted again.

This Is a Big Country.

Great Britain, European Turkey, Switzerland, Denmark, Portugal and Palestine could be placed within the territorial limits of Texas, and with plenty of room to spare. Belgium, Holland and Greece do not contain as much territory as Arkansas, while Spain coincides in size with Mississippi, Alabama and Georgia. Italy and Florida are of one size, and Germany is the same as Kentucky, Virginia, Tennessee and North Carolina. All New England could be accommodated in space in the state of Washington and Massachusetts is not one-fourth the size of South Dakota.



KNOWLEDGE

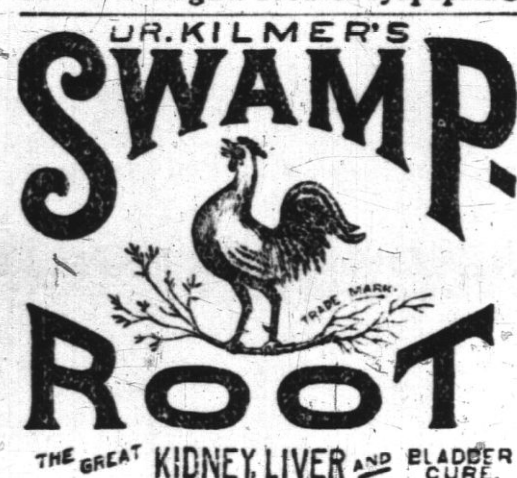
Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative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

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

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

"August Flower"

"What is August Flower for?" As easily answered as asked. It is for Dyspepsia. It is a special remedy for the Stomach and Liver. Nothing more than this. We believe August Flower cures Dyspepsia. We know it will. We have reasons for knowing it. To-day it has an honored place in every town and country store, possesses one of the largest manufacturing plants in the country, and sells everywhere. The reason is simple. It does one thing, and does it right. It cures dyspepsia.



DR. KILMER'S SWAMP ROOT

THE GREAT KIDNEY, LIVER AND BLADDER CURE.

Biliousness.

Headache, poor breath, sour stomach, heartburn or dyspepsia, constipation.

Poor Digestion.

Distress after eating, pain and bloating in the stomach, shortness of breath, pains in the heart.

Loss of Appetite.

A splendid feeling to-day and a depressed one to-morrow, nothing seems to taste good, tired, sleepless and all unstrung, weakness, debility.

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

At Druggists, 50c. Size, \$1.00. Size, \$2.00. "Invalids' Guide to Health" free. Consultation free.

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Two Stepping Stones

to consumption are ailments we often deem trivial—a cold and a cough. Consumption thus acquired is rightly termed "Consumption from neglect."

Scott's Emulsion

not only stops a cold but it is remarkably successful where the cough has become deep seated.

Scott's Emulsion is the richest of fat-foods yet the easiest fat-food to take. It arrests waste and builds up healthy flesh.

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Overcomes results of bad eating, indigestion, constipation, restores complexion, saves doctors' bills.

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CURES SICK HEADACHE.

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A - Absolutely.

B - Best.

C - Cure for Pain.

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FIGURES

1 - A Prompt Cure.

2 - A Permanent Cure.

3 - A Perfect Cure.

HE FELT LIKE CRUSOE.

A NATURALIST FINDS AN ISLAND IN THE PACIFIC.

Like Alexander Selkirk, He Could Almost Have Said, "Their Tameless Is Shocking to Me!"—Inhabited by Convicts.

George W. Dunn, the naturalist and collector for the world's fair and different educational institutions and museums, has been exploring the little-known and curious island of Guadalupe.

He tells a story in the San Francisco Examiner almost as strange as any by Defoe. The island lies off the Pacific, eighty miles off the lower California coast, and almost opposite Cape San Sebastian. It is thirteen miles long and four wide and is made up of mountain and valley land, the mountains rising to a height of 4,500 feet.

"I went down there," said Mr. Dunn, "in a little seven-ton sloop from San Diego, and after a good deal of trouble got ashore by jumping on a piece of projecting rock. I was well rewarded by what I saw, for altogether it was about the strangest place I ever got into.

"The foliage was beautiful. The island is partly open and partly covered with trees, consisting of three kinds of palms, cypresses, pines, oaks and others, every one different from those on the mainland. That to me was a curious thing. They were only eighty miles away, too.

"I had not been on the island long till I ran into bevy of odd little brown wrens. They swarmed everywhere and were very inquisitive. When I sat down on rocks to rest the wrens would come and light on my boots and look into my face inquiringly, as if to ask what I was doing there. They were not afraid, for they knew extremely little about man.

"The only human beings on the island were about twenty refractory Mexicans, who were there to look after goats. Mexico uses it as a sort of penal colony, and that is principally why they were there. They were not allowed to fire a gun, and when they wanted any goats they had to run them down or lasso them.

"As these goats have been there many years, have increased to 30,000 and become as wild as deer, you can judge what a feat it is to get one of them. As I saw the fleet greasers after them over the rocks I was reminded strongly of the experience of Crusoe in Juan Fernandez. It was equally as strange, and it was true.

"The Mexicans ran with wonderful speed. Up a mountain or down or sideways, it made no difference. And they almost always got their goat. I saw them run over piles of rocks and along the edges of precipices.

"They were just as sure-footed as the goats, and nothing is supposed to excel, if indeed to approach, a goat in speed and ability to climb safely over dangerous places.

"Sometimes they would get almost upon them and then throw their lassoes. At other times they would simply run a goat down. There was rarely ever more than one greaser after a goat. The horns and bones of the dead goats are piled in places many feet thick on the ground.

"There are a lot of wild cats down there, too. Years ago somebody let loose some domestic cats down there. There are lots of them there now, and everywhere over the hills, you may see both cats and goats. I suppose the cats live on both birds and fish. The climate is so advantageous, however, that there is always varied animal life there.

"One other strange thing I found in addition to the many I have alluded to, was that if I wanted any water I had to go up hill to get it. The springs are all on top of the mountains. You never find them down by the shore.

"While wandering about full of wonder at what I saw I found an old crater on top of the mountain chain, midway in the island. The dead crater was curious to behold. It was about 200 feet across and almost that deep. All about it was smooth and broken lava. Piles of basalt were scattered here and there. Earthquakes had shaken and half closed the crater.

"The captain of my sloop was having a hard time outside. The wind came up lively, and continued to blow steadily, so that I couldn't get aboard of her. The result was I had to stay on the island five days, during which I had to live about all the time on the edible palms."

Why Electricity Tastes Sour.

Physicians explain in an interesting fashion that the electric current when applied to the tongue seems to taste sour. The gustatory or tasting nerves, according to the doctors, are industrious and well-meaning little things, and although it is not their business to take cognizance of any impression made by touch, they do their best to look after anything that happens to come their way. Thus, when subjected to the electric current, they telegraph the fact in their own language to the brain, and as their language is exclusively that of taste they inform the brain that an electric current is sour. The ordinary unscientific citizen, having confidence in the stories told by his gustatory nerves, really believes that the electric current has an acid taste.

He Forgot Himself.

Mr. Newcome, kissing his hostess—There's one for mamma and one for baby sister. Miss Una Ware, with apparent indignation—Why, Mr. Newcome, you forget yourself! Mr. Newcome, delightedly—So I did. Well, here's one for myself.—Puck.

The Farmer's Busy Wife.

Where in all the world is there a woman like the farmer's wife? You haven't a servant in your house that works as she does. She is the corner-stone of the nation's prosperity. There is nothing very exciting about being the corner-stone, and there is a good deal of weight on it besides. What kind of a farmer's wife do you know? Is she a dear, good woman with a motherly heart? Does she race with the lark to see who will be up first in the morning? Is she even a reproach to the sun himself and prove that old orb a veritable sluggard? Is she always cheery at breakfast—the time when city women are not sure whether they are amiable or not? Does she work uncomplainingly? When she churns does she call you to have a drink of buttermilk? Do you miss her occasionally in the day and find her in the garden picking potato-bugs?

TOMATOES ripen better on clean straw than on a trellis or stake.

I Cure Constipation and Dyspepsia.
Dr. Shoop's Restorative Nerve Pills sent free with Medical Book to prove merit, for 2c stamp. Druggists, 2c. DR. SHOOP, Box W., Racine, Wis.

A good housewife in Virginia last year provided her purse with \$75.00 before the holidays with a part of the season's effort of four hens. They hatched and raised 50 turkeys, which she sold at 8 cents per pound live weight.

We eat too much and take too little outdoor exercise, is the great fault of our modern civilization. It is claimed that Garfield Tea, a simple herb remedy, helps nature to overcome these abuses.

Is feeding milk cows the value of the food is not determined alone by the nutrient furnished the cow, but also in the value of the manure from such food.

The Best Thing.
The best thing you can do for a young man is to get him a job. You can get further information by dropping them a card.

ABOUT every farm house there should be a nice lawn. The farmer has the opportunity to excel in this sort of ornamentation.



YOU CAN SEE IT perhaps, one of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets—but you can't feel it after it's taken. And yet it does you more good than any of the huge, old-fashioned pills, with their gripping and violent effects. These tiny Pellets, the smallest and easiest to take, bring you help that lasts. Constipation, indigestion, Bilious Attacks, Sick or Bilious Headaches, and all derangements of liver, stomach, and bowels, are permanently cured.

A SQUARE offer of \$500 cash is made by the proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, for any case of Catarrh, no matter how bad or of how long standing, which they cannot cure.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Pure grape cream of tartar forms the acid principle of the Royal exclusively. The Royal imparts that peculiar sweetness, flavor and delicacy noticed in the finest cake, biscuit, rolls, etc., which expert pastry cooks declare is unobtainable by the use of any other leavening agent.

Absolutely Pure

Paris Brainy Women.
There are now not less than 2,133 literary women in Paris, of whom 1,211 write novels or books for children, 217 pedagogical works and 700 devote themselves to poetry. The others do not limit themselves to any one department of literary work.

He was a bashful lover and had courted her long. She knew he loved her and knew that he was afraid to propose. She resolved to help him out. "When I get married I hope to see you at my wedding," she said. "I've got to be married," he replied, "I'm married to you myself." "Well," she rejoined, "as her cheeks flushed to the hue of a rosy sunset, I meant I hoped to see you there as the groom." Then he fainted with joy.—New York Press.

SCIENTIFIC dairymen are feeding their cows well and at a cost of from eight to thirteen cents per head per day, even at the high rates for feed.

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A remedy which, if used by wives about to experience the painful ordeal attendant upon Child-birth, proves an infallible specific for and obviates the terrors of confinement, lessening the dangers thereof to both mother and child. Sold by all druggists. Sent by express on receipt of price, \$1.50 per bottle, charges prepaid.

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Successful treatment guaranteed. Send for circular. W. N. U. CHICAGO, Vol. VIII No. 12.

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Lost Manhood, Blood Poison, Rheumatism, Heart Disease, Indigestion and Constipation, Kidney and Liver Troubles, and all Chronic Diseases are successfully treated by the use of Chinese Vegetable Remedies.

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THE FARM AND HOME.

MARRIED AND SINGLE MEN AS HELP ON THE FARM.

Scarcity of Honest, Industrious Farm Laborers.—No Plough Without a Dead Fallow.—Farm Notes and Home Hints.

Help on the Farm.

The difficulty arising from the inefficiency of farm laborers at the present time is such as to need solution by the owners of farms, who need extra help to cultivate and harvest their crops in the best manner.

After carefully reading Mr. Cook's letter, I must confess that I was disappointed, says a writer in the American Cultivator, not that Mr. Cook has not written an admirable letter, and stated the case in its true light, by giving the faithful man the praise that is due, and saying but little against the slothful man. There is scarcely a farmer who is not annoyed by the inefficiency of his help at times, also by their leaving without notice in times of greatest need for help.

Mr. Cook thinks that he has solved the difficulty in his case, by adopting the tenant house system, and by employing married men to occupy his houses and board themselves while working for him on his farm. By his letter, it seems to have proved a success with him during the past two years. Having had large experience in hiring help, both single and married, also with the tenant house system, I will give a few cases of both methods of employing hired help on my farm in past years and their results. It will certainly amuse and possibly instruct, some of your readers.

My first experience in employing a married man on my farm, arranging that he board himself, was in 1854. That spring I hired a man for the summer who had a wife and child. He would only hire out for the crop season, as he intended to go West in the fall. The first of November we were so well pleased with each other that we made a new bargain for a year from that date. The wages paid were \$18 per month, with house room for the year at \$18. At the expiration of that year, another year's labor was bargained for, on the same terms, with the addition of keeping a cow for the hired man, on pasture in summer and with hay in winter, the same as my own cows were supplied with, he to furnish any grain feed. The price was \$2 for the year. The third year I paid him \$20 per month, house rent \$20 for the year, cow keeping \$26, as before.

With such a hired man, boarding himself, I was satisfied. The man also had saved in the time \$100 each year from his compensation. This was in the time of comparatively low prices, and before the war of the rebellion, hence it was for some reason easier to secure good help on the farm than it has been since that time. There were less foreign laborers than at present in this vicinity at least. There was more regard for a man's word, less quibbling without cause on the part of help employed, especially at times of the greatest need on the farm.

Previous to employing this married man I had employed single men and boarded them in my family, with generally satisfactory results on both sides. One of the best men ever employed came to engage work, and seeing small children at play in the yard, remarked to me that he sometimes swore, but never indulged in profane language in the presence of small children. He remarked that he should endeavor never to swear before them. I told him I should not like him to swear at all, but, when alone, if he could do any good by swearing, he might indulge by himself in the practice. If he found it did no good, I hoped he would give it up altogether.

We made a bargain for a year's labor on his part, which was renewed at the expiration, from year to year, for seven years. All these years were pleasant ones to employer and to the man employed. The habit of swearing, to which he was addicted, was given up entirely, possibly through my influence.

From these two cases, covering a period of ten years, there was very little choice except the relief of the wife in boarding of the married man, which I confess is a great relief. In both these cases, however, the hired men were models, both American born, with strict and honest adherence to their bargains.

Of late years I have been much more annoyed by men with wives and families, who boarded themselves, than by single men, who boarded in family of the married man. The married man was often quite as willing to leave as the single man, without giving a moment's notice, and that, too, without a word of fault with the employer. I have had one of the best men I ever employed, while single boarding in my family, who, after getting married and living in the tenant house, did not do nearly as well as when a single man. His engagement for a year expired. It was thought best to seek different help. He sought employment from a neighbor, but, not suiting, was soon obliged to seek employment elsewhere.

I have had excellent help from men of foreign birth, Irish, Welsh and Scotch, all having proved faithful, valuable help, both Protestant and Catholic alike. It may also be said that men of all nationalities have proved themselves in certain instances to be headless and negligent to my interests. Such men have wanted large wages, while they did as little work as possible, being ready to quit at a moment's notice on their

part without any reason or provocation.

For the past few years farm laborers in this vicinity have been scarce. Many farmers have been unable to secure help to supply their wants, at any reasonable price, not because they were no men unemployed, but because there would not work on the farm.

From my own experience with farm help, both single and married men, I have found but little to choose, where both were men who valued their integrity and good name. Those who desired to do right because it was right so to do were desirable help, whether single or married. On the other hand, men who did not regard their word but claimed the world owed them a living, were in my experience even more headless of their promises among the married men than among the single ones, especially if the former could manage to get into debt to their employer. In my experience they seemed to be as ready to quit without notice as the single men. I have been worse treated by married men living on my farm than by single men employed to do farm labor. If a farmer has a good man he should keep him, if possible, whether he be married or single. Good, faithful, honest men, who will work on the farm industriously and faithfully, are scarce.

The Best Fruit the Cheapest.

One of the most encouraging facts about fruit growing is that the careless and slovenly growers are being surely weeded out of the business. There is no money in trying to grow poor fruit cheaply, allowing nature to do all and man nothing. What nature does in such cases is to multiply insect enemies and fungus diseases. If nature is to do all, nature will take all and leave the lazy member of the firm nothing. On the contrary, if man will work with nature, combating insects and diseases, the fruit will be so much finer, that it sells itself at good prices, while the poor fruit can hardly be given away. The best fruit can now, under careful treatment, be produced cheaper than it was in a state of nature. Now it can be guarded so as to be a sure crop every year. In the olden time, the good and poor crops rapidly alternated with many more poor than good.—American Cultivator.

Farm Notes.

Excessive growth is at the expense of food.

Under-draining permits the air and warmth to penetrate to the roots.

If there is new or sod land to plow, take the first opportunity for doing so.

The most intelligent and successful farmer is the one that plans ahead.

To secure the best result from the manure heap it should be well decomposed.

If farming does not pay a good profit, one is at least reasonably sure of a good living.

Make the yield as good as possible as this helps materially to reduce the cost of production.

Raising stock allows the fertility to be maintained and it is the only way it can be done.

When the land is foul with the white grub sowing to buckwheat is a good remedy to kill out.

Look closely after the small things and the big ones will nearly always take care of themselves.

Manure cannot afford food to plants until it decomposes and its soluble material can be appropriated.

To keep potatoes from running out, good soil and good cultivation must be given as well as good seed be used.

Red clover and orchard grass make a good mixture to sow together for hay, as they ripen at the same time.

Wood ashes are a valuable application to soil deficient in potash and hastens the decomposition of coarse manures.

Home Hints.

Molasses, for all kinds of cooking, is much improved by boiling and skimming.

Ordinary sticking plaster makes a good remedy for corns, as it keeps them soft and prevents rubbing.

Castor oil has not failed in any case to remove warts to which it was applied once a day for two to six weeks.

Crackers that grow stale from long standing should be put in a pan and baked over. They will be as crisp as fresh ones.

To make plain taffy, boil a cup of sugar, one of molasses, and a tablespoonful of butter for twenty minutes. Test and, if not brittle, boil longer.

A very effective remedy for a cough caused by a tickling in the throat is made by adding to the beaten white of an egg the juice of a lemon, and then thickening with sugar.

There is said to be a crude greenness in onions and potatoes that make them very hard to digest. For health's sake put them into warm water for an hour before cooking.

To clean rag carpets, wring a cloth out of warm water and rub the carpet with it, dipping the cloth in the water each time a new space is to be rubbed. Do not wet the carpet, but only dampen it. A soap and brush may be used in the most soiled places.

Beeswax and salt will make rusty flatirons as clean and smooth as glass. Tie a lump of wax in a rag and keep it for that purpose. When the irons are hot, rub them first with the wax rag, then scour with paper or cloth sprinkled with salt.

Never put away food in tin plates. Fully one-half the cases of poison from the use of canned goods is because the article was left or put into the can after using. China, earthenware or glass is the only safe receptacle for food left over.

HARPOONING TURTLES.

How They Are Secured in the Gulf of Mexico.

The turtle is justly considered feast for the gods. The way people usually capture the prize is to wait for Mrs. Turtle when she comes ashore to lay her eggs on the sand beach and to turn her on her back with a hand-spike. There is much more fun with much better sport in catching turtles by harpooning, a method followed among the keys and coral banks which fringe the coast of the Gulf of Mexico.

The harpoon consists of a short shaft made of iron, which fits loosely into a wooden pole about nine feet long. Around the shaft a ring is fastened, which should be strong and about sixty fathoms long. The barb of the harpoon is about an inch long, having two notches. If longer than this it is liable to pierce deeper than the shell and perhaps kill the turtle, which the fisherman has no wish to do. The best sort of boat to use is a fifteen-foot skiff, with simply a "lug-sail," which can be dropped in a hurry.

A crew of two is necessary, one to look after the sail and be handy with a pair of oars, while the other looks after the tiller. It is no use to go after turtles in a calm. They sleep in the shallow water which fringes the keys, and always sleep with one eye open, so that using the oar sends the animal off like a streak of light long before one is within striking distance. It is when the surface of the water is rippled by the breeze that one has a chance of making a catch, so that the fishing has generally to take place in the afternoon.

The harpooner stands in the bows with the line carefully rolled between his feet. He has to keep a sharp lookout, and as soon as he espies a turtle resting on the white sandy bottom, surrounded with sponges, he directs the helm-men by hand. As one gets above the creature down goes the harpoon, the striker holding fast to the handle, for the water is seldom more than five feet deep. If the strike is a successful one the pole comes away from the harpoon and is thrown into the boat.

The sail must be lowered instantly, the oars taken out and the boat headed in the direction the turtle has taken. As soon as this is done a strain is generally put on the line, and the turtle is soon towing the boat. This quickly puts the animal out of breath, and he has to come to the surface for air. In about half an hour, as a rule, he is alongside the boat, considerably exhausted. He is not, however, in the boat yet, and it is now the duty of the man who has charge of the tiller to jump overboard and turn the turtle on its back.

This is no easy task, and the man generally has two or three good duckings before he is successful. Not infrequently the animal makes a final dash for freedom, and the boat has to head for the new direction taken, and the steersman is left in the water. Even when the turtle is turned it is not easy to haul a 400-pound animal into the boat, which usually is half full of water before the captive is rapidly flapping fins at the bottom of the boat.

Sometimes the turtles head for the deep water, and if so it generally takes from two to three hours to land them, as they will sink to the bottom and sulk there, coming up for breath only at long intervals. The most successful day's catch the writer ever had was three, but there was many a blank day and many a harpoon with fathoms of line lost, owing to some mishap.

He Was Forgetful.

"My husband is the most forgetful man I ever saw," said the lady to her visitor, "and he was that way before I married him. Indeed, if it hadn't been for that I don't think I should have had him."

Naturally the visitor asked for the story.

"It was this way," resumed the lady, "while we were engaged I asked him to do something for me, and he forgot it; he forgot it so many times that at last we quarreled about it and I became very angry."

"One engagement ends right here," I said to him, "and I never want to see you again! Go away and forget me utterly. I want you to forget me utterly. I repeated for emphasis."

"Very well," he said, "I will if I don't forget it," and the earnest way he said it made me smile in spite of myself, and, of course, when a woman smiles on such an occasion her case is lost, and our engagement didn't end."—Detroit Free Press.

Slipped His Mind.

A good brother, who recently offered a prayer at a prayer meeting started to make a reference to Noah, but got a little flustered and forgot the name of the patriarch. After hemming and hawing for a few moments he turned to a neighbor and asked in a loud whisper, "who was it built the ark?"

Slight Misunderstanding.

Mudge—I was looking over my top coat to day, and I find that the moth have nearly ruined it.

Yabsley—Why don't you sue them for damages?

"I don't mean the moths; I meant the pawnbrokers."—Indianapolis Journal.

Invented the Elevator.

Andre Gaertner, founder of the Mechanical Museum at Dresden, who was born in 1654, is said to be the inventor of the elevator. In 1717, having become infirm, he made a machine which enabled him to go up and down the three stories of his house.



The Mystic Labyrinth can always be seen with large attendance any time a person visits the amusement. It is open from 10 a. m. to 10 p. m. daily. Admission 25 cents.

A MEDIEVAL MURDER.

The Prime Minister of a Native Indian State slain.

The story of the murder of the prime minister of the native state of Uluar, in Northwestern India, reads more like a tale from the criminal annals of some medieval Italian principality than a record of the present day. The minister was murdered while out riding by a gang of assassins. The inquiry ordered by the Indian government has resulted not only in the conviction of one of the principal military officers of the Uluar state, but in a declaration by the court that the murder was executed by the order of the late maharajah of Uluar.

It appears that this personage, desiring for sundry reasons to have the minister "removed," confided the task to the officer commanding the Imperial service troops—that is the force which the Uluar state undertakes to send into the field should the Indian government call for its services. This worthy got together a gang of men, including some of his own soldiers, waylaid the minister, and, while some of the party patrolled the road, others, as one of them who turned queen's evidence expressed it, "used their swords."

They pleaded in defense that they were obliged to carry out the orders of the maharajah in committing the act. The court held that such orders had been given, but decided that they constituted no defense, and sentenced two of the party to death and others to various terms of penal servitude. Adequately to appreciate this affair it should be remembered that Uluar is no wild hill state on the outer confines of India, but an ancient principality in the heart of the country, within a short distance of Delhi. The late maharajah had received an English education, and Uluar is in many respects accounted an excellently administered state.

DWARFISH RACE IN SPAIN.

Enanos With Red Wool for Hair and Savage Ways.

There have long been rumors of survival of a dwarf or a prehistoric race existing in parts of Spain, but careful inquiries at Madrid failed to supply any definite information on the subject. Last summer, on reading over an old number of Kosmos (Paris, 1887), I found a brief paragraph referring to a pigmy race having been found in the province of Gerona, Spain, who had slightly Mongolian eyes, yellow, broad, square faces, height from 1.10 meters to 1.15 meters and red hair.

An Austrian gentleman recently told me he had seen in the market place at Salamanca some very undersized peasants, with broad faces and mahogany-colored woolly hair.

You will see that these accounts all agree substantially, and that these dwarfs and those of Africa are precisely similar.

I have got a good deal of information from an elderly Spanish woman, who belongs to a half-breed negro family, and who says there are in such families frequently nans or "enanos" who have red tufts of wool and are as small as ordinary small boys. But these tufts of wool are peculiarly characteristic of dwarf races nearly everywhere.

It is most fortunate that they live in the Valley of Ribas and the Col de Tosa, within a little more than a half day's journey from Toulouse. Some health-seekers or tourists in the south of France may perhaps feel inclined to pay a visit to these little people.

The Nervous Speaker.

At a Massachusetts town the other night, there was a temperance lecture in the chapel of one of the churches. The gentleman who was to preside did not show up, and a man known to have a deep interest in the temperance cause was called upon to act in his place. Mr. S.—is a very nervous man, who easily gets rattled. He struggled to his feet, and this is what he said: "Ladies and gentlemen: Since Brother — is not here to ask the blessing of God to rest upon this meeting, we will proceed with the business and do the best we can without it. Amen."

A Narrow Escape.

A farmer in Camden county, last week, fell asleep under a tree. While slumbering, with his head against the tree, his dog got after a large gray squirrel which, in its haste to reach a place of safety, jumped in the farmer's mouth, taking it for a knot-hole. The farmer, not being used to raw game, disgorged the squirrel with an effort, and it is said has not fully recovered yet.

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SAVINGS OF SAGES.

When we destroy an old prejudice we have need of a new virtue.—Mme. de Staël.

A goose flies by a chart which the Royal geographical society could not mend.—Dr. O. W. Holmes.

An idea, like a ghost, according to the common notion of ghosts, must be spoken to a little before it will explain itself.—Dickens.

There are but few proverbial sayings that are not true, for they are all drawn from experience itself, which is the mother of all sciences.—Cervantes.

The monument of the greatest man should be only a bust and a name. If the name alone is inefficient to illustrate the bust, let them both perish.—Laudon.

Happiness in this world, when it comes, comes accidentally. Make it the object of pursuit, and it leads us a wild goose chase and is never attained.—Lawthorne.

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