

# BARRINGTON REVIEW.

VOL. 9, NO. 1.

FRIDAY, MAY 18, 1894.

\$1.50 A YEAR.

## BARRINGTON.

**THE EVANGELICAL SALEM CHURCH.**—Rev. Wm. Schuster, pastor. Services every Sunday at 10 o'clock a. m. Sabbath school at 9:15 a. m. Evening service at 7:30.

**BAPTIST CHURCH.**—Mr. Bailey, pastor. Services every Sunday at 10 a. m. Sabbath school at 9:15 a. m. Evening service at 7:30 p. m.

**ST. ANN'S CATHOLIC CHURCH.**—Rev. J. F. Glasey, pastor. Services every other Sunday at 8 o'clock a. m.

**METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.**—W. W. Ward, pastor. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath school at 9:15 a. m. Children's services 9 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. J. R. Elfrink, pastor. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. Evening service 7:30 p. m. Sabbath school at 9 a. m.

**GERMAN EVANGELICAL ST. PAUL'S CHURCH.**—Rev. K. Kahn, pastor. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. Sabbath school at 9:30 a. m.

**LOUNSBURY LODGE No. 751.**—Meets at their hall the second and fourth Saturdays of each month. L. A. Powers, W. M.; H. A. Sandman, W. C.; C. H. Kenna, J. W.; C. B. Olla, Treas.; A. T. Ultsch, Sec.; F. B. Benoit, S. D.; J. P. Brown, J. D.; A. Gleason, Tyler.

**BARRINGTON POST No. 275, G. A. R.** Department of Ill.—Meets every second Friday in the month at Abbott's Hall. L. E. Runyan, Com.; G. W. Johnson, S. V. C.; Wm. Humphrey, J. V. C.; A. Gleason, Q. M.; A. S. Henderson, O. D.; L. H. Butts, O. G.; Henry Reuter, Sergt.; Chas. Nenn, Chap.

**M. W. A. CAMP No. 80.**—Meets first and third Tuesdays of each month at Meyer's Hall. F. E. Hawley, V. G.; P. A. Hawley, W. A.; John Robertson, E. M.; T. Lamey, Clerk; Wm. Anthonis, W. J.; M. Thrasler, E.; H. P. Askew, S.

**W. R. C. No. 35.**—Meets the second and fourth Wednesdays of each month. Mrs. Leo Townsend, Pres.; Miss Allie Meyer, Sec.

Mrs. Bausa of Chicago, who has been spending a few weeks with her daughter, Mrs. Fred Brasel, met with a severe accident last Wednesday morning. While removing bottles of catsup which were tightly corked with patent stoppers, one of them exploded and the pieces of glass cut the cheek to the bone, from chin to ear, lacerating several of her teeth and badly lacerating one of her hands. Dr. Richardson was quickly summoned and found it necessary to take five stitches in the gash made in her cheek.

The flag raising at White's school was a patriotic occasion for the school. The school gave a short entertainment. Rev. E. W. Ward and W. W. Martin of Waukegan each delivered an address, after which all adjourned to the play ground, where a beautiful flag 6x10 feet was unfurled to the breeze.

Are your buildings insured? If not, call on Miles T. Lamey and have him insure them at once. Delays are dangerous.

The Schubert club gave a concert at the M. E. church last Saturday evening to a crowded house. The following was the program rendered:

**PART I.**  
Chorus....."Star of Descending Night"  
By Schubert Club.  
Duet....."Hope Beyond"  
Prof. D. A. Blackman and Mrs. H. T. Pixley.  
Solo.....Selected  
Prof. D. A. Blackman.  
Solo....."Song of the Sea Shell"  
Miss C. E. Kingsley.  
Duet....."Good By, Ye Roses Fair"  
Prof. D. A. Blackman and Miss C. E. Kingsley.  
Solo....."The Old Turkey"  
Prof. D. A. Blackman.

**PART II.**  
Chorus....."Song of the Lark"  
By Schubert Club.  
Solo....."The Song That Reached My Heart"  
Miss Anna Krahn.  
Duet.....Selected  
Prof. D. A. Blackman and Miss C. E. Kingsley.  
Solo.....Miss Carrie E. Kingsley.  
Solo.....Selected  
Prof. D. A. Blackman.

Twelve members of Barrington tent No. 73, K. O. T. M., went to Elgin Wednesday evening to attend a meeting there, and were highly entertained by Elgin tent.

Mr. Walter Harrower has sold his farm to Mr. F. J. Berghorn.

H. M. Robinson's great negro show were favored with a large audience Wednesday evening, although the evening was very warm.

Frank Hollister, Sr., died at his home Saturday, May 12, after a few weeks' illness. The funeral took place Tuesday, May 15. Mr. Hollister was a member of Barrington post No. 275, G. A. R.

Mr. Henry Schenmacker's residence is being painted, which improves its appearance very much. Messrs. Kirmse & Seales are doing the work.

The Josephine Ladies' quartet under the management of Lon H. Bennett and assisted by L. H. and Fred B. Bennett have billed the town for a musical at the Salem Evangelical church on Friday evening of this week.

FOR RENT.—A first-class residence in good location with one lot. Only a few blocks from depot. Inquire at the office of J. D. Lamey & Co.

Twenty pounds choice cooking raisins for \$1 at A. W. Meyer & Co.'s.

Mr. D. R. Holmes of Elgin was a pleasant caller here this week.

J. D. Lamey & Co. now carry in addition to their large line of building material strictly pure white lead and oils; also all colors, varnishes, etc., required for the paint trade. They also have a good assortment of mixed paints for exterior or interior use; floor, barn and wagon paint; ready mixed paints can be had in any quantity. Their prices are way down and would be pleased to have your orders. Call and see our stock when in want of anything in the paint line.

Mr. Spriggs, who has been quite sick, is now able to be round.

Paint brushes and whitewash brushes at A. W. Meyer & Co.'s.

J. D. Lamey & Co. handle the Cary sand in car-load lots or in small quantities. It is screened and ready for use—a saving of 15 cents a yard over unscreened sand.

Mrs. C. White, who has been visiting here, returned home Monday.

BORN.—To Mr. and Mrs. John Plagge, a son, Saturday, May 12.

Mr. and Mrs. McCauley of Chicago are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. C. O. Winter this week.

A. W. Meyer & Co. sell the Douglas shoe. Try a pair.

Common salt always on hand at J. D. Lamey & Co.'s. They also carry a first-class dairy salt put up in 56-pound sacks, just the right size for family use.

Prof. Blackman lectured at the M. E. church last Sunday evening on "Sacred Music."

Mrs. Krahn entertained cousins from the city last Sunday.

Mrs. L. E. Runyan is at Peoria, Ill., this week, attending the State Sunday school convention.

What's the use of letting your wagons and agricultural implements go to rack and ruin, when for 75 cents or \$1 you can on some rainy day paint them up and not only beautify them, but make them last twice as long, by using Heath & Milligan wagon and agricultural implement paint, sold by J. D. Lamey & Co. If you have any left over, it would be nice for the "wimmin folks" to paint their flower stands, flower pots or some of those old chairs you have discarded.

Strictly pure white lead and oils, floor paints, varnishes, etc., at J. D. Lamey & Co.'s. When in want of anything in this line give them a call.

Messrs. G. W. Johnson, C. B. Otis, Wm. Humphrey and G. H. Comstock are in attendance at the G. A. R. encampment at Rockford this week.

The Berean chapter of the Epworth league will give a conundrum social and supper at the M. E. church next Monday evening, May 21. A short program is being prepared.

Large line of ladies' waists at A. W. Meyer & Co.

Miss Effelyn Runyan attended the W. R. C. convention at Rockford and visited at the home of Rev. William Clark of Rockton this week.

Miss Jennie Bross of Morris, Ill., and Mrs. Elizabeth Means of Chicago visited the Gen. Thomas corps, No. 85, last week.

See the pretty dress goods A. W. Meyer & Co. are selling for 25 cents a yard.

The W. R. C. are preparing to give a patriotic entertainment on the evening of May 30.

Theodore Schutt made a business trip to the city last Tuesday.

Mr. John Page of Palatine made a business trip here last Tuesday.

Try A. W. Meyer & Co.'s Javanese coffee; 25 cents a pound.

Buy whitening of J. D. Lamey & Co. and make your own calcimine. Whitening is the only material that should be used on hard-finished walls, giving them a finish impossible to produce with whitewash.

W. E. Gilman of South Bend, Ind., was in town this week.

Mr. John Robertson and family spent Saturday at Rockford, Ill.

Experiment in Good Roads.

An experiment in the improvement of public roads which will be of interest to Adams county is in progress in Newcomb township, Champaign county, Illinois. The farmers in that vicinity have always been strongly opposed to schemes for building hard roads, claiming that their construction would practically confiscate the farms. They have therefore held to the common dirt roads, constructing them with understanding by the use of tile and with open side ditches. The result is that they have the best roads in the country. Last fall they tried rounding them up by the use of a road grader drawn by a traction engine, and the experiment worked so well that they have tried it again this spring. Owners of traction engines have no employment for them at this season and are glad of the chance to do the work. The price paid for an engine with two men is \$8 per day, and it is found that in two weeks of good weather one engine can surface up all the roads in the township, leaving them in better condition than hand or team work could do it, and in less time and at 50 per cent saving in expense. It is proposed to entirely abandon the labor tax for road purposes and to pay all road taxes in cash, the work to be done by machinery. Some of the townships of Adams county ought to try this or some other good plan of improving their roads.—Quincy Whig.

G. A. Applebee.

Mr. G. A. Applebee passed away at his home Thursday morning, May 3. He was the oldest resident here for miles around, having reached the age of 94 years at the time of his death. He was born in Upper Canada Aug. 14, 1799, and was married to Miss Crabtree in 1822. Twelve children—nine daughters and three sons—blessed this union, nine of which are still living. Mr. Applebee was one of the earliest settlers here, having located on a farm a few miles west of Barrington in 1858. Many of his last years were spent at the home of his daughter, Mrs. A. K. Townsend. The funeral took place at 2 o'clock last Saturday afternoon at the house, Rev. Mr. Lahr of the Salem Evangelical church officiating. Interment took place at Evergreen cemetery.

(CONTINUED ON FOURTH PAGE.)

## PALATINE.

### CHURCH AND SOCIETY NOTICES.

**METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.**—Rev. W. A. Smith, pastor; G. W. Farr, Superintendent. Sunday School. Services every Sunday at 11 o'clock a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath school at 10 o'clock a. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening. Epworth League meeting Sunday evening at 6. Everybody welcome.

**ST. PAUL EVANGELICAL CHURCH.**—Rev. C. W. Roth, pastor. Services every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock. Sunday school at 9 a. m.

**EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN IMMENSE CHURCH.**—Rev. Adolf Pletenhauer, pastor. Services every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock.

**PALATINE LODGE No. 214, A. F. & A. M.**—Meets on the first and third Saturdays of each month. Visitors always welcome. C. D. TAYLOR, W. M. F. J. FLENNY, Sec'y.

**PALATINE LODGE No. 704, I. O. O. F.**—Meets every Wednesday. Visiting brothers cordially invited. E. F. BAKER, N. G. H. L. MERRILL, Sec'y.

**JOHN A. LOGAN LODGE No. 185, I. O. M. A.**—Meets in Odd Fellows' Hall on second and fourth Saturdays of each month. Members of the order always welcome. M. A. STAPLES, Pres. C. E. JULIAN, Sec'y.

**No. 206 PALATINE CHAPTER ROYAL ARCH MASONS.**—Meets on the second and fourth Tuesdays of each month in Masonic hall. Visiting companions always welcome. R. P. T. MIX, M. E. H. P. F. J. FLENNY, Sec'y.

Mrs. Ahlgrim is having her building on the corner of Bothwell and Slade streets remodeled preparatory of leasing it to Mr. Robert Mosser, who will move into it and occupy it as a drug store. Mr. Jacob Wanager is doing the carpenter work, and that is a guarantee that a fine appearing building will be the result.

Mrs. Prellberg, wife of Mr. E. Prellberg, who died very sudden Friday night of last week, was buried last Monday. Rev. M. Pletenhauer of the Emanuel's church, of which the deceased was a member, officiated. It was one of the largest funerals which has taken place here for a long time.

Louis Scharinghausen, a veteran of the civil war, who accidentally fell down a cellar way in his house last week and was so badly injured that he died, was buried on Friday of last week in the soldier's lot in Hillside cemetery. Six of the old soldiers of this place acted as pallbearers. Rev. W. H. Smith officiated at the house and cemetery.

John W. Wilson started for New York last Saturday with a car load of horses.

Rev. W. H. Smith attended the state encampment of the G. A. R. at Rockford the first of the week.

Mr. E. R. Clark of Barrington was a caller in the village last Tuesday.

FOR SALE.—At a bargain, one of the finest residences, with a lot 75x132 feet, in the village. Inquire at the bank.

There will be an adjourned meeting of all the committees on Memorial day at the M. E. church parlors on Thursday evening, May 2, at 8 o'clock. All members of the different committees are requested to be present and report progress in the work, and make final arrangements for May 30.

**Elgin Butter Market.**  
ELGIN, ILL., May 14.—Special Telegram.—Butter was active to-day, 31-800 lbs selling at 17c and 15,000 at 17½c, as against 15½c last week, and 24¢@25c last year. Bids opened at 14c and rapidly advanced.

## DESPLAINES.

### CHURCHES.

**METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.**—The Rev. A. F. Conroy, pastor; B. P. Kinder, Superintendent of Sunday-school. Sunday services 10:30 and 7:30 p. m. Sunday-school at 12 m. Prayer meeting on Wednesday evening. Young People's meeting Sunday evening at 6.

**CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.**—The Rev. Edward Huelster, pastor; Geo. A. Wolfing, 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. Lowrance, pastor. Services at 10 a. m., followed by Sunday-school at 11:30.

**ST. MARY CHURCH.**—The Rev. E. Wemet, pastor. Services at 9:30 Sunday morning. Sunday-school at 11 a. m.

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

For the accommodation of the people of Desplaines and vicinity I have made arrangements to be at my new residence, near the Congregational church, in Desplaines, every Tuesday. E. W. PERSONS, Dentist.

Stock pastured by the week or season on the Nagle farm two miles north of Desplaines. Address Nagle Bros., Desplaines, Ill.

Mrs. Jefferys and daughter from Wisconsin, who formerly lived on the Higgins road, were guests of J. H. Curtis and family last Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry E. Kraft returned from their wedding trip last Saturday. They will occupy one of Kraft Bros' cottages on Desplaines avenue.

A lecture on Persia will be given in the Methodist church Saturday evening, May 19, by a native Persian. He will introduce Persian songs and prayers and will be dressed in native costume. Admission 15 cents.

Rev. E. Bloesch preached a Pentecostal sermon at the German Evangelical church last Sunday, and on Monday the congregation attended a mission festival at Niles Center. The Lutheran Evangelical church had Pentecostal services at the church both Sunday and Monday.

Ice cream and soda water, with pure fruit flavors at the Bee-Hive pharmacy.

Dr. Earle calls attention to the fact that Desplaines is overrun with dogs of high and low degree, and thinks that the News ought to take up the cudgel—not in behalf of the dogs—but against the village board for allowing such a state of things to exist. If the doctor will look over the files of the News that he no doubt finds in his office for reference, he will find that the editor has not been at all backward calling attention to this matter, but at the same time it is easier to make mention of certain things that exist than to point out a remedy. There was a dog ordinance passed by a former board, but it was afterward set aside on account of some technicality in its passage, so that at present dogs have no taxes to pay and are subject to no statutory requirements whatever. Let the doctor give his views on the subject in print.

The Park Ridge Herald alluded to the esteemed principal of the public school as "Mrs." Beaumont. The editor ought either to write an apology to the lady or lay it all to the "stupid compositor."

The board of education had a meeting last Friday evening to discuss plans for an addition to the school building. It is the intention of the board to have another entrance on the south side to provide for additional means of getting out of the building in case of fire.

Matrimony seems to be contagious. Indications are that Louis P. Kraft will follow the example of his brother before the next new moon.

Red's ice cream in bulk or solid bricks, any flavor. Fancy moulds of cream or jellies handsomely decorated for parties, weddings and receptions a specialty. Family trade will receive prompt attention. The Bee-Hive pharmacy.

Pastor Huelster of the Congregational church has a new light in his household. Another little daughter has been added to the family circle and the ladies of his congregation will of course take the earliest opportunity to call and offer their congratulations.

Slow progress is being made in drilling the artesian well, but the men have got down to a depth of nearly 1,500 feet. They are now in limestone rock and the indications are, from past experience, that they will have to go down 2,000 feet before they strike a formation where a water vein can be tapped.

### THE VILLAGE ELECTION "CORN-TEST" DECIDED.

Trustee Kraft Still Holds His Seat Among the Schemers of the City Hall.

Last Friday evening the village board had a special meeting to take up the petition of Henry Scharringhausen for a recount of the ballots cast at the last village election. Mr. Scharringhausen was represented by C. S. Cutting, Esq., and S. Reynolds of Jefferson, and a lawyer named Williams appeared in behalf of Mr. Kraft. Carl Toesch took the witness stand and testified that he voted the straight democratic ticket, notwithstanding the fact that he was not a citizen of the United States, not having taken out any naturalization papers. A man named Metzger, living outside of the corporate limits and therefore not a legal voter, testified that he voted on that day, but that he voted for the republican candidates, although he could not tell the names of the men on the ticket. One or two more witnesses were examined, and then the board ordered a recount of the ballots. This was done under the supervision of the village clerk, assisted by the board and the attorneys present. Four mutilated ballots were found, to which objections were made, but as two of the ballots were cast for Scharringhausen and the other two for Kraft, the matter was settled by throwing them both out, which left the result unchanged as far as the election of Mr. Kraft was concerned. It was therefore decided that he was legally elected trustee and entitled to a seat in the board. The investigation shows at least that the election was conducted with some degree of looseness, otherwise it would not have been so easy a matter for illegal votes to be deposited in the ballot box. There were no challengers provided by either party on election day.

### A Spring Sermon at the Congregational Church.

Last Sunday morning Pastor Edward W. Huelster preached a beautiful and instructive sermon to a well-filled church, from Revelations xxi: 5: "Behold I make all things new."

A brief review of this sermon, to which we are of necessity limited, will fail to do it justice.

The speaker began by setting forth in eloquent language the beauty of spring time, reminding his hearers that but a short time ago everything was barren around us. Grass was dead, trees leafless, snow and ice everywhere. Now "behold, I make all things new."

Then the creation of the world was referred to. How God said, "Let there be light, and there was light," and the pastor showed to his hearers how the spiritual creature is brought into being much in the order that the world was created.

Paul II. Cor. v: 17. "If any man be in Christ he is a new creature."

Then old things are passed and all things are as new.

The wintry day is a striking emblem of the state of the soul of every individual till it is renewed, then the eye is opened, God has said "let there be light." It is then spring, and all things are new. Everything is seen in a different light, our duties appear plainer, easier, more pleasant, our restrictions are no restrictions at all. It becomes a pleasure, a blessed

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### THE LAST OF W. RENEGADE PARSONS.

In last week's edition of a sheet which struggles under the somewhat pretentious misnomer of "The Jeffersonian," but which is more commonly known as the "Irving Park Bladder," and which is now said to be owned by one W. Renegade Parsons, and presumably edited by the same party, it was announced that the alleged editor, "Mister Parsons," had sent to this paper a communication, the publication of which he doubted owing to its "peppery" nature; but he did not add that he purposed to delay the mailing of said communication until he well knew it could not be published by us last week, so that he could have a shadow of a reason for saying that we intentionally withheld its "publication."

This conglomeration of matter, which "Editor" Parsons desires to inflict upon a long suffering public, arrived at our office last Saturday morning, and it is with pleasure that we lay the erudite "Editor's" production before our readers, just as it came, without head or tail, paragraphed and almost unpunctuated, a fine specimen of literary ability, and one which an "Editor" may well be proud of.

Here follows the "peppery" effusion, without the peppers, which might have been profitably used by the "Editor" for punctuation marks had he possessed sufficient intelligence to place them:

EDITORS SUBURBAN TIMES: In the issue of the Suburban Times under date of April 26th appeared some malignant insinuations in the shape of questions addressed to myself, and they were signed "Republican of the 13th ward." I answered the cowardly sneer in your issue of April 28th stating that I thought it doubtful that the questions were asked by a 13th ward resident, and that the anonymous insect was beneath notice. In point of fact I believe that any one asking questions reflecting upon the integrity of another behind the shield of an anonymous signature is too vile and loathsome a creature to be noticed. I was in hopes that my delicate allusions might arouse some faint spark of manhood that possibly existed in the creature's composition so that he would come out over his own signature when I would be delighted to answer his questions, but I concluded he was too much ashamed of his own identity to disclose it and I regretted what I thought was the last opportunity for I can stand up in front of even a snake in a square fight if I am able to see and know what my antagonist is, but two issues of your paper appeared and all I received was the same preposterous allusion in your last issue the last opportunity is regained and I am happy for now that the honorable editors of the Suburban Times have faced the questions asked. I can see my antagonist and can do no doubt satisfy you. Now to business as I am a business man. First: on the 30th of March 1894 at a meeting of the ward committee held at the Sherman House I arose and stated to the committee that I could not and would not support Mr. Butler for alderman for good reason, and I gave the reasons. I once more told them that I would not support Mr. Butler but if they insisted I would remain on and act neutral. On being asked my price, I stood and how much money I wanted on election day, I told them I thought it would go for Mr. Bond and that I did not care whether they gave me money or not that they could do as they pleased. Now the chairman of the committee, Mr. Fred Wheaton gave me \$40 and I submit the following statement as the receipt for my expenditure which completely answers all questions and I trust to your satisfaction:

Cash received.....	\$41.00
Two boxes cigars.....	8 00
Worker H. Simpson.....	5 00
Worker Henry Wade.....	2 50
Challenger George Hobart.....	5 00
Worker J. H. Clark.....	3 00
Team, carriage and driver.....	8 00
Distributing circulars.....	1 50
	\$40.00 \$40.00

Third all well known republicans to work at the polls and Mr. Wallis I knew to be a strong Butler man also a worshiper at the shrine of leader Wulf and I considered Mr. Butler's interests would be safe in his hands. Personally I did no work for either aldermanic candidate and my only instructions to the workers were "To get out all the voters possible and work for the best interests of the Republican party." I confess that I was doubtful about the cigar item but Mr. Wallis who had a good deal of experience in such things said we must have them so I gave them and I would not be guilty of failing off a poor article and it may be possible that the aroma from a fragrant cigar had a different effect upon the brain of the voter than those usually provided and which may account for the result in the 13th precinct. Now the little fishboat seems to be about to sink, I assure you that this particular little hatchet is not a personal one but belongs to "The Jeffersonian" and hence could not have been in my possession at that time. Let me allay the fears of your Editor by assuring him that I have no hatchet of my own and he need not be afraid that can drop off to sleep once more and leave me to be troubled with writing more bad dreams. Your last suggestions are good and they are in accordance with my own idea upon the subject of Politics and I say let us have everything open, honorable and manly and that is the reason I submit the above statement but will the Suburban Times call upon the other committee men to do the same? Don't slight these gentlemen, or shall I conclude that you have some special spite against me? Now that I have answered your questions will you kindly return the favor and answer the following: What motive actuated you in attempting to injure my reputation? Why did you select me one from the whole of the committee when three other precincts in the ward went for Bond and was it done by order of Mr. Henry Wulf? If you are interested in the real welfare of the republican party why don't you insist upon the light being turned on where it would expose the methods of the self constituted leader of the party in this ward, Mr. Henry Wulf. It is the truth that Mr. Wulf is the real owner of the S. Times and that you are the figureheads behind which he hides? Did he give you orders that as Mr. W. R. Parsons was becoming a menace to his political ambitions he was a dangerous man and must be politically assassinated and are your buntings attempts to do so the product of your best efforts? Why have you let three weeks elapse between your first and second attempts? Should you want any further information at any time come out over your own signature, or Editorially upon the start and it will be cheerfully furnished by Yours Truly

W. R. PARSONS.

Our readers have now enjoyed the full benefit of the "peppery" letter, and can form their own conclusions as to "Editor" Parsons' literary ability, grammatical knowledge, political sagacity and logic, as well as his truthfulness, honor and true republicanism. In previous issues we have already exposed his political perfidy and fruitless attempts to betray his party by expending republican cash in a vain endeavor to elect an independent democratic allerman, and consequently his ridiculous struggles to vindicate his Benedict-Arnold tactics may be dismissed with the contempt they so well deserve.

His questions, however,—although they hardly merit notice—we will answer:

The pertinent queries of a resident of the Ninth precinct of the Twentieth ward were never answered by this renegade republican, Parsons, and it was not until several weeks had elapsed and we pointedly called his attention to the fact that they had not been replied to that he finally presented his statement of expenses, thus forcing him to confess his own political shame, and acknowledge that he had paid out most of the money given to him by the republican campaign treasurer (to be used in the interest of republican candidates) to men who deliberately worked against the republican candidate for alderman.

Presumably he was selected by the gentleman, whose letter brought about this expose of "Editor" Parsons' disgraceful attempts to defeat his party's aldermanic candidate with republican money, because he was the only committeeman he (our correspondent) knew had proved a traitor to his trust and a Judas to his party. No other committeemen were guilty of such meanness that we have heard of.

No accusations have been made against Mr. Wulf; no one has ever insinuated that he is other than he claims to be, a true republican, whom none could charge with having ever sold out or betrayed his party.

It is true that Mr. Wulf is the owner of the SUBURBAN TIMES plant, but that fact does not give him control of its columns any more than the ownership of a house gives the landlord control of his tenants' personal actions. As long as the tenant holds possession and pays his rent he is his own master and a man, not a figure head.

No orders have been given to the editor of this paper relative to W. Renegade Parsons, nor are we in the habit of taking any about our own business, but suggestions from any reliable correspondent are always treated with deference and acted upon when they refer to a person despicable enough to attempt the betrayal of a political party which he falsely professes to belong to and of which he should be drummed.

EDITOR SUBURBAN TIMES.  
CAPTURED THE MISSING LINK.

Lieut. O'Connor and Detective Mullaney are happy, for after weeks of scheming and searching they have succeeded in capturing the missing link in the series of daring robberies which so long terrorized the residents of the northwestern part of Cook county.

Last Sunday morning they succeeded in tracking the notorious Frank Steadman, the pal of Kelly and Turner, who has heretofore eluded arrest. It was in the early dawn that they softly entered the livery stable of Redmond Brothers, Ashland avenue and Twelfth street, and there hidden in an upper room, sleeping on a cot, with three others, they found Steadman. Although caught unawares he was armed to the teeth and it was only after a struggle that they managed to wrench from him two murderous looking revolvers.

He is now in durance vile, having been identified by Herman Esdohr and others. In fact, so clear is the proof against him, that he has agreed to plead guilty.

Both Lieut. O'Connor and Officer Mullaney deserve the greatest credit for this last act in the Steadman-Kelly-Turner robberies, particularly for their untiring zeal in running down what appeared to be an almost hopeless case.

It is stated that 8 per cent of the world's population are Protestant Christian; 20 per cent are non-Protestant Christian and 72 per cent are Mohammedans and Pagans.



## MY ATHLETIC GIRL.

Three times a week, with dumb bells big.  
She toils and knows no ease,  
And, clad in some ungraceful rig,  
She clings to the trapeze.

Upon the horizontal bar  
Pendulum-like she swings,  
And, like some lady circus star,  
Spins round upon the rings.

Each day she puts the boxing gloves  
Upon her dainty hands,  
And, caring not for those she loves,  
She counters and she lands.

Oh, would to heaven she would try  
A much more peaceful art,  
And go back to the days gone by  
When she took up Delsarte.

For now I have to use great care  
And know what I'm about,  
To kiss her I don't even dare;  
The girl might knock me out.

—New York Sun.

## ROVING JACK.

Some years ago, while looking for a desirable farm in one of the border counties of Texas, I reached a lone dwelling on a stretch of prairie, just as the sun was sinking, and asked for entertainment for myself and beast for the night.

The man of the house was an ordinary-looking farmer, illiterate, and not over intelligent, but, on the whole, what seemed to be a pretty fair, respectable sort of person, with nothing sufficiently wicked or sinister in his appearance to cause me any apprehension.

His wife, to my surprise, was quite genteel and educated, and seemed to possess a good deal of lady-like refinement.

And what was more to my surprise, considering the lonely, out-of-the-way locality, she had a sister living with her, about twenty-five years of age, who was really quite beautiful—rather tall, with bright, intelligent features, dark, glossy hair and large, soft, fascinating gray eyes.

The family had a black woman for a servant, and two sturdy negro men as farm hands, one of whom took charge of my horse.

From the ladies, at the very first, I received that cordial welcome which is often extended to any respectable stranger who may bring them fresh news from the great world beyond their out-of-the-way home.

Being naturally of a social turn, I readily fell into conversation with the two, answered all their many questions to the best of my ability, and really took, if the truth must be confessed, not a little fancy to the unmarried sister—I being at this time not a bad-looking bachelor of thirty, with some inclination to get married, if I could find a suitable partner, and settle down to domestic life.

As at this time I carried a considerable sum of money about my person, though concealed in such a manner as never to show more than was necessary for my traveling purposes, I often felt a good deal of uneasiness in strange quarters; but in this case I experienced none whatever, and congratulated myself upon having fallen into the hands of refined, intelligent, and honest people.

If the young lady did not fancy me in return, I am greatly mistaken, for her manners were very cordial, her conversation very genial, and I often detected her large, soft, gray eyes fixed upon me with what seemed more than a passing interest.

"I hope, Mr. Waters," she said, among other pleasant things (I had already given her my name and learned her own in return), "you will be successful in finding a farm to suit you somewhere in this region—for the more agreeable neighbors we have the less lonely and solitary we shall be."

"Thank you, Miss Sinclair," I replied, in the same vein; "I should be delighted to have this family within visiting distance. And when I am settled," I added, with a light laugh, "I hope you and your good sister, Mrs. Farron here, will help me to select a mistress to take charge of my dwelling, for that is what I shall require next."

"Dyer want a wife or a house-keeper?" bluntly inquired the farmer. "Both in one," I again laughed.

"Then s'pose you git your farm somewhere in these diggins and go for our Nellie yere. She'd make ye a team that wouldn't kick in the traces."

"Now, Amos," exclaimed Miss Nellie Sinclair, blushing crimson, as she closed his mouth with her pretty hand, "I think you had better go to bed and not be up here meddling in matters that you don't understand."

"I understand that 'er hint, though," laughed the brother-in-law loudly, "for that's jest what I wanted everybody else to do when I's a-sparking your sister Sue-go to bed and leave us to set it out till daylight."

"Go along! you are incorrigible!" rejoined Nellie, as she gave him a playful box on the ear and turned away to hide her confusion.

Up to near ten o'clock, the proper hour for retiring in the country, I had never spent a more delightful evening; and, so far as I was concerned, I would gladly have prolonged it in the manner suggested by the farmer—but just at this moment the door opened, and a small, quiet-looking little man, with a short rifle or carbine in his hand, entered noiselessly and without ceremony, nor formidable in the appearance of this newcomer, with the exception that he was armed, and that any armed man can be dangerous if he chooses; he was rather below the medium height, slenderly built, light-haired, blue-eyed, and had a smooth, almost boyish face, though really rising of thirty. This, I say, was the general appearance of the stranger, and the way he first impressed himself upon me; but when I glanced around, and saw the late cheerful group suddenly change from the light, laughing air of domestic happiness to one of heavy embarrassment, blushing face of Nellie Sinclair turn ghastly white, and even her ruby lips lose their color, while her whole frame perceptibly trembled, though she strove to conceal it—I thought, to say the least, that it was very strange and very wonderful; and I turned again to the party who had just entered, to see if I could discover any thing new and startling, to enable me to comprehend it.

He nodded quietly and familiarly to

the farmer, with a "How are you, Amos?" then to his wife, "And you, Susie?" and then, advancing to her sister, he extended his hand, "And not forgetting you, my pretty Nell!"

He then glanced a little curiously at me, as one who expected to be introduced; and Miss Sinclair, taking the hint, and in some degree recovering from her embarrassment, by a strong and determined effort of her will, advanced a step and said:

"Allow me, Mr. Waters, to introduce my cousin, Mr. —" (I did not catch the name), "who has just returned from a long journey."

"I am very glad to meet you, Mr. Waters," said the little man, quite cordially, with a peculiar smile, and fixing his steel-blue eyes very steadily, I might say piercingly, upon mine.

Let those deny the power of animal magnetism who may, and say there is no subtle and controlling communication between soul and soul, but I can avow that within that moment of time something passed from that man to me that made me shudder, and filled me with a strange, nameless dread.

Late as it was, and as unwelcome as I inferred his presence was to the family, the ladies proceeded to prepare supper for him, and while they were thus busy he entered into conversation with the farmer and myself, soon managing, with the turn he gave the conversation, and a few adroit questions, to learn something of my history and present business in this country.

"Ah! so you want to buy a farm?" he said, speaking in a manner that showed he was well educated. "I know exactly the one that will suit you; it is not twenty miles from here; and in the morning I will take pleasure in riding over with you to look at it."

What could I do but thank him for his obliging offer, and declare that I could not think of putting him to all that trouble?

"Oh, bless you, Mr. Waters!" he exclaimed, in a light, off-hand way, "it is no trouble whatever. I am always in the saddle, going this way and that—it makes but little difference which way—and I shall be happy to become your escort."

Under the circumstances I could not decline this peculiar proffer without absolute rudeness; and a glance I now and then caught of the white, scared, troubled face of Miss Sinclair, and a certain glance and sign whenever she could give it without being perceived by her cousin, warned me that I had better do nothing to offend him.

Not to give a detail of what was further said and done let it suffice that, after the unexpected arrival of that little personage, there seemed to be a heavy gloom and dread thrown over the family, and the remainder of the night was passed in a very disagreeable manner, at least by me; and though having a bedroom all to myself, and remaining undisturbed by any one, I slept but little, if any.

At the first flush of daylight I quietly arose, dressed hastily, and stealthily set out to reach the open air, debating with myself whether I had not better saddle my horse at once, and depart clandestinely without saying adieu to any one of the family; but just as I reached the main sitting room or kitchen on my way to the door, I was surprised to encounter Miss Nellie (with her white, scared face and apprehensive manner), who said in a whisper, holding up her beautiful white hand and finger in a warning way:

"Hush, Mr. Waters—not a word—we have no time. Do as I say, and ask for no explanation. Go with my cousin with an air of confidence, and do exactly what he requires. Heaven bless and preserve you! I hear some one coming. Adieu!"

With this, and without giving me time for any response, she glided to an adjoining room and disappeared.

Scarcely had she gone when another door opened, and that terrible little man stood before me.

"Ah!" he said, cordially enough, but with that fearful sinister-looking smile, of which I can convey no idea; "I see we are both early risers, and probably for the same purpose—each to look after his beast—a matter which no good traveler ever neglects."

"Yes," I assented, "that is my design."

From that time until after, we had had our morning meal and set out upon our journey, there followed only the ordinary conversations and incidents in keeping with the circumstances, with the exception of a secret depression and dread, which all but one of us felt, and which all but one of us strove to conceal.

In due time I bade adieu to the family, and rode away with the terrible cousin, secretly wondering if I should ever behold them again, or survive long enough to clear the borders of Texas.

My companion chatted pleasantly, as we rode across an open prairie, till we had entered a belt of rather thick wood, when he presently drew up his horse, with the remark:

"By the by, my friend, I don't believe I shall be able to accompany you to see the farm I spoke to you about. It has just at this moment flashed upon my recollection that I have an important engagement elsewhere. I am really sorry to leave you, but I trust you will accept my excuse and apology."

"Certainly," said I, feeling more delightedly relieved than I wished to have appear. "I would not for a moment think of occupying your valuable time to the breaking of an engagement."

"Well, then, that is all right," he said, pleasantly; "and now to business. My Cousin Amos informed me that you had taken a great fancy to my horse and wanted to trade with me."

This was all false; I had never said anything about his horse, which was by no means equal to my own; but remembering the warning Miss Sinclair had given me, I acquiesced, and said I should be delighted to trade.

"What boot do you think I ought to have?" he asked.

"What do you think yourself?" I returned.

"Well, suppose we say three hundred dollars?"

We exchanged horses then and there, and I managed to fish up the amount from one of my secret hiding-places and pay him the boot-money.

"I notice you have a very beautiful watch and ring," he said.

"Which I hope you will do me the honor to accept as a present," I rejoined, as I passed them over to him.

He smiled and thanked me, and then remarked that, as his Cousin Nellie had taken a great interest in me, he hoped I should find a suitable place in the vicinity, marry her, settle down and become a good citizen of the state.

"When you see my dear Cousin Nellie again," he said, as he took my hand at parting, "you need not mention our trade to her—nor, in fact, to any one else. A little quiet business between ourselves, you understand? And in other places and after-times, if you should ever hear any ugly stories told about the terrible desperado, John Feathers, or Roving Jack, you will be kind enough, in contradiction, to mention the pleasant interview you have had with me."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed I, "are you really Roving Jack?"

"I have the honor, sir, to be so called, and also wish you a very good morning," he said, as he took off his hat, bowed politely, wheeled his horse (late mine), and cantered off through the wood in gallant style.

I was so astonished at this disclosure, and my escape with life from the bloody hands of the human fiend who was rarely ever known to spare any one in his power, that for a minute or two I sat there completely stupefied; and then I went my way, pondering deeply.

But that way led me entirely clear of all that region of Texas; nor did I ever return to visit the relatives of so formidable a desperado as Roving Jack, whose next bloody exploit, as I subsequently heard it narrated, consisted in his shooting four men, killing two, and escaping from a sheriff's posse of twelve.

As I have never heard of his death or capture, I suppose John Feathers, alias Roving Jack, is still living and still the terror of whatever region he boldly roves over.

I will merely add that so quick was his eye, and so great was his skill, that with his six-shooter he could stand in the center and turn and snuff six candles in succession in a circle of twenty yards in diameter. He rarely, if ever, missed his man, and the very fewest number have ever traded with him alone on the highway and lived to tell of it as I have done.

## AN OBSTINATE COLONEL.

And the Old Emperor William Was Pleased With Him.

The present emperor of Germany, William II., is a stern moralist after the German standard and in the efforts which he has been making to break up gaming among the officers of the army he has been inexorable, says the Youth's Companion.

An authentic anecdote which was related of him while he was still Prince William and before the death of his grandfather, the Emperor William I., revealed his intentions in this respect, as well as promised to the Germans a future emperor who was likely to rule as well as govern.

Prince William was at that time colonel of a regiment of Hussars. He observed that some of the officers of the regiment were gambling at a certain club and he ordered his officers to cease to visit this club.

The officers regarded this command as an infringement of their personal liberty and the president of the club, Prince R., went as a representative of their wishes, to the emperor and requested him to remove the interdiction.

The emperor sent for the prince, his grandson, and told him to revoke the order.

"Am I still colonel of the regiment, your majesty?" the prince asked.

"Certainly," said the emperor.

"Then," said the prince, "permit me either to retain my authority in it or to resign my commission."

No answer could have pleased the old sovereign better.

"Oh," he said, "stick to your order. I should never find another colonel for the regiment as good as this one."

When Prince R. returned to the emperor to know if the order was to be revoked the emperor said quizzically:

"It was no use. I told the colonel to withdraw it, but he wouldn't hear it at all."

To Put Harness on Potomac Falls.

It is doubtful whether in a few years hence any of the great water powers in this country will be longer running to waste. The next to be harnessed in the service of man will be the Falls of the Potomac, a company having been incorporated in Virginia for the purpose of constructing works to utilize this most valuable force. Many years ago a company was organized for this same purpose, in which the late Benjamin F. Butler was very much interested, but, notwithstanding the proximity of the falls to the city of Washington, nothing was accomplished because of the lack of a practical method of transmitting or distributing the power. The progress of electrical science has made available all of these waste forces of nature.—Philadelphia Record.

## Preferred Tender Meat.

The Traveler—Why did you eat the missionary and let the convict go?

The Cannibal King—Well, we know a thing or two, we do. The missionary was a man of the greatest tenderness, while the convict was as tough as they make 'em. See?—New York Press.

## Free.

The Eskimo's eyes flashed. "The heel of the oppressor," he repeated, incredulously. "Never."

His bosom heaved.

"Look—"

He extended his arms defiantly.

"—he has no place here. We can get ice for nothing all the year round."

## Postal Item.

Boy in Drug Store (to fussy old lady)—After you've licked all the stickum off that stamp, we'd like to sell you a bottle of mullage for five cents.

## PROVED A HOROSCOPE

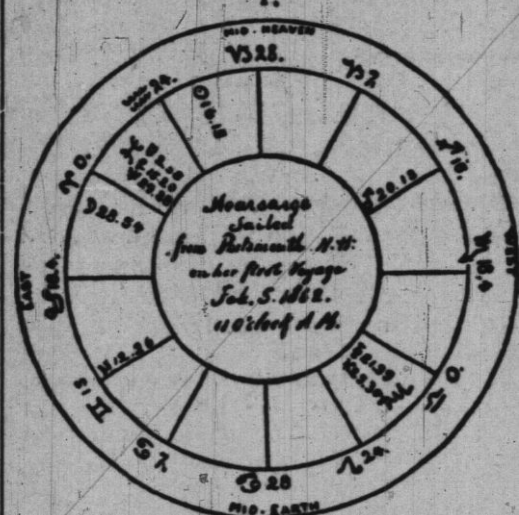
THE KEARSARGE WAS DOOMED TO GO AGROUND.

So Said the Planets the Day She Was Launched—Also Foretold Her Victory in War—An Interesting Inquiry.



AMONG astrologers to foretell events with regard to nations and countries, just as it is to predict earthquakes and storm periods. Astrology—believing that the stars set forth all mundane affairs—even deals with the erection of churches and public buildings, the founding of cities and the fate that shall befall ships, that go forth to sail upon the deep. And, surely, if astrology be sound with regard to any of its declarations, it must needs be with them all, since the Power which guides the stars and which directs the one adventure, manifestly must take cognizance of them all; and declaring the one must declare all.

It is in regard to the life of a ship that this article will treat—the life of 1.

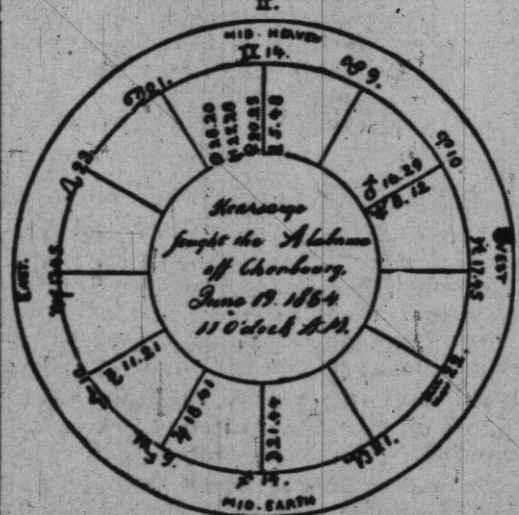


the staunch old warship Kearsarge, which, after a valiant and useful life of thirty-two years, met its death within three days of its birthday, on Roncador reef, where misguiding currents—and not improbably an actual change in the very latitude of the snarling and treacherous place—combined to her destruction.

The great English astrologer, William Lilly (1602-1681), who predicted the fire and plague in London fifteen years before these events took place (1665-1666), was frequently employed by merchants to announce, through his art, the fate of overdue ships. I am not aware that any application of astrology has ever before been made in this country to the matter of the life of a ship, though the figures illustrating the loss of the Victoria were published last year in two London astrological magazines, writes Frank H. Norton in the Illustrated American.

The three "maps of the heavens," illustrating this paper, are drawn for the latitudes and longitudes of the several places concerned. To simplify their examination, the following will be found useful: The upper part of the map represents the south, and the left hand or east "angle" is the ascendant, or "house of life"; the next division, the "house of fortune"; the midheaven, or upper angle, the "house of fame or glory"; its opposite, the "house of the grave," or conclusion of life. Beneficent planets are Jupiter, Venus, the sun and moon, unless afflicted by evil aspects from the malevolent planets—which are Saturn, Mars, Herschel and Neptune. Good "aspects" are conjunctions (of benevolent planets), sextiles (60 degrees apart), trines (120 degrees apart); bad "aspects" are oppositions (180 degrees apart), squares (90 degrees apart), and conjunctions of evil planets. With these explanations, the reader can easily follow the history astrologically set forth in the maps.

In astrology, the ship is signified by the sign of the zodiac on the cusp of the ascendant, which, at the hour when the Kearsarge started on her "voyage of life," was the sign Taurus, which is governed by the beneficent planet Venus, situated in the favorable eleventh house (Friends) with Neptune and Mercury, and in good aspect with the sun, but evil aspect with Herschel, Mars and Saturn—evil aspects which were at last to turn and sting her. The sun was in the midheaven, in the house of glory and fame, significant of the achievement which was to make the Kearsarge renowned among warships. Mars in



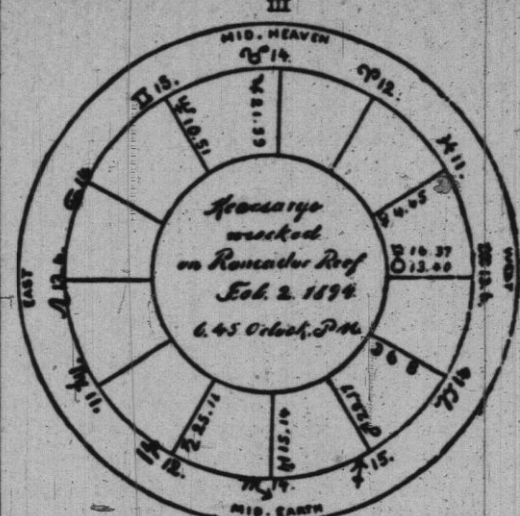
Sagittarius, in the eighth house (Death), was in opposition to Herschel and in square to the moon in the twelfth house (Sorrow); while Saturn and Jupiter were nearly in conjunction with the fifth house (Chance), of which Venus is co-significator, and in opposition to that planet. Reading this map, it is to be seen that the planets to be watched are Herschel, Mars, Venus and the sun, as these are in the most important positions. Ve-

nus in good aspect to the ascendant (sextile), with the sun in the midheaven, promise a long and glorious career, accompanied by the acclamations of the world, but endangered through the adverse positions of Saturn and Mars, and the eccentric, violent and always unexpected influence of Herschel. Mars being in the "house of death" in opposition to Herschel, it is to the configurations of those two powerful and malevolent planets that we must look for success or failure in the future life of the ship.

In map No. 2, we are observing the heavens as they were at near noonday when the great fight of the Alabama and Kearsarge took place off Cherbourg. Here the situation, though widely different, is in the highest degree favorable. In reading such maps, reference is always made to the first one, or "Nativity," and the relations of the planets to their radical places is considered of vital importance. We now have Herschel, the sun, Venus and Mercury posited in the sign Gemini, which, in the first map, was on the cusp of the "house of fortune." They are without evil aspect, while, on the contrary, the warrior planet Mars makes to them a close sextile, signifying good fortune in warfare, Saturn being also in a friendly position and in good aspect with Jupiter. The opposition of Neptune and Mars to Saturn from the sign Aries is more than overbalanced by the influence of the powerful configuration in Gemini, and of Jupiter in the seventh house (War) in the "Nativity." Nothing astrological could be more certain than the success of the Kearsarge as shown by the planetary positions and aspects.

Turning now to the third map, we have something widely different to contemplate. The ascendant sign of the "Nativity," Taurus, is now in the midheaven, and in it is the friendly planet Jupiter, beleaguered by a square of the sun and Mercury and an opposition of Herschel. Moreover, the ruling sign Taurus is now in square to its own radical position—an ominous configuration. Meanwhile, the deadly planet Mars has returned to its original sign, Sagittarius, in opposition to the radical "house of fortune." The malefic planet Neptune has now taken the place in the original figure that was held by Herschel, and, in opposition to Mars in the original "house of death," joins with all the other adverse influences to threaten the life of the devoted ship. And Venus, returned also to her own place (always esteemed a dangerous position), nearly making a square with Mars, and in evil aspect with Herschel, is powerless to effect any change in the deadly situation.

Finally, Lilly says, speaking with a voice now more than two centuries silent in death: "If you find the infortunes in angles or succeeding houses, there will chance some hindrance unto the ship. If the infortune be Saturn, the vessel will strike ground." In the present instance, Herschel, an "infortune," is in the



north angle of the map; and Mars, another "infortune," in the succeeding house; while in the first map, or "Nativity," Saturn (which is denominated the "greater infortune") is similarly posited—thus "fulfilling the law." Astrologically speaking, the Kearsarge was doomed on that day and hour to run aground and be wrecked.

This may be all fanciful; "but, I faith, it is very pretty fooling."

Will Old Age Be Pensioned in England.

A project now under discussion in the house of commons and accepted in principle by all the political parties, shows to what an extent in England the doctrines of state socialism have supplanted the views of the orthodox economists. The bill to which we refer provides that the imperial exchequer and the local rate payers shall between them, in equal proportions, pay a pension of \$1.75 a week to every man or woman 65 years old who desires the money, who has not been convicted of crime, who has not accepted poor relief, and who has subscribed to a friendly society during some part of his or her life. Mr. Chamberlain warmly advocated the plan; Sir William Harcourt, the chancellor of the exchequer, acquiesced in it; and another member of the government, Mr. Shaw Lefevre, although he criticized the details of the proposal, did not resist it, but confined himself to securing an adjournment of the debate until the report of the royal commission on the subject shall have been submitted.

## A Deadly Serpent.

One of the deadliest serpents in the tropics is the fer-de-lance, of which there are at least eight varieties. These snakes are precisely the color which will enable them to hide among the foliage or roots of trees. Sometimes they are a bright yellow and can scarcely be distinguished from the bunch of bananas within which they are coiled. Again the reptile may be black, or yellowish brown, or of any hue resembling tropical forest mold, old bark or decomposing trees. The iris of the eye is orange, with red flashes, and at night glows like a burning coal.

## EQUALITY IN JAPAN.

The Thrift Which Removes the Problem of Poverty in the Land.

What is the reason that Japan has no poverty problem? One reason is probably to be found in the land system, which has given to every worker a holding and encouraged him to supply his wants by his own labor. Effort has thus been developed and wants are limited. Another reason lies in the natural taste for country beauty, says the Fortnightly Review. Nowhere else are parties formed to visit the blossom trees, and nowhere else are pilgrimages simply for the sake of natural beauty. A country life has, therefore, its own interest, and men do not crowd the cities for the sake of excitements. There is, too, in Japan, a curious absence of ostentatious luxury.

The habits of living are in all classes much the same, and the rich do no outshine the poor by carriages, palaces, and jewels. The rich spend their money on curios, which, if costly, are limited, and the most popular agitation is that against the big European houses which ministers build for themselves. Wealth is thus not absorbed, and is more ready for investment in remunerative labor. The last reason which occurs to the mind of a traveler with comparatively few opportunities for forming opinions is the equality of manners in all classes. Rich and poor are alike courteous. It is not possible to distinguish employer from laborer by their behavior; all are clean, all are easy, all are restrained.

The governor lets his child go to the common school and sit next to the child of the casual laborer, certain that his child will pick up no bad manners and get no contamination in thought or in person. This equality enables rich and poor to meet as friends, and gifts can pass without degradation. The rich nobles in the country, just as the university men whom we meet in Tokio, are thus able to give to those whom they know to be in need, and friendship becomes the channel of charity. The question is, will this survive the introduction of the industrial system? It is possible that some of it may, and that Japan may teach the West how to deal with the poor.

## Why They Were Poor.

A couple of tramps were lined up alongside the curbstone to watch the dudelous and doleful son of a rich father pass by.

"Golly, Bill," exclaimed one, "what was that?"

"He's a nice young man."

"What's he do fer a livin'?"

"Nothin'."

"Same's us?"

"Yes."

"But look how much better togs he's got than orn. Bill."

William sighed profoundly.

"That's because we's orphans, sweetheart," he said, and brushed a tear from his eye with his custicute.

Learned It too Late.

"Did you ever hear the like? Chappie Silmons's bride has left him because he is cross-eyed."

"Goodness gracious! Didn't she know he was cross-eyed before she married him?"

"No. He kept his game eye covered all the time with his monocle."

Broke One of the Commandments.

Jess—After the divorce had been granted she confessed to breaking one of the commandments.

Bess—Which one?

Jess—Taking his name in vain.

## DAUGHTERS OF EVE.

Working girls are said to earn better wages in San Francisco than any other American city.

The legislature of Alabama has voted to admit girls to the state university, but not one has yet applied.

In Dutch Guiana the women carry upon their persons all the family savings in the shape of heavy bracelets, anklets, necklaces and even crowns of gold and silver.

She—I don't know what I should do if I thought you were marrying me for my money. He—Then, darling, don't think of it. I'm sure it will be ever so much pleasanter for us both if you don't.

The versatility of mind and the ease of manners which a free and social life develops in American women appear in strong contrast with the results of the more formal education which is often seen in Europe.

"Oh, sir, please, I have swallowed a pin!" exclaimed a servant girl, running into her master's surgery. "Never mind, Mary," he replied, deep in study—"never mind; here's another"—drawing one from his pin-cushion.

Children should be trained to eat slowly, no matter how hungry or what important business is pressing. Much safer a little food well ground than a hearty meal swallowed in haste. Cold food is even more difficult to digest than hot, if taken too rapidly.

The number of women writers, editors and journalists in the United Kingdom is very much smaller than one might expect—only 660, as against 511 men. There are fourteen women journalists between the ages of fifteen and twenty, 186 between thirty-five and forty-five; and twenty above sixty-five.

In one of the best-known gymnasia for women in this country the resident physician said in a recent interview: "Dust is almost as much out of place here as it would be in the dissecting room. I am eagle-eyed for its appearance, and I am proud to say that the furniture is hand-dusted—that is, with a cloth. To the best of my knowledge and belief a feather duster has never found admission here."





MONITOR AND MERRIMAC.

Oh, it was down at Fort Monroe, where the Rebels struck a blow which caused a great commotion thro' the land, you know. But they'd better stayed at home and let us all alone. For they got enough of Yankee Doodle Dandy, O! The iron Merrimack, with others at her back, Commanded by Buchanan, the granny, O! From Norfolk started out to put us all to rout, And capture little Yankee Doodle Dandy, O! But our noble little band on board the Cumberland, When disabled was asked to surrender. O! "You may sink us if you like, but that blow I will not strike," Says brave Morris, "to the last I will defend her, O!" For the Congress soon went down, The Minnesota fast aground, Which made our Yankee tars feel quite abandoned, O! But hark! with hardy cheers: the Monitor appears— And the music struck up Yankee Doodle Dandy, O! Oh the rebel shot few hot, but the Yankees answered not, Till they got within a distance they called "hurry, O!" Then says brave Warden to his crew, "boys let's see what we can do, If we take this iron rebel we are the dandy, O!" And from the little Monitor, her iron hull did pour, Which made the Merrimack squeal like a gander, O! And the Rebels shook their heads, and to one another said, "Lend! they've got an iron Yankee Doodle Dandy, O!" Then says Buchanan "we are undone, so I guess we'd better run, For the bottom of the river is quite sandy, O! We are sinking fast I fear, so for Norfolk we will steer, And hide from the little Yankee Doodle Dandy, O!" Now raise your voices every one here, "three cheers for Erickson, Who gave us such a vessel neat and handy, O! And then we'll give three more for the gallant Monitor, And three we'll give for Yankee Doodle Dandy, O!"

—American Tribune.

Stuck to His Post.

We soldiers from the extreme South delighted in distinctive military names for our organizations. This is why the battery with which I served from the first to the last of the civil war was known as "the Donaldson Cannoneers," in honor of the town, across the river from New Orleans, where we were recruited. "Sim" Brown belonged to our battery. He was a man about 30, full-bearded, stockily built, reticent as the proverbial clam and as devoid of nerves as an oyster. Sim spoke but little, possibly because he had nothing to say, though I am aware that garrulity is not an evidence of ideas. If he had any secrets he kept them to himself. He had no warm friends and no enemies, except the men in blue. He did what he was told, never more, never less, and he was never elated by success nor depressed by disaster. If he was ever actually frightened, as some of the best of us were at times, Sim Brown kept the secret of his weakness tucked up in his own heart and took it with him to the grave.

At Cold Harbor, about ten hours before General "Zeb" Stewart was killed, though not actively engaged, we were under a trying fire from overhills. A general officer, Hill, I think, for we belonged to his corps, halted near our battery. There was with him a fine spare horse, from which I inferred one of his staff had been dismounted. Calling: Sim Brown, who had been smoking under a tree, the general pointed to the horse in question, and said:

"Here, my man, hold this horse here for the present."

"Yes, sir," responded Sim, as he took the horse by the bridle with one hand and saluted with the other.

"We may need him. Don't move from here. You understand?"

"Yes, sir," and Sim took a more secure hold of the bridle.

The general and his staff galloped away and a few minutes after we were compelled by the changing lines as well as by an order from Lee's chief of artillery, General Alexander, I think, to move further to the rear.

We forgot Sim Brown in the hurry and excitement, and it wasn't till we had taken another position 300 yards back that I thought of him. He had literally construed his orders to stay where he was, and there he stood under the tree with the bridle over his arm and smoking his corn-cob pipe as placidly as if there were not 200,000 men in a death grapple all about him.

That part of the field was soon swept by a tornado of shots, and the limbs of the trees above Sim Brown came crashing down, evidently without disturbing him. We shouted and motioned to him to join us, but if he heard he did not heed us.

After about an hour he could be seen sitting down, as we supposed, to rest, with his back against a tree. It was near sundown when we were ordered back to our former position. Then we discovered that Sim Brown was dead. His brown face as placid as of old, and he still clutched the bridle of the uninjured horse.—Eugene Terry in New York Advertiser.

Beady Nerved.

When during the war, the late General Jubal A. Early was in the Shenandoah valley, he was one Sunday attending a village church. The minister was inclined to make the occasion patriotic, if not heroic, and, with animation, went over the doings of Washington, Sumter, Marion, Jackson; then, since he must halt somewhere, when he thought he had stirred his hearers to a high pitch of admiration, he said: "Now, if we had all these honored men among us to-day, what would you do?" Jubal piped

out, with his high-pitched voice: "To conscript every one of 'em"—Argonaut.

Private Barnes.

Among the volunteer soldiers of either army of our country, of one origin and with common aspirations, bravery was the rule and cowardice the exception. Therefore, while disclaiming any purpose of making unjust comparisons, I venture to chronicle the acts of a private soldier belonging to my regiment (Second North Carolina state troops), with which I am familiar:

Young Barnes, of Wilson county, at the first call by the governor of his state for volunteers, though hardly 18 years of age, promptly enlisted for the war. He was a singularly handsome youth, tall, erect, with ruddy cheeks, brown hair, hazel eyes, and fair as a woman. His grave manner, earnestness of purpose and soldierly bearing early attracted attention. A country youth, he had been denied the benefits of any education, save that of the most elementary character. This defect stood as a bar to promotion, notwithstanding his recognized gallantry and the severe wounds which he received in the very front of the command.

The most dangerous post in the army during a battle is that of color or flag-bearer. The flag, in drill or battle, is used for purposes of alignment as well as a signal of victory or defeat. Its loss may not only throw the troops into confusion, but in any event is accompanied with a sense of humiliation. Hence the heaviest fire is concentrated upon the part of the line where it is seen and the most deadly struggles take place for its retention and its possession.

The authorities at Richmond, recognizing the importance of the position and the danger that accompanied it, made it a subject of emulation by creating the office of ensign, with the rank of lieutenant, and directed that the bravest and most approved soldiers should be secured to fill the office. By common consent, Private Barnes was accorded the high distinction by his commanding officers as being worthy of this promotion. He was already a veteran in the service, as his scars and wounds attested, though still a mere youth.

The battle of Chancellorsville was fought on a beautiful Sabbath. On the preceding day there were many troops hotly engaged, yet the decisive battle was on that beautiful Sunday in May.

My command was to the right of the Chancellorsville house. At the early dawn we were moving into action, and after driving the enemy from several breastworks in our front, had broken their lines though they still held positions on our flanks, thus exposing us not only to a direct, but likewise to a severe enfilade fire from the right. In this bloody angle the struggle became so desperate, before the enemy was dislodged, that I left upon the field half of my men, while not a tree the size of a man's arm but had one or more marks of the deadly conflict in which we engaged, for not only bullets, but grape and shrapnel had been employed.

It was here the subject of this sketch gave up his young life under the most heroic circumstances. From the commencement of the blinding fire the eyes of his command had rested upon him. Boldly, defiantly, proudly he pressed on, with the cross of St. Andrew's (our battle flag) waving above us, until all of the color guards were killed or disabled by wounds, yet he yielded not his purpose to carry in triumph at the cost of his life this guerdon of victory. He knew that the flag must float in the eyes of his comrades, and deliberately, fearlessly and heroically he gave up his life to a sense of duty.

Just before victory perched upon the silken folds, he loved so well, and while pressing to the front, he fell mortally wounded. The fear that his colors might fall into the hands of the foe nerved his dying hands, and, while his life was flowing fast, he tore it from the staff, thrust it in his bosom, crimsoned with the life blood that was gushing from the wound, turned over on his face and heroically fell asleep upon his flag.

All this was done by a private, of humble position in life, with no property to defend, save his rights as a man. His soul was as noble and grand as that of a Bayard, or a Nelson, or other heroes, whose deeds of fame are emblazoned on the pages of history.—General W. R. Cox.

Essential Quality in a Soldier.

One day a group of staff-officers were discussing in Sheridan's presence the qualities most essential for a soldier. Some thought personal bravery, others moral courage, strong love of country, while one insisted rather obtrusively that obedience—unreasoning obedience—was everything. "Give me the man who always obeys orders," he declared, then appealing to Sheridan, this officer asked: "Isn't he the perfect soldier, general?" "No," replied Sheridan, shortly, "I prefer the soldier who knows when to disobey them."

Accidentally Wounded.

At a council of generals early in the war, one of them remarked that Major — was wounded, and would be unable to perform a certain duty for which he had been suggested. "Wounded!" said old "Stonewall" Jackson; "if that is really so, I think it must have been by an accidental discharge of his duty!"

A Stove in Three Hours.

As showing the thorough systematicity of stove manufacturers, it is ascertained that a resident of Sharon, Penn., ordered a stove at a foundry there. The pig iron was melted and cast, the frame put together, polished, set up in the purchaser's house and a fire started in it in less than three hours from the time he gave the order.

## THE OLD HERO OF RIO

REAR-ADMIRAL BENHAM IS NOW AN EX-OFFICER.

His Term of Service Expired in a Blaze of Glory in Brazil—Succeeded by Rear-Admiral Francis M. Ramsay—The Letter an Old Tax.



ADMIRAL ANDREW E. K. BENHAM, United States navy, whose retirement recently results in the promotion of Commodore Ramsay, has had the good fortune to give the country, in the closing hours of his active career, such signal proof of ability, sound judgment and patriotic zeal as to make all regret the law which terminates such service by the progress of the calendar. His experience in Brazil is further proof of the importance of having our flag represented in all parts of the world by men trained in the only safe school of diplomacy, which is the school of experience. A study of international rights and obligations, and of the best means of enforcing them, is part of the curriculum of the navy officer, and Admiral Benham has shown the results of this training in dealing with a delicate situation. His judgment is sound, his temperament is cool and under no circumstances of haste or excitement does he lose that mastery of his faculties so essential to the proper conduct of great undertakings.

Admiral Benham was a lad of 15 when he entered the navy, and he followed the old custom of getting his practical education at sea before entering upon his studies at the Naval Academy. When he entered the academy in 1853 he had already been six years in the service as sailing-midshipman, receiving his promotion to passed midshipman June 10, 1853. Before our civil war he had seen service in the Pacific squadron, on the Coast Survey, on duty in Brazilian waters, and in the Paraguayan expedition. As lieutenant of the side-wheel steamer *Blenville*, Capt. Steadman, he took part in the capture of Port Royal in November, 1861, receiving his promotion to lieutenant-commander the following July. From 1863-5 he commanded the gunboat *Penobscot* in the West Gulf Blockading Squadron.

Since the war Admiral Benham has been in command of the *Susquehanna*, *Canonius*, *Saugus*, *Portsmouth* and *Richmond*, on duty as light house inspector, and at the *Portsmouth* and *Mare* island navy yards, concluding with the command of the South Atlantic station, where he has won such honor for himself. He is a native of the state of New York. He has in the navy a son, Ensign Henry K. Benham, who is in the tenth year of his service, having been appointed a naval cadet in 1884. Admiral Benham is still a vigorous man, physically and mentally, and, aside from the legislative decree which terminates his active career at 63 years of age, there is no reason why he should not continue to do duty, to his own credit and the honor of the country.

Francis Munroe Ramsay has now attained the highest rank possible to an officer of the American navy, has, by faithful and distinguished service, established a just title to the honor which comes to him by the slow process of longevity promotion. He has always been what is known in the service as a "duty officer," and during his connection of nearly forty-four years with the navy he has been unemployed for a less period than any officer of the grade of commodore except Joseph S. Skerrett, who follows next in promotion, and his total service on sea and land exceeds that of any other officer of that grade with this single exception.

Admiral Ramsay entered the navy as a midshipman Oct. 5, 1850, and served during our civil war as lieutenant and lieutenant-commander. He took a conspicuous part in the joint military and naval operations on the Mississippi and in the siege of Vicksburg, where, as Gen. Grant tells us in his

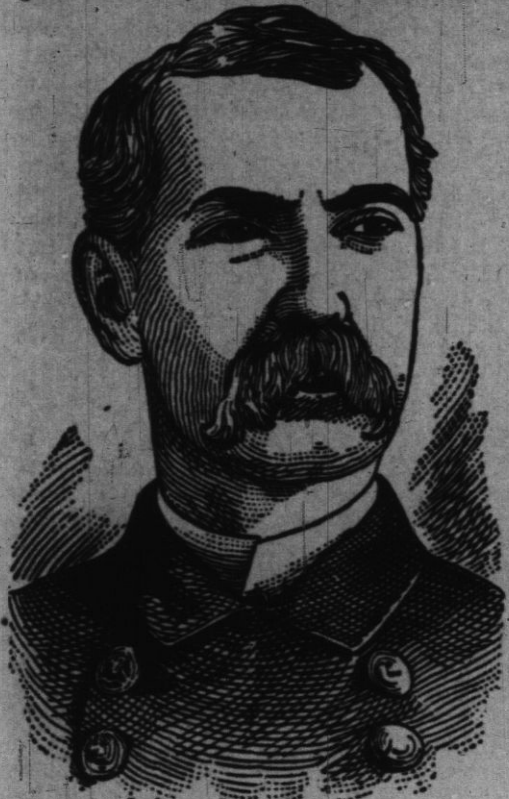


REAR ADMIRAL BENHAM (RETIRED.)

Memoirs, without the assistance of the navy "the campaign could not have been successfully made with twice the number of men engaged. It could not have been made at all, in the way it was, with any number of men without such assistance." At Haines' bluff, April 30, 1863, the United States steamship *Choctaw*, commanded by Ramsay, bore the chief burden of the attack, being struck no less than forty-six times, and a battery of heavy guns mounted on scows under his direction rendered important service by enfilading the enemy's batteries and rifle-pits on Sherman's front. He also took part in the expedition up the Yazoo which did such damage to the confederacy, and he conducted the naval operations in the Ouachita river, where he had under his command a fleet of six vessels. Later on he distinguished himself in

the attack upon Fort Fisher, where he was commended in the official report for "skill, judgment, and bravery." Since the war he has served (with other duty) as fleet captain and chief staff on the South Atlantic squadron, in command of the torpedo station at Newport, R. I., as superintendent of the Naval Academy, and as chief of the navy bureau of navigation. In these several positions he has added to the reputation he had already acquired as one of the most conscientious and accomplished officers of our navy.

Admiral Ramsay is a marked example of that class of navy officers who appear to elevate the traditions, precedents and customs of the service to the dignity of a cult. But the rigid and exacting rule of fidelity to professional obligation which he imposes upon others he makes equally binding upon himself. His mind is essentially of a military cast. His father was a soldier, who followed the fortunes of Taylor in Mexico, as chief of ordnance upon his staff, and who was retired in



ADMIRAL RAMSAY.

1864 at the head of his corps. Two of the admiral's brothers have served in our army—one, James G. Ramsay, is now major of the Third artillery, and the other died in the service in 1878. The admiral's wife comes of the military family of the McMahons. Three of her brothers served in the Union army—one died during the war, another fell at the head of his regiment while storming the works at Cold Harbor, and the third, State Senator Martin T. McMahon of New York, resigned from the army, after a distinguished staff service, with the brevet rank of major-general.

Admiral Ramsay will, if he lives, have three years of service in his present rank, retiring at the age of 63, on the 5th of April, 1897. He was born in Washington, where his father was so long on duty, and was so well known in religious circles as senior warden of St. John's church.

WILLIAM CONANT CHURCH.

An Ossified Irishman.

Many people think that Jonathan Bassett, who died recently, was the first ossified man. He may have been the first on exhibition, but not the first on record. In the Museum of Natural History at Dublin is the skeleton of a native of South Ireland who was ossified during his lifetime, living in that condition for years. His affliction came on in a peculiar manner. One night, after a carousal, he slept out in a field. Soon thereafter his joints began to stiffen. He could not arise nor sit down unattended. Neither could he bend his body, and when placed upon rights resembled stone. His teeth and jaws became joined into a solid bone. He lost his sight and the use of his tongue, and for years was kept alive by nourishment artificially administered. Doctors could do nothing for him, and when he died they preserved the strange skeleton, or mummy, which is now on exhibition.

Fish Stories.

The traditional story of a "fish out of water" is that of a helpless, gasping creature. There are some fish, however, that deliberately choose to diversify their existence by seeking land and air. The perch often leaps into the air for flies and can be carried long distances in damp grass without suffering harm. One of this species which is common in India often leaves his pool and takes a short journey over the grass. He seems to prefer to take these excursions by night or in early morning, when he can be refreshed by the dew, but sometimes, no doubt led by urgent necessity, has been known to travel some little distance over a hot, dusty road under a midday sun.

A Paper Engine.

The fire department at Berlin has a fire engine the carriage of which is constructed entirely out of paper mache. All the different parts, the body, the wheels, etc., are finished in the best possible manner. While the durability and powers of resistance possessed by this material are fully as great as those of wood, the weight is of course much less. The lightness of a fire engine is of course a great advantage, and it seems not unlikely that wooden carriages will in a short time pass out of use altogether.

England's Marine Laws.

England makes curious provisions on its dangerous coast for shipwrecked mariners. This is the dry official description given of the supplies on St. Paul Island: "They are in a cave at the foot of the west cliff of a rocky chasm running north and south, and its position is indicated by a stone cairn 11½ feet in height and about 11 feet broad at the base, erected on the summit of the west cliff of the chasm. This cairn, visible from Gazelle basin, is painted black, and shows clearly against the sky."

## FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

THE MESSENGER BOY WHO "GOT THERE."

Swipes and the Stray Baby and How He Got Rid of It—Sliding Through the Air—Some Strange Mistakes—Schools Without Discipline.

"Who is Swipes? And yer think it's a queer name? Well, yer see 'tain't that really; it's Bert Gilman, that's what it reads on the books, and he's messenger No. 14, if ever yer want ter call him. I'm No. 12.

"But, yer see, we always call him Swipes, and some of the folks don't even know his other name. I gave him the name of Swipes myself, 'cause when he first come he just swiped everything. Errands didn't any on us want ter do, he jumped at 'em; and somehow, folks always seemed ter take a shine ter him, and they gave him something besides the regular fee. Why, the first week, he must have swiped a couple o' dollars.

"But, Swipes, his name fits like a real lady's glove—them swell folks that live up on Lake Shore drive or Michigan avenue, and give blowouts what costs more money than you ever seed at once.

"But yer aint heard about Swipes' latest? Well, it's a mighty good one on him, and we fellers was 'most tickled to death.

"We was awful busy that day, and there wasn't no one in the office but Swipes and young Nelson, when a woman came in with a kid and said she wanted it taken over to the west side, and told the number.

"Nelson wanted her to write it, but she said she couldn't 'cause she had her gloves on; so he wrote the address, and Swipes took the kid and started off.

"When he got ter the house a man come ter the door, and Swipes said, 'Here's the kid.'

"The man looked awfully 'stonished, and asked, 'What kid?'

"'Why, the kid the lady sent,' said Swipes.

"'Well, it don't belong here, any way,' said the man; 'there aren't no children here, and there haven't been fur years!' and he tried to shut the door.

"Then the kid began to yawl, and Swipes picked it up and marched back ter the office. A gang of us spied him 'fore he got there, and we did give it ter him.

"He dropped the kid inter a chair, and told the boss how they wouldn't take the child, and didn't seem ter know nothing about it.

"Take it back to the woman, then,' said he, looking cross.

"Don't know where she lives,' answered Swipes. 'She had a black veil on, so I didn't see her face, and she did not give any name—and here's the kid, and what shall I do with it?'

"Take care of it somehow; I can't be bothered,' and he began ter write, leaving Swipes with the baby on his hands.

"Well, we tended her all that day, and kept a-hoping the woman would come ter take her back, when she found it wasn't where she sent it, but she didn't come.

"Swipes was a-going ter give it baked beans for dinner, but the woman at the bakery said babies had ter have warm milk, so Swipes bought a quart and we boiled it in a pan over the fire. Then we had ter get a spoon ter feed it with.

"Ned held the pan while Swipes did the feeding; and mo'n half o' that milk got spilled. He got it all over the kid's dress, and once, when he want a-noticing, the kid gave a jump, and hit the pan and spilled the milk all down Swipes' legs and on the floor.

"When night came, the boss said we'd better take the baby ter some 'sylum, but we kinder 'greet between ourselves we'd better keep it another day 'fore packing it off, so Swipes toted it home with a newspaper around it so folks wouldn't guess what he'd got.

"Him and me bunk together, and we didn't exactly know what we was a-going ter do with that baby, 'cause if we put it in the bed, 'twould roll out and get hurt, and there wa'n't nothing at all that would do for a cradle, such as Swipes said she ought ter have.

"So Swipes, he went downstairs and borrowed a great big wash boiler of Mrs. Murphy, but he didn't tell her what he wanted it for, 'cause he didn't want ter get laughed at too much.

"Well, sir, we jammed a pillar inter the bottom of that boiler, and then we laid the kid in, and she was snug as could be. And we covered her up with a couple o' towels and a pillar case. The towels was pretty dirty, but the baby was dirty, too, so it didn't matter much.

"Then we took a rope and strung it through the handles and nailed the ends into the walls, so the boiler swung fine as could be; and we took turns hitting it, till the kid dropped off ter sleep.

"We slept good, but woke up by the kid's yelling. We gave it some more milk, and then Swipes said he guessed we'd better wash its face. Didn't neither of us want ter, so we tossed coppers, and he had ter.

"Swipes took his handkerchief and kinder made a dab at the kid's face, but the dirt stuck on, so finally he just had ter scrub. Of course the kid yelled, and Swipes made me knock over chairs so the folk wouldn't hear. Then its face wasn't clean, either, for there was streaks all over it.

"Then we had ter go ter the office, and we lugged the kid there, and made the other fellers tend it while Swipes went on an errand.

"Bum by he came rushing in, and whispered ter me come on, and then he took the kid and we went off. He wouldn't say nothing about what he was a-going ter do with it—but pretty soon he turned into a house.

"There was a piece of crape tied ter the doorknob, and as we stood there an undertaker drove up.

"Pretty soon a pale lady came, all dressed in black, and Swipes didn't say nothing, but just put the baby in her arms.

"Then the woman began to cry, and she hugged the baby and kissed it—and Swipes whispered ter me how her own baby had died the day before.

"Did they send the baby back? Well, no! They thinks heaps of it, and Swipes and me goes ter see it sometimes, and I guess it knows us. 'Twas funny business all 'round, but do you know, I think 'twas awful smart of Swipes, the way he got rid of the kid. 'Swipes thinks so, too."

Sliding Through the Air.

At Knoxville, Tenn., they have a novel way of crossing the broad river, that bears the name of the state. The city horse cars take you out to the station, and in a few minutes you may find yourself suspended by two thin-looking cables that stretch away to the tall bluffs on the opposite side. You glide smoothly along, getting higher and higher, until the earth and river seem to be dropping away from beneath you, and the sensation is odd and strange as you look down from the side of the car, which is capable of seating sixteen passengers (and often carries more). You can imagine how a bird must feel; and if the trip is made for the first time you heave a sigh of relief when you feel the earth beneath your feet again. It seems hardly possible that those two parallel cables, only one and three-eighths inches in diameter, could be strong enough to hold the weight they are required to, yet each is supposed to be able to support sixty tons. The span between the river banks is over 1,000 feet, and on the southern side, where the tall bluffs are, you are 350 feet above the water—no small distance to drop, and this idea probably crosses your mind quite often on the first two or three trips. The propelling force is on the Knoxville side; it consists of twenty horse-power engines that operate the hauling cable attached to the car. The trip upward takes about three minutes and a half, and the descent takes only half a minute, the propelling force in this case being gravity. You literally coast down through space, and if the first trip was exciting, this one proves doubly so. As there is nothing close to gauge your speed by, it seems like a dangerous pace; the station grows nearer and nearer; the earth seems to be coming up this time to meet you. It is not strange to say that there is very little talking on this downward trip by those who take it for the first time. The car is provided with automatic brakes, which arrest its motion if the propelling cable breaks or slips the drum. The cables that support the car are firmly anchored on either side, and provision is made for taking up the slack.—Harper's Young People.

Some Strange Mistakes.

Fat isn't the only creature in the world who makes those absurd remarks we call bulls. Frenchmen, Englishmen and all others make them with equal frequency. Even Americans make them, as witness the statement made by a writer in one of New York's best evening papers, apropos of the death of a great American statesman, some months ago. "Mr. Sonando," wrote this strange individual, "spoke no last words."

A French bull, all the worse for having been written and not spoken hastily, was made by a certain Parisian, Callon by name:

"My Dear —, I left my knife at your lodgings yesterday. Pray send it to me if you find it. Yours, CALLON."

"P. S.—Never mind sending me the knife; I have found it."

There is also in existence a note written by Callon to his wife, which he sent home with a basket of provisions, the postscript to which read:

"You will find this letter at the bottom of the basket. If you should fail to do so, let me know as soon as possible."

A Scotch lady once made an amusing remark which comes very aptly under the head of bulls. It appears that she was conversing with a friend upon the smoking habit, which she declared to be vile and destructive of health.

"I don't know about that," said he. "There is my dear old father; he smokes, and has smoked for years, and he is seventy years old."

"That may be," she retorted. "But if he had never smoked, he might have been eighty."

Benevolence at a Discount.

The resourceful newsboy is not a product of America alone. He is found in London as well as in New York, as the following story, told by a clergyman some years ago, attests.

A benevolent old gentleman, having observed for several nights in Trafalgar Square a youngster selling "evenings," who seemed particularly sharp and above the average in every way, conceived the idea of benefiting him, and, as he expressed it, putting him in the way of earning a living. One night, therefore, the boy was accosted with:

"I say, my boy, wouldn't you like to give up selling papers and have a situation where you could be good, and away from bad company?"

"How much a week?" promptly inquired the lad.

The old gentleman was taken aback at such a very practical question, and hardly knew what to answer. At last he said:

"Well, I don't know; perhaps four or five shillings."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the lad, "that's good. Why, I pay my mother fifteen bob a week now."

The old gentleman collapsed, and has given up trying to get "paper" boys into situations.

Fighting the Inevitable.

Nearly all great scientific discoveries have been combatted and misunderstood, even by the intelligent. Even Sir Charles Napier fiercely opposed the introduction of steam power into the royal navy, and once day exclaimed in the house of commons:

"Mr. Speaker, when we enter her majesty's service and face the chances of war, we go prepared to be hacked to pieces by cutlasses, to be riddled with bullets, or to be blown to bits by shot and shell; but, Mr. Speaker, we do not go prepared to be boiled alive!"

The last words he brought out with tremendous emphasis. Steam power in men-of-war, with boilers which at any moment might be shattered by an enemy's shot; this was a prospect he could not face.

Yet in a few years he found himself in command of the largest steam navy the world had ever seen.



# The Barrington Review

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## NOTICES.

Notices of Deaths, Marriage Notices and Obituaries. Resolutions, Appeals and similar matter, eight cents a line, prepaid.

Alas! Poor Parsons. We knew him well.

It really is amusing to hear political mountebanks and renegades like Parsons talk about "political scavengers."

It appears that the Parsons contingency in the entire Twenty-seventh ward consists of but sixteen individuals.

W. Renegade Parsons to his sixteen "sad-eyed" constituents after the last primary: "Farewell, a long farewell to all my greatness!"

That "change" that driver Wade made, according to Parsons, on election day, must have been from one side of the wagon seat to the other.

If it took W. Renegade Parsons three weeks to remember what he did with that \$40, how many months will it take him to account for the balance of the \$115?

We never knew that W. R. Parsons was a dangerous man, or that he was in danger of being politically assassinated, until yesterday. We rather think that the gentleman is very harmless—there is no necessity of assassinating a man who has already committed political suicide.—Daily Northwestern.

This is all very well, but when did Mr. Renegade Parsons ever have a political existence.

A SAN FRANCISCO Chinaman travels about the country collecting the bones of his deceased countrymen and when he gets enough for a mess they are shipped to China. His is a great undertaking.

THE pastor of a Methodist church in Flatbush, N. Y., has instituted a war on the penny-in-the slot machines because about all the pennies given by the parents of Sunday school pupils to drop on the Sunday plate were dropped in the penny slot. We don't blame him.

MISS SORABJI, who came here from India to get money to take back to Bombay for the elevation of women thereabouts, has done even better than this. She secured the money and then secured a husband, both of which trophies she will bear in triumph to her native land.

A WOMAN at Jamestown, N. Y., pretended that during the absence of her husband a burglar had broken into the house. Her object was to impress upon her husband the necessity of staying at home. However, it is to be feared that a home not attractive without a burglar is not a place to tie to.

THERE is to be a world's fair at Higo in 1895. If the Japanese set about the task with the same patient perseverance that marks their other efforts it will be worth crossing the Pacific to see. Heretofore it has taken civilization a long time to find out that Japan in many respects is very much civilized.

NICARAGUANS manifest an intense hatred for Americans. Their right to do this may be without logical basis, but still it cannot be denied. However, there is a possibility that some of their methods of expression should be corrected. A section of the white navy on parade off their shores might be instructive.

ANOTHER important use has been discovered for a preparation of coal-tar called tulinol, that of displacing quicksilver in the thermometer. It is said that tulinol expands with regularity when exposed to heat and does not congeal at a low temperature so quickly as does quicksilver, which is another thing in its favor.

IN illustration of a point in favor of restricting the sale of firearms an English statesman aimed a pistol at the head of Lord Salisbury. The expert dodged. He has not been a resident of the earth all those years not to realize that the unloaded pistol is the one that usually inflicts death, coupling the episode with a surprise that emphasizes its melancholy.

## BARRINGTON

(CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.)

The School Entertainment in District No. 3, Town of Cuba.

Miss Ada Bignold, the bright, talented teacher of this school, deserves credit for her work, as do all the scholars, for they all did nobly in their efforts to please their large audience, who listened to the carefully prepared program of the evening, which all pronounced a success, and showed their appreciation by the liberal collection which was taken later for a flag for the school.

Five dollars and fifty cents was the proceeds of the evening and was thankfully received. The program below will give those who have not the pleasure of being present an idea as to its value.

PROGRAM.  
Song....."Vacation Days Are Near"  
School.  
Recitation....."Maudie Cady"  
Della Weseman.  
Dialogue....."Choice of Trades"  
Four Boys.  
Recitation....."The Dolls' Wedding"  
Freda Wolthausen.  
Recitation....."Winter Jewels"  
Freddie Kline.  
Song....."Ching erie Chang"  
Little girl of school.  
Recitation....."What Good Boys and Girls Say"  
Annie Kieke.  
Recitation....."The Mouse and the Cake"  
Bertha Kline.  
Dialogue....."Circumstances Alter Cases"  
Four girls—Emma Kline, Gusta Nitz, Rhoda Weseman, Bertha Brandt.  
Recitation....."Abou Ben Adhem"  
Clara Wolthausen.  
Song....."Origin of Yankee Doodle"  
School.  
Recitation....."Barbara Frietchie"  
Miss Ada Bignold.  
A Speech....."Thirty Years Ago To-day"  
Clara Cady.  
Song....."Blue Bells of Scotland"  
School.  
Dialogue....."The Seasons"  
Four girls—Emma Kline, Gusta Nitz, Rhoda Weseman, Bertha Brandt.  
Recitation....."The Duel"  
Clara Kieke.  
Illustrated Recitation....."The Cake That Kate Baked"  
School.  
Song....."Mowers' Song"  
School.  
"Something About Singing," Laura French.  
Recitation....."Marriage is a Success"  
Her point of view, Amber Cady.  
Song....."Good Morning, Merry Sunshine"  
Seven little girls.  
"A Little Boy's Address," Franklin Custer.  
Recitation....."The Wife That I Want"  
Bennie Hobbs.  
Song....."My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean"  
Maudie Cady.  
Recitation....."The Dollie's Elegy"  
School.  
Recitation....."The Distressed Dutchman"  
Mr. L. L. Porter.  
Song....."Marching Thro' Georgia"  
School.  
Dialogue....."Aunt Bertha Journey"  
Ada Bignold, Cora Hobbs, Clara and Anna Wolthausen.  
Reading....."The Mortgage on the Farm"  
Mrs. L. L. Porter.  
Song....."The Old Oaken Bucket"  
School.  
Solo....."The Bells"  
Good Night.....Linda Weseman.  
"National Hymn."

## DESPLAINES

(CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.)

privilege, to do the will of the great master, for behold he has made all things new, and all is spring, all is life, animation. We're tied in a new life. We have new pursuits and live a new life, and here the pastor advocated the strict observance of the Sabbath. He said it was surprising how much trading, purchasing of supplies for the family was done on Sunday, when it might just as well be done on Saturday. The church-going residents of Desplaines, he said, ought not to impose upon the merchants of the village the obligation of opening their stores on Sunday in order to wait upon them. It was an injustice to themselves and the storekeeper. All those for whom all things had been made new would, of their own inclination, desist from this practice, and all the remaining law abiding and order-loving citizens should desist, for then they could, with much better grace demand the closing of the saloon on Sunday.

Pastor Huelster has the faculty of conveying to the minds of his hearers his exact meaning, and this sermon was so full of beautiful truths that mean so much to the earnest, sincere Christian, so full of lessons to the thoughtful, so full of convincing proof to the hopeful and trusting, that all those who heard him went away satisfied, built up, restful. A HEARER.

## JEFFERSON PARK.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.—The Rev. A. M. Thome, pastor. Charles Farnsworth, superintendent of Sunday school. Sunday service at 10:30 a. m. and 7 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 o'clock, and Junior at 8:15 at 5.

GERMAN CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.—The Rev. Block, pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m.; the morning service at 10:30 a. m.; Y. P. S. O. E. every Friday at 7:30 p. m.

PUBLIC SCHOOL.—Mrs. S. J. O'Keefe, principal. Miss Nellie Noyes, Miss Margaret Finnegan, Miss Hannah Bingham, Miss Jessie T. Sanders, Miss Della Smith and V. Lambert, assistants.

Money to loan. Fred E. Eldred, 33 and 24 Times building. tf

TO RENT.—Eight-room house, two blocks from Mayfair depot. For terms apply A. W. & E. C. Dickenson. tf

FOR SALE.—Cheap; one of the best building spots located in Jefferson Park. E. T. Goven, 603, 155 La Salle street.

Mr. Herman Esdohr and family are spending the week in Bloomington, Ill.

Rev. John Block, pastor of the Jefferson Park German Congregational church, graduated from the Chicago Theological seminary with the highest honors of his class.

Mrs. Fred Barker presented her husband with a bouncing little girl on Tuesday afternoon.

A circulation was in float during the early part of the week that William Brink was dead. It has not been confirmed up to this writing.

A wedding will occur in this place in June.

It seems that lightning was a bit haphazard during the rain storm Tuesday afternoon. Balls of fire were constantly flying around and one landed on Charles H. Oviatt's residence, which demolished one corner and frightened Charley and his family nearly out of their wits. Two horses belonging to Mr. Kasmusser were also killed during the electrical storm.

The Times takes pleasure in introducing to its readers, Mr. Boies of Chicago, who has now located in this place. Mrs. Boies is a vociferous and delightful teacher of much ability.

The Jefferson Park Band will soon give open air concerts in a pavilion that is to be constructed in a few days in the Park, it being a gift of Alderman Butler.

George Hayes and Willie Esdohr purchased for themselves this week two pneumatics.

A large concourse of people turned out to the Jefferson Park Literary and Social club entertainment on Tuesday evening at the residence of Mr. Herman Esdohr. Following is the program rendered:

Remarks.....President C. H. Oviatt.  
Violin Solo.....Hans Schoessling.  
Recitation.....Mrs. Boies.  
Del-arte Drill.....Laura Esdohr; pupils of Mrs. Boies.  
Piano Solo.....Prof. Ernest Hertle.  
Reading.....Miss Wright.  
Song.....Misses Freda Schoessling and Bertha Kieke.  
Recitation.....Mr. W. D. Rice.  
Instrumental Music.....Gustav Lindholm.  
Lynn Roberts and Louis Esdohr.

Steadman, the one of the subjects of Edison Park burglars who succeeded in effecting his escape on the night of the arrest of the others, was cleverly taken into camp Sunday last by Lieut. O'Connor and Officer Mulhany.

Mrs. Peter Hansen left for Denver Tuesday evening and expects to be gone about a month.

The tower of the building owned by Mr. John Dietcher and occupied by Mr. Charles Oviatt was badly shattered by lightning during the storm of Tuesday.

The marriage of Miss Augusta Tage to Mr. Charles Schmoock was celebrated Sunday, will be received with pleasant greetings, as both parties are well known here and very highly respected.

Mr. Perry Russell is rapidly getting his store in readiness for the entrance of Dr. D. B. Fonda and effects.

Papa, won't you buy me a bow-wow? Mrs. Fred Burkhardt had a grand surprise in store for her husband Wednesday last in the form of a newly-born daughter. Mother, baby and papa are doing nicely.

The boys play at Desplaines, Sunday. A few changes in the personnel of the team will create a little new interest in the contest. Enthusiasts desiring to witness the affair may gratify their desire by boarding the 9 o'clock train.

## MAYFAIR.

### MAYFAIR DIRECTORY.

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

MAYFAIR PUBLIC SCHOOL.—P. W. Kinsley, principal; Miss Belle Dornier and Miss Marie Lawrence, assistants.

MAYFAIR TENNIS CLUB.—Grounds on Franklin street, near Cosmopolitan avenue; president, Chas. Farnsworth; vice-president, Ed. Hackett; secretary and treasurer, Miss Florence Brazier; custodian, Carroll S. Jones; membership committee, Miss Jessie Grinnell, E. L. Farnsworth, E. M. Chapin and the president and secretary.

Miss Higgins of Chicago was a guest of Mrs. Capt. Morton Tuesday and Wednesday of this week.

Mr. A. B. Lewis, who is now in Montana, has written home saying he is highly elated over his trip there.

Prof. Kingsley's stable was struck by lightning, causing a small damage.

### May Party.

The May party given by the cadets of this place was largely attended from this place and sister towns. The Maypole dance was the evening feature; also a solo rendered by Mrs. Hans Schoessling, which called forth a hearty encore, to which he responded with a short musical sketch "On the Midway."

Those present: Jefferson Park—Mr. and Mrs. F. F. Frahm; Misses Mamie Wulff, Bertha Markman, Nabel Russell; Messrs. E. T. Govey, Hans Schoessling, Will Markman and Ed Lawrence.

Lark Ridge—Mr. Cummings and his sister Carrie.  
Irring Park—Misses Carrie Merchant, Nellie and Lulu Smith; Messrs. H. Hobert, Ed Barratt, J. F. Hollis, Archie and Jeff Smith and Prof. Farrell.

Mayfair—Misses Grinnell, Weathers, Vorty, Wheeler, Grinnell, Chapin and Pump; Messrs. Duval, P. J. and R. B. Linde, Shay, Church, Jones, McAlister, Shake and Cross; Messrs. and Mesdames Washburn, Peters and Thackwell.

## FOREST GLEN.

Saturday evening, May 12, approached very close to an ideal evening.

Mrs. Gardell presented her husband with a fine boy baby last week, Friday.

W. V. Nicol is having his old coal shed torn down, which will necessitate a new one.

Miss Josephine Hazelton has a new saddle pony, and she and her cousin have great sport practicing.

A. A. Brook and family are away on a fishing excursion and pleasure trip this week.

It is reported that three more new houses are to be erected here soon, making six in all.

### The Catseye.

The catseye stone, now prized as an ornament, is a very different thing from the ancient cat's eye or eyestone of India, an agate cut so as to show the eye or eyes. It is supposed by some that this latter was used as money in parts of India four centuries ago, and specimens found to-day have an interest to numismatists.

## CHICAGO AMUSEMENTS.

### A List of Chicago's Most Popular Theaters.

#### SCHILLER THEATER.

The immediate and unequalled success which attended the westward movement of "The Beggar Student," by the Comic Opera company at the Schiller theater last Sunday evening was scarcely a surprise to those familiar with the extraordinary efforts that were made by managers Prior & Wolff to create for the public a really superb organization. The interest taken by the public generally, and by opera lovers and musical people generally, in the success of this operatic enterprise, is something extremely unusual, but it has put the Schiller Opera company in close touch with the public and the success achieved, even upon the first performance, is something exceptional. The chorus, that most important adjunct in operatic performances, is thoroughly good. It consists of a large company of really musical voices and well trained singers, and the orchestral treatment of the opera is all that can be desired. The acoustic properties of the Schiller are remarkably fine and it is the verdict of the press and public that the house is built for opera. Not only is the scenic investiture of the opera extremely beautiful, but the costuming is very handsome and the ensemble is full of effective contrasts and brilliant in radiant colors. As was expected would be the case, the comic opera company at the Schiller theater has just hit the public taste in such an opera loving community as is Chicago, and in a single phrase it may be added that "The Beggar Student" has caught the town.

#### CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.

Adolph Philipp's clever comedy company in "Der Corner Grocer" is in the second week of its engagement at the Chicago opera house. A good patronage has been bestowed upon the company, especially by German theatergoers, who highly appreciate the wit, humor and amusing situations of the piece and clever characterizations. Adolf Philipp, besides playing the leading role in the piece, is its author. Mr. Philipp is a young man, but has already made several successes as a dramatic writer. His first play, "Arms Maedchen," after a two months' run in New York was purchased by Charles Frohman, translated and adapted to the American stage and produced under the title of "Poor Girls." His next effort was "Der Corner Grocer," which ran 150 times in New York, closing there on March 1, when another of his pieces "The Pawnbroker," was presented. His latest play, "Dr. Darkhurst," is now running at the Germania theater. Mr. Philipp is also the author and composer of the comic opera, "Cleopatra," recently purchased by Lillian Russell. Mr. Philipp not only writes his own plays and appears in them, but stages all the pieces, rehearses his company, directs the musical portion of the performance and to a large extent attends to the business management. The two hundredth performance of "Der Corner Grocer" will be celebrated at the Chicago opera house on Wednesday evening, May 23.

#### M'VICKER'S.

The management of McVicker's theater has made special engagement with the reorganized Duff Opera company to open on Monday evening, May 21. Gilbert & Sullivan's masterpiece, "The Mikado," will be the opera given and will be produced with taste and skill. The list of principals appears the strongest that has been seen in Chicago for many a day, including as it does such artists as Mark Smith, Joseph Herbert, W. H. Hamilton, Charles Kinsley, M. T. Ravens and Mesdames Elsie Morgan, Drew Donaldson, Lilian Swain and Florence Cooley. The scenery, costumes and effects have been specially prepared under the supervision of Mr. Duff.

#### HOOLEY'S THEATER.

One of the most phenomenal successes in the annals of theatricals has been achieved by "Charley's Aunt," the laughable farce by Brandon Thomas, now running at Hooley's theater, under the direction of Charles Frohman. For weeks prior to its production Chicago has been laughing at the cats which appeared painted and posted on the walls throughout the city, and in another column will be found a reproduction of his feltness in all his grinning glory. The theater has been crowded to suffocation hundreds of people have been turned away. It is not saying too much when we assert that no funnier or more laughable play has ever been presented to the public, and the company sent by Mr. Charles Frohman is delightful and seem moulded for the characters they essay. From present indications "Charley's Aunt" could remain for all time at Hooley's.

#### THE MAYFAIR.

"The White Squadron" appeals to the popular taste by reason of its patriotic sentiment and character drawings. An element of human nature, thoroughly consistent with the times and place where the action of the play takes place, predominates the four interesting acts of the play. The plot is made doubly interesting, as it deals with historical incidents. There is a uniform movement on the part of several nations to break up the brigands of Brazil and bring the robbers to justice. Gen. Demetrio de Romanico of the Brazilian army, is one of those unscrupulous but polished villains whose dexterity and cleverness covers up the true nature of the man and makes of him, not the conventional bad man of the stereotyped drama, but a character which will bear study and not revolt the feelings of the sensitive or those who love to see pictures true to life and its environments. The hero of the play, Lieut. Victor Staunton of the cruiser Chicago, forms a striking contrast to the general of the Brazilian army. Romanico has a nephew equally as unscrupulous as himself. The latter's pretty sister is adored by Staunton. This affords opportunity for pretty love scenes, and leads up to incidents which are exciting and add interest to the general purpose of the play. In the third act the congress of the navies is assembled. Here the artist has had wide scope and has improved his opportunities. The magnificent cruisers are seen in all their beauty and grandeur. The other

scenes have not been neglected, and the skill of the artist is seen in every act. In the fourth act, which pictures the Parahiba, a monastery is presented, surrounded by tropical shrubbery amid hilly descents. The company is one of remarkable strength and includes Elmer C. Grandin, W. A. Whitecar, C. Gail Forrest, Frederick Julian, John Post, C. George Hall, Tessie Deagle, J. J. Coleman and others. During the action of the third act over one hundred and fifty people are used to man and work the different cruisers of the great naval powers of the world. The company carries several carloads of scenery, and the tropical beauty of Brazil is reproduced in all its splendor. "The Congress of Nations" in Rio Janeiro to protest against the brigandage tolerated in Brazil, forms the basis of the plot which unfolds a romantic love interest. The Grand Plaza in Rio, a pillaged monastery in the interior of South America, and the Harbor of Rio are among the principal canvases. Another novel feature will be the representation of the American navy under full sail and steam. Stage ingenuity has been taxed to its utmost in this scene and the result is a triumph. During the action of the third act over 150 people appear upon the stage.

#### EMPIRE THEATER.

Warm weather, scarcity of money, labor trouble, baseball and summer excursions, all combined, do not seem to affect the size of the audiences twice a day at Sam T. Jack's Empire, while other west side theaters are preparing to close their season. Manager Jack is making preparation for a daily crush during the summer months. The Empire has long been known as the coolest theater in Chicago, and with the electric fans that will soon be in operation there will not be a cooler place in Chicago outside the ice houses. For week May 20, a congress of all the highest grade vaudeville artists will be the offering, among whom are Richmond and Glenroy. The popular Maud Raymond, with a budget of new songs and parodies, Evan and Huffman, and Filson and Eroll, who are considered the kid glove artists of the vaudeville world. A new extravaganza called Monte Carlo will be the vehicle to introduce over fifty fair and lovely charmers.

#### SLAKE-KILLING RAZOR-BACKS.

The Hogs May Be Utilized to a Very Good Purpose.

"Talk about snakes," said Edward T. Atherton, of Boston, "there are more of them to the square acre in Florida than in any other part of this glorious country. But, as numerous as they are now, they are not half as abundant as they were a few years ago, before any organized effort was made to annihilate the whole serpentine breed."

"It seems that a bright idea, involving the wholesale extinction of snakes, entered the mind of one William Jones, who, up to that time, had been a poor farmer struggling to support a big family. Now he is one of the solid men of the county, and he made all his money by the successful execution of that idea. He knew that the ordinary razor-back hog of Florida was a great natural enemy of snakes, and he set to work to systematically train a whole drove of hogs to hunt down and destroy the reptiles. In a little while he had his swine as thoroughly trained in their part as setter dogs are drilled to point quail. He first cleared his own farm of a vast quantity of big ones, and then he began to hire out his hogs to his neighbors who were snake-afflicted. The fame of the razor-backs spread all over the land, and people whose places were infested with rattlesnakes and men who were clearing up new land sent for Jones' hogs."

"This is no romance, for I talked with Jones himself, and he told me all about it and exhibited his book of engagements, which also contained a record of all the snakes slain for the past twelve months. I have every reason to believe he was stating the facts, for he gave me a warm invitation to visit his place, and promises to give an exhibition that would demonstrate the skill of his snake-killers."

#### HUMAN NATURE.

Chicago has a practical female undertaker.

In Pennsylvania there is a brewery run by monks and a famous distillery by the Economites.

Eastern people use the parlor match; the middle Westerner, the percussion match; the Southwestern man, the sulphur match; the denizen of the far West, the wax taper match.

At a smoking contest in Berlin some time ago Herr Knoff, by smoking continuously for two hours ten cigars, his nearest competitor getting away with but seven and a half, was declared the winner.

Oliver Ames, Jr., of Boston has built the finest dog kennel in the United States. It cost \$2,000, is thirty-five feet long, is lighted by ten windows and the interior is finished in hard wood, polished and shellacked.

A country circus advertised that "at 12 o'clock the cannibals will be fed." A large crowd assembled, but to everybody's disappointment the savages ate potatoes. In reply to some indignant questions the manager said: "But, gentlemen, don't you see their diet is evidence of my skill? I have converted them into vegetarians."

The eminent surgeon, Sir Astley Cooper, was fond of a practical joke. On one occasion he ascended the church tower of a village in Norfolk, taking with him one of his mother's pillows, and finding the wind blew directly to the next town, he let off handfuls of feathers until he had emptied the pillow. The local papers reported this "remarkable shower" of feathers and offered various conjectures to account for it, and the account was copied into other papers, and was probably received as a perfectly natural occurrence.

## FAMILY TRADITION COUNTS.

A Dominant Force in the Politics and Society of Little Delaware.

No resident of a great state can easily guess the feeling of local loyalty and of almost clanish pride common throughout the tiny commonwealth of Delaware, says the New York Sun. When Wilmington is left out of account, the remainder of the state is peopled chiefly by a rural community, native to the soil and descended from ancestors often settled for two centuries within the bounds of the state. There are many families still holding lands under seventeenth century patents, lands that have descended from father to son all those years without the passage of time. It is only a few years since a Delawarean about to remove to the West sold a piece of land that his ancestors had purchased from an Indian chief, as the representative of his tribe. Long descent in Delaware is confined to no self-constituted upper class, but is the boast of all sorts of people. There are many ancient churches in Delaware, and probably everyone includes within its congregation some families descended from those that took part in organizing the church. Rural communities throughout the state are curiously immobile. Surnames are few, and the region from which a man comes is easily guessed from his name.

Family traditions are jealously treasured, and family traits reappear generation after generation. There is a numerous family in the northern county famous from the fact that nearly all its male members have red heads and heavy red beards. The characteristic is said to belong even to distant branches of the family in the West. Long descent, though so common, is highly prized, and even where a family is sunk into disrepute the fact of a respectable ancestry is held to make its members a little better than just every-day newcomers whose conduct is no worse. Neighbors in Delaware have tenacious memories, and old family scandals are whispered about for generations. An old gentleman of blameless life and excellent name never dared to become a candidate for public office because it was recalled that he had been born out of wedlock. Genealogies are carried in the heads of hundreds and old ladies often know the intricate family relationships of half the community. According to tradition, the Du Ponts, who have been making powder for a century, used to remember with satisfaction that an early Bayard had been a hatter. Every community has local traditions of this sort and every man lives with the knowledge that his family history is known to all who have good memories.

## ORIENTAL METAL WORKERS.

Almost Without Tools, They Easily Distance Their Occidental Competitors.

It is one of the unexplained mysteries of Asia, says the London Spectator, that the achievements of its best metal workers, as long as their work is useless, should be so completely beyond rivalry. We can understand this as regards the setting of precious stones, for the instinct of the southern Asiatic living in painful sunlight is to blend the bright colors he works in till they do not hurt the eye. Consequently the enamel of Jeypore, though he uses flasks of ruby and emerald, produces a surface which looks, even in sunlight, absolutely cool. But what helps him or a Japanese, or even a Turk, if a sultana has given the order, to make a gold or silver ornament which the West can only gaze at in defeated admiration, is still a problem not completely solved. The Asiatic does not know anything particular about gold and silver; he has no tools except pinners and hammer, and he has not the power of producing intense heat, yet he will do things with metals which his European brother cannot do with all his appliances and skill. No doubt, if he is a hereditary workman, something has passed into his fingers which cannot be acquired by a new competitor, and he has the advantage of remembering patterns originally designed by the men of genius, who are apt, at intervals perhaps of centuries, to crop up in the artist families; but is that the whole of the matter? We doubt it greatly, and believe there is an Asiatic "taste" or instinct for the beautiful, which is as true in its way as the instinct of an Athenian sculptor or a Florentine welder of the brush. It takes a different direction—we see that most perfectly when we compare the Alhambra with the Gothic cathedral—and it seems liable to strange long pauses, like the one said to have been recently observable in Japanese art; but it is real, it is original and we can see no reason, save want of demand, why it should ever die out. If that is true—and it must be true, more or less—and Europe can ever use the Asiatic fingers without taking the skill out of them in the collision of tastes between two races, the jeweler of Birmingham may justifiably begin to tremble. Machinery will not help him much and the "superior energy" of the British workman will not help him at all. Energy is not the quality wanted to produce a necklet or ring. What is wanted is a gift which the Asiatic workmen in thousands did once possess and may display again, and the power of so utilizing the gift that it may manifest itself even when the designs are not stereotyped in the mind, but have been freshly taken in.

A cotton vest made from a piece of cloth woven 114 years ago is owned by John B. Perry of Dawson, Ga. The cotton was woven by Mr. Perry's great-grandmother.



## TALKING WITH LONDON.

### VOICES MAY SOON BE HEARD ACROSS THE OCEAN.

A Bimetallic Wire Which Will Accomplish Wonders—The New System Requires no Patented Attachments to Work It—Cheap and Simple.

It begins to look as if we would be able pretty soon to "ring up" Europe over the phone, says the New York World. The question of ocean telephony is being earnestly studied and for a month past experiments tending toward that end have been carried on. The results that have been obtained are the talk of the scientific world.

Keen attention to the subject has been caused by the invention of a new electric wire, and according to some eminent authorities, it may revolutionize the present system of long-distance talking.

The problem of how to bring both sides of the ocean within speaking distance of each other has been rendered difficult because of the breaking up of the sound waves, the leaking of the insulation and several other technical obstacles of a like nature. But it looks at present as if all these might be overcome, for the new wire carries sound perfectly and does not need any insulation at all.

Strange as it may seem, however, this very wire was known eleven years ago, and has actually been in use for that time, though its owners did not know it and remained ignorant of its great possibilities.

It is composed of a steel wire coated over with copper, and simple as the combination is, it apparently solves the problem of long distance communication. Another point in its favor is that it may be used with any style of transmitter, so that there will be no interference of valuable patents to increase the cost. Also, as communication can be made by it at the rate of 150 words per minute, the advantage over the present cable methods, which will only allow twenty, is apparent.

Early in 1883 the Postal telegraph company, in extending its lines to the West, employed a wire consisting of a steel core upon which a thick layer of copper was deposited. This conductor had a tensile strength greatly exceeding that of any similar line heretofore employed, and, in addition, had a much greater conductivity. The results obtained with this wire were telegraphically so good that they at once suggested the possibility of employing the line for the telephonic transmission as well.

The voice could be easily heard between New York and Chicago, and between New York and Cleveland the ordinary Bell magneto-receiver used as a transmitter was sufficient to carry on a conversation. But these good results were attributed to the large amount of copper in the wire, and it was not thought that the steel had anything to do with the increased transmitting property of the wire.

Among those who witnessed the experiments on the wire stretched from New York to Chicago was William H. Eckert, general manager of the Metropolitan telephone company, and a brother of General Eckert, president of the Western Union telegraph company. Mr. Eckert attributed the great success of the wire to its being composed of both steel and copper, but his theory was laughed at and the affair was dropped. During the last month he made a series of experiments with a similarly constructed wire, and the wonderful success obtained is what is now the talk of the scientific world, and especially of the electrical world.

The experiments were carried on near Plainfield, N. J. A fine wire composed of steel and copper was laid without any insulation on it for a mile and a half through the water, mud and slush of a country road. When that length had been stretched out a common, ordinary telephone receiver was placed at each end of the line and whispers were distinctly heard by the men at the other end.

A heavy truck loaded with stone ran across the wire, but it was merely pushed deeper into the mud, and the talking still went on.

A remarkable fact about this line is that only one wire is used. The earth takes the place of the other wire. The fact that part of the line ran through a brook seemed to make no difference in its workings; hence the inference of its working across the ocean.

Mr. Eckert, who helped to carry on the experiment, says regarding it: "From its performance I have no doubt that it would work perfectly well across the ocean. Of course that is a point to be arrived at, but the little experiments that have been tried ought to demonstrate its practical utility."

"I was present when the experiments were made between New York and Chicago. The distance is, I believe, but 1,050 miles, and the line worked perfectly. Had it been stretched to San Francisco it would have done just as well. In fact, strange as it may seem, distance seems to increase rather than retard its working. The distance between New York and San Francisco and New York and the nearest point on the other side are about the same; therefore, the scheme is feasible."

On the long premises is said to be a long court room where persons inimical to the society are tried and condemned in their absence. Officers are selected to discover the so-called culprits and deal with him as directed by the court. These officers are called salaried soldiers, and have been found armed with a coat of mail and a belt of weapons concealed be-

neath their blouses. The chief of police has in his possession a photograph of a document bearing the seal of the Chee Kung Tong at Victoria, B. C., purporting to be the commission of one of these salaried soldiers. It was found on the person of one of these thugs when arrested. The paper promised that if, in the discharge of his duty, he should happen to be slain, \$500 would be paid to his family; if wounded he was to receive free medical attendance and \$10 a month; if maimed and incapacitated for further service, he was to receive \$250 and a free passage home. He was directed to wound and kill persons when so ordered by the Tong, and if for so doing he was sent to the state prison, \$100 was promised his family until his sentence had expired.

### NEARLY TEN MILLION MEN.

The Army From Which Uncle Sam May Draw Should Occasion Regard.

An army of 9,900,000 men! How Napoleon's legions dwindle beside this, and the hosts which Grant, Sherman and Sheridan led shrink to pigmies, says the Boston Journal. This enormous figure represents all the able-bodied men in the United States available for military service. But of course no such swarm of fighters could ever be mobilized in this or any other country. It would overtax even American energy and resources to clothe and feed and arm and maintain them in idleness. The figures have no practical military value, but as a suggestion of the mighty military potentialities of the young republic they are not without their interest to the world. But when we come to enumerate the men actually under arms in the United States as trained and disciplined soldiers we realize our present military significance. Besides the little regular army of 25,000 men there is a more or less thoroughly organized and equipped force of 112,190 men in the national guard and militia. That is, only about one man in 100 of those of our citizens able to bear arms regularly engaged in mastering the rudiments of the soldier's profession. New York, as might be expected, has the largest military organization—737 officers and 12,072 men. Pennsylvania has 8,614 officers and men; Ohio, 6,125. Then comes Massachusetts, well up in the list, with 5,666. Fiery South Carolina, with 5,441 officers and men, has an armed force out of all proportion to its wealth and population. The New England states, outside Massachusetts, have respectable little armies, ranging from Vermont's 784 to Connecticut's 2,761. The Southern states have large militia organizations as a whole; the Western states very small ones. But the national guard is steadily growing everywhere in numbers as in efficiency. It is fulfilling in a satisfactory way its purpose of perpetuating a knowledge of military art, and it would be found to be a respectable nucleus for a host of volunteers to rally on in an emergency.

Hush Money.  
"I expect these rich men are very often blackmailed."  
"Indeed they are. Why, it was only a year ago that George Gould was obliged to pay hush money."  
"You don't say so. I'm surprised that it is not in the papers. So he had to pay hush money. How much was he bid?"  
"He only had to shell out twenty-five cents. It was for a bottle of paregoric, or soothing syrup for the baby. It squalls so that it scares the cats off the roof."—Texas Siftings.

Found in Tennessee.  
W. E. McElwee, of Rockwood, Tenn., describes a coin found in an Indian mound in that country as bearing on one side an urn burning incense and on the other a figure of olive branch, with the words in Hebrew: "Shekel of Israel." The coin is of brass and is in a fair state of preservation.

His Last Resort.  
"How did Brown come to be a literary critic?"  
"Failed in the grocery business."

### BRILLIANTS.

The noblest mind the best contentment has.

The pure refreshments of life are the moral and intellectual.

You will soon become poor in earnest if you try to keep all you get.

Good will, like a good name, is got by many actions, and lost by one.

Keep in a good humor with the future—it never did you any harm.

A man's opinions are usually of much more value than his arguments.

Benevolence without love has no more heart in it than an auction block.

A lie has a dagger in its hand, no matter how well meaning it may look.

Don't fool with sin. Whoever plays with knives will sooner or later get cut.

As much hate can sometimes be put into a word as can be fired out of a musket.

If no drunkard can go to heaven, what is to become of the drunkard maker?

Some men are bound in the devil's ropes because they didn't try to break his threads.

Walk boldly and wisely in the light thou hast; there is a hand above will help thee on.

If the old world likes you right well, it is a sure sign that you are like the world.

The repentance practiced before a sin is committed is the kind that needeth not to be repented on.

Excess of grief for the dead is madness; for it is an injury to the living, and the dead knows it not.

## CHARLIE THE COXSAIN

### BITS FROM THE LIFE OF A BRAVE SAILOR LAD.

He Heard the Signal for the Lifeboat and Responded, But He Who Had Rescued so Many Found no Rescuing Hand—The Enemy of the Sea.

Charlie was the coxswain of our Peel life-boat. We buried him today. A braver sailor never sailed the sea. Four years ago, in a terrific gale, a ship from Norway, the St. George, came dead on for the wildest part of our coast, the fierce headland that lies back of the old Castle Rock. The sound signal was fired, and Charlie and his brave comrades went out to her. She was reeling on the top of a tremendous sea, and there was no coming near to her side. It was an awful task to get the crew aboard the lifeboat, but Charlie saved every soul and lost not a hand of his own.

When the "traveler" was rigged and the "breaches" were ready, and the crew of the doomed ship were at the bulwarks waiting to leave her, Charlie sang out over the clamor of the sea, "How many are you?" "Twenty-four," came back an answer. Then Charlie cried, "I can see only 23." "The other man is hurt. He's dying. No use saving him," the Norseman shouted. "You'll bring the dying man on deck before a soul of you leave the ship," cried Charlie. There was a woman among them, and when the carpenter came scudding down the rope he had a canvas bag on his back. "No tools here," shouted Charlie. "It's the child," said the man. The captain came next. He had left everything else behind him—his money, his instruments, his clothes, his ship, but out of his pocket there peeped the head of a baby's doll.

It was a thrilling rescue, but to see it in all its splendor you must have a drop of Manx blood in you. Our forefathers were from Norway, our first Norse king was named Gorry. He landed on this island not far from this spot. And now his children's children rescue from the sea the children's children of the kinsman he left at home. Most of our men had Norse names. One of them was a Gorry—lineal descendant, beyond doubt, of the old sea king. The Norwegian government felt the touch of great things in this incident. It was not merely the bravery of the rescue that fired their gratitude. Something called to them from the deep place where blood answers to the cry of blood. They sent medals for Charlie and his crew, and the governor of the island distributed them inside the roofless walls of the old castle of the Black Dog. It was like grasping hands with the past across the space of a thousand years.

The other day we had another great wind and another brave rescue. The sun had gone down, over night in a sullen red, very fierce and angry in his setting, and out of the black northeast the storm had come while we slept. In the gray of the dawn the sound signal fired its double signal over the town. A Welsh schooner which had run in for shelter during the dark hours, was riding at anchor in the bay and flying her ensign for help. The sea was terrific—a slaty gray, streaked with white foam, like quartz veins. It was coming over the breakwater in sheets that hid it. Sometimes it was flying in sheets to the tower of the castle. The white sea fowl were like dark specks darting through it, but no human ear could hear the cry of their thousand throats in the thunderous quakes of the breakers on the cavernous rocks.

A crowd of men answered the call, and there was no shortness of hands to man the lifeboat. The big flower-legged fellows who had been filling on the quay the day before, when the sea was calm, were struggling, chaffing and quarreling to go out on it now that it was in storm, for the blood of the old Vikings is in them still. It was a splendid rescue. The crew of the Welshman were brought ashore. Then the abandoned schooner rode three hours longer in the gale, and a hundred men stood and watched her, talking of other winds and other wrecks, and of Peel boys who were out on the sea.

When it was over and we were coming back drenched through and green with the drift of the sea foam caked thick on our faces, some of us began to think of Charlie. He had not been there that day. A year or so ago in the prime of a splendid manhood, he was stricken by heart disease. He kept a good heart, nevertheless, and by indomitable will held on for some time. First a little work, then no work at all, only a sail now and then if the sea was calm, but of late hardly ever well enough to take the open air. The old hulk of his poor body was anchored deep, but she was parting her cables at last. Charlie lay dying while this second rescue was being made. He had not answered the signal for the life boat, but he had heard it in the first light of morning, and they could not keep him in bed. The soul of the old sea dog leapt to the call, but his ailing body held him down. He wanted to go out. Wasn't he cox? Had the boat ever gone without him?

They had difficulty in keeping him from the attempt.

Charlie's volcanic soul did not go off to the deep of deeps on the big breakers and through the wild noises of the storm. He died later. After the great wind there came a great calm. The air was quiet and full of odor of seaweed; banks of seaweed were on the shore, and the broken schooner was covered with brown wrack, like any rock of the coast;

the sky was round as the inside of a shell, and pale pink like the shadow of a flame; the water was smooth, and land and sea lay like a sleeping child. In this broad and steady weather our little town was startled by the double shot again. We went to the windows in surprise and saw the red flag over the rocket house, which is the signal for the lifeboat. Charlie was dead. He had just breathed his last, and his rugged comrades—who know nothing of poetry, but are poets, nevertheless, so the deepest grain of them—had run up the flag mast high (not half-mast) as signal to the Great Cox of all that there was a soul in the troubled waters of death, waiting for the everlasting lifeboat to bear him to the eternal shore.

### DOLL CARRIAGES.

A Few Facts About a Subject of Interest to Little Girls.

Doll carriages are used in the same styles throughout the country. You will find them alike in Boston and San Antonio, in Savannah and San Francisco. Every little girl, when she gets to be old enough, wants a doll carriage, and most of them, rich or poor, get one. The more costly doll carriages are generally sold in the larger cities and the cheaper ones in the smaller towns and in the country. Many thousands of them are sold every year.

A single manufacturer in this city makes more than twenty styles. At retail these carriages sell at from twenty-five cents to \$12 each. A cheap doll carriage in common use in this country a few years ago had a wooden body and a canopy top. Very few of these are now sold in the United States, but they are still sold in considerable numbers in South America, and American doll carriages of all grades are exported to all the foreign countries on this hemisphere.

The cheap doll carriage now commonly used in the United States has a willow body. It is unpainted, not upholstered, and has no springs and no canopy. This is the kind that sells at a quarter of a dollar, and from that up for larger sizes. For \$1 you can buy a doll's carriage with a rattan body, on springs, with tires on the wheels, with an upholstered seat and a parasol top. Some dolls' carriages are made with frame bodies of wood, but most of the higher priced ones are of reed or rattan, or of both. The higher priced carriages are more elaborate in design and finish, and something depends on the size.

A carriage sold at \$2 would have a carpet on the floor, a cruetone lining and a silesia parasol. A \$2.50 carriage would be lined with silk plush, and provided with a strap, and the parasol would be of satin. For about \$3 the carriage would be provided with wheel guards and the tires would be of round iron; and so on.

The carriage sold at \$12 is practically a large carriage on a miniature scale, says the New York Sun; they are made to hold some of the very large modern dolls; they would comfortably accommodate a 2-year-old child; the sale of these carriages is limited. Of the doll carriages ordinarily sold, the highest priced are about \$6.50 to \$7.

### FROM FAR COUNTRIES.

In Berlin the police arrest people who play the piano in flats after 10 o'clock at night.

The railroads of Holland are the safest. There is only one passenger killed per annum, while only four are injured.

London is to have a university that will rival Oxford and Cambridge. All the preliminary details for its establishment have been arranged.

The hard times have affected even the Vatican and the expenses of the government of the pope are 100,000 lire per month in excess of the receipts.

A Paris suggestion is that imprisonment for life, with a weekly application of the cat-o-nine-tails, be substituted for the guillotine as a punishment for anarchy.

The burya bunya tree of Australia is highly prized by the natives for its seeds, which are used as food. The tree bears fruit once in three years, and the yield is gathered in January, when the natives hold a festival.

### JESTS AND JOKELETS.

Maud—Why do you call that ring a war relic? Ethel—I won it in my first engagement.

Little Dot—I just hate compositions. Mamma—You like to write letters? Little Dot—Yes; but when I get a blot on my composition, I can't draw a ring around it and say it's a kiss.

Allopathic Cure—If your piano does not work well, open the top and pour in a pail of strong soap suds and brine. Homeopathic Cure—If your piano does not work well drop a grain of sugar in one of the hollow mahogany legs.

Little Dick—Does wishing with a wish-bone ever come true? Little Dot—I wished ten different times and it came true every time. "Did it?" "Yes, I always got the short end of the bone, and everybody said I wouldn't get what I wished for, and I never did."

The following dialogue recently took place in the train between Paris and Nice: First Passenger—Are you going to Monte Carlo? Second Passenger—Yes, I go every year. First Passenger—I suppose you play a little? Second Passenger—Yes, regularly; once in the morning and once in the evening. First Passenger—And suppose you lose something? Second Passenger—No, I always gain. First Passenger—Should you mind telling me what your system is? Second Passenger—Certainly; it is very simple, play the violoncello and nothing else.

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daily and Sunday at 1 p.m.

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## SEWING AND REAPING.

For bloom we sow one sort of seed,  
Another answers hunger's need;  
Weeds only propagate their kind  
But leave abundant seed behind.  
Which if you scatter heedless, know—  
You're sure to reap just what you sow.

A youth industrious and pure  
With noble aims, is promise sure  
Of proud achievements heritage—  
Of worthy manhood—honored age,  
And doth the harvest ripen slow,  
You're sure to reap just what you sow.

Alas! youth often is too blind  
To see the needs of heart or mind;  
A wilderness of tares appears—  
Sure fruitage of wasted years;  
From evil seed good will not grow,  
You're sure to reap just what you sow.

—Good Housekeeping.

## ONE WAY OF LOVING.

There was no use denying the fact that Rose Gary was a charming girl. Her laughing eyes declared it, her curly locks declared it and most of all was it proclaimed by the great host of friends she had won by her gentleness of manner and kindness of heart. She was the kind of a girl that girls fall down and worship. Many a heavy-hearted maiden went on her way happier for having confided in her, for her counsel and sympathy were very comforting.

Another characteristic which won for her her adoration was her dislike for the masculine sex. Rather than undergo an introduction to an individual of that order she would miss an evening's pleasure and although admiring glances were bestowed on her from a distance, the distance must be maintained.

"Such a nuisance," she would say, "to think we can't meet a man but that he settles himself back in his chair very comfortably and, after uttering a few words of encouragement for our benefit, expects to be entertained. Excuse me; I prefer to leave the lords of creation to entertain themselves."

And so far as she was concerned, they were left to do so.

So the rest of the girls had the good times (and likewise the heartaches) and laughing told her that she would surely be an old maid.

"Never you mind, girls, so long as I don't lose my heart and not be obliged to spend the remainder of my days in search of it, I don't care." And it was true. No one was more blithe and fancy-free than Rose, as she lived these happy days of her maidenhood with her fond and indulgent parents.

The dear autumn days of a never-to-be-forgotten year were fast fleeting and the purling river which could be heard mingling its song with that of the distant water mill, was bearing on its rippling the first falling leaf, when a change came into Rose's life. Her father died.

They tried to comfort one another in their bitter sorrow, but the tears would flow and the lips would always tremble when they spoke their loved one's name. As the days sped by, however, the terrible oppression was lifted a little from their hearts. They forgot their own sorrow in alleviating the suffering of others and in healing wounds which only they could touch.

It was during a siege of sickness in the Lawrence family that the two youngest children were taken to the Gary home and given into Rose's charge. And here it was that Harry Lawrence was often prone to turn his steps of a pleasant spring evening, just to see the children and see how the patients were thriving.

One evening after the little ones had been cuddled away to slumberland Rose went down stairs and found him playing and humming a little ballad. As she entered the cozy parlor she could not but notice how manly his form, how massive and well set his head, and, extending her hand to him, she listened to his cordial greeting, and thought: "What a dear, kind friend he is."

The evening passed quickly, as happy times do, and at last he said: "Just sing me one song and then I'll go."

"Oh—anything," she answered.

"Well, anything then. I'll take the first thing I lay my hand on. Here it is—'Beauty's Eyes.' I wonder if you will like it." After running over a few bars she began to sing:

"I want no stars in heaven to guide me,  
I want no moon, no sun to shine,  
While I've thee, sweet-heart, beside me,  
I'll be true, I'll be true to mine;  
I need not fear what'er befalls me,  
For straight and sweet my pathway lies,  
I want no stars in heaven to guide me,  
While I gaze in your dear eyes."

She sang without the least affectation and with so much sweetness and so much simplicity that no one could help but enjoy it. As for Harry, a spell seemed to have come over him. What was that feeling which was creeping into his heart so stealthily? What was that thrill that echoed and re-echoed in his heart and soul as she still sang on:

"I hear no birds at twilight calling,  
I catch no fishes in the streams,  
While your golden words are falling,  
While you whisper in my dreams,  
Every sound of joy enthralling,  
Speaks in your dear voice alone,  
While I hear your fond lips calling,  
While you speak to me, my own."

Never before had he felt anything but friendship for this sweet girl, but now he knew that love had taken its place. She had captured his heart by her magnificent song. He was young, loving, impulsive. Upon the impulse of the moment he crossed the room to her side as she rose from the piano with a smile. "What—must you go?" she was about to say when he seized her hands in his own and bent his passionate gaze upon her now blushing face.

"Sweetheart," he whispered, "little sweetheart—I never knew before how well I love you. Tell me, my dearest, that you care for me. I cannot bear it, if you do not."

Believe me, I love you with all my heart. Say that I can call you my own."

"I cannot promise," she said, "for we are both so young, and you cannot yet know your own mind. But if you love me when two years have passed—"

"And you will care for me?"

"A little—but remember, if any pretty girl steals your heart from me I won't mind."

"As if such a thing could happen," and, after a tender good-night, he left her to dream of happy days to come. Days and weeks hurried by. Harry was called to a distant city to enter into business relations with his uncle. Rose knew well that she would miss her bonnie lad, but she loved him now so truly that she could not bear to think that he might at some future time feel himself bound to her unwillingly. At parting she whispered:

"Remember, dear, if some charming city belle steals that heart of yours—I won't mind."

She said it bravely; but down in her heart of hearts she knew she would mind. As for Harry, looking back at her sweet face as she stood in the doorway, he thought, bitterly: "She can't love me, she doesn't love me, I know," and he felt a dark gloom oppress his heart.

Harry's life away in that bustling, noisy city was a busy one. He saw new faces, met new acquaintances, made new friends. He was popular among his companions and in society. Can it be wondered at if, when news from home friends came rarely and Rose's letters were of the most sisterly kind, he found himself seeking the society of the gentler sex, and gradually that of one fair one alone. He did not mean to be faithless; he believed that Rose did not love him and did not want his affection. By degrees he felt that that affection was transferred from her to one just as good and beautiful and who, to crown all, gave him her whole heart in return.

It was nearing the approach of summer when he returned to visit the dear home of his childhood, and there he met Rose coming from the village in the twilight. They greeted each other warmly and then, looking up with that winning smile of hers, she said:

"And have you found a real sweetheart, Harry?"

He looked into her eyes with a questioning glance and something like a pang went through his heart as he answered:

"Yes, Rose, we are betrothed. You wouldn't care for me, you know."

What she said she knew not, but when he left her she strove in vain to soothe the anguish which had taken possession of her soul. She had indeed loved truly, but she had lost.

## FOR LAZY PREACHERS.

An Accommodating Individual Who Furnishes Ideas for Sermons.

There is a man who holds the position of agent for a popular preacher of this city. He was a college graduate and had studied law, theology, history, music and drama, and had tried the newspapers, all without success. Then he made the discovery that the preachers were the hardest pushed of all professional men for ideas to incorporate into their sermons. "Now this," says the agent, "is what I do:

"A preacher hires me to wander about town and report to him little incidents and queer ideas that strike me. He takes these and weaves them into his sermons. For instance, a preacher who has a large congregation, with much visiting to do, could not, if he were so inclined, visit all the public meetings, the resorts of all gamblers and drunkards, the factories, and the slums of the city. I am the eyes through which he sees these things, and, using my information, he speaks learnedly and intelligently of all phases of life and sets his congregation wondering where he gets time to see so much. He is thus enabled to interest every element in his congregation, appearing to the sporting man as a sportsman, to the athlete as an enthusiast in athletics, to the musician as a musician, and to the theater goers as one well versed in the plays of our day."

"I also sell him what the people are saying about him, and so he is able to talk to the different classes in a way that leads them—ignorant of my office as a go-between—to think him really wonderful in reading their thoughts: I am liberal in my ideas. One month I serve a Methodist, the next day may look at the same things with Baptist eyes, or Presbyterian, or may do service for a heretic. I am at present working for a preacher in this city whose sermons are very much noticed by the papers, and who is noted for his original ideas, which I furnish and for which I am well paid."—Cincinnati Times-Star.

## Beating the Slot Machine.

The wave of feeling against the nickel-in-the-slot machines for gambling purposes in the various cities of this state has struck Niagara Falls, and every saloonkeeper and cigar merchant has received notice to remove them within thirty days, or else suffer arrest. These machines were well patronized here, and one thing discovered through them was that there was a large number of counterfeit nickels in circulation, which were apparently made to beat the machines. They are mostly lead, and poor ones at that, but for this purpose they worked admirably. It is suspected that counterfeiters were made by home talent. There are a few counterfeit dollars in circulation here also, and they are of better workmanship than the nickels.—Buffalo Express.

## A Book's Quaint Title.

A year or two ago there first appeared in Germany a little book entitled "Darf die Frau Denken?" or, "Ought Woman Be Allowed to Think." It went through a number of editions in a short time, a rare thing to happen in the Fatherland, at least in this department of literature. Though small and without any new ideas or issues, it seemed to have had a decided effect in winning favor for the woman's rights movement, at present occupying the best minds of a nation as conservative as the German. The writer, a lady, attempts to show that woman is not created for man, but for her calling, and to work out her own destiny on equal terms with man. Hence all educational apparatus and institutions ought to be opened to her.—Baltimore Sun.

## TO MARRY A PRINCE.

MAUDE BURKE OF CALIFORNIA WINS A NOBLEMAN.

She is the Most Beautiful Woman in America—He is a Patriot Son of Poland and Loves the American Flag as Well.

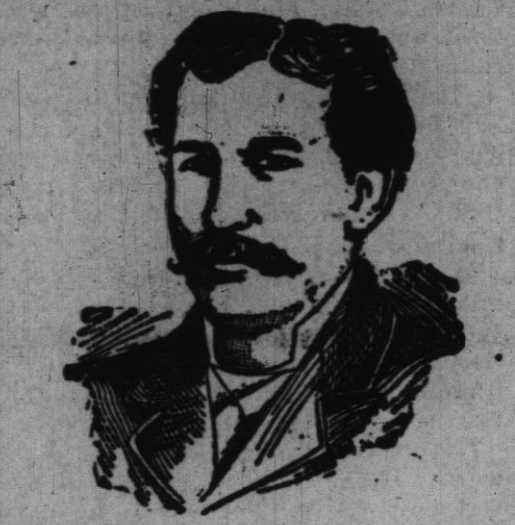


THE COMING MARRIAGE of Prince Andre Poniatowski to one of California's fair daughters, though it can hardly be termed an international marriage, as Poland no longer ranks as a nation, is yet of great interest to all Americans, as we recognize our debt of gratitude to Poland for sending to us in our time of need such heroes as Kosciuszko and Pulaski. To the former we have erected a monument at West Point, and to the latter one at Savannah. Catherine of Russia placed on the throne of Poland the ancestor of Prince Andre Poniatowski. His great-uncle was one of Napoleon's marshals, losing his life at the battle of Leipzig. The family of Poniatowski is in every sense a very distinguished historical family. Two of its members have evidenced their fondness for America and Americans by choosing their wives from its fair daughters, reviving an interest in Poland which we felt 100 years ago, when Kosciuszko and Pulaski turned the tide of war in our favor.

The engagement of Prince Andre Poniatowski and Maude Burke, a ward of Gen. G. H. Carpenter of New York, was announced some months ago. Miss Burke is the daughter of an old friend of Gen. Carpenter, who resided in Oakland, Cal., and it was because of her mother, now Mrs. Tichnor, having remarried that she has made her home with the Carpenter family.

ing their own fortunes. If all Europeans who come over here and marry our heiresses would do likewise, remaining in this country, and helping us to develop its resources and spending their wives' large incomes here, foreign matches would not be as distasteful to us as they now are.

On the contrary, such international marriages would benefit us by being an additional bond of sympathy between this country and Europe. Mr. Elliott Zborowski's father emigrated from Poland to this country, marrying here Miss Morris of Morrisania, N. Y., of the great manor family of Morris. He left his son, Elliott Zborowski, and a daughter, who married a



PRINCE ANDRE.

distinguished French nobleman of large fortune. His son, a polished and courtly man, devoted to field sports, is one of the best cross-country riders in this country has ever produced. In all Poland's struggles for liberty she has always had American sympathy. Placed as Poland is, on the map of Europe, between Russia, Prussia and Austria, her absorption by those powers was inevitable. However, she made a gallant fight for liberty. Campbell's lines well express our sentiment:

Hope for a season bade the world farewell,  
And freedom shrieked as Kosciuszko (L. of Poland) fell.

WARD MCALLISTER.



MISS BURKE OF CALIFORNIA.

Prince Poniatowski first came over from Paris some two years ago.

He is personally a very democratic sort of man, of medium height and slimly built, active and energetic in his movements. Prince Andre Poniatowski returned last summer to France, where his mother has an establishment, near Paris, and his acquaintance with Miss Burke was made on the other side. The original plan was that the wedding should be celebrated in the gay French capital, but as Gen. Carpenter had an ill turn it was postponed, and the Carpenters and Miss Burke returned to this side, and went immediately to California.

Prince Andre Poniatowski came over very shortly after, and with little delay started for San Francisco, where it was arranged that the marriage should take place during February. For some reason this plan was abandoned, and the Carpenters and Miss Burke returned to their New York home. Miss Burke has been quite ill for a few days, and this and the several postponements of the marriage have given rise to rumors that the affair is off. Prince Poniatowski is not as fond of society as some other titled foreigners who have visited New York in recent years. He is connected in a business way with the Rothschilds, and brought letters to the Belmonts and others when he came.

Prince Andre's oldest brother married Miss Ely Goddard, one of our most beautiful and distinguished-looking young American women, educated in Paris, where she made her debut into society most successfully as the beautiful American heiress. She accompanied her husband to Mexico, where they are now living, being the most brilliant members of President Diaz's cabinet circle, having great prominence and influence owing to their large landed interest.

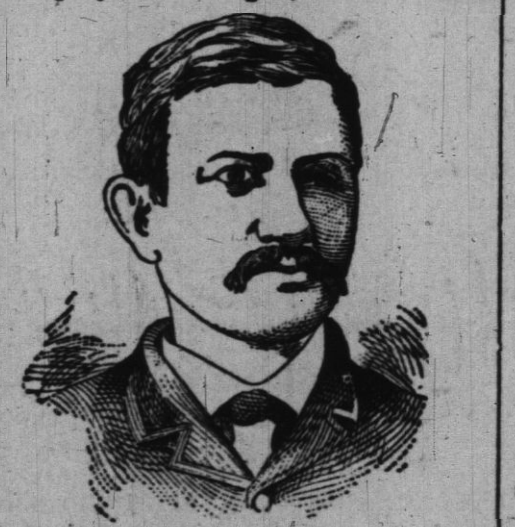
The Poniatowskis, inheriting from Napoleon's great marshal much of his talent and enterprise, are not contented to lead the idle life of courtiers, but American like, interest themselves in business in this country and Mexico with the laudable ambition of acquir-

## HAS PLENTY OF BACKBONE.

Gov. Tillman of South Carolina Who Ordered Out the Troops.

Gov. Tillman of South Carolina, who recently became a figure in national politics, is quite a young man. He was born on this side of 1855 and comes of the genuine American revolutionary stock. During the late war his father believed that the negroes should be set free, but that state rights were supreme.

Along the same line of reason the son believes that wealth belongs to those who create it; further than that, he believes that they are very foolish if they do not take what belongs to them. For instance: Inasmuch as the people of South Carolina drank all the liquor, he saw no reason why a lot of pesky saloonkeepers should have a monopoly of selling it, and the state



GOV. TILLMAN.

dispensary was the result. It worked well and drunkenness decreased to an alarming extent. Later the law was declared unconstitutional by the supreme court of the state. Gov. Tillman is a populist in politics and believes that the ascendancy of that party will come about in the same way that the republican party got national control. He will be a candidate for United States senator next fall and will be opposed by the liquor power.

Don't risk much on the opinion of him who has nothing to lose.

## CAVIARE FROM JERSEY.

PRODUCTION OF A GENUINE RUSSIAN DELICACY.

It Comes From Our Coast—The Sturgeon From Which Most of the Caviare Americans See Is Taken Are Caught by New Jersey Fishermen.

A merry group had gathered about the table d'hôte in a popular cafe and were commenting upon one of the various courses that had seemed especially relished by the majority of the company.

"Oh, yes, it is the real Russian caviare, the genuine article," exclaimed one of the group. "I happen to be acquainted with the firm from which all the caviare is bought which is used in this hotel, and I know that it is imported at an immense cost, which accounts for the rather limited quantity allowed each guest."

In point of fact, most of the caviare eaten in America comes from the little fishing hamlets on the South Jersey coast, says a Philadelphia Times writer, and as I, too, had dealings with the firm which sold the caviare to this particular hotel, my friends were perhaps enjoying the very same that I had seen packed. A sturgeon-fishing settlement in Jersey might well be called a camp rather than a settlement, for the small cabins and all the surroundings give the impression of being mere temporary homes of the fishermen crowded in them. And this is really the case. From neighboring farms and from pleasant homes in the village near by, jolly crowds gather to "rough it" during the sturgeon season. The owners of the boats are also owners of the cabins and supply the homes for the fishermen in their employ.

The caviare is the roe of the fish, and one who has been accustomed to the roe of shad and other small fish can scarcely realize that this queer substance serves the same purpose. As the immense fish are taken from the boats they are hoisted by derricks and thrown upon the wharf, and as many of them are larger than a man it may well be supposed that this is an interesting process. After the boats are unloaded (and it takes but few fish to load a large boat very heavily) the fishermen commence butchering the horny-skinned monsters lying on the wharf. This is a very different process from the cleaning of small fish. A shad, for instance, is simply scaled, then opened with a sharp knife and the small pink roe carefully removed to keep from breaking the dainty, which is usually considered the choicest part of the fish. When the fisherman has to clean his sturgeon he grasps the ax in both hands, the huge head is cut off with a few quick strokes; then with a long, sharp butcher-knife the thick, horny skin is removed and the sturgeon is cut open its entire length, care being taken that the strokes are not deep enough to cut into the roe.

When the sides of the fish are laid open these large roes are exposed to view and instead of the toothsome looking morsel found in other fish, the roe of the sturgeon consists of great bucketfuls of a black substance resembling shot—each separate egg comprised in this great mass resembles closely very coarse black shot, as round and plump as a small green pea and as glossy as though freshly varnished. These become somewhat shriveled when packed and ready for shipping and lose much of their shiny appearance, but still retain their dark color, and in other respects look much the same when brought to our tables as when first taken from the fish.

The two large roe extend nearly the length of the fish, being larger in proportion than the roe of shad, etc. The black, slimy mass is scooped from the fish into buckets and then poured into large sieves; and it looks anything but inviting while in this state.

It is rubbed through the sieve until all the black shot-like eggs are separated from the mass of skin and fibre which hold them in place within the fish. The skin and refuse is tossed over into the water, and the caviare, which remains in the tubs in which it is collected as it passes through the sieve, is taken into the cabin reserved for this purpose, and mixed with the preservative which at the same time "cures" and seasons it. It is then allowed to stand in small, fine sieves and drain until all the surplus juices which have been collecting have disappeared, and it is then ready for packing into kegs and barrels for shipping.

No other preparation is necessary before it is placed on our tables. After it is shipped to the firms dealing in this commodity, it is simply taken from the kegs and packed in attractive little cans and packages of various sorts (holding from a quarter or half a pound to several pounds) beautifully labeled, and then placed on the market as a very desirable and expensive dainty.

It is greatly relished by those who acquire a taste for it, and it is said that the Russians are extravagantly fond of it. It is doubtless true that some quantity is imported from Russia, but from the extent of the industry along the Atlantic coast, it has been proved that by far the greater quantity is now prepared in this country, and it is probably quite as good as the imported, though Russians who eat the American roe are loud in their statements that it cannot be compared to the home product.

This inscription appears in a Wisconsin cemetery, over the grave of a woman, written by her husband: "Tears cannot restore thee, therefore I weep."

About the Complexion.  
A valuable formula for beautifying the complexion, softening and whitening the skin, absolutely free. This will bear criticism of any reputable physician or druggist. Given away to every lady that will send their name and address to the Drake Formula Co., 1806 Masonic Temple, Chicago, Ill.

Cutting the hair is a sign of mourning in Persia.

## Permanent Cure in Hood's

Neuralgia, Dizziness, Short Breath, Kidney Troubles Cured.



"I have been troubled with neuralgia in my stomach, dizziness and shortness of breath, and kidney and liver troubles. I had very little sleep with my stomach. I had to call a doctor several times and he only gave me temporary relief. I wanted something that would be a permanent cure, so my husband thought I had better try Hood's Sarsaparilla. I had used one bottle I felt like a new person."

**Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures**

and I am glad that I can say today that I have not had a bad spell since I commenced taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. Formerly my health was so poor that I was unable to do my housework, now I am perfectly well. I owe all this to Hood's Sarsaparilla. Mrs. SARAH C. TRULLINGER, Fairburg, Ill.

Hood's Pills are the best family cathartic, gentle and effective. Try a box. 25c.

## Signs of Health.

You don't have to look twice to detect them—bright eyes, bright color, bright smiles, bright in every action.

Disease is overcome only when weak tissue is replaced by the healthy kind. Scott's Emulsion of cod liver oil effects cure by building up sound flesh. It is agreeable to taste and easy of assimilation.

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

**FREE!**  
**THIS KNIFE!** Fine Steel. Keen as a razor. Good, strong handle. Mail for 25c. Enclose 25c. in stamps or money order. Write for list of best quality. WOODSON & SONS, 400 BROAD ST., NEW YORK, N. Y.

**BAD BLOOD** Is a source of much suffering. The system should be thoroughly cleansed of all impurities, and the blood kept in a healthy condition. S. S. S. moves all kinds of whatsover origin, and builds up the general health.

For three years I was so troubled with malarial poison that I lost all my energy; I tried many remedies, but could get no relief. A few bottles of S. S. S. made complete cure. J. A. RICE, Ottawa, Kan. Our Book on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

**MADE PURE**  
W. L. DOUGLAS'S SHOES equal custom work, costing from \$4 to \$6, best value for the money in the world. Name S. I. printed stamped on the bottom. Every pair warranted. Take no substitutes. See local papers for full description of our complete lines for ladies and gentlemen or send for illustrated catalogue and price list. Write to us for the best bargains of dealers who push our shoes.

**1,000,000 ACRES OF LAND** for sale by the STATE of MINNESOTA. PAUL & DULUTH RAILROAD COMPANY in Minnesota. Send for Maps and Circulars. They will be sent you **FREE**.

Address: **HOPEWELL CLARKE,** Land Commissioner, St. Paul, Minn.  
**WORN NIGHT AND DAY.** Elastic Truss. Relieves all ailments with ease under all circumstances. Perfect Aids. Comfortable. Cures. New Patent Improvements. Illustrated catalogue and price list sent free. Write to us for the best bargains of dealers who push our shoes.

**EYE CREAM BALM CURES CATARRH** PRICE 50 CENTS, ALL DRUGGISTS.

**PENSION** JOHN W. MORRIS, Washington, D. C. Successfully Prosecutes Claims. Late Principal Engineer U. S. Cavalry Bureau. 17 years in last war, 15 adjudicated claims, sixty claims.

**Married Ladies** Send 30c for Royal Subliminal. No drugs, no fraud; every lady needs it. Ladies' Emporium, 96, Louis, Mo.



## MASCULINITIES.

Every workman in Japan wears on his cap and on his back an inscription giving his business and his employer's name.

The county newspaper of North Parkman, Maine, seriously rebuked editorially a certain young woman of that town who has never learned to knit.

Capital punishment in Denmark is executed publicly with an ax, and if several are to be decapitated on the same date one is not present when the other is executed.

"I am always moved by the sound of music," said young Phathead, as the clock struck 11. "Let me play something for you!" said Miss Uplate, with sudden eagerness.

A violin bearing the date of 1517 and the name of Gaspard Daffa, besides an old Latin inscription inlaid in wood, is claimed to be owned by Adrienne Comely of Albany, Oregon.

A woman who brought suit against a railroad in Kentucky, recently, was awarded \$150 for the killing of her horse and one cent for her husband, who had received fatal injuries in the same accident.

William Waldorf Astor has got together a very aristocratic set of editors for his expensive Pall Mall magazine. One of them is a retired judge of the India service who draws a modest pension of \$50,000 a year.

Jinks—Have you selected a trade or profession for your boy? Winks—I shall make a plumber of him. "Has he a bent that way?" "He's born for it. Tell him to do a thing immediately and he won't think of it again for a week."

An anti-tobaccoist in Middletown, N. Y., who went about the streets snatching pipes and cigars from the mouths of smokers, claimed, when hauled before a magistrate, that he had a right to breathe a smokeless atmosphere.

Canadian tailors are sending agents to the United States, along the border, to take measures of men and have their clothes made in the dominion. When the suits have been finished the purchasers go to Canada and bring the articles home free of duty as personal effects.

## SELECT ITEMS.

A Hungarian inventor claims to be able to make from wood pulp a fabric suitable for durable clothing.

Western Australia, with a population of only 60,000, is fully nine times as great in area as all of Great Britain.

The city council of Toronto has passed a resolution advising the building of a dental infirmary to care for the teeth of the poor.

On each standard American silver dollar may be found a microscopic letter "M." It is the private mark of Mason, the man who made the dies.

Small dealers in hay and provender in the more remote districts of New York still cling to the old fashioned custom of exhibiting a clean sheaf of wheat straw at the door by way of sign.

Italians and Hungarians very seldom secure places in this country as skilled mechanics, because it is difficult for them to thoroughly learn the English language. This is one of the principal reasons why those nationalities generally are working as common laborers, although they may have learned a trade.

In the Quaker graveyard at Salem, N. J., there is a white oak which would rival any American and almost any oak in the English parks. The spread of branches was over fifty paces; some of these side branches rival the trunk in strength. There is a tradition that the tree was mutilated by soldiers during the revolutionary war, and that the tree as it now appears has grown from a sprout which shot up at that time.

**GRAY HAIR OR WHISKERS** restored to perfect natural color by using VAN'S **MEXICAN HAIR RESTORATIVE**. It removes all dandruff; stops hair from falling out; cures all diseases of the scalp. It is no dye, and is warranted absolutely harmless. Money refunded if it does not do every thing claimed for it. Sent to any address on receipt of price, \$1.00 per bottle. Full information free. Agents wanted. **ALLEN & CO.**, 312 West Center Building, Chicago, Ill.

The Only House of Its Kind in the U. S.

PANTS MADE TO ORDER. \$4.00 NO MORE. NO LESS.

WRITE FOR SAMPLES.

APOLLO CUSTOM PANTS MFRS., 161 5th AV

**BORSCH** Optician. 10c. E. Adams St. Consult us about your eyesight.

**SPECIALISTS**

—IN THE—  
**Painless Extraction of Teeth Without Gas.**

VITALIZED AIR GIVEN IF DESIRED.  
**GOLD FILLING WITHOUT PAIN.**

SET OF TEETH. PAINLESS EXTRACTION. 50c. GOLD FILLING. \$1.00 up. NO STUDENTS. All work done in this office by dentists of 20 years' experience. Remember, we will fill teeth with gold without pain.

**Boston Dental Parlors, 146 State-st.**

**CHICAGO.**

TWO ENTIRE FLOORS. LADIES IN ATTENDANCE.

Don't patronize cheap advertising dentists, when you can have the best service for an equal amount of money.

We have the largest dental practice in Chicago. The reason of our great success is the uniform high-grade work done by skillful, experienced dentists.

Open evenings till 10. Sundays 9 to 6. Telephone main 695.

## Two Kentucky Heroes.

The Lexington Light Infantry, commonly known as the Old Infantry, was organized in 1789, when an Indian invasion was threatened. It was one of the first companies to volunteer in the War of 1812, and the historian of Lexington, Ky., records an incident of the march to Fort Wayne, which, as he says, "speaks volumes for the principles which actuated the men." A member of the company found himself utterly overcome with fatigue on the last day of the march. He sank into the prairie grass, and as his companions passed him, file after file, he was seen to be weeping.

An officer stopped to help him into one of the wagons, and to inquire what he was weeping for. For answer the man said: "What will they say in Lexington when they hear that James Huston gave out?"

During this war occurred the massacre at Frenchtown, where the Light Infantry lost half its members. The name of one of them, Charles Seales, should never be forgotten. With several other prisoners he was sitting upon the ground when an Indian drew a tomahawk and struck what was intended for a fatal blow. Seales lifted his hand and partially averted the stroke, receiving it upon his shoulder instead of upon his head.

Then he sprang to his feet, snatched the tomahawk from the Indian and was about to take vengeance upon him, when Dr. Bowers, another captive, called out that if he struck the Indian, all the prisoners would certainly be killed.

At the word Seales dropped his lifted arm, let fall the weapon, and the astonished savage picked it up and with one blow dispatched him.

The other hero was James Higgins, a man who had always been regarded as peculiarly wanting in courage. A large number of Indians had taken shelter in a barn, from which they were pouring a destructive fire upon the whites.

"Let me go and smoke 'em out," said James Higgins.

Permission was given, and he coolly picked up a big blazing "chunk" from a camp fire, and walked through a perfect hailstorm of bullets up to the barn and applied the blaze. The building was soon too hot for the Indians.

After that it was unsafe for any one to say aught against Higgins in the presence of the "Old Infantry." He lived to a good old age, and was always known as "the man who smoked out the Indians."

## A Boy's Courage.

A correspondent of the London Globe vouches for the truth of a good story of ten-year-old courage. An old Dutchman had sold his possessions in the Cape Colony, and, accompanied by his grandson, had gone to the country of the Mashonas prospecting. He had encamped not far from Fort Salisbury, when his herdsman brought word that a lion had killed and partly eaten one of the oxen. The old man pooh-poohed the idea. No lion would venture so near the camp, he felt sure.

"Let's go and see," said the boy. He had heard wonderful things about the killing of lions. The grandfather picked up his rifle, handed his cartridge belt to the boy, and the two set out.

True enough, the carcass of the ox had been partly eaten. The Dutchman and the boy beat through several patches of dried grass, but saw no lion. Not far off was a big ant-hill.

"He might be behind that ant-hill," suggested the boy. The man inspected it on three sides, but saw nothing.

"Look into that bunch of tumboukie grass," said the boy.

Hardly had the man faced that way when a splendid lioness sprang out. She landed upon his shoulder; her weight carried him to the ground, and she fastened her teeth in his shoulder. He lay flat with the rifle crosswise under him.

The boy neither ran away nor blubbered. He went down on his stomach, crawled near enough to reach the rifle, drew it out, looked at the cartridge, took the best aim he could and fired. The bullet took effect in the leg of the lioness, and, with a snarl, she half-rose, somewhat unnerving the lad. That was only for a moment, however. He crept back a few feet, removed the empty shell, inserted another, fired again, and killed her.

Some natives now came running up. An ambulance was made, the wounded man was removed to camp, and a doctor summoned.

## Trapping Young Birds.

I am sorry to say that we were merciless toward the birds. We often took their eggs and young ones. A companion and I once had a singular experience in this way. We were accustomed to catch in our hands young geese and ducks during the summer. While thus engaged we happened to find a crane's nest. Of course, we were delighted with our good luck.

But, as it was already midsummer, the young cranes, two in number, were rather large, and they were a little way from the nest; we also observed that the two old cranes were in a swampy place, quite near by; but as it was moulting time, we did not suppose that they would venture on dry land. So we proceeded to chase the young birds; but they were fleet runners, and it took us some time to catch up with them.

Meanwhile, the parent birds had heard the cries of their little ones, and came to their rescue, writes Charles Alexander Eastman in St. Nicholas. They were chasing us while we followed the young ones. It was a perilous encounter! Our strong blows gained the victory in a hand-to-hand battle with the angry cranes, but after that we scarcely ever hunted a crane's nest. Almost all birds make some resistance when their eggs or young are taken, but very few will attack a man fearlessly.

Our devices for trapping small animals were rude, but were often successful. For instance, we used to gather up a peck or so of large, sharp-pointed burrs and scatter them on the rabbit's furrow-like path. Of course in the morning we would find the little fellow sitting quietly on his track, unable to move, for the burrs stuck to his feet.

## The Newer Northwest.

The northwestern extension of the Burlington railroad now completed through northern Wyoming almost to the Montana line, has opened for development an immense territory, whose resources have hitherto been hardly suspected by the general public and not half understood by those who were most familiar with them. The line traverses, for more than three hundred miles, a section previously wholly without rail connection, and although such an incident as the opening up of such a new and magnificent region would a score of years ago have attracted national attention, it occurred last year without exciting much more than a passing paragraph in the press. So much railroad building has been done and so much zeal has been displayed in advertising the extreme Northwest and the Pacific Coast that this near-by territory has been comparatively neglected. So far as the public has had any impression of this region, it has been that it was, if not actually a desert, at least sufficiently arid and uninviting to be the foundation for the now acknowledged myths concerning the existence of the "Great American Desert."

It has, however, been of late years pretty thoroughly demonstrated and rather generally conceded that this region is admirably adapted to the breeding of cattle on a large scale and this degree of knowledge of its resources is being succeeded by the inevitable discovery that much of it is well fitted by quality of soil and other conditions for successful agriculture.

There is real romance in the way the great west has gradually and with much difficulty struggled out from beneath the cloud cast upon it nearly a century ago, when early explorers misnamed it the Great American Desert. State by state, county by county, single file, it has emerged in small detachments, with much fear and trembling of those first settlers whom it had taken into its confidence and invited to make their homes upon its bosom. It was almost as if a work of redemption was going on rather than a work of development of what already existed. In that development the Burlington railroad has done more perhaps than all other agencies combined. It was the first line to push out, without the encouragement and assistance of subsidies, into the vast region over which hung the blighting reputation of aridity and barrenness. It has pioneered the way for the sturdy homesteader, made his path easy and invited him to follow in convenience and comfort. It has opened up for him vast areas of inviting territory, almost against his protest, and he has gone into them doubtfully, but has remained in prosperity and peace. At every new invasion by this enterprising railroad of a new portion of the western plains, this same thing has happened as if it were a part of a regularly laid out program. First, the road; then a fringe of the boldest and hardest settlers, locating near its line as the same kind of people fringed the navigable streams of the older states in the older times when there were no railroads; then a flow beyond these, and then the taking possession of the entire territory and the upbuilding of a rich and strong community.

These scenes are being repeated in the newly-reached region penetrated by this road, located in northwestern Nebraska, southwestern South Dakota and northeastern Wyoming. Contrary to the generally accepted impression, this immense territory—three hundred miles long by one hundred miles wide, and in area equal to several of the smaller states in the Union—is possessed of resources that qualify it to be the home of a million people, and its future inhabitants are already moving in and taking possession in droves of thousands. New towns are springing up. Those already organized—Alliance, Hemingford, Crawford, Edgemont, Newcastle, Sheridan, etc.—are enjoying a period of unprecedented prosperity. Gigantic enterprises—mining, irrigating, yes, even manufacturing—have chosen this as their field of operations, and on all sides the results of wisely directed energy are apparent.

The capitalist, however, is by no means the only person whose presence in this Newer Northwest is noticeable. This is, if not a veritable "poor man's country," at least as good a territory as the man of moderate means can find anywhere. Most of the land still belongs to the public domain and can be had only by homesteading—except that in certain portions it may be taken under the desert land act and title to it secured by putting it under ditches and supplying it with water for irrigating purposes. What remains is the last of the once vast area that has given free homes to millions of enterprising American citizens. It is rapidly being absorbed in the same way the great mass of it has gone, and the man who delays is deliberately throwing away the last opportunity to secure for himself and his children the heritage of a liberal government.

**Homeseekers' Excursions—One Fare for the Round Trip.**

May 8 and 29 the Burlington Route will sell round trip tickets at the one way rate to points in Nebraska, Kansas, Colorado, the Black Hills of South Dakota and Northern Wyoming. Tickets good 30 days; stop-overs allowed. This is what you have been waiting for—a chance to come west and get a farm at practically your own figure. Don't let the opportunity go by. A little money goes a long way now-a-days, and a few hundred dollars buys more and better Nebraska land-to-day than it ever will again. Ask your nearest ticket agent for full information, or write to J. Francis, G. P. & T. A., Burlington Route, Omaha, Neb.

Some of the meanest blacklegs on earth never play cards.

## Poisonous Snakes in India.

The British government does what it can to get rid of poisonous snakes, says McClure's Magazine. Large rewards are annually paid for their heads, and in this way great numbers are destroyed. Attempts are constantly being made to clear away the rubbish which accumulates around village sites, and thus to reduce the shelter in which these creatures breed. As yet, however, hardly any appreciable effect has been produced. Year after year the tale of deaths remains undiminished, and fresh snakes appear as fast as their predecessors are killed off. For a long time the supposition was widely entertained that the professional native snake killers regularly bred the creatures for the sake of the reward; but, as scientific men have quite failed in their efforts to persuade poisonous snakes to multiply in confinement, the belief seems scarcely reasonable.

If the people themselves would only co-operate vigorously with the authorities in killing snakes, the task of dealing with the problem would be greatly facilitated. Strangely enough, however, snakes in general, and the deadly cobras in particular, are popularly regarded in India with a superstitious reverence akin almost to worship. Comparatively few natives of India, in spite of the temptation of the reward, will kill a snake willingly. On the contrary, it is no uncommon thing for them to encourage the creatures about their houses by feeding them with milk and eggs. In this way villages are to be found where poisonous snakes fairly swarm. A curious superstition is said to prevail in some localities, to the effect that an innocent maiden is not liable to be bitten, and when a death occurs from the bite of some snake which has been encouraged in the house, it is said to be the little daughter of the family who is most often selected for the dangerous task of driving it tenderly away. Even when this is not the case, the greatest care is usually taken that no harm shall happen to the snake.

## Cheap Excursions to the West.

An exceptionally favorable opportunity for visiting the richest and most productive sections of the west and northwest will be afforded by the home-seekers' low-rate excursions which have been arranged by the Northwestern line. Tickets for these excursions will be sold on May 8 and 29, to points in northwestern Iowa, western Minnesota, North Dakota, South Dakota, Manitoba, Nebraska, Colorado, Wyoming, Utah, Montana and Idaho, and will be good for return passage within thirty days from date of sale. Stop-over privileges will be allowed on going trip in territory to which the tickets are sold. For further information, call on or address ticket agents of connecting lines. Circulars giving rates and detailed information will be mailed, free, upon application to W. A. Thrall, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago & Northwestern Railway, Chicago.

## Which Will You Be?

A farm renter or a farm owner? It rests with yourself. Stay where you are and you will be a renter all your life. Move to Nebraska where good land is cheap and cheap land is good and you can easily become an owner. Write to J. Francis, G. P. & T. A., Burlington route, Omaha, Neb., for a descriptive pamphlet. It's free, and a postal will bring it to you.

## Western American Scenery.

The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul R'y has now ready for distribution a sixteen page portfolio of scenes along its line, half tones, of the size of the World's Fair portfolio's lately issued. They are only ten cents each and can be obtained without delay by remitting the amount to GEO. H. HEAFFORD, General Pass. Agent, Chicago, Ill.

**A PROSPEROUS COMMUNITY.**—The little town of Klingenberg-on-the-Main derives so large a revenue from its clay pits that the citizens not only pay no rates, but receive annually a nice little sum out of the funds of the township. Last year indeed every young man who was drawn for the army was treated to a Christmas present of 15 marks from the public treasury.—Leipziger Tageblatt.

**The World's Columbian Exposition.** Will be of value to the world by illustrating the improvements in the mechanical arts and eminent physicians will tell you that the progress in medicinal agents, has been of equal importance, and as a strengthening laxative that Syrup of Figs is far in advance of all others.

**CONTINUOUS growth, steady in character from the start, will give the best distribution of fat in the system.**

**In 1850 "Brown's Bronchial Troches"** were introduced, and their success as a cure for Colds, Coughs, Asthma and Bronchitis has been unparalleled.

**THE food of pigs must, to produce good results, be largely nitrogenous or muscle forming.**

**E. A. ROOD, Toledo, Ohio, says:** "Hall's Catarrh Cure cured my wife of catarrh fifteen years ago and she has had no return of it. It's a sure cure." Sold by druggists, 75c.

**A woman's slipper has taught many a conqueror the vast importance of a base of operations.**

**Cure's Cough Balsam** is the oldest and best. It will break up a cold quicker than anything else. It is always reliable. Try it.

**Negligence pays a thief to carry the combination of its burglar-proof safe.**

# Don't Blame the Cook

If a baking powder is not uniform in strength, so that the same quantity will always do the same work, no one can know how to use it, and uniformly good, light food cannot be produced with it.

All baking powders except Royal, because improperly compounded and made from inferior materials, lose their strength quickly when the can is opened for use. At subsequent bakings there will be noticed a falling off in strength. The food is heavy, and the flour, eggs and butter wasted.

It is always the case that the consumer suffers in pocket, if not in health, by accepting any substitute for the Royal Baking Powder. The Royal is the embodiment of all the excellence that it is possible to attain in an absolutely pure powder. It is always strictly reliable. It is not only more economical because of its greater strength, but will retain its full leavening power, which no other powder will, until used, and make more wholesome food.

**WEALTH OF THE WORLD.**—The bank capital of France is \$268,000,000. The bank capital of Great Britain is \$910,000,000. All the property of Italy is assessed at \$3,000,000,000. In 1885 Great Britain had \$337,000,000 loaned abroad. The United States is the richest country on the globe. France is worth, all property considered, \$3,000,000,000.

**Josiah—Hereafter, Mandy, I want you to tend to your own errands.**

**Mandy—What's the matter, now?**

**Josiah—Well, I went to every second-hand furniture store in town, and not a one of them had a weather bureau in the whole lot.—Chicago Inter Ocean.**

**It doesn't take a political economist to understand that a character which has to seek vindication in an election is not worth 000 cents on the dollar.**

**There are several things besides theater posters in which the pictures are a good deal better than the play.**

**Mullins—I was at a seance the other night—when the spirit of Horace Greeley wrote a short message.**

**Kilduff—Could you read it?**

**Mullins—Yes.**

**Kilduff—Then it was a fraud. It wasn't from Horace.**

**Shiloh's Consumption Cure** is sold on a guarantee. It cures Incipient Consumption. It is the best Cough Cure. 25 cts., 50 cts. and \$1.00.

**Fashion never comes as near telling the naked truth as when in full dress.**

**"Hansen's Magic Corn Salve,"** warranted to cure or money refunded. Ask your druggist for it. Price 10 cents.

**China has 400,000,000 inhabitants and but forty miles of railroad.**

**BRECHAM'S PILLS** have a pleasant coating disguising the taste of the pill, without impairing its efficacy. 25 cents a box.

**The devil teaches when to begin, but never when to quit.**

**W. N. U. CHICAGO, Vol. IX, No. 20.**

**When Answering Advertisements Kindly Mention This Paper.**



From away up in British North America comes the following greeting to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Chief Consulting Physician to the Laval Hospital, Quebec, Canada, at Buffalo, N. Y.: Mrs. Allen Sharrard, of Hartney, Selkirk Co., Manitoba, whose portrait, with that of her little boy, heads this article, writes as follows: "I take great pleasure in recommending Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription for 'falling of the womb.' I was troubled with bearing down pains and pains in my back whenever I would be on my feet any length of time. I was recommended to try Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, which I did with happy results. I feel like a new person after taking three bottles of it."

As we have just heard from the frigid North, we will now introduce a letter received from the Sunny South. The following is from Mrs. J. T. Smith, of Oakfurnace, Cleburne Co., Ala. She writes: "I was afflicted and suffered untold pains and misery, such as no pen can describe, for six years. I was confined to bed most of the time. I expected the cold hands of death every day. I was afflicted with leucorrhoea, with excessive flowing—falling of the womb—bearing down sensation—pain in the small of my back—my bowels costive—smarting, itching and burning in the vagina, also palpitation of the heart. When I began taking your medicine I could not sit up, only a few minutes at a time, I was so weak. I took Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription three times per day, I also took his 'Golden Medical Discovery' three times per day and one of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets every night. I have taken seven bottles of the 'Discovery,' seven bottles of the 'Favorite' and five bottles of the 'Pellets.' I took these medicines seven months, regularly, never missed a day. These medicines cured me. I feel as well as I ever did in my life. Four of the best doctors in the land treated my case four years. They all gave me up as hopeless—they said I could not be cured, and could not live. Through the will of God, and your medicines, I have been restored to the best of health." Yours truly,

*Mrs. J. T. Smith*

Mrs. W. O. Gunekel, of No. 1461 South Seventh Street, Terre Haute, Indiana, writes: "I had been suffering from womb trouble for eight years, having been treated with the most skillful physicians, but finding only temporary relief from medicines prescribed by them. I was advised by a friend to take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, which I did, and found, in taking six bottles of the 'Favorite' and two of the 'Golden Medical Discovery,' that it has effected a positive cure, for which words cannot express my gratitude for the relief from the great suffering that I so long endured." Yours truly,

*W. O. Gunekel*

As a powerful, invigorating, restorative tonic "Favorite Prescription" improves digestion and nutrition thereby building up solid, wholesome flesh, and increasing the strength of the whole system. As a soothing and strengthening nerve "Favorite Prescription" is unequalled and is invaluable in allaying and subduing nervous excitability, irritability, nervous exhaustion, nervous prostration, neuralgia, hysteria, spasms, Chorea, or St. Vitus's Dance, and other distressing, nervous symptoms commonly attendant upon functional and organic diseases of the womb. It induces refreshing sleep and relieves mental anxiety and despondency. Even insanity, when dependent upon womb disease, is cured by it.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a scientific medicine, carefully compounded by an experienced and skillful physician, and adapted to woman's delicate organization. It is purely vegetable in its composition and perfectly harmless in its effects in any condition of the system. For morning sickness, or nausea, due to pregnancy, weak stomach, indigestion, dyspepsia and kindred symptoms, its use will prove very beneficial.

Dr. Pierce's Book (168 pages, illustrated) on "Woman and Her Diseases," giving successful means of Home Treatment, will be mailed in plain envelope, securely sealed from observation on receipt of ten cents to pay postage. See the Doctor's address near the head of this article.

**ST. JACOBS OIL** Is the MASTER CURE for . . .  
**PAINS AND ACHES.**

**FREE! Madame's FACE BLEACH**  
A prettifying fact that thousands of ladies of the U. S. have not used my Face Bleach, on account of price, which is \$1 per bottle, and in order that ALL may give it a fair trial, I will send a Sample Bottle, strictly packed, all charges prepaid, on receipt of 25c. **FACE BLEACH** removes and cures absolutely all freckles, pimples, rash, blackheads, sallowness, acne, scabs, wrinkles, or roughness of skin, and beautifies the complexion. Address **Mme. A. RUPPERT, 6 E. 14th St., N.Y. City**



## THE WONDER WORKERS.

### STRANGE THINGS DONE BY THE ADEPTS OF INDIA.

A Light That Cast no Shadow and a Huge Rock That Was Made to Vanish—A German Naturalist's Experiences in Their Company.

Heinrich Hensoldt is a German naturalist who, while a youth, went to Ceylon with Dr. F. Goldschmidt, a distinguished archaeologist and Sanscrit scholar, whose mission was to study two ruined cities there. He afterward traveled widely in India, devoting his attention to its science, and desiring the occult knowledge of which he heard so much as he went about, says the Arena. In what he relates is he amusing himself in an effort to discover if there be a limit to gullibility? A man of science with a little humor might be suspected of such a thing. Has he been imposed upon—which is to say, was he hypnotized by the old adept and made to see what was suggested to him? If neither of these theories of explanation be correct, what is the correct explanation?

In March of 1887 his curiosity concerning occultism being aroused, he was advised by a pundit of Northern India to visit an adept of Serinagar, a city of the vale of Cashmere. The pundit gave him a letter of introduction to the adept, Coomra Sami, and he set out to that place. Reaching there, no one seemed to know such a person as Coomra, and he began to think that he had been tricked, when he learned from a shepherd that Coomra, with four companions and two servants, occupied a monastery made out of the walls of an old pagoda, three miles to the northwest of the city.

As he approached the monastery a tall man with an emaciated face, but with features not unpleasant except for the sternness displayed by the lips, rose from behind some large earthen jars and stepped forth to meet him. This was Coomra, and passing over much detail, Coomra told Hensoldt he knew he was coming and described the roads he had traversed, and even the musing in which he had indulged on the way. He was given a room in the monastery.

The revelation which he had of the adept's powers in the first moment's interview, prepared him for other strange experiences. Still he thought this revelation might be referable to the dark field of cerebriety and clairvoyance, and, therefore, not unexampled in other parts of the world.

But the evening of the second day something happened which was not so easily explicable. He asked if there were any books in the monastery which would assist him in his inquiries. Yes, there were, and Coomra invited him to where they were, in a room as dark as pitch. He had to be led in by the hand. Releasing his hand, Coomra went to what afterward was seen to be a chest and took out a book, saying: "Look at this fine carving and at these pictures." Hensoldt replied: "I beg your pardon, how can I see anything in this ink darkness?" The adept exclaimed: "Oh, I forgot," and then says Hensoldt, "a flood of light surrounded me, and I found myself in a high-roofed apartment devoid of furniture, except an old chest and two sheepskins in the middle of the floor. The light was certainly not produced by any artificial means; it was as light as day, and of that unearthly refulgence which on more than one previous occasion had startled me in certain of the feats of Yoghis in Central India.

"The objects in the light cast no shadows, which clearly proves that its source cannot be an incandescent body like the sun or any other radiating point. The nearest definition—although a poor one—which I can give of the light, is that of a luminous fluid which is suddenly precipitated over a limited space, and in which the objects seemed to be immersed. On this occasion the light did not extend beyond the threshold of the apartment, where it did not merge by gradual transition into the darkness of the corridor, but seemed cut off by a sharp demarcation line. The same was the case with the windows, which were square holes in the wall; there was ink darkness and the drizzling rain without."

In that uncanny light he saw the adept before him holding a book composed of a large number of strips of palm-leaf, about two feet long and five inches broad, held together by the usual strings and two boards of elaborately carved and decorated teak wood.

That was the first view of the adept's power on the physical plane. Now another. One day while wandering through the valley he was attracted by a huge rock sixty feet high and forty across the base—a porphyritic conglomerate, with quartz and flesh-colored feldspar as chief ingredients. On one side was an opening, which he entered for a distance of eight or nine paces, when the roof and sides converged so that he could not well go further, and did not care to on account of the odor of bats. While walking about the rock, studying it, chipping off bits with his geologist's hammer, he was startled to see the adept, as if he had arisen out of the ground. Coomra explained that this was known as the enchanted rock, and proposed to explore the cave in it with him. He was directed to hold his hammer as a candle, with the handle up. He did so; the adept blew on the end of the handle, and a bright flame, preceded by a crackling noise, suddenly burst from the end of the handle.

They pass through the hammer

handle meantime more that, half consumed, and when they emerged Hensoldt remarked that there was nothing unusual in the cave. "Yes, but where is the rock?" said the adept. "Slowly I turned round, and a weird sensation came over me as I realized that the huge boulder was no longer there. It had vanished like the airy fabric of a vision, and nothing but an unbroken expanse of gravel extended between us and the cypress covered bluffs beyond. I made a careful examination of the spot where the rock ought to have been, while Coomra looked on with a provoking smile, but my labor was in vain, so far as the discovery of any trace was concerned. A slanting hollow in the ground, surrounded by a clump of chenar bushes was all that was left to commemorate the late adventure."

Hensoldt says that he afterwards saw the feat of the hammer handle performed several times, and that it is common among the fakirs of the Punjab and adds: "It is one of the few occult phenomena of which I am able to furnish a positive explanation."

### A MONKEY FARM.

A Funny Incident of the Time of the Birmingham, Ala., Boom.

"The funniest thing I witnessed during that brief but exciting period known as the boom, in Birmingham, Alabama," said Dr. Everett, "was the formation of a company to establish a monkey farm. About the time that excitement was at its greatest height, two Hebrew bankers from a country town came with \$40,000 in cash, and were very anxious to get into the little group of capitalists who were making big money. They haunted two or three of the leading investors until finally Dr. Jackson, who stood at the head of the local financial world, told them that he had a friend with a scheme in which he himself was putting \$20,000, and if they really wanted to invest he could, as a personal favor, secure a like amount, if one-half was paid down, the other half to be paid in at a meeting to be held in a few days. The banker wrote a check for \$10,000, and felt jubilant that at last he had been admitted into the charmed circle of financiers.

"In a few days he was notified to attend a meeting of the stockholders, which he did. Then the promoter of the enterprise explained it. His plan was to buy an island near Mobile, send an expedition to Africa and South America to secure monkeys. Stock the farm with 10,000 monkeys and raise them for the market. An elaborate array of statistics was given, showing the cost and market price of monkeys and figuring out immense profits, but it was necessary that the entire amount subscribed should be paid at once. The banker jumped to his feet. 'I don't want no monkey farm. I know nodings about dose monkey business. You can keep my \$10,000 if you release me from dot subscription.' This was done and he swallowed his shagrin and disappointment at the loss as best he could. In a few weeks the money was returned to him and it was explained that it was all a joke, but the banker had a \$200 dinner to pay for."

### A History of Sugar.

The editor of this department owns a queer little volume on the history of sugar, written by one Dr. Moseby in 1799. It states that sugar, when first introduced into every country on the globe, was used only medicinally. Pliny, the naturalist of the first century, A. D., leaves no doubt on that point. Even in Arabia, according to Avicenna (980 A. D.), sugar was one of the articles of commerce, but there is no record of it being used for dietetic purposes until nearly 900 years afterwards. At that time it was only used by physicians, who gave it with their naps, eating medicines in order to make the latter more palatable.—St. Louis Republic.

### Had Not Studied Teeth.

Mme. Lazo Arriaga, of the Guatemalan legation in Washington, speaks perfect English, says Kate Field's Washington, having lived for seven years in an American convent school. Although the minister himself only began to study our language four months ago, he will talk politics in English for hours without his companions suspecting that he has had only four months' experience in the tongue; but a few days ago he had an engagement with the dentist. At the last moment he turned back to his wife, and in a tone of despair announced: "You must go with me, I don't know anything about the American dictionary on teeth," and madame had to go to talk teeth.

### An Obliging Young Man.

The young man's father had declared that he had lead a life of idleness long enough, so the other day he had him put to work in his store. Yesterday he asked of the manager of the business:

"How is Charley doing?"

"First rate."

"Is he industrious? Does he keep busy?"

"Well, you see, he's right considerate about that. Some young men in his position would jump in and try to do things. But he seems just as anxious as he can to keep out of the way."

### On Business Principles.

"Then we may count upon your beginning a series of meetings in our town two weeks from next Sunday?" said the leading member of the committee.

"I shall be on hand," replied the distinguished revivalist. "But brethren, you must start your—ah—promoters at work right away."

### TOO SACRED TO TOUCH.

Stricken Down, He Lay Where He Fell Until Death Came to His Relief.

The ex-lord abbot, of the Otomi sect, who died lately at his residence in Kyoto, was the head of all the Buddhist priests in Japan. He had been suffering since the fall of last year, when he contracted a cold, which appears to have been of the character of influenza, being attended with much pain and obstinate fever, and which finally wore out the strength of the old prelate.

He does not, however, seem to have been altogether prostrated, for on the morning of his last seizure he was making his way along the corridor attended by a male servant. The latter, seeing him fall insensible, gave the alarm, and instantly a cluster of women charged with all sorts of duties and ceremonial offices in the house of the prelate, where a state of ceremony resembling that of a court was observed, ran to the spot. There were about twenty of these women, but so inflexible is the etiquette of the ex-lord abbot's household that in the absence of his wife not one of the attendants might venture to touch the body of the incarnate Buddha, even in the moment of his death agony. All they could do was to send a report to the official in charge of the affairs of the household and by him the tidings were conveyed to the present lord abbot, whose residence was about a furlong distant.

Some thirty minutes elapsed before the lord abbot arrived, simultaneously with a physician, and during the whole of that time the venerable old man, too sacred to be touched, however much his humanity needed tending, lay helpless on the ground. He died about an hour afterward. A court physician, specially dispatched by the emperor from Tokyo, had been in attendance on the old prelate during the last days of his illness, and his son, the present lord abbot, had been at his side almost continuously. Yet it was his fate to die as has been described.

His remains having been packed in vermilion, were laid in state in his residence, where the public was allowed to visit them. The ceremony commenced at 2 a. m. and continued until 3 in the afternoon, during which time more than 20,000 persons paid their last tribute to the Buddha.

On the following day the coffin was conveyed upon a splendid chariot to the two temples of Amida Daishi, and high mass having been performed in Hokushin, the remains were finally laid beside those of his predecessor, a quantity of Uji tea and incense having been laid over the vermilion immediately surrounding the corpse. The coffin itself was of pure white pine, without any special ornamentation other than its richly chased gilt mountings. It was enveloped, however, by gold brocade of the finest type, and upon it was laid the state robes of the deceased, the magnificence of which may be conceived from the fact that they are said to have cost 10,000 yen.

This, however, does not represent the final rite of sepulture. A funeral ceremony on a grand scale was performed ten days later, one feature of which was a feast at which there were present the dead prelates successor, chief priests of the branch temples throughout the empire, the wife, nearest blood relations and immediate female attendants of the deceased, the duties of waiting usually entrusted to the principal male attendants of the lord abbot's person. The viands served were of the plainest kind—a little miso soup, with square cut pieces of bean curd, and some rice.

Similar simplicity was observed with respect to food distributed to the general body of mourners. It was limited to a ball of rice and a few slices of pickled turnip. The recipients of this consecrated food did not eat it. They carried it home and treasured it as a talisman against disease, distributing portions to friends, who keep it for the same purpose.

The bier, as carried in the procession, was surmounted by a golden phoenix standing on a ball of the same metal, and from each of the corners hung chains supporting swallows, also of gold. In advance walked six temple officials, representing the "six roads" of the Buddhist doctrine, the fresh bamboo staves carried by them being emblematical of the salvation which a Buddhist saint extends to all believers. The chief mourner was shod with hemp sandals on bare feet, and sixteen ladies of the household had zori of straw, also on bare feet.

Other ancient customs peculiar to this, the most solemn rite of the faith, were carefully observed, and those privileged to be present on the occasion witnessed a most impressive ceremony.

### Curious Land in the Adirondacks.

Much of the land classed as "meadow" in the Adirondack region is a curious swampy soil, covered with vegetation that rises so as to hide the underlying cold, dark water. One may walk for miles upon such a meadow, the feet sinking into it as into a water-soaked sponge, and deer frequently feed upon the grasses of the meadows and seemingly enjoy it midsummer the perpetual cool foot-bath of their pasture.

### Rules of Heredity.

If parents are tall children tend to be tall, but the offspring of parents of unequal height most frequently follow the shorter. Excessive tallness is very rarely perpetuated, even if both the parents are above the average, the height of the offspring is usually only a third of the excess reached by the parents.

### SUPERVISOR'S STATEMENT.

State of Illinois, County of Lake, ss. Town of Coburn:

The following is a statement by G. H. Comstock, Supervisor of the Town of Coburn, in the County and State aforesaid, of the amount of public funds received and expended during the fiscal year just closed, ending on the 27th day of March, 1894, showing the amount of public funds on hand at the commencement 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, ending as aforesaid.

The said G. H. Comstock, being duly sworn, doth depose and say, that the following statement by him subscribed is a correct statement of the amount of public funds on hand at the commencement of the fiscal year above stated, the amount of public funds received, and the amount expended, and purposes for which expended, as set forth in said statement.

G. H. COMSTOCK.  
Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 8th day of May, 1894.

MILES T. LAMEY,  
Notary Public.

FUNDS RECEIVED AND FROM WHAT SOURCES RECEIVED.

Date.	1893.	Am't.
Amount of public funds on hand at the commencement of the fiscal year, commencing the 1st day of April, 1893.		\$22 25
Received from F. A. Cady, collector dog tax.		102 93
Received from F. A. Cady, collector town tax.		166 98
Received from county treasurer delinquent tax.		17 73

Total receipts.....\$ 302 86

FUNDS EXPENDED AND FOR WHAT PURPOSES EXPENDED.

Date.	1893.	Am't.
Paid Geo. J. Hager, treasurer, dog tax 1891.		\$111 72
Paid A. Gleason, Memorial day.		25 00
Paid dog tax refunded.		3 00
Paid S. H. Bradley publishing report.		5 50
Amount paid on account of election.		12 40
Amount paid on account of town officers compensation.		165 41

Total.....\$ 342 75

RECAPITULATION.

Date.	1893.	Am't.
Amount on hand at beginning of fiscal year.		\$22 25
Amount of funds received during fiscal year.		287 61

Total amount.....\$ 309 86

Amount expended during fiscal year.....342 75

Balance on hand.....\$ 67 11

### STATEMENT.

State of Illinois, County of Lake, ss. Town of Coburn:

The following is a statement by George J. Hager, Treasurer of the Town of Coburn, in the County and State aforesaid, of the amount of public funds received and expended by him during the fiscal year just closed, ending on the 27th day of March, 1894, showing the amount of public funds on hand at the commencement 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 the fiscal year, ending as aforesaid.

The said George J. Hager, being duly sworn, doth depose and say, that the following statement by him subscribed is a correct statement of the amount of public funds on hand at the commencement of the fiscal year above stated, the amount of public funds received and the sources from which received, and the amount expended, and purposes for which expended, as set forth in said statement.

GEORGE J. HAGER.  
Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 8th day of May, 1894.

MILES T. LAMEY,  
Notary Public.

FUNDS RECEIVED AND FROM WHAT SOURCES RECEIVED.

Date.	1893.	Am't.
Amount of public funds on hand at the commencement of the fiscal year, commencing the 1st day of April, 1893.		\$ 2 64
Received from G. H. Comstock, dog tax.		111 72
Received from County Treasurer of delinquent road and bridge tax.		250 21

1894.

Received from T. A. Cady, toll, road and bridge tax.....\$ 888 44

Total receipts.....\$1,242 01

FUNDS EXPENDED AND FOR WHAT PURPOSES EXPENDED.

Date.	1893.	Am't.
Paid for road work.		\$ 69 23
Paid for lumber, tile, etc.		171 97
Paid for gravel and hauling same.		21 40
Paid for repairs on tools, etc.		2 40
Paid F. H. Frye for scraper.		10 75
Paid J. D. Lamey publishing report.		5 00
Paid A. W. Laudwer interest on loan.		47 68

Total.....\$1,063 47

RECAPITULATION.

Date.	1893.	Am't.
Amount on hand at beginning of fiscal year.		\$ 2 64
Amount of funds received during fiscal year.		1,239 38

Total amount.....\$1,242 01

Amount expended during fiscal year.....1,063 47

Balance on hand.....\$ 178 54

Less cash on hand.....198 54

Total indebtedness of town.....\$ 201 46

VILLAGE TREASURER'S STATEMENT.

State of Illinois, Counties of Cook and Lake, ss. Village of Barrington:

The following is a statement by Miles T. Lamey, Treasurer of the Village of Barrington, in the counties and state aforesaid, of the amount of public funds received and expended by him during the fiscal year just closed, ending on the 1st day of May, 1894, showing the amount of public funds on hand at the commencement 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, ending as aforesaid.

That said Miles T. Lamey, being duly sworn, doth depose and say that the following statement by him subscribed is a correct statement of the amount of public funds on hand at the commencement of the fiscal year above stated, the amount of public funds received and the sources from which received, and the amount expended and the purposes for which expended as set forth in said statement.

MILES T. LAMEY.  
Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 27th day of April, 1894.

A. L. ROBERTSON,  
Notary Public.

FUNDS RECEIVED AND FROM WHAT SOURCES RECEIVED.

Date.	1893.	Am't.
Amount of public funds on hand at the commencement of the fiscal year, commencing the 1st day of May, 1893.		\$1,000 00
Received from John C. Doherty, saloon license.		100 00
Received from Henry Diekmann, saloon license.		500 00
Received from George W. Foreman, saloon license.		500 00
Received from John W. Mundhenke, saloon license.		500 00

Aug. 10. Received from county treasurer Lake county delinquent taxes.....190 31

### Nov. 6. Received from Robert Purcell, lowering tile.....\$ 5 00

Dec. 12. Received from county treasurer Cook county delinquent taxes.....128 56

Dec. 12. Received from L. D. Castle, petty fines.....12 00

Dec. 12. Received from E. J. Clark, hall rent county election.....10 00

1894.

March 5. Received from A. Grom, saloon license.....125 00

March 13. Received from F. A. Cady, collector road and bridge tax.....84 40

March 13. Received from F. A. Cady, collector village tax.....423 73

March 16. Received from F. L. Waterman, collector village tax.....837 14

March 16. Received from F. L. Waterman, collector railroad and bridge tax.....233 12

March 23. Received from F. L. Waterman, collector road and bridge tax.....13 36

April 12. Received from E. R. Clark, hall rent town election.....5 00

Received for sand and stone sold at gravel pit.....43 80

Received for petty licenses.....24 43

Total.....\$5,544 06

FUNDS EXPENDED AND FOR WHAT PURPOSES EXPENDED.

Date.	1893.	Am't.
Paid for work on streets.		\$2,860 81
Paid for salaries.		1,033 17
Paid for lumber, tile, etc.		357 93
Paid for hauling gravel.		244 00
Paid for stone for cross walks.		105 42
Paid for repairs.		77 47
Paid for oil, etc.		52 63
Paid for land purchased of F. Weseman.		25 00
Paid for tools.		17 73
Paid for books and blanks.		17 30
Paid for clerks and judges election.		10 00
Paid for insurance on village hall.		8 00
Paid for printing.		3 50
Paid for wood.		2 50

Total.....\$5,285 49

RECAPITULATION.

Date.	1893.	Am't.
Amount on hand at beginning of fiscal year.		\$1,100 80
Amount of funds received during fiscal year.		4,443 86

Total amount.....\$5,544 66

Amount expended during fiscal year.....5,285 49

Commissions at 2 per cent on \$5,285 49.....105 71

Total amount paid out.....\$5,391 20

Balance on hand.....153 46

Outstanding orders.....2,085 13

Less cash on hand.....153 46

Village indebtedness.....2,581 67

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of Elizabeth J. Appleyard, deceased. All persons having claims against the estate of Elizabeth J. Appleyard, deceased, are hereby notified to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court, or Cook County Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court-room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of June, A. D. 1894, being the 18th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, April 23, 1894.

SOPHIA L. TUPPER,  
Administratrix.

THE GERMAN TRIUMPHED.

His Enemy Had Borrowed the Money With Which to Sue Him.

An Irishman brought suit a few days ago for damages against a German in Wilkesbarre, Pa., claiming that the Teuton caused drainage to injure his property. Everything seemed to favor the plaintiff until the defendant was put upon the stand to testify in his own behalf. And he testified thus: "Shudge undt shentlemens off de choory, I keeps a grocery store undt der defendant runs up mit me a pill aff \$90. Von tay he comes around undt say he tay to get \$100 gash, pritty quick, right away. So, shudge undt gentlemen off der choory, I haf no \$100; but I goes undt to oplige him undt gifs my notes mit tree peoples undt gets de \$100 undt hands it to him.

"Undt, shudge undt shentlemens, vat you thinks dat defendant does? He buys it mit a lawyer undt brings der suit mit me for tamage!"

The jury, without loss of time, brought in a verdict favoring the German defendant.

CHESTER B. BENNETT,  
NOTARY PUBLIC.

Des Plaines, Ill.

WALKER SAYLER—

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