

# BARRINGTON REVIEW.

VOL. 9. NO. 11.

FRIDAY, JULY 27, 1894.

\$1.50 A YEAR.

## PARK RIDGE.

### CHURCHES.

**CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH**—The Rev. Charles S. Leeper, pastor; C. W. Stansbury, Superintendent Sunday School. Sunday services at 10:45 a. m. and 8 p. m. Sunday School at 10:45 a. m. Prayer meeting on Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock, in the lecture room of the church. Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor, Sunday evening at 7 o'clock.

**METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH**—The Rev. R. H. Dilliver, pastor; F. C. Jorgeson, Superintendent of Sunday School. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sabbath school at 11:45 a. m. Prayer meeting on Wednesday evening. Epworth League meeting Sunday evening at 6:30.

**VILLAGE OFFICERS.**  
O. D. S. Gallup, President  
A. W. Cochran, F. C. Jorgeson, Z. D. Root, J. P. Mickelson, Wm. Sauer and S. H. Holbrook, Trustees  
J. O. Phillips, Village Clerk  
W. E. Ward, Collector  
D. T. Steubings, Treasurer  
D. W. Wood, Village Attorney  
R. Meacham, Supt. Waterworks  
Henry Dilliver, Street Commissioner  
Chas. Howard, Postmaster  
W. W. Jones, Engineer  
C. O. Lowman, Police Magistrate

**POLICEMEN.**  
C. B. Moore, Captain of Police  
Charles Duval, Village Constable  
Henry Dilliver, Patrolman  
Wm. Sauer, Special Police  
Wm. Haas, Special Police  
**BOY'S EDUCATION.**  
Owen Stuart, President  
Frank W. Meacham, Secretary  
A. R. Morris, Treasurer  
F. C. Jorgeson, J. E. Berr, Trustees

The chief of police will suppress gambling in Park Ridge.  
Mr. Tunsburg is building six new greenhouses.

Water Main Inspector O. S. Shay received his quietus the other day and Alderman Mickelson takes his place with a jubilant air and a smiling face.

Dr. Annette Bennett, homoeopathic physician, Office, Park Ridge, on Grant place, opposite old school house.

DIED.—At his home in Norwood Park, Thursday, July 19, 1894, Archibald H. Robinson, aged 65 years.

Some of the sidewalks on Park avenue remind one of an old-fashioned rail fence.

Mrs. Jane's ice cream emporiums on Park and Prospect avenues continue to do a rushing business. The editor can speak as to the quality of the cake dispensed, having been presented with one recently. Ice cream, 35 cents a quart.

The Y. P. S. C. E. sociable at Royal Meacham's last week was rather poorly attended on account of the rain. The one on Tuesday evening, however, at the church was well attended.

The fellow who killed his dog to escape paying tax was a mean man.

How long is it since the sewer has been flushed? Talk about Pharoah's army when they swelled up and floated ashore. They ain't in it as far as the aroma goes.

We are informed all the expense incurred in fixing the camp devolves upon the parties who sold the plant. So the white elephant business don't go.

Our friend "Joe" went to get some electricity at the socable Tuesday evening and because two of his lemons were missing he swears he couldn't find anything but a few seeds and a chunk of ice in the lemonade.

The secretary wants to know "where he is at," am I or am I not? Do I own anything in Park Ridge, or do I not? That got darned plain seems to know more about my business than I do. "Where am I at, anyhow?"

Apparently Mr. S. H. Holbrook as trustee of the village and the Congregational church both at the same time could not stand the high honor of both offices at once. The secular and religious part didn't harmonize.

Mr. J. H. Robinson, father of Silas W. Robinson, died at his home in Norwood Park Thursday, July 19, from a paralytic stroke. Mr. Robinson lived only a few hours after the paralysis attacked him. Funeral services were conducted at the home by Rev. C. S. Leeper, Sunday, the 22nd, at 12 o'clock. The burial services were by the Masons and Knights Templars at Graceland. At the close of this service words very earnest and true were spoken of the deceased's greatness and nobleness of character. He was a rare man in his treatment of others and fellowship with men. Greatly will he be missed in the home of which he was so largely the life and pleasure of all. Our fellow townsman, Silas Robinson, has our genuine sympathy in his bereavement of so beloved a father.

The "Boy's Brigade" of the Park Ridge Congregational church started for camp, July 17, at Wauconda lake. At 4 o'clock a. m. they rode out of town singing:  
"Rah, rah, rah, tramp, tramp, tramp!"  
Park Ridge Boy's Brigade going into camp.

After a thirty miles' delightful ride they pitched their tents on the shores of Lake Wauconda. Then what a round of good times. Rev. C. S. Leeper and Messrs. Hibbard and Strayer were with the boys. Friday evening they packed up and returned to Park Ridge.

Miss Bessie Black of Chicago sang at the Congregational church last Sunday morning and evening. Very sweet and devotional was her singing. We would like to hear her every Sunday. We understand that Miss Irick, visiting her brother here, is to sing next Sunday, the 29th.

The Ladies' Aid society of the Congregational church will meet with Mrs. Jones on Wednesday, Aug. 1, at 1 p. m. A good attendance and punctuality requested.

The Ladies' Aid society of the Congregational church will give a sociable and musical entertainment at the church Tuesday evening, July 31. Peach ice cream and cake will be served. All for 15 cents.

### A. Steiner & Son.

The above firm have entered into the flour, feed, hay and grain business on Park avenue near Elm street, and are deserving of a large patronage from the people of Park Ridge and vicinity.

### Obituary.

Ex-Justice Archibald H. Robinson, had for a third of a century been a member of the legal profession in Chicago and was prominently identified with the Masonic fraternity. He was a man of high intellectual ability and had a host of friends who will mourn his loss. The immediate cause of his death was paralysis of the brain. Mr. S. W. Robinson of Park Ridge is a son of deceased. The funeral occurred on Sunday, July 22, from his late home by carriage to Graceland Cemetery.

The Ice Cream Freezer Always on Hand.  
—If it isn't out of your way or if it is, it will pay you to call on Mrs. Ayott. She wants to see you but is you stay too long you will get loose out. A word to the wise—

Get a Fire Plug in Front of Your House.  
The residence occupied by Dr. Pontius on South Prospect avenue, was almost entirely consumed by fire on Tuesday last. Some boys passing at about 1 o'clock p. m. noticed smoke issuing from the garret. An alarm was at once given and the engineer notified to get up steam at the water work. The village hose was attached to the fire plug which luckily, happened to be directly in front of the house, and a three-inch stream, supplemented by some smaller ones, managed to keep the flames in subjection until most of the household effects were removed. No one was in the house at the time the fire started, the family having gone away the previous night. The house belonged to Wm. Phillipson and was insured in the "Sunfire" of London for \$2,500.

### P. R. P. A.

The Secretary and Ex-Postmaster Take a Trip to Barrington and Ham-bone the Natives in That Rural Village—Shameful Escapes of two Members of the Park Ridge Protective Association.

From time to time during the past few months we have undertaken the rather precarious task of giving to our readers the proceedings as enacted by the Park Ridge Protective Association. With a spread-eagleism, perhaps worthy of a letter case, we have voiced the utterances of the members, and until the present time no really unworthy action has marred the conduct of the association. It becomes our painful duty, however, now to dwell upon some cold facts, which to say the least, reflect small credit upon the participants in what they considered a practical joke at the time, but now, however, in their sober senses (we believe we speak advisedly) they look upon as a more serious affair. We propose, however to let our readers be the judge and jury in the matter. The facts are these. On Monday morning the secretary and ex-postmaster took the train for Barrington, the former, as we learn, to interview the president of the bank at that place for the purpose of negotiating a loan of \$1,000, 000 to help fight the exorbitant assessments in the village of Park Ridge, and the latter to lay in a stock of butterine for the exclusive use of the association. We are sorry to say that during the ride the two confederates concocted a devilish plan to hoodoo the Barringtonians, and how well they succeeded the sequel will show. The secretary alighted from the train and meandered in an aimless way to a beer dispensary opposite the depot, and startled the host by the strange proposition to "sing 301" and take a drink. (We will here anticipate our story and say they took 301 instead of singing it.)

(Enter ex-postmaster.)—"Have a drink, stranger," said a lank individual as he entered. "Set 'em up all around, Sav. Mr. Bartender, here you heard of them Injuns goin' on a rampage down tew Algonquin the other night? It appears they belong to a circus down there and are under contract to a cuthroat cuss who hired them from the government. They got full of firewater, laid the proprietor of the hotel on the bar and threatened to cut his liver out. I seen an account of it in the Herald." Mine host started in open-eyed wonder at the new arrival (thinking, no doubt, he had two lunatics to deal with instead of one) but before he had time to answer the secretary opened up on the second arrival and fired: "Look here mister that show at Algonquin belongs to me and I've come down to Barrington to arrange for a date. My show will probably be here in one week and I want to get a permit from the board. I've got nineteen elephants, had twenty, but was obliged to kill one the other day because he went mad." "Say how do you kill 'em boss?" said the bartender. "Well I can't shoot them with a rifle, but I can't use a cannon, because they ain't always handy to carry around. So I put a rope around their neck, hitch two elephants on each end and strangle the brutes." In the meantime the bartender was about to

aint, and the secretary ordered another round and continued: "I want to get about an acre of ground to pitch my tent, and twenty tons of feed for my elephants; also a man to do my teaming." The room had begun to fill up by this time, and after making contracts with different ones for future delivery, the secretary bought an old sow with a litter of twelve pigs, and after telling another individual in the crowd that a new town hall was about to be built at Maywood and he could get the job if he was there in time he started out to attend to his legitimate business in town. Thirty minutes later the precious pair of rascals boarded the Barrington train for home with 9 cents in their pockets. At the present writing not either of them are feeling well.

### Board Meeting.

An adjourned meeting of the board was held on Tuesday evening with President Gallup in the chair and Trustees Cochran, Jorgeson, Root and Michaelson answering to roll call. Rules were suspended in order to hear opinions of property owners on different streets who favored the laying of water mains.

The following figures will show the number of feet represented for and against the proposition:

	For.	Against.
Center street	596	747
Park avenue	74	553
Washington street	643	223

Minutes of previous meeting read and approved.

Trustee Holbrook tendered his resignation, which was accepted.

The water inspector was directed to lower all water service pipes to proper depth on Vine avenue.

The proposition of Fairbanks, Morse & Co. to assign fifteen water hydrants to the Secknor Contracting company was accepted by the board.

The ordinance for tile sewer in Paul's subdivision was amended so as to read, "Acron tile, or equal to as good."

The matter of issuing new interest bearing bonds to take the place of regular special assessment warrants was referred to committee of the whole with power to act.

The street commissioner was instructed to repair crossings at Elm street and Park avenue.

The matter of Mr. Phillipson's bid of \$40 for changing location of electric lamp was laid over.

The following bills were passed: Secknor Contracting Co., \$1,191.96; Kissack & Muir, \$1,078.45.

Trustee Mickelson was appointed chairman of sewer committee, and Trustee Root to take Trustee Holbrook's place.

At Trustee Root's suggestion ordinances were ordered drawn for water mains on Washington street and Park avenue.

The matter of water on Center street was left with committee of the whole. The committee to report on Capt. Black's bulls were discharged honorably, the captain in the meantime having moved his stock to the Hanson farm.

Captain of Police Moore's report on the recent fire was read, and the matter of purchasing extra hose was left with committee of the whole.

Meeting adjourned.

### REPUBLICAN STATE CONVENTION.

Cook county delegates presented a solid front last Wednesday, all rumors to the contrary, and Mr. Henry Wulf was nominated for state treasurer on the first ballot by a handsome majority of 756 votes to 326 for Tracy and 253 for Atkins.

Mr. S. M. Inglis of Jackson was nominated for superintendent of public instruction and S. A. Bullard, Alexander McLean and Mrs. Lucy L. Flower trustees of the state university.

By a vote of 1,019 to 315 the convention tabled the resolution to endorse a candidate for United States senator, leaving the choice to the next legislature.

## PALATINE.

Mrs. R. S. Williamson has returned home from La Grange where she had been visiting with Dr. and Mrs. Dean.

FOR SALE.—At a bargain, a first class piano, almost new and in perfect order. Enquire or address F. J. Fibert at Palatine bank.

WANTED.—A housekeeper, middle aged widow preferred, to take care of invalid lady, only two in the family, husband and wife. Address "Y" P. O. box 181 Palatine, Ill.

Mr. Walter Daniels and Frank Knige are spending their vacation at Washington and New York.

Miss Annie Mather, Mrs. Maria Hutchings and Miss Clara Swick are outing at Lake Zurich.

Messrs C. S. Cutting, F. J. Fibert and C. D. Taylor attended the funeral of Judge Robinson of Norwood Park last Sunday. Saint Elmo commandery and Apollo commandery, K. T., acted as escort to Kilwinning lodge, A. F. and A. M. of which the judge was an honorary member. Interment was at Graceland.

Mr. Milan Reynold attended the republican convention at Springfield as a delegate during the week.

A gentleman from the Cook County Fire Underwriters association was in town several days during the week locating buildings for the new rate to be adopted for the guidance of agents.

The Tenth Annual Reunion of the 113th Regiment, Illinois Veteran association will be held at Palatine on Sept. 18 and 19.

Palatine now is as free from dust as is Chicago. Why? Because the Palatine Street Sprinkling company does the business, and in this dry and hot weather it is a great boon for its citizens. Palatine leads all villages along the line of R. R. improvement.

### Elgin Butter Market.

ELGIN, Ill., July 23.—Butter was active, though not all offerings were taken. Sales were 10,200 lbs at 18c, 8,920 lbs at 18 1/2c, 2,700 lbs at 18 3/4c; last week 16 1/2 to 17c, and a year ago 20c.

## 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 10:30 a. m. Evening service every Sunday at 7 p. m. Sabbath school at 12 m.

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

**METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH**—E. W. Ward, pastor. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath school at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Class meeting at 6:15 p. m. Bible study Tuesday 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Friday 7 p. m.

**GERMAN EVANGELICAL CHURCH**—Rev. J. B. 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. Rahn, pastor. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. Sabbath school at 9:30 a. m.

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

**BARRINGTON POST No. 278, U. S. 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. Bute, O. G.; Henry Reiter, Serg.; Chas. Seann, Chap.

**M. W. A. CAMP No. 80**—Meets first and third Tuesdays of each month at Weyers Hall. F. E. Hawley, V. C.; P. A. Hawley, W. A.; John Robinson, S. V. C.; Wm. Humphrey, J. V. C.; A. Gleason, Q. M.; A. S. Henderson, O. D.; L. H. Bute, O. G.; Henry Reiter, Serg.; Chas. Seann, Chap.

**W. B. C. No. 38**—Meets the second and fourth Wednesdays of each month. Mrs. Lucy Townsend, Pres.; Miss Allie Meyer, Sec.

### (Special to the Review)

On Monday last two individuals, supposed to be escaped lunatics from Dunning, arrived in town and created considerable excitement. One of them said a man had been butchered by Indians at Algonquin, and the other claimed to be the proprietor of the show. Both, however, left town before they could be arrested.

Mrs. Charles Lines is visiting friends in Wisconsin this week.

Misses Addie and Laura Church spent Sunday with B. H. Solt and family.

Lewis Walters of Western Springs, Ill. visited at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Young last week.

Try a sack of A. W. Meyer & Co.'s best patent flour. \$1.00 a sack.

Mrs. Pixley is visiting at Elgin this week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Heise visited relative at Palatine this week.

Born.—At Waukegan, July 15, a son to Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Harrower.

Rev. Ward preached at the Honey Lake School house last Sunday afternoon.

Three bars fancy toilet soap for 10 cents at A. W. Meyer & Co.

Mrs. J. F. Hollister took the train for Waukegan last Monday afternoon to spend a few days with her daughter, Mrs. Peckley.

Mr. William Sharnan is visiting his family in the city this week.

Rev. Bailey's year of pastorate closed last Sunday. It is hoped he will remain another year.

A. W. Meyer & Co. are selling fruit cans at very low prices.

Geo. Barnett is home on a few weeks visit.

Miss Effelyn Runyan left last Thursday for Minneapolis to spend her vacation with her brother, Chas. Runyan.

Mr. Dobbins spent last Sunday with friends here.

If you like a good cup of coffee try A. W. Meyer & Co.'s Japanese coffee.

Mr. and Mrs. Lambert Tascas are entertaining company this week.

Mr. J. C. Dobler made a business trip to the city last week.

## JEFFERSON PARK.

**CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH**—The Rev. A. M. Thome, pastor; Charles Barnsworth, superintendent of Sunday school. Sunday services at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 11:45 a. m. Prayer meeting on Wednesday evening at 7:30 in the church parlors. Young People's Society Christian Endeavor, Sunday evening, at 6:30 o'clock, and Junior society at 5:30.

**GERMAN CONGREGATION CHURCH**—The Rev. Block, pastor. Sunday school at 1:45 p. m. the morning services at 10:30 a. m. Y. P. S. C. E. every Friday at 7:45 p. m.

That Henry Wulf is the favorite son of Jefferson Park was sufficiently proved by the universal exclamations of joy, when the news of his nomination was received by telephone last Wednesday evening via Mayfair. Irrespective of parties the expression was heard everywhere, "I am glad Henry got it," and a rousing reception will be sure to greet him on his return from Springfield.

The Jefferson Park band is deserving of great credit for their public concerts every other Wednesday in the park. Considering the short time the band has been organized, the members have done wonderfully and

the citizens at Jefferson Park have reasons to be proud of their "band boys," who in their natty uniforms are making a powerful impression on the gentler sex.

Mr. G. F. Schoenstedt has received the following letter from Mr. H. H. Hawley, superintendent of the poor, Franklin county, N. Y.: "My Dear Sir:—Enclosed please find postal note for \$8 to pay for the shoes sent a few days ago. The first ones you made for me proved first-class in every way. I was more than satisfied with them." And so is everybody who gets a pair made by the old man or buys a pair from the son, who sells below Chicago prices.

Last night the citizens of Jefferson turned out en masse, and signified in unmistakable terms that Henry Wulf, the nominee for state treasurer, on the republican ticket, was their choice for the responsible position which he will occupy in the near future. It was a spontaneous uprising of the people of the Park, who were all eager to clasp hands with their fellow townsman. Ladies, children and men filled the spacious lawn in front of the family residence, and the Jefferson Park band, in the fine uniforms, with lamps on their caps, discoursed stirring music, interrupted with cheers after cheers for the favorite son of Jefferson Park. Old residents and friends of the family tendered their congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Wulf, and the young vote and their sweethearts and sisters turned out in force, all eager to do homage to the successful leader of the republican party in Cook county. It was not a political ratification meeting, it was rather a gathering of friends and neighbors who felt happy that their townsman's sterling qualities as an upright citizen and honest official of Cook county had been recognized, and that he had been selected as the standard bearer of the grand old party in the state of Illinois. We predict one of the old-time majorities for Mr. Wulf and the republican ticket throughout the state as well as in the country.

Do the citizens of the Twenty-seventh ward realize the enormous territory embraced within its limits, and the variety of conflicting interests at stake? We sometimes hear complaints that certain improvements ought to be made at once, and that our young alderman, H. W. Butler, ought to hurry up matters. "Rome was not built in one day," and a newly elected alderman has not got the same influence in the council as one who has been there for years. The ward undoubtedly needs improvements, and we feel assured that our new alderman is just as eager to see them made as the taxpayers, but he must bide his time, and watch a favorable opportunity to bring the matter to a successful issue.

DIED.—At his home, Thursday, July 19, Archibald H. Robinson, aged 65 years. In the death of Mr. Robinson we have lost a good citizen and true friend. All who knew him spoke but to praise. He was a prominent Mason and great tribute was paid him by his fellow lodge members. He was buried Sunday at Graceland, the funeral being under the auspices of the Masonic lodge of this place, and was met at the C. & N. W. depot by the two commanderies A. F. and A. M. and Court Kilwennie. Mr. Robinson leaves a family of seven to mourn his loss, and they have the sympathy of all in their sore affliction.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Manley of Chicago were guests of Mr. and Mrs. John Hinchley for a few days of last week.

Miss Sallie E. King has taken up her abode in Harvey, Ill., where she is employed.

Mr. B. A. Lawrence and family are rustivating at the camp grounds during the meetings.

A pony belonging to Fred Muchie ran away last Thursday morning, throwing out two small boys who were driving and badly smashing the cart to which it was attached. Fortunately no one was injured.

Mr. E. Buss, who has been quite indisposed for the past week, is able to resume his duties in Chicago.

The work on Mr. H. Gilson's new house on Chestnut street is progressing rapidly.

Mrs. Hinchley, with her daughter Olive and son Ed, visited their uncle, Mr. John Hinchley, last week.

Mrs. Heath of Chicago is staying with Mrs. A. H. Robinson.

Mrs. Simons is entertaining a large party of friends at her pretty home.

Judge L. C. Collins and family are rustivating at Lake Millatona, Wis.

### FACTS ABOUT BOOK MAKING.

The first bible printed with a date was finished by Faust in 1492.

Typesetting machines were suggested for book-work as early as 1492.

In 1827 books were printed in raised characters for the use of the blind.

The first book printed in America is said to be an almanac at Boston in 1830.

The first books printed from types faced with copper came from the press in 1850.

Chinese printing is certainly as early as A. D. 593, books of that date being now in existence.

The first book to have its leaves numbered was Aesop's Fables, printed by Caxton in 1484.

The earliest book in which copperplate engravings were used as an adornment was issued in 1470.

The first printed books had their leaves printed on one side only, the blank sides being pasted together.

## DESPLAINES.

### CHURCHES.

**METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH**—The Rev. A. F. Conroy, pastor; B. F. Kinder, Superintendent of Sunday-school. Sunday services at 10:30 and 7:30 p. m. Sunday-school at 12 m. Prayer meeting on Wednesday evening. Young People's meeting Sunday evening at 8 m.

**CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH**—The Rev. Edward Mueller, pastor; Geo. A. Wolfgram, Superintendent of 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. Sunday services at 10 a. m., followed by Sunday-school at 11:30.

**ST. MARY CHURCH**—The Rev. P. A. M. Shane, 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.

**COURT MAINE No. 32, I. O. F.**—Meets on second and fourth Thursdays of each month. Thos. Keate, Chief Ranger. Thos. Connor, Secretary.

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

A Sunday school concert will be given at the Methodist church Sunday evening, Aug. 5. An elaborate program is being prepared for the occasion.

Reid'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.

Officer Russell thinks that the authorities are not inclined to support him in his efforts to enforce the laws relative to peace and good order. There is a crowd of men and boys that sometimes become boisterous and disorderly at a time of night when most of the citizens are supposed to be in bed. He lately arrested one of the crowd and placed him in the lockup but an influence was brought to bear on the president of the board and he was ordered let out without the formality of a trial.

Meetings at the Desplaines campground are continued under favorable auspices. The weather last Sunday was delightfully cool and there was a good attendance at all the meetings held during the day and evening. The crowd outside the tent—mere curiosity seekers—was noticeably smaller than on previous occasions, when there was no admission charged at the gate.

The "chaff" was missing, as one of the officials remarked. In addition to the regulations in force, Mr. J. H. Manning announced another rule last Sunday morning which was, that any one found out of doors on the ground after 10:30 at night would have to give an account of himself to the police, and if the account was not satisfactory, perhaps a sleeping place would be found for him. Evangelist Potter said this would apply to those young men who were in the habit of sitting up until midnight discussing the merits of their "best girls." Mr. Potter claimed that he had been deprived of sleep on this account. The members of the police force are from Desplaines, with but one exception. Robert Cain, William Wicke and others have been placed on the force. Dr. Bristol was advertised to preach last Sunday afternoon, but for some reason could not come, and the sermon was delivered by Dr. T. E. Strowbridge of the Marshfield avenue church. The evening discourse was preached by Rev. A. D. Farwell. A large crowd is expected next Sunday.

While religious meetings were being held on the campground last Sunday, there was a picnic in full blast in the grove near by, with all the attending amusements. It is hinted that something stronger than pop and lemonade was sold over the counters, but of course the village council will take no cognizance of the matter so long as other places of like character be allowed to open



## OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

### A POEM TO LEARN AND AMUSING STORIES TO READ.

The Song of the Locusts—The Battle of the Frogs and How It Was Fought—"French as She Is Spoke" by Beggars.

**The Song of the Locusts.**  
Children listen to the song,  
Seemingly faint yet clear and strong—  
Hear the song the locusts sing:  
Hear the story that they bring  
From the far Egyptian Nile  
Close your eyes and hear the while:  
"Pha-a-ro, Pha-a-ro, Pha-a-ro  
Let the Hebrew children go!"  
Now it seems the burdened cry,  
Prayer and moan and anguished sigh,  
Of the Israelitish band,  
Tollin' in that heathen land  
Now it seems the pleading's vain  
For their sons—doomed to be slain:  
"Pha-a-ro, Pha-a-ro, Pha-a-ro,  
Let the Hebrew children go!"  
Now we hear the tramp and shout  
As Moses leads his people out:  
Hear the sea, divided, roar  
Till all God's hosts are safe on shore:  
Hear the song of prayer and praise  
Which Israel's grateful leaders raise.  
Listen: "Pha-a-ro, Pha-a-ro,  
Hail to let the Hebrews go."  
—Linda W. Loy.

**Interesting Frogs.**  
Boys are personally interested in frogs—boys and snakes and naturalists.

Boys usually make their observations by means of a triple hook and a piece of red flannel, but a boy in Connecticut, known to the writer, took twenty-eight one day with his bare hands.

Connecticut is a fine state for frogs. There at old Windham was fought the famous "Battle of the Frogs."

It was during the French and Indian war in 1758. Windham was then the most important frontier town of Eastern Connecticut. Colonel Dyer, a prominent citizen, was raising an army to oppose the Indians at Crown Point. The town was alive with excitement. One very dark night the people were awakened by strange sounds, and at once thought the Indians were upon them. Seizing guns, swords and axes, the men rushed out to meet the enemy. But no enemy was to be seen. Still they felt a force of French and Indians must be at hand, for hoarse voices could be heard calling for Windham's prominent military leaders.

"Colonel Dyer and Elderkin, too!" "Colonel Dyer and Elderkin, too!"

The town was up all night. When day broke the mystery was accidentally solved. A mile away from the village lay a big marshy pond inhabited by myriads of frogs. A drought had nearly dried up the water, reducing it to a tiny streamlet, and for this scanty supply the poor thirsty creatures had fought each other, until thousands lay dead on either side of the rill.

This battle made Windham famous. For years the inhabitants felt badly teased and insulted by its mention. Now, however, the story is no longer a joke but a prized tradition.

Snakes are as fond of frogs as the traditional Frenchman who esteems them a delicacy. A frog has often been found swallowed whole and alive in a slaughtered snake. One snake known to a friend of the chronicler fared badly enough by his greed for his favorite dainty. He had swallowed one frog and then had started to crawl through a crevice in a stone wall. Before he had dragged through his entire length he espied another plump little fellow and took him in, whereupon he found himself securely fastened down under the stones, unable to move either way, and was dispatched by the spectator.

Naturalists consider the frog a very interesting fellow and other observant people have learned curious facts concerning these amphibious creatures.

A gentleman living in the southern part of France had a very large frog pond on his grounds and was fond of studying the habits of its inhabitants. One day he saw a great change in the appearance of a certain frog of which he had made a pet. It looked as if it had in some way acquired a pair of the puffed breeches which gentlemen used to wear in the courts of James the First of England and Louis the Thirteenth of France. This change made him curious to know what it meant and all the more so when he found that almost every day more and more of the frogs were wearing the same queer looking things.

By watching carefully the gentleman soon found the cause of the strange, new article of frog dress.

The mother frog, it seems, considers that her duty is discharged when she has laid her eggs. These all adhere together, forming a long chain of many links. As soon as she has deposited these on the bank of the pond she hops away, seeming to forget all about them, and they would never hatch out if the father frog did not come to the rescue. With no little difficulty he winds these chains of neglected eggs around his own thighs—thus producing the appearance of the puffed breeches.

He then proceeds to hide himself among the marshy grasses around the pond until the eggs are ready to hatch out. Then he goes into the water. In a little while the shells burst, letting out the young tadpoles, which immediately swim away, without so much as a "thank you."

Another very motherly father of the frog family is found in South America, in Chili. He is provided with a large sac, or pouch, which extends over the whole surface of his belly, from the mouth downwards. There is no external opening into this sac, and when Mr. Darwin first saw a male frog apparently swallowing the eggs he thought he was the worst kind of a fellow to be eating his own children.

But this thought was a great in-

justice. On opening the frog's mouth Mr. Darwin discovered that on each side of the tongue was an aperture down which the eggs rolled into the sac, which soon became distended with them.

As the eggs hatch out in this sac, the young frogs find their way up into their careful father's mouth, and thence out and away into the pond which is to them the wide world.—Denver Republican.

**Getting Ready to Fly.**  
When a cocoon makes its way out of its house, where it snugly lived all winter, it is no longer a cocoon, but a butterfly; yet its wings are crumpled and limp as the petals of a rosebud, and for all the good it gets from them it might as well still be a worm.

The first thing the new-born creature does is to get those wings into flying shape.

The process begins by a little heaving motion of the muscles at the joints of the wings, just as though it were shrugging its shoulders at the world into which it has stepped. This shrug is repeated again and again, sometimes the exercise seems to quite exhaust it, and then it rests quietly, hanging motionless to the twig, or whatever it has fastened its tiny claws upon, for several minutes, when the shrugging process is renewed.

Little by little the wings lose their crumpled appearance, strength is infused into the veins which mark them as do the veins in a leaf, gradually the gauzy things unfold and expand until they lift, light and airy and strong. Sometimes a whole day is spent thus before the first attempt is made at flying. What a lesson is there for us, creatures of haste and impatience.—Inter-Ocean.

**"French as She Is Spoke."**  
In one of his entertainments Mr. George Grossmith extracts considerable fun from "French as she is spoke" by the schoolboy. In a clever skit on the French play that forms part of the inevitable prize-day program; all the dialogue is of the conventional "First French Course" order, viz., "Have you seen the garden of my wife's uncle?" "No; but I have found the pencil of my father's sister."

I was reminded of this the other day when calling on a friend whose three small nieces had just arrived from South America. The children's native tongue was Spanish, but evidently a "First English Course" had been used to prepare them for their visit to this country, and their quaint high-flown phrases were a constant source of mirth to the household. They invariably prefaced each sentence with "It is that."

"Juanita, why haven't you brushed your hair?" said my friend to the dark-eyed eldest girl, of about six. "It is that I failed to discover my brush," was the stately reply. At that moment the baby upstairs set up a piercing yell, whereupon the second child, with hand upraised, remarked, with infinite solemnity, "Hark! the infant wails."

**Easier Than Arithmetic.**

It is easier to remember things usually if you know what they mean. A little boy could never remember even about how long a cubit is until his father told him the word was cubitus in Latin which means an elbow, and that the measure called cubit was the distance from a man's elbow to the end of his middle finger.

"And how much is a fathom," asked the little boy.

"Oh, fathom comes from the two words, 'fat' which means in the Aryan language to extend, and 'hom' a man. A fathom is the length of a man extended; that is, when the arms are stretched out on each side from the shoulders, from tip to tip of his fingers."

"The foot is an English word and means just the length of the foot of a full grown man."

**He Was Very Cautious.**

The teacher had notified Hiram Plunkett he would be expected to remain after school was dismissed as a punishment for misconduct. Hiram was one of the big boys, and there was a perceptible tremor in his voice as he came awkwardly up to her desk and said in a low tone:

"Miss Jones, I wish you'd keep Mamie McGinnis in, too. She done just as much whisperin' as I did. I saw her do it."

"Why do you wish to have Mamie McGinnis kept in?" asked the teacher. "I don't want her to git jealous agin," said Hiram, scratching the floor with the toe of his shoe. "Th' other time you kept me in after school she wouldn't speak to me fur a week."

**Cherries in England.**

English boys should be as grateful to Sir Walter Raleigh as are Englishmen. The first cherry tree grown in England was planted by Sir Walter Raleigh, at his residence, Affane, nearly opposite Tourin castle, once the property of the Roches, on the river Blackwater. So while the Englishman who owes his pipe and his cigars to him who introduced tobacco into England, the boys, to whom cherries are a never-ending source of delight, should see to it that the knight of old has a warm place in their memories.—Harper's Young People.

**Not Exactly!**

"Let me tell you, Mrs. Thomas," said a happy Long Island parent to a rustic neighbor, "my son Ernest has got a first prize." "Oh! I quite understand your feeling, marm," said Mrs. Thomas. "I felt just the same when our young pig carried off a medal at the agricultural show."

**Didn't Know**

"Now, Johnny," said the teacher, "you may tell us this: Suppose your mother had told you to come home at 5 o'clock, and you did not go; what would you be doing?" "I don't know whether it would be swimmin' or playin' baseball."

## FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

### INTERESTING MATTERS FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

How the Prompt Deed of a Little Girl Saved the Ship From Fire—One Day With the Children—Doctor and Parson.

Annie Rollins had not been aboard the great ocean steamship bound for England more than half a day before she became a decided favorite. To begin with, she was, as the first officer said, pretty enough to eat; then again, she did not suffer from seasickness, and better than both other reasons, she so conducted herself that she was never in the way, and only asked reasonable questions.

It was a good thing for Annie that she had a happy disposition and pleasant manners, for her mother had succumbed to the heavy sea and remained moaning in her berth, leaving the little girl entirely alone. There were but very few passengers aboard, for the weather was extremely bad and the voyagers were poor sea-going folks.

Annie wandered about the lumbering vessel, looking with open-eyed wonderment at the many strange sights that met her ever shifting gaze. In this, her very first tour of inspection, she met gruff Captain Bard.

"Hello!" exclaimed the Captain; "whom have we here?"

"I'm Annie Rollins, and my mamma is sick."

"And what are you doing, Miss Annie?" asked the captain.

"I'm just looking around. You know I never was on a vessel before, except Uncle Will's skiff at home."

Then the big captain, who had a couple of little girls at home in a snug harbor in old England, brushed his stiff beard against Annie's cheek, and taking her by the hand said:

"You come with me; I'll show you the ship. You shall be my chief officer on this voyage. With a little fairy like you aboard we should have fine weather and a quick trip."

Hand in hand the captain and Annie first visited the steward. This guardian of all delicacies and sweets of catering to the wants of the small pas-



**How Annie Fought the Fire.**

senger and promptly showing her where she could always find a quantity of luscious fruit.

After awhile the captain took Annie upon the bridge, holding her as carefully as if she were a child of his own, and then he carried her to the helmsman's room.

The little girl was greatly astonished when she saw the simple means by which the great vessel was guided, and although the captain tried to explain to her just how the machinery worked she had but confused ideas of the arrangement.

By and by dinner was announced and the captain and Annie went down into the big saloon together, and the little maid was placed at the captain's right, the place of honor, and ate so heartily of the good things set before her that the kind captain's heart was filled with joy.

Thus it came to pass that Annie became the bright ray of sunshine aboard the ocean liner, and wherever her bright eyes rested there was happiness and at least temporary flight of grief and trouble. No matter how hard the wind blew or the seas raised, the lassie's bright smile would lift all dull care from the breast of Captain Bard.

After the voyage from New York to Liverpool had been about one-half accomplished the vessel ran into a storm. The black clouds rolled up from the northwest and with them came wind in fearful gusts and rain in sheets. The roar of thunder and blinding streaks of lightning helped to make that most awe-inspiring sight—a storm in mid-ocean.

Annie had such confidence in the captain and vessel that she did not feel one bit frightened, but thought the storm and the plunges of the ship were necessary parts of a voyage over the Atlantic. Not so, however, with her mamma, confined in her berth below; she firmly believed that the vessel was about to go to the bottom, and after the miserable way of seasick people, rather relished the idea. She thought that on the bottom at least, she would find land.

Annie grew weary as little girls will, of her mamma's moanings and slipped out of the stateroom and cautiously felt her way to the saloon. The place was deserted, for the fearful tossing of the vessel had driven to bay even those voyagers for whom the sea in moderately bad weather had no terrors.

Annie knew she should not venture on deck in search of her friend the captain, so decided that she would make the steward a call. The rocking was so great at this time that she had to almost crawl along the passage way. Finally she reached the door of the steward's den, and after some effort caught hold of the knob and gave it a quick turn. She saw more than she expected, for from the open door there swept out a cloud of smoke and a long tongue of flame.

"Did Annie scream and fall in a faint? No, indeed; she was not that kind of a girl. Of course, she was badly frightened, for she knew that to summon help would consume more valuable time than she could spare.

Suddenly the thought of the fire ex-

tinguishers that hung in racks along the wall. She jumped upon a lounge and reached one, tore it from its rack, ran back through the clouds of smoke and dashed it aimlessly into the steward's room.

Quickly she got another and another and another, until her little arms and legs were ready to give away from exhaustion, and her lungs threatened to revolt because of the smoke she inhaled.

The fire had been partially subdued, but it was far from being out, and the danger was still great when the harsh voice of Captain Bard sounded down the passage. He quickly realized the situation, caught a glimpse of Annie as he hurried her last extinguisher into the blaze; ran forward and caught the little girl, and quickly bore her to a place of safety.

It was a stubborn battle between fire-fighters and flames, but the former finally conquered.

That is the way that Annie Rollins gained the great cluster of diamonds that she is allowed to wear once a year, the anniversary of her fight with a mid-ocean fire.

**Court Jesters and Dwarfs.**

About the time little Richard Gibson was teaching the English princesses to draw, Nikito Moiseivitch Zotof, the "Muscovite court fool and dwarf," was appointed tutor to his Russian majesty, the young czar, Peter the Great.

Zotof is said to have enjoyed a great reputation for learning and godness, according to the Russian standard of that time. As late as the year 1682, when Louis XIV. and Charles II. were holding their brilliant courts, and the good William Penn was making treaties with the Indians of America, Russia was so far behind the other European nations that even a royal prince seldom learned anything more than a little reading, writing and arithmetic, with perhaps a smattering of geography and history.

There were then no great writers or artists among the Russians, but court jesters and dwarfs were highly esteemed. Learning did not count for much except among the clergy; but the great empire, we are told, was remarkable for her "fools" of high degree, for even princes were proud to hold the office.

As for dwarfs, the country was really alive with them. One old author says there was scarcely a nobleman in the land who did not possess one or more of these "frisk" of nature. At almost all state dinners, if these pygmies were fortunate enough to escape being served in a pie, it was their duty to stand behind their lord's chair holding his snuff-box or awaiting his command. They were usually gaily dressed in a uniform or livery of very costly materials.

In 1708 Prince Menshikov sent to his wife in Russia two dwarfs whom he had made prisoners-of-war in Poland. Accompanying the gift were the following lines: "I send you a present of two girls, one of whom is very small and can serve as a parrot. She is more talkative than is usual among such little people, and can make you much gayer than if she was a real parrot."

One of these dwarfs was still living in 1794. After the disgrace of her noble master she came under the care of the princess of Hesse-Homburg, and when she died, Gen. Betsky, the princess heir, took the dwarfs as part of his inheritance. Nearly a century old, she is still brisk and lively, with a babyish voice when she cried, as she often did, at the recollection of her ancient court dress, which she had prized exceedingly.—Mary Roberts, in St. Nicholas.

**Doctor and Parson.**

It is not an altogether unheard of thing for a clergyman, in parts of the country where clergymen always have horses, to like to drive at least as swift and spirited a horse as comports with the dignity of his office. On one occasion such a clergyman, driving through the town, overtook a doctor of his acquaintance on foot.

"Jump in, doctor," said the minister, pulling up; "I've got a horse here that goes pretty well."

The doctor "jumped in" and the minister drove off. The horse did "go" well, in the sense of speed, but in a little while it began to behave badly, and ended by tipping over the carriage, and spilling out both the occupants.

The doctor jumped to his feet, feeling himself all over to see if he was injured. The parson also got on his feet.

"Look here!" exclaimed the doctor, "what do you mean by inviting me to ride behind a horse like that?"

"Well, you see," gasped the minister, "luckily this time, I guess, there are no bones broken, but on such occasions I like to have a doctor along."

**Only Snow.**

Not a few well authenticated anecdotes go to show that even the people who enjoy the adventures of travel are often sadly enlightened.

A lady who has recently returned from a Mediterranean trip says that as the ship was leaving the harbor of Athens a well-dressed lady, passenger approached the captain, who was pacing the deck, and pointing to the distant hills covered with snow, asked, "What is that white stuff on the hills, captain?"

"That is snow, madam," answered the captain.

"Now is it really?" remarked the lady. "I thought so but a gentleman just told me it was Greece."

**A Wise Scare Crow.**

"I say," said the tramp to the scarecrow, "let's swap clothes."

"Not I," said the scarecrow. "Fact is, it would never do."

"Why not?" said the tramp.

"Well, the crows, seeing me, are scared. They think I'll run after 'em. But if they thought I was like you they'd know I'd rather fall asleep. I tell you, old man, crows know a thing or two. They judge by appearances."

**A Slight Chance.**

Tom—I told my fat uncle he was like a whale, because he puffed and blowed so, and he whipped me, so I changed my mind.

Dick—Did you take it back?

Tom—Yes. I told him he was a whaler.

## STOWING AWAY A CARGO

### CARE NECESSARY IN LOADING AN OCEAN STEAMER.

"Stiffening" a Ship—Loading Grain—Disposal of Fruit, Provisions, Etc.—Immense Amount of Coal Carried—Stewards and 'Longshoremen.

When a great ocean steamer comes to port and has disembarked passengers, baggage and freight, the first care of the stevedore in charge of her loading for the return voyage is to give her interior a thorough overhauling and cleansing. From bottom to top, he superintends the work of washing out the holds where canned provisions are to be stored, and of lining with matting those wherein grain and flour are put, and the labor of preparation goes briskly along until all is in readiness for the new cargo.

Then begins the varied and picturesque process of loading the ship. To those unfamiliar with the sight, the details are bound to be full of interest. Moored to her pier, her huge length stretching out into the harbor, her vast interior divested of all she has brought from foreign lands, her machinery idle, her officers and crew busied in a multitude of petty duties, and a small army of longshoremen getting ready to begin operations upon her, the vessel easily suggests some great aquatic monster lazily awaiting its feeding time, and not much concerned either as to the character of the food to be put into its many yawning mouths.

When the loading is fairly begun, the ship and its immediate neighborhood are busy places, indeed. On the wharf assorted merchandise by the carload is being unloaded and piled near the ship, and teams by the dozen are adding their contents to the immense mass.

By the water side lighters of grain, coal, hay, flour and provisions are either fastened to the vessel's side, or anchored some little distance away, waiting their turn to hoist their contents aboard. Engines are puffing, ropes are tugging and derricks are lifting heavy freight of every description to the ship's deck. The sounds of truck, wheel-barrow and winch are heard everywhere, and the orders of stevedore and foreman and the answers of their subordinates mix with the general din.

Large vessels have four or five holds, and a distinction is made in storing the cargo in them. Grain, from its compact and dead weight, is reserved mostly for the center of the vessel, while cured provisions are packed as far forward and as far aft as possible for their better preservation from the heat of the ship's fires. In some vessels, like the great Cunarders, which carry passengers as well as freight, the heaviest weight is stored in the lowest hold; this is to steady the ship, and is called in the technical parlance of the stevedore "stiffening" the ship. It takes about 15,000 tons to "stiffen" a great Cunarder, and when this is done the lower hold is fastened and battened down, and work is begun on the next.

To watch the loading of grain, either from an elevator or a lighter, into one of the mammoth vessels engaged in its transportation, is to witness one of the chief operations of the world's commerce, says the Boston Herald. It is carried in long pipes, with generally a funnel-shaped movable appendage at the end, which is shifted by means of a rope from one part of the hold to another, according as the stream of grain fills up the spaces reserved for it. The grain flows into a vessel with the noise and velocity of a torrent, and sends a dense volume of dust and chaff upward, obscuring the depths beneath, and making the figures of the men attending the stowage below look like dimghosts in the rising mists.

Another important feature of the loading of a great vessel is her coal. It is customary to take on as high as 200 tons of a surplus over the actual necessities of the voyage, and hence the bunkers of the vessel are the charge of a special gang of men. Some vessels load their coal overall, but the majority take it through openings at the sides. Large "V" shaped pockets, which run direct to the bunkers are let down at each side, and around them are built stagings, on which a couple of men are stationed to dump the coal from huge buckets, hoisted by engines from lighters. On the wharf side, the coal is wheeled in barrows by two men up a shelving gangway, and turned into the bunkers direct.

Considerable caution is necessary in the storage of sack flour. As flour will absorb every strong odor in its neighborhood aboard ship, the care of the stevedore or his foreman is directed to keeping it apart from all strongly smelling substances, such as leather or cured provisions.

Apples and cheese also require special thought, and are stored only where the necessary ventilation can be given them. Hence they are not put in the lower holds, which are fastened down for the exclusion of all air and smell. The steamer will take whatever is to go and has a variety of goods according to the season, the great food staples always being in season and forming the chief portion of every cargo.

There is a difference in the loading of vessels, the principles followed being based on the character of the ship. Some, such as passenger ships, require more stability on the bottom than those which carry freight alone. The latter distribute the weight in the most desirable way for speed, making the lowest holds lighter than the upper. The battening of the holds is accomplished by

beams which are fitted into sockets, and the hatches which are let down upon the beams.

**SHE KNEW WHAT SHE HAD.**

The Terrible Sequel to the Dear Girls Trying to Cook Their Own Meals.

Two girls have recently come to Bates to board themselves and discuss conic sections and the ablatives absolute. They took rooms where two girls fought it out a year ago. They cook, and they eat there, and they study there, and they don't go out nights, and they don't hang on the front gate with any Adolphus or any George, dear. They just eat to live and live to learn, according to the New York Advertiser.

In the pantry the departed girls left some paraphernalia for their successors.

"I'll like some oatmeal," said one of the girls last Wednesday.

"There's some in the pantry that Mamie and Susie left," said the other.

They cooked and they ate it. It went down hard. It didn't seem superlatively good.

"I—I—" gasped one of the girls—"I don't think this is real good, do you?"

"N-o," said the other doubtfully, "but you put lots of milk on it and it goes."

It went. Next day they saw the other girls.

"We are indebted to you," said they. "We ate some of your oatmeal that you left."

"We leave oatmeal? I guess not, eissy," said they. We left nothing eatable."

"Why, what was it, then?"

"What was what?"

"Why, that stuff in the brown paper parcel on the second shelf, way back? Quick, what was it?"

"That! Why, you never ate that! What? Why, that was bran and sawdust that dear old ma sent us some eggs in."

Two girls looked pale and wan. One said:

"I thought—bah!—I thought it tasted awful chippy."

The other said:

"Girls, I've got it!"

"Got what?"

"Appendicitis!"

**Rescue—Marriage**

The girl who was drowning shrieked wildly. Her voice was borne across the waves to the man on the beach.

"Help! help!"

He shook his head.

"Impossible," he answered, using his hand for a speaking trumpet. "Consider the disparity in our ages, and, besides, what would your folks say?"

Presently all was still save the murmur of the water as it rippled against the sand.—Detroit Tribune.

**Could Recognize Him**

"Who is that young man standing over there by the door?" inquired the lady in black.

"Let me see," replied the modern and advanced girl, observing the young man critically through her lorgnette. "His face is familiar. Why, I believe that that's the young man I'm engaged to."—Chicago Record.

**Why She Mourned.**

"Why, Mrs. Gazely, what are you wearing mourning for? Weren't you only married two weeks ago?"

"Yes; but you know Mr. G's first wife has only been dead a year, and my husband expects me to show proper respect, you know."—Texas Siftings.

**Vessels on the Great Lakes.**

At the twenty American ports on the lakes where vessels are registered there were classified on January 1 3,381 craft, registering 1,226,185 tons. The Canadian vessels swell the number on the inland seas to more than 5,000.

**WORDS OF THE WISE.**

Education should lead cut, not force on.

The troubles that kill us are the ones we borrow.

People who carry sunshine with them are always welcome.

Whenever you speak evil of another you are sure to hurt yourself.



AROUND THE CAMPFIRE.

STORIES THAT ARE TOLD WHERE VETERANS GATHER.

Stone River—Pickett Made no Money by Giving Up the Records of the Confederacy—Digging His Father's Grave—Menu of the Hotel de Vicksburg.

Stone River.  
[Read at a reunion of the celebrated Loomis battery at Co. water, Mich., on May 14, 1891.]  
Through a vista bright of the years long fled  
By the flag-decked graves of our comrades dead  
By the tints of summer and the winter's white  
By the sheen of moon and the shades of night  
Through a vista bright of the years long fled  
By the flag-decked graves of our comrades dead  
And place it to-day 'mid the May-day bloom.

Out from the cedars onward they come  
Not with the file and the rolling drum  
But sweep in swift with a charge; yea  
Like a demon host from the depths of hell  
The taste of blood and the powder ash  
Hath made them mad as from their lair  
They spring to read our moving lines  
Where the "Parrot" flies of the army blinds.

No bullet storm can stay that tide  
An unknown power on its billows ride.  
It cares not for the bayonet's flash.  
The rifle's crack or the sabre's clash  
Not men and man, but an army grand  
Circled around with war's red band  
That can bind a host in its terrible grasp  
That one key, only, can unclasp.

Who holds that key? On yonder field  
Where the Tulebreast on blood-stained shield  
Now waves defiance to the foe.  
The telescopes of Mitchell glow.  
Not stirred for the far-off stars,  
But the nearer vaulting Stars and Bars;  
A constellation that shall fall  
Where the battle smoke shall wave its pall.

The men beside those guns await  
A moment like statues of fate.  
The little front before them winds  
The breeze just moves the lanyard lines,  
Bold Rosecrans has bid them stay  
And hold till death that royal way.  
And stay they must, and stay they will,  
Alive or dead they hold that hill!

A moment and hot belching flame  
Writes Cumberland in script of fame.  
A moment and the bursting shell  
Tells that the aim was true and well.  
The lines go down of veteran gray.  
That have faced death for many a day  
And though they close their ranks again  
The iron sweeps them from the plain.

Three times amid the brake they form  
Three times upon the guns they storm.  
Three times the army holds its breath  
To see those charges grand of death  
Three times they charge, retreat but twice.  
For Loomis throws, this day, the dice.  
The game is lost by the Gray complete,  
A lifeless host cannot retreat.

Cheers for the men! Cheers for each gun  
Who on that day a victory won!  
And cheers for the foe who faced the breath  
Of the iron monsters, to their death!  
There are none more brave in Time's review  
Than those who wore the Gray and Blue  
And over them Fame has written bright  
"Each thought he battled for the right!"  
—Sherman D. Richardson

A Hidden Chapter.

Frank Riggs, the son of the famous banker and his father's successor in the financial circles of Washington, tells me an interesting story that corrects a false impression which many good people have carried for years. During the second term of President Grant a man of the name of Pickett sold to the government of the United States the records of the executive departments of the Southern confederacy. From these documents was obtained much evidence that prevented the payment of claims of Southern citizens who pretended loyalty for losses growing out of the war. In a single instance they saved several millions by showing that the mail contractors throughout the South had been paid from the Confederate treasury for services performed by them for the post office department of the United States before the outbreak of the rebellion. They proved to be of great value in many other directions, and the price paid Mr. Pickett for them, which was something like \$500,000, proved to be one of the most profitable investments ever made by the government.

Pickett had been chief clerk of the Confederate state department, or held some similar office which made him custodian of the archives. When President Davis and his cabinet fled from Richmond Mr. Pickett carried the records away and hid them in some place that escaped the searchers of the Union army, and the manner of their disappearance was a mystery until they were delivered to Secretary Fish. It was always believed that Mr. Pickett pocketed the money, and he was universally condemned by Southern people for betraying the secrets of the lost cause for a price.

"The facts have never been told," said Mr. Riggs, "for Mr. Pickett exacted the strictest pledges of secrecy from my father in regard to the disposition of the money. But both of them are dead now, and there is no reason why the truth should not be known. Mr. Pickett never had the benefit of one penny of the money he received from the government for those records. He deposited the entire amount as soon as he received it in our bank to the credit of 'George W. Riggs, trustee for,' and it was distributed in small amounts among the widows of Confederate officers. Mr. Pickett made out the list of the people to whom he wished it sent. The checks were all signed by my father. Each one was accompanied by a letter, which he prepared and which my father signed, saying that the enclosure was forwarded at the request of a gentleman who felt an interest in their welfare, but for reasons of his own desired that his identity should not be disclosed. The account was carried for several years and all the checks and vouchers are now packed away in our bank."

Digging His Father's Grave.

"An incident which, perhaps, affected me more than anything I saw during the war," said Judge Neale of Kittanning to a Pittsburg Dispatch man, "was what I saw after the battle of Gettysburg. I went down there to see what was to be seen, and on going over the field after the battle I came across two men digging a grave,

evidently for a body that lay near by. I watched the operations of the two with interest. One was a middle-aged man and the other a mere boy. Both wore the blue uniform. The work of the two men in the twilight had a most peculiar effect upon me. There beside the pile of yellow clay lay the body of a Union soldier. An ugly hole in his forehead, emphasized by the mark of the blood that had flowed from it, told too well how he had met his fate. It was an unpleasant sight, yet try as hard as I would I could not tear myself away from it. I began to study the two workers, and noticed that the boy's face had a most sorrowful look. He tried to work well, but there seemed to be a heavy load oppressing him. Every now and then he would glance at the dead body beside him and then wipe away the tears. I then began to talk to the workmen. I asked for whom the grave was intended, and the elderly man pointed to the boy, then to the corpse, and whispered to me: "His father." I could never tell you what an effect this had upon me. The idea of a son digging his father's grave! It seemed horrible to me; something that I could not bear. I went over to the young man and, after throwing off my coat, took his pick from him and told him I would do his work. While we dug away the boy sat off at a distance and wept most bitterly. When we had placed his father in his last resting place and had finished our work he took me by the hand and, as the tears rolled down from his cheeks, expressed his thankfulness for the service I had done him. Never have I seen such gratitude. That incident made an impression upon me that I have never been able to efface."

Hotel de Vicksburg.

The bill of fare for July, 1863:  
Soup—Mule tail.  
Boiled—Mule bacon, with "poke greens.  
Mule ham cannassed.  
Roast—Mule sirloin. Mule rump stuffed with rice. Saddle of mule a la armie.

Vegetables—Boiled rice, rice hard boiled, hard rice any way.

Entrees—Mule head, stuffed a la Reb. Mule beef, jerked a la Yankee. Mule ears fricasseed a la getch. Mule side, stewed, new style, hair on. Mule liver, hashed, a la explosion.

Side Dishes—Mule salad, mule hoof soured. Mule brains, a la omelette. Mule kidneys, brains on ramrod. Mule tripe on half (parrot) shell. Mule tongue, cold, a la bray.

Jellies—Mule foot (3 to yard). Mule bone, a la trench.

Pastry—Rice pudding. Poke berry sauce. Cottonwood berry pie, a la ironclad. China berry tart.

Dessert—White oak acorns. Beech nuts. Blackberry leaf tea. Genuine Confederate coffee.

Liquors—Mississippi water (vintage 1692), very superior, \$3. Limestone water, late importation; very fine; \$3.75, spring water, Vicksburg; bottled up, \$4 extra.

Meals at few hours. Gentlemen to wait upon themselves. Any inattention in service should be promptly reported at the office. Jeff Davis & Co., Props.

Card—The proprietors of the justly celebrated Hotel de Vicksburg, having enlarged and refitted the same, are now prepared to accommodate all who may favor them with a call. Parties arriving by the river, or by Grant's inland route, will find Grapes, Cannister & Co.'s carriages at the landing, or any depot on the line of entrenchments. Back Ball & Co. take charge of all baggage.

No effort will be spared to make the visit of all as interesting as possible.

Note—Amid all the horrible vicissitudes of grim war, strange humors within the beleaguered wall of seamed, starving, desperate Vicksburg, would crop out and rebel humor rose above nature. When Vicksburg fell, a curious proof of this was found. A manuscript bill of fare, surmounted by a rough sketch of a mule's head, crossed by a human hand holding a bowie knife.

That memorable menu reads as above and was captured by the Yankees on July 4, 1863.—American Tribune.

The 11th Ill. Cav.

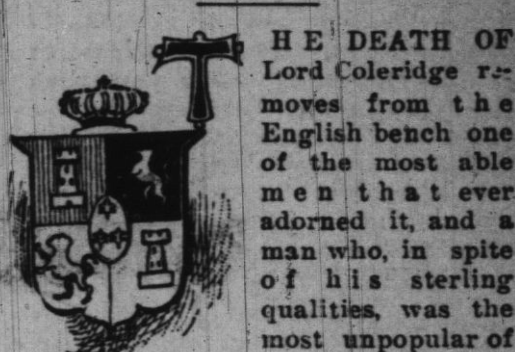
This regiment was organized at Peoria, Ill., Dec. 20, 1861, to serve three years. On expiration of its term the original members, except veterans, were mustered out, and the organization, composed of veterans and recruits, retained in the service until Sept. 30, 1863, when it was mustered out in accordance with orders from the war department. The regiment broke camp at Peoria on Feb. 22 and marched to Benton Barracks, Mo., where it arrived on March 3. One battalion embarked for Crump's Landing on March 25, and was shortly after followed by the remainder of the regiment. The 1st battalion landed at Crump's Landing on April 1, and on the same day the remainder landed at Pittsburg Landing. It met with a severe loss at Davis Bridge, and had a number of men killed at luka and Corinth. At Lexington, Tenn., on Dec. 13, 1862, the commander, Colonel Robert G. Ingervoll, Major Kerr, and a number of other commissioned officers, were captured. The loss in killed and wounded, as well as prisoners, was very severe. The total loss while in the service was 379. Of these 11 were killed in action, and the remainder died from disease, accident or in prison.

An ancient elm, which stood in City Hall park, New York, was cut down recently, because it had become dangerous. This elm shaded the motley crowd that watched the hanging of Nathan Hale. Little revolutionary boys doubtless perched upon its limbs to watch the execution of the British troops and to welcome the arrival of Washington and the Continentals when they came down the Bowery into the city.

THE LORD AND LADY

COLRIDGES LIVED HAPPILY TOGETHER ALWAYS.

Their Wedded Life an Example—The Lord was Popular in America but Unmourned for in England—His Predecessors' Private Life.



HE DEATH OF Lord Coleridge removes from the English bench one of the most able men that ever adorned it, and a man who, in spite of his sterling qualities, was the most unpopular of English judges.

Far more learned than his predecessor, Sir Alexander Cockburn, equally honest in purpose, and living a more blameless life, he managed to make himself so disliked by his countrymen that lampoons on his private family history were received by the English public with delight; whereas, when Cockburn died all England wept, although his scandalous manner of living was notorious.

This is one of the strange characteristics of the English public. It borders its gown with phylacteries; cries out, "Thank God, we are not as other men are!" and places on pedestals to worship men who have gained notoriety in giving way to the weaknesses of flesh.

The late prince consort was never popular with the subjects of his wife because he led a blameless life. The memory of Henry VIII. is far more honored in England than that of William III. A certain royal personage, whose numerous peccadilloes are town talk, has far more honor in his own country than his younger brother, who is said to be uxoriously inclined. And if Lord Coleridge had not lived so decent a life his memory would probably have been more honored in England than it is.

Lord Coleridge came of a noted family. His father was a great law-

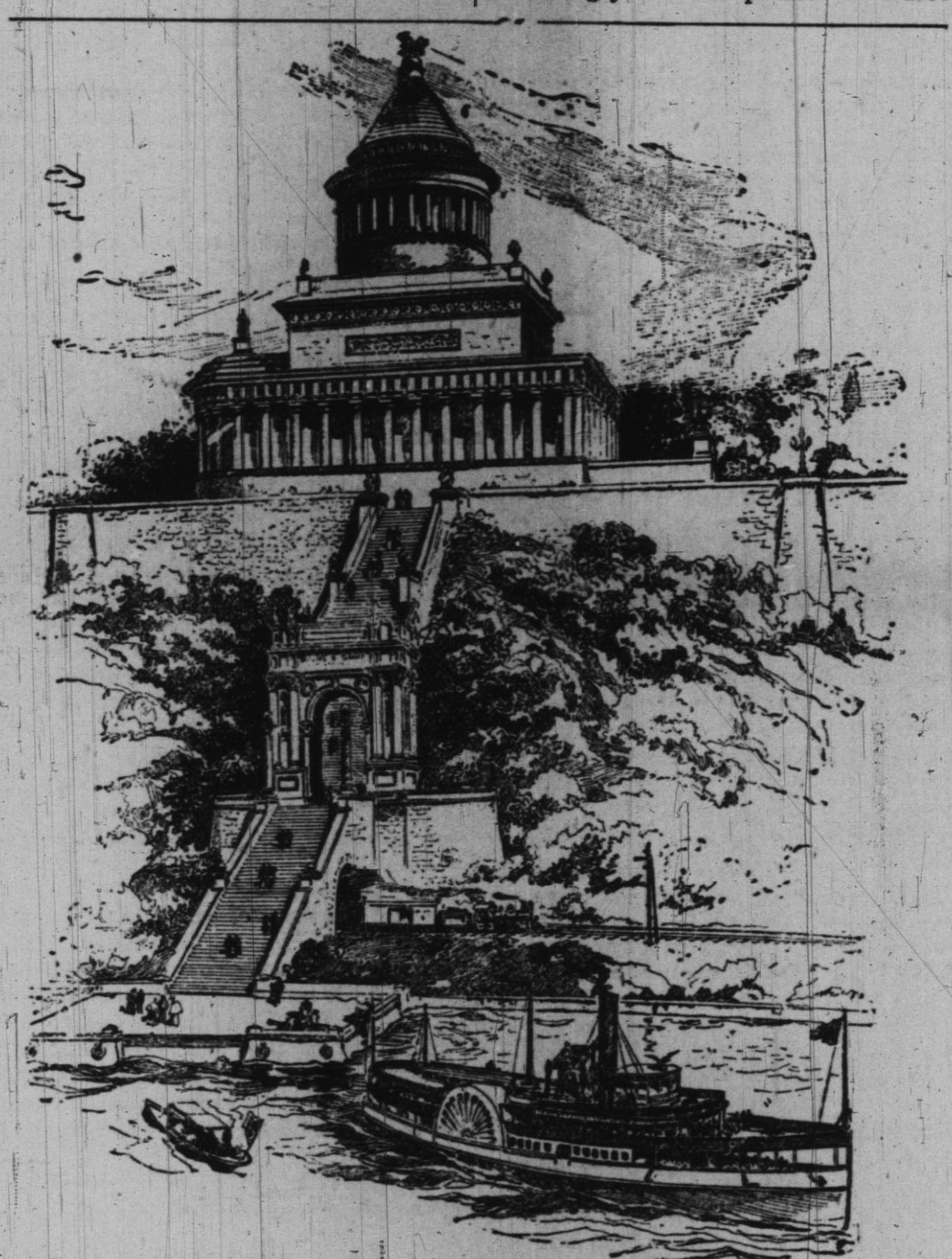
borne case. His closing speech, which took over a month to deliver, is considered a masterpiece; but, as a rule, he was greater as a lawyer than as an orator. Soon after the Tichborne trial he was raised to the bench, and in 1873 he was made master of the rolls. A year later he was Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas; another year passed and he became a peer, and in 1880, under a statute reorganizing the judiciary, he was appointed Lord Chief Justice of England.

A few years ago Lord Coleridge paid a visit to this country and left a most



THE LADY COLERIDGE.

favorable impression as a conversationalist on those who had the pleasure of meeting him. On the steamer which took him back to England he met a Miss Lawford, the daughter of an Indian civil servant. She was remarkably handsome and on seconded noces he married her, although he was old enough to be her father. There was a family "row," but the new Lady Coleridge succeeded in appeasing her stepsons—not her stepdaughter—and it is to-day one of the most popular of the young married women of London society. She is not, however, a persona grata at Windsor or Marlborough house, for Lord Coleridge spoke rather unfeelingly of the prince of Wales



yer; his uncle, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, poet, critic and philosopher, was a star of the first magnitude in the firmament of letters; and there were many other Coleridges whose names are inscribed on the rolls of famous Englishmen and Englishwomen.

Lord Coleridge was born in 1821, and was educated at Eton. At the age of 17 he took an open scholarship at Balliol college, Oxford, and at the university gained a considerable reputation as a theologian. It was generally supposed in those days that he would adopt the church as a profes-



THE LATE LORD COLERIDGE.

sion, but after taking a first-class degree and being elected a Fellow of Exeter college, he "ate his dinners" and joined the bar.

His rise was rapid. In 1865 he became a member of parliament. Three years later Mr. Gladstone made him a solicitor-general and the queen knighted him. In 1871 he was appointed attorney-general, and while holding this position he conducted the prosecution in the celebrated Tich-

borne case. When he was trying the celebrated Tranby-Croft baccarat case.

GORDON ELLIOT.

The Senior Sovereign.

Lord Dufferin recently gave the fifty-sixth dinner party which has been held at the British Embassy in celebration of Queen Victoria's birthday. Having ascended the throne in 1837, she is now the senior sovereign of the world. The late Dom Pedro had in the number of years during which he reigned the seniority of Victoria. But a revolution hurled him from the throne, whereas good Englishmen, particularly among the dissenters, hope the Queen may live to a hundred, if only to keep out the Prince of Wales. Queen Isabella came to the throne six years sooner than Victoria, but she did not know how to keep on it, and her life has been a tissue of scandals, and never more so than at present.

Gen. Grant's Tomb.

The tomb of Gen. Grant at Riverside Park, New York, is faithfully pictured in the accompanying illustration on this page. This tomb was built by popular subscription in loving testimony to the memory of the hero of Appomattox. It cost a quarter of a million dollars.

The capability of Miss Wilkinson, who is the successful landscape gardener of the Metropolitan Public Garden association of London, has suggested to American women a new vocation that may in time be opened to them—a vocation both helpful and delightful. As a step toward it, it is proposed by a number of people in Philadelphia that six young women, having a taste for out-of-door life, study forestry under a specialist.

A new idea for the coming summer is to have skirts and sunshades to match.

A MIRACLE IN MISSOURI.

THE ACHIEVEMENTS OF MEDICAL SCIENCE FAR MORE WONDERFUL THAN THE MAGIC OF THE EAST.

The Remarkable Experience of Postmaster Woodson of Panama, Mo.—For Ten Years a Cripple—To-Day a Well and Hearty Man.

(From the Kansas City Times.)  
The people of Rich Hill, Mo., and vicinity, have recently been startled by a seeming miracle of healing. For years one of the best known men in Bates and Vernon counties has been Mark M. Woodson, now postmaster at Panama, and brother of ex-State Inspector of Mines C. C. Woodson of this city. The people of Rich Hill, where he formerly resided, and of his present home, remember well the bent form, misshapen almost from the semblance of man, which has painfully bowed its head half to earth and labored snail-like across the walks season after season, and when one day last month it straightened to its full height, threw away the heavy butt of cane which for years had been its only support from total helplessness, and walked erect, firmly, unhesitatingly about the two cities, people looked and wondered. The story of the remarkable case has become the marvel of the two counties. Exactly as Mr. Woodson told it to a Times reporter, it is here published:

"For ten years I have suffered the torments of the damned and have been a useless invalid; to-day I am a well and hearty man, free from almost every touch of pain. I don't think man ever suffered more acute and constant agony than I have since 1884. The rheumatism started then in my right knee, and after weeks of suffering in bed I was at last relieved sufficiently to arise, but it was only to get about on crutches for five years, the ailment having settled in the joint. Despite constant treatment of the most eminent physicians the rheumatism grew worse, and for the last four years I have been compelled to go about bent half toward the ground. In the winter of 1890-91, after the rheumatism had settled into its most chronic form, I went to Kansas City upon advice of my brother, and for six weeks I was treated in one of the largest and best known dispensaries of that city, but without the slightest improvement. Before I came home I secured a strong galvanic battery, this I used for months with the same result. In August, 1891, I went to St. Louis, and there conferred with the widely known Dr. Mudd of hospital practice fame, and Dr. Kale of the city hospital. None of them would take my case with any hope of affording me more than temporary relief, and so I came home, weak, doubled with pain, helpless and despondent.

"About this time my attention was called to the account of a remarkable cure by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People of locomotor ataxia, rheumatism and paralysis. I ordered some of the pills as an experiment. When I began to take them the rheumatism had developed into a phase of paralysis; my leg from the thigh down was cold all the time and could not be kept warm. In a short time the pills were gone and so was the cane. I was able to attend to the duties of my office, to get about as a well and strong man. I was free from pain and I could enjoy a sound and restful night's sleep, something I had not known for ten years. To-day am practically, and I firmly believe, permanently cured of my terrible and agonizing ailment. No magician of the far east ever wrought the miracle with his wand that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills did for me."

To verify the story beyond all question of doubt Mr. Woodson made the following affidavit:

STATE OF MISSOURI, }  
COUNTY OF BATES, } ss.

I, M. M. Woodson, being duly sworn on my oath state that the following statements are true and correct as I verily believe.

M. M. WOODSON.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 3d day of March, 1894.

JOHN D. MOORE, Notary Public.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine company, Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trademark and wrapper, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50. Bear in mind that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are never sold in bulk or by the dozen or hundred, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form is trying to defraud you and should be avoided. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine company.

THE SURPLUS OF MILK.

The rains are very beneficial in many respects, but rough on the milk producers. The recent rains were the cause of the great surplus of milk in the New York market. On several nights recently more than 400 cans of surplus milk sold as low as 40 cents per can, which deducting the freight would net 8 cents. The same night Denny Reardon was compelled to return 200 cans to his creamery in Deckertown. There is no way of overcoming this, and no one is to blame. Nature provides the milk, but there is no way of making human nature consume it against the will. It is a clear case of supply and demand, and this is always affected by the conditions of the weather.—Deckertown Independent.

The 132,556 craters which have been discovered on the moon are supposed to have been caused by a bombardment of aerolites.

IN MODERN JAPAN.

The Picturesque Native Costume Giving Way to European Fashion.

Judith Gautier gives in Harper's Weekly an account of the progress made by the Japanese in adopting Western customs. It seems by the following that the transformation from native to foreign attire is attended with some difficulty. "Many of the men are in a melancholy state of indecision about their toilets, and come out in the most extraordinary combination of armaments, some national, others foreign. One sees a man sometimes wearing European boots, a Japanese robe, a loose overcoat and an English hat, while he holds above it all a paper umbrella. For officials, military men, and police agents complete disguise is obligatory, and in official balls the black coat for men and a Parisian costume for women are compulsory. This obligation is especially felt when first in force, to some ridiculous effects; one among many others has become historic.

"One evening at Kioto, the now abandoned capital, a very noble seignior appeared, according to etiquette, in a black dress coat, waistcoat and trousers, but he also wore socks without shoes, and a waistcoat cut very low left the hairy chest of the daimio exposed to view. The great man knew nothing about shirts or patent-leather shoes and thought he was in a very correct French get-up. It was only those Japanese who had traveled in Europe and were altogether chic who noted the irregularities of the costume and had much ado to stifle their laughter.

"Many Japanese have confided in me with what difficulty they accustomed themselves to our costume, especially to the high collars and boots, which put them to perfect martyrdom. They would start off on an excursion sometimes very proud of their exotic boots, and how often they returned looking pitiable objects, with bleeding feet and their boots in their hands! A little while ago the wife of a general went to see the chrysanthemum show, and wishing to be in quite the latest fashion she laced herself into a pair of European stays, but she could not endure the pressure, fainted away in the middle of the fete, and nearly died. But what of that? One must do it; 'tis the fashion!

"It is impossible to understand by what ridiculous fascination the Japanese are carried away, altogether losing their judgment. Very soon the gloomy looking European costume, which cramps them, dwarfs them, makes them ridiculous, and destroys their character, will everywhere replace, at least in the towns, the ample, supple national dress of noble style, which gave such dignity to its wearers and suited the Japanese type so well."

The Economy of Pure Food.

There are many persons who, from a misguided sense of economy, purchase food which they know to be inferior, so that they may thereby save, in order to meet other demands of the family. Handsome clothing and fine houses in aristocratic neighborhoods are desirable, we admit; but not at the expense of the most important factor of our existence; especially when we know that pure, nourishing food is the immediate cause of pure blood, and, consequently, more perfect nerve and brain power. It is not only false economy but positive crime to obtain edibles below the standard for the purpose of sustaining both the mental and physical health of any human being.

Amusements and Medicine.

Dr. Wisemanne, examiner of the medical college—If a tramp should die of delirium tremens on your hands, to what would you ascribe his death?

The Student—To drunkenness.

Dr. Wisemanne—And if the victim were Mr. Munnybags, the millionaire?

The Student—To acute alcoholism, superinduced by nervous troubles.

Dr. Wisemanne—Here's your diploma.—Chicago Record.

Not Worthy of Him.

She—It cannot be—I am not worthy of you.

He—Nonsense!

"It is true, too true."

"Impossible. You are an angel."

"No, no; you are wrong. I am an idle, silly girl, utterly unfit to become your companion through life."

"This is madness. What sort of a wife do you think I ought to have?"

"A careful, calculating, practical woman who can live on your small salary."

Disheartening.

"This is a cold, cruel world," said Meandering Mike. "Folks ain't satisfied with turnin' a man down; they goes an' does it disagreeable."

"What's the matter?"

"I jes' made a call at the farm-house. 'Madam,' says I, 'I'm hungry, I am.'"

"An' what did she do?"

"She jes' looked at me, significant like, an' says, 'so's my dog.'"—Sunday Mercury.

Sight and Hearing.

"There is nothing more pleasing than a carefully mowed lawn," said the landscape gardener.

"Well—it depends."

"On what?"

"Whether you are looking at it, or listening to it."

Something Familiar.

"Beg your pardon, sir, but you seem to be staring at me in a strange fashion. Do you see anything about me that is familiar to you?" "Yes, sir, my umbrella."—L'Intransigent Illustra



# The Barrington Review

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tising should be addressed to the editor.

## NOTICES.

Notices of Deaths, Marriage Notices and Obitu-  
ary Notices Free. Resolutions, Appeals and simi-  
lar matter, eight cents a line, prepaid.

## OFFICERS TWENTY-SEVENTH WARD.

### Aldermen.

M. J. Conway... 513, 51 LaSalle street.  
H. W. Butler... 34 Reaper bldg.  
Town Clerk... F. J. Holli-  
Supervisor... Henry Rusterberg  
Assessor... Wm. Johnson  
Collector... Edward Simmons  
Street Commissioner... George Hayes  
Asst. Street Comr... Fred Harte  
Health Inspector... J. Gleason

THERE are British war ships in  
Boston harbor for the first time since  
the revolutionary war, but they have  
very little tea on board and no  
trouble is feared.

THERE is a man employed to im-  
personate the czar when the latter  
does not care to exhibit himself.  
The position probably pays well, but  
during the height of the bomb season  
that man would be a poor insurance  
risk.

THE New York woman who claims  
to have been pursued by 500 raven-  
ous rats was probably unduly ex-  
cited. Still, to the average woman  
three or four scampering mice are  
terrifying enough to warrant such a  
claim.

A DESPONDENT citizen endeavoring  
to leave this world of woe shot his  
suspender buckle, fracturing it quite  
seriously. The event is much de-  
plored. Next time he can save valu-  
able property by removing his sus-  
pender.

THE authorities of a Rhode Island  
town are after a man whose saloon  
stands in three towns and two states,  
but as all the liquor is in Massachu-  
setts while only the consumer is in  
Rhode Island, there is not likely to  
be any serious action taken.

AN elevator boy on a salary of \$6  
a week has married the queen  
of the cloak department in a St.  
Louis emporium. The groom's sta-  
tion is humble, but the trusting  
bride feels sure that he will rise in  
life—and take her up with him.

A FLAW has been discovered in the  
nice new law designed for the dis-  
couragement of poaching in Behring  
sea. It is not probable, however,  
that the law will be broken with  
any greater ease by the poachers  
than if the weak spot had not been  
found.

A PORTLAND, Me., clergyman has  
aroused the wrath of a portion of  
his flock because he drinks ginger  
ale and attends baseball games; and  
yet his only purpose might have  
been to put more ginger into his dis-  
courses and to get on the curves of  
his congregation.

ANOTHER new explosive which "is  
destined to revolutionize the art of  
war," has been discovered by Tur-  
pin, the inventor of melinite. At  
the rate at which these inventions  
are announced it would seem as if  
grim-visaged war would stand but a  
poor show in the future.

SIX stray curs rubbed against a  
lamp post in Chicago and died forth-  
with. The post had become charged  
with electricity from an adjacent and  
particularly intelligent trolley wire.  
The item is probably being circulated  
to create sentiment in favor of a  
transit system not wholly popular  
just now.

A glimpse into the gizzard of a  
California rooster revealed the pres-  
ence of gold. Unfortunately the de-  
ceased had left no memoranda as to  
where he had been in the habit of  
dining. As a consequence the Santa  
Rosa rooster who does not wish to  
be assayed will do well to hunt a  
high limb.

SOUTHERN EUROPE and South  
America have been shaken by earth-  
quakes while India and China have  
been visited by disastrous floods.  
The numerous nieces and nephews  
of Uncle Sam should be thankful  
they live on a farm with a solid  
foundation and reasonably good sur-  
face drainage.

A MAN in New York put down fif-  
teen cents on a bar and when the  
bartender refused to give him a  
drink he dropped dead. It may have  
been apoplexy or heart disease, but  
the chances are it was pure amaze-  
ment. Further comment will be re-  
served until it is learned whether  
the bartender kept the money.

## DESPLAINS

(CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.)

It is related that once upon a time  
the exact date we can not now re-  
call—the mountain labored and  
brought forth a mouse. Congress can  
beat that record. It has been in tra-  
vail for many moons and brought  
forth nothing.

Out in the subdivision west of the  
Wisconsin Central railway tracks  
they have sidewalks built 5 feet 4  
inches wide, but the crossings are  
about half that width. Wide enough  
for the crawfish when they want to  
cross over.

A juvenile cyclone struck the reser-  
vation yesterday. Steege brothers  
were out in the hay field, and to use  
their own words, "They were never  
so scared in all their lives." They  
lay down on mother earth and held  
on with all their might. And yet the  
cloud did not look much larger than a  
haystack.

Hans Olsen's wife's mother died  
last Wednesday at an advanced age.

### Notice.

Curtis & Meyer have just received  
another carload of flour which they  
will exchange for bark notes or coin  
—current money with the mer-  
chants. Low prices as usual.

## IRVING PARK.

### Churches.

METHODIST—Preaching every Sunday  
morning at 10:45 and evening at 7:00;  
prayer meeting and teachers' meeting Thurs-  
day evening at 7:45; Rev. W. A. Peterson,  
pastor. Sunday school and class meeting at  
12 m. Junior league meets at 4 p. m. and Ep-  
worth league at 6 p. m. every Sunday. La-  
dies' Aid society meets every Tuesday at 2  
p. m.

BAPTIST—Services every Sunday morning  
at 10:45 and evening at 7:00; prayer meet-  
ing every Wednesday evening at the church;  
Rev. Joseph Rowley, pastor. Sunday school  
at 12 m. John Nuveen, supt. Young People's  
society meets in the church every Sunday at  
6:30 p. m. Ladies' Aid society meets bi-  
weekly. Mrs. J. F. Merchant, president.

REFORMED—Services every Sunday morn-  
ing at 10:45 and evening at 7:30; prayer  
meeting every Wednesday evening at the  
church; Rev. E. S. Fairchild, pastor. Sunday  
school at 12 m.; A. M. Smith, supt. Ladies  
meeting every Thursday at 2 p. m. Y. P. S. C.  
meeting Sunday at 6 p. m.

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH (EPISCOPAL)—Rev.  
S. Charles Bowles, pastor. Services every  
Sunday at 10:30 a. m., 10:45 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.;  
week days, daily at 6:30 a. m. and 4:30 p. m.,  
except Friday, when evening service is at 7:45; litany  
Wednesday and Friday at 7:30 a. m. Sunday  
school at 12 m. The seven weeks of St. John's  
guild meet weekly.

Percy Downs has been busy for the  
past two weeks getting up a tennis  
club. It is his intention that this  
shall become the champion club in  
northwest Chicago.

Our residents had better be a little  
more careful in the future and not  
waste the city water. The depart-  
ment has been instructed to look af-  
ter the offenders, and a fine may be  
expected for the guilty ones.

Arthur Dickson, Dick Cary, Leon  
Sweeney and Robert Merchant have  
left on a week's camping trip.

The annual Bohemian picnic takes  
place next Sunday at Pregler's grove.

Workmen are busy on the Hunting  
avenue crossing of the C. & N. W. R.  
R. tracks and before long teams will  
be able to cross.

How about that artisan well com-  
mittee? "A stitch in time saves  
nine." Later on it may prove more  
expensive to make the necessary im-  
provements.

### A Hay-Rack Ride.

Last Saturday evening the jolliest  
hay-rack party of the season started  
from Lieut. Dennis O'Connor's resi-  
dence on a ride to Schreiner's Grove,  
Crawford avenue and the North  
Branch.

The majority of the party belonged  
to the worthy Order of Cranks, and  
the fun was fast and furious. (Gus  
Harris, the big good-natured gentle-  
man of Swedish descent, was the  
driver on the trip to the grove, and  
Mrs. Chisholm, the talented lady  
journalist of Chicago, handled the  
reins on the return trip. Under the  
management of two such expert whips  
no accident happened to the jolly  
tourists.)

An orchestra was improvised for  
the occasion, consisting of harpist,  
violinist, flute player and banjo-  
banger. The pianist insisted on hav-  
ing the piano along but was over-  
ruled by the majority and the instru-  
ment stayed at home.

A magnificent spread of all the  
delicacies of the season was provided  
by the ladies, while the lemonade  
(with and without sticks) was con-  
tributed by the masculine portion of the  
hay-rack riders.

The evening and night was passed  
pleasantly with songs, speeches and  
"threading the light fantastic toe,"  
in which latter feature the great  
chief, Wm. Edgar, excelled all others,  
his great Pottawatomie war dance  
being the great event of the program.

Mrs. Chisholm's recitations brought  
the tears to everybody's eyes, es-  
pecially the one in which her  
worthy sire, the old judge,  
initiated her in the mysteries  
of the national game of baseball, but  
as good hearty laughter, even if it  
brings tears to your eyes, is consid-  
ered good medicine, the party fell all  
the better after their crying spell.

It was early morning when the  
party started on the return trip, and  
each and all voted it the most enjoy-  
able ride they had ever participated in.  
It was rumored that the great  
chief had met with an accident and  
lost one of his arms, but after a thor-  
ough search it was found around the  
slender waist of one of the party who  
did not belong to the masculine con-  
tingent.

Mr. Vaclav Marek sent a box of  
cigars over to the gentlemen, which  
were appreciated highly by the recipi-  
ents, who decided that he was a capi-  
tal fellow, even if his name was rather  
hard to pronounce.

Lieut. O'Connor and wife, Sergt.  
Collins (without a wife), Sergt. Stahl  
(in the same sorry condition) and Of-  
ficer Nullany acted as an escort from  
the Thirty-sixth precinct to the fol-  
lowing ladies and gentlemen: The  
Great Chief of the Cranks, Wm. Edgar  
and wife, daughter and two sons; Mr.  
Punchard (and there ought to be a  
Mrs. Punchard soon, if not punch  
him), Messrs. Sharp and Renshaw,  
Mr. and Mrs. H. St. John Loundes,

Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Paterson, Mrs.  
Pomeroy, escorted by Mr. Fred Wun-  
derheide, Mr. Jas. Kirkland, Weymouth  
Kirkland, the kangaroo dancer;  
Mr. Carr, the coon dancer; Mrs.  
Horjano, Dr. and Mrs. Moore of Jef-  
ferson Park, Mr. and Mrs. James  
Chisholm of Chicago.

### G. A. R. Notes.

At the last meeting of Gen. Benja-  
min F. Butler presiding, the proposi-  
tion of the directors of Union Ridge cemetery  
at Norwood Park, to donate four lots  
to the post was received with thanks,  
and the trustees were instructed to  
communicate with the directors of  
the cemetery for the purpose of secur-  
ing a deed to the lots. The trustees  
were also empowered to solicit con-  
tributions toward the erection of a  
soldiers' monument. Though times  
are rather hard, it is expected the  
patriotic citizens of the Park and  
vicinity will come down handsomely,  
and that the monument may be un-  
veiled next Decoration day.

A watermelon lawn party is talked  
off between the boys in blue in the  
near future, and as a consequence  
South Water street merchants are  
ordering heavy consignments of the  
luscious fruit.

Comrade Thomas is once more a  
happy father, a little baby girl being  
the latest increase in the family. As  
a thaps offering his martial mous-  
tache is non est.

## MISHAPS AND MISDEEDS.

Suicide is more common at Monte  
Carlo than any other place in the  
world.

There are more strikes in the United  
States than all the rest of the world  
put together.

John Pohaski has been sentenced to  
one month in the workhouse for pull-  
ing the whiskers of Mendel Bierman,  
in New York city.

Millwaukee merchants appealed to  
the newspapers to suppress news in  
reference to the smallpox epidemic in  
the interest of business.

Mrs. Valentine Reister of East  
Orange, N. J., threw her apron over a  
mad dog and held the animal until  
her husband had killed it. The brute  
had already bitten two little girls.

A duck fell into a well on the place  
of Frank Whitehead, at Scotland  
Neck, North Carolina, eight months  
ago; and when removed the other day  
was found to be in a perfectly healthy  
condition.

Twenty-seven Brooklyn policemen  
have been ordered to work 185 days  
without pay for intoxication and enter-  
ing saloons while on duty. Their  
salaries will be paid into the police  
pension fund.

A man may float in salt water, with-  
out moving his hands or feet, if he  
have the presence of mind to throw  
his head back and allow his body to  
sink the position which it will then  
naturally take.

## OLD GENTLEMAN'S MISTAKE.

He Pitted the Pretty Girl and She  
Laughed Up Her Sleeve.

She was only a typewriter girl, but  
she created quite an excitement in a  
suburban car in Louisville. When  
she got on the car the conductor no-  
ticed that her left sleeve dangled  
helplessly by her side, so he helped  
her on tenderly, and said to himself  
"Poor thing!" The passengers also  
observed the empty sleeve, and were  
visibly sympathetic, one tart-looking  
woman even moving a trifle to give  
the one-armed girl a seat. It was a  
very singular thing to see such a  
well dressed, bright girl with only  
one arm, and public curiosity was at  
a high pitch concerning the cause of  
the pathetic empty sleeve. Finally  
the afflicted maiden dropped her  
purse, and the old gentleman who re-  
stored it said kindly: "My dear, how  
did you lose your arm?"

She turned her innocent violet eyes  
upon him in evident surprise and the  
passengers all presented their ears,  
aching to listen. "I haven't lost any  
of my arms," she replied, thrusting a  
neatly gloved hand in sight. "I just  
pulled my hand up into my sleeve to  
get it warm."

Then all the passengers looked  
huffy and the conductor murmured:  
"Gee whiz! With them big sleeves the  
women can work 'most any kind o'  
racket."

## MASCUINITIES.

It is surprising how much we will  
take from a rich uncle—if we can get  
it.

"I never have any luck," groaned  
Chipsley. "You are fortunate. I  
have plenty, and it's all bad."

Sir Charles Sargent, chief justice of  
Bombay, is in London for a brief holi-  
day, after an absence of thirty years  
in India.

Some one of large experience says  
there are no less than 827 different  
terms in the English language which  
express the state of being in love.

"You look," said an Irishman to a  
pale, haggard smoker, "as if you had  
got out of your grave to light your  
cigar, and couldn't find your way  
back again."

Here are the names and ages of  
four notable New York men: Roswell  
P. Flower, 59 years; David B. Hill, 51;  
Edward Murphy, 56, and Grover  
Cleveland, 57.

One of the wealthiest and most  
prosperous tradesmen of London can  
neither read nor write. The flourish-  
ing condition of his business is ap-  
parent from the statement that he has  
recently been defrauded of \$500,000  
without knowing it.

Band Leader—You want us to play  
mit der funeral? Ees it a military  
funeral? Stranger—No; it's the fune-  
ral of my brother. He was a private  
citizen. He requested that your band  
should play at his funeral. Band  
leader, proudly—My band, eh? Vy  
he choose my band? Stranger—He  
said he wanted everybody to feel  
sorry he died.

## HIS FIRST BEAR HUNT.

THE DOCTOR SIGHED FOR GRIZ-  
ZLIES AND SUCH.

So He Bled Him to the Mountain and  
With Old Hanks for a Guide Proceeded  
to Work Havoc Among the Wild Beasts  
—Saw One Bear and Shot Two.

The doctor had never hot a deer.  
He was an enthusiastic sportsman,  
and could whip a trout stream or  
bring down a bird on the wing with  
any expert in the country. But he  
sighed for bigger game. In his  
youth he was an earnest, hard-work-  
ing student; and, in after years, the  
care of a family and the duties of a  
large and growing practice required  
so much of his time that his sport  
with the rod and gun was confined  
to an occasional short trip to near-  
by points.

So, as he sat in his library one  
evening, fondly gazing through a  
hazy cloud of tobacco smoke at a  
pair of buck horns over the book-  
case, he challenged me to go with  
him on a Western trip for deer and  
other big game. We agreed to do  
so. Two weeks later, on a clear,  
crisp morning in November, we step-  
ped off the train at a little mountain  
station, and meeting our guide  
promptly by appointment we were  
soon jogging up a rugged road be-  
hind a team of ponies in a buck-  
board wagon.

Our guide was a well-known hunt-  
er, and he entertained us with stor-  
ies of previous shooting trips, and  
the time passed pleasantly till we  
reached the camp which was about  
noon. Old Hanks, our guide, had a  
snug, little, two-roomed log house,  
and when we unpacked our traps  
and got into our hunting togs we  
felt as though the long anticipated  
trip was at last a reality.

At supper time, as we were drink-  
ing our coffee from tin cups by the  
blazing light of a big wood fire, the  
dogs began to bark, and hearing  
footsteps outside old Hanks took his  
gun from the corner, spoke to the  
dogs, and opened the door. As he  
did so we heard a voice, and a tall  
stranger entered the room. He was  
a frontiersman from the boots up,  
and taking in the situation with a  
glance accepted our host's invitation  
and was soon perfectly at home, do-  
ing full justice to the edibles before  
him.

Old Hanks eyed the stranger criti-  
cally, and then said:

"Living out this way?"

"No," replied our guest, "just  
came from over the range; left Simp-  
son's camp Monday."

"Where's your horse, cap? you  
didn't walk it, I reckon."

"No, my horse is up the pass  
about three miles; I left him for bear  
meat, and was glad to get off at that."

We were all eager listeners now,  
and we soon had the story. He had  
tied his horse to follow a deer trail  
up the mountain side, and upon his  
return found two huge grizzlies de-  
vouring the animal. As he was  
facing the wind he saw them before  
he was discovered, and turning on  
his heel left them to their meal in  
peace. After giving us the story he  
wiped his mouth on his coat sleeve  
and coolly lit his pipe.

The doctor was all questions at  
once. Could we get a shot at them  
in the morning? Is there any dan-  
ger of them leaving before? What  
time had we better go? At once?  
etc. But he finally agreed to be  
guided by the advice of our hunter  
and wait till morning. Before day-  
light we were at breakfast, and just  
as the light of the sun was tinging  
the eastern sky with a dull crimson,  
and while a few flickering stars were  
still to be seen overhead, we silently  
tramped along Indian file up the  
valley toward the spot where the  
horse was killed the afternoon be-  
fore. After walking for about forty  
minutes we separated, dividing our  
party into two, the doctor and I go-  
ing to the left and the two hunters  
taking the high ground to the right.

The day was still, with not a breath  
of air save a slight murmur in the  
pine tops. The timber was quite  
thick and as we came to a little  
"slashing" where the wind had  
blown down a tangle of trees in all  
directions, I saw the doctor pull up  
suddenly, raise his rifle to his shoul-  
der, take deliberate aim and fire  
along the line of a fallen pine. The  
air was so still that the smoke hung  
for an instant, and I saw my com-  
panion throw in another shell, and,  
stooping slightly to look under the  
smoke, exclaim:

"Great Scott, I didn't kill him  
and he's coming along the log. Griz-  
zly! look! I must fetch him this  
time," and aiming—it seemed to me  
unusually long—fired. Just as he  
did so, I managed to push the bushes  
away enough to see the monster as  
he walked toward us, about thirty  
yards away, and again the cloud of  
smoke hid my view, but the next in-  
stant I saw the bear coming with his  
mouth wide open, and this time he  
was getting uncomfortably close.

Here was my chance, and as I shot I  
called to the doctor to look out for  
him if I failed to kill. But at last  
his bearship took a tumble and I  
saw him fall heavily off the log with  
a bullet right between the eyes. We  
waited for signs of life, and climbed  
upon the fallen pine, picking our  
way carefully towards him. Our cau-  
tion was unnecessary for there he  
lay as dead as a door nail. The shoot-  
ing brought our companions to  
the spot, and as we related the  
exploit and pointed with pride to  
the dead bear, Old Hanks went  
further down the log to examine the  
surroundings, and an exclamation of  
surprise mingled with some choice  
frontier cuss words, caused us to  
hurry to his side and there, on the  
other side of the log, about twenty  
yards from the dead bear, laid an-

other grizzly dead, but still warm,  
shot square between the eyes.

We were puzzled for an instant,  
but it was soon clear to all. The  
doctor killed his bear at the first  
shot, but right behind him was his  
mate, and the smoke blinded us so  
that we thought we were shooting at  
only one. The doctor's second shot  
hit the second bear on the shoulder  
and my bullet struck him between  
the eyes and killed him.

The doctor now sits by his open  
fire, and, with his pipe between his  
lips, likes to close his eyes and live  
the scene over again, says the  
Sportsman's Review. And beside him  
on the floor is a rug that money  
could not buy, made of a tanned  
grizzly bear's hide.

## THE LITTLE TERROR.

How Baby Amused Itself on the Street  
Car.

It was a very cunning little child,  
just beginning to talk, and its  
mother manipulated it so as to show  
its sweetness to the best advantage  
for the rest of the passengers. The  
lady who sat beside the mother on  
the cross seat of the car smiled at it,  
the man across the aisle let it play  
with his cane. Amid all these at-  
tentions the little one crowded and  
laughed and squirmed around in the  
very ecstasy of pleasure.

Every now and then, however, the  
child turned toward the lady next to  
it, and regarded her with fixed  
admiration. Finally it put out its  
chubby hand and cautiously felt her  
nose through her veil. Then every-  
body looked at the nose and saw  
that it was red. Conscious of this  
observation the woman with the nose  
got red cheeks and a red neck. The  
nose in the meantime lighted up like  
a beacon, greatly to the delight of  
the baby, who grabbed at it under  
the impression, evidently, that the  
nose had been colored up for its  
especial enjoyment.

"Pitty!" cried the child, trying at  
the same time to take hold of the  
nose.

The unfeeling man with whose  
cane the baby had been playing,  
grinned as he picked up the discar-  
ded stick, and the mother tried to  
choke the baby off with kisses. The  
other women smiled sweetly—all  
but the woman with the red nose.  
She was mad enough to bite the  
child's head off. But the little in-  
nocent began to pinch its mother's  
nose, and make a mental comparison  
between that organ and the nose  
shining through the veil. This was  
certainly odious. But the closer the  
infant studied the two noses the  
more satisfied it appeared to be that  
the red nose was the most desirable.

So it playfully grabbed for the red  
nose once more, to the equal discom-  
fiture of the owner of the nose and  
the owner of the baby. At that  
point the woman with the nose arose  
and made for the door, the baby be-  
gan to yell with disappointment and  
the spectators laughed merrily.

## Gigantic Birds.

A collection of bird bones recently  
received by the Paris academy of  
science indicates that at a period  
contemporary with man, Madagascar  
contained at least twelve species of  
the gigantic birds, all incapable of  
flight. The conditions under which  
the bones were found indicate that  
the birds lived on shores, with  
troops of small hippopotami, croc-  
odiles and turtles.

## Rough on the Cashier.

Mr. Manygirls—I have discovered  
that my cashier has robbed me of  
\$20,000.

Friend—Have you notified the po-  
lice?

Mr. Manygirls—Not yet. I'll give  
him one more chance to propose to  
my eldest daughter. If he doesn't  
do it then I shall have him locked up.  
—Texas Siftings.

## An Apt Proverb.

"Appearances are very deceptive,"  
remarked the tenor.

"Yes," replied the prima donna,  
"especially farewell appearances."—  
Washington Star.

## MEANT TO AMUSE.

He—I am growing a moustache.  
She—So some one told me.

Mrs. Cusmo—That Mrs. Snooper  
asks everybody if her hat is on  
straight. Mrs. Cayker—Yes. It  
cost \$56.

"What did Mangie receive that  
medal for that he wears now?"  
"He has run over more people than any  
man in our bicycle club."

Sobbing Wife—Three years ago you  
swore eternal love, and— Brutal  
Husband—How long do you expect  
eternal love to last, anyway.

Doctor—Have you followed my ad-  
vice in regard to eating plain food  
and keeping quiet at home? Patient  
—That's all I've been able to do since  
you sent in your bill.

Miss Sere—Mr. Oldbache, why don't  
you take some nice girl to accompany  
you on the ocean of life? Mr. Old-  
bache—I would, if I were sure the  
ocean would be Pacific.

Old Girl, reading in newspaper an  
account of a new invention—No more  
missing shirt-buttons! What will they  
invent next? Why, here's another in-  
vencement for the men not to marry!

Hobbs—Doesn't it give you a kind  
of humble feeling to meet a girl you  
used to be engaged to long ago?  
Nobbs—Yep. Always makes me won-  
der whether her taste used to be as  
bad as mine was.

"It's a good thing for a man to at-  
tend strictly to his own business,"  
remarked Senator Sohns. "Perhaps  
it is," replied the constituent, who  
had been keeping tab on absentees,  
"but it's funny that some men never  
seem to realize that until they get  
elected to congress."

## WITH A BANK BILL.

A Man Who Planned a Good Joke on  
His Friends.

The New York Tribune tells of a  
man who walked into a hotel near the  
Grand Central station early the other  
morning, having just left a train. He  
ordered and ate a hearty breakfast  
and then, instead of giving his  
waiter the money to pay the check  
and waiting for the change, as most  
men do, he "tipped" the waiter and  
carried the bill to the cashier. In  
his hand, along with the bill for his  
breakfast, he held a ten-dollar note.

"I wish," he said to the cashier,  
that you would pin a slip of paper to  
this bank bill, so that you can iden-  
tify it, and then put it away, please,  
until I call for it. I'll be back to-  
morrow."

The cashier looked rather aston-  
ished.

"Yes," said the other, "I only  
want to leave it here as security for  
my breakfast. I'll come back to get  
it."

"But it's a good bill," said the  
cashier. "I'll accept it and give you  
the change."



## A MOST PECULIAR DUEL.

### FOUGHT BY YOUNG STUDENTS IN FRANCE.

How the American Saved Himself From Death at the Hands of an Expert Swordsman—Using a Weapon Not Recognized by the Code.

"I am a firm believer in hypnotism, scientific and otherwise," said a man who looked as little like a crank or faddist as could well be imagined. He was one of a group talking on occultism in general and this as collateral, and when he made the announcement there was an immediate demand for the reasons for the faith that was in him.

"Twenty years ago," he went on in response to the demand, "I was a student in France, and at that time, hypnotism, or mesmerism, as it was then known, did not hold the place it now holds. On the contrary, the believer in mesmerism was considered by a majority of the most respectable people to be mentally lax, so to speak. My roommate and best friend was an American attending a medical school, and both of us were more or less interested in things occult.

"One night on our way home from a small festivity, not at all in the line of occultism, we stopped at a well-known cafe, where a number of giddy youths like ourselves were making a night of it, and when we left the place Walter had a duel on his hands, with a fiery young official, who had been slapped in the face for certain remarks, which, if Walter had been duly sober, he would never have noticed. However, that was of no avail now, and nothing was left except to fight, and to fight, too, with the Frenchman's choice of weapons, as Walter was the challenger. What a fool he was; what a fool I was; what a fool the Frenchman was; what fools all of us were. Of course, all the arrangements devolved upon me as Walter's friend, and every move I made in the affair seemed to me as if I were getting Walter ready for his funeral under his own direction. Forty-eight hours was the limit of my time, for such reflections, however, and before the expiration of that, a duel with seconds had been arranged to take place at daylight in the suburbs, and poor Walter didn't know half as much about a sword as he did about a plowshare, and he didn't know enough about that to have run a straight furrow if it had been staked out for him across a field, while the Frenchman was a noted swordsman.

"Well, the time came, and we were there promptly, with a faint hope in my palpitating bosom that something would interfere with the other side to prevent an appearance. But it went to pieces early; the Frenchman was there before we were, and what was worse, he showed signs of being glad he was there. How I did want to take him out to some quiet spot and wring his infernal neck! And how handsome Walter looked, pale, of course, but the very picture of a man! And how I felt when I thought of what I might have to send home to his dear old mother and father, and to that sister of his, who was more to me than all the others!

"If both principals had been Frenchmen I might have been less wrought up; but there was an American in it, and somebody was bound to get hurt.

"Before we got down to business Walter began to act queerly, and I thought the strain was proving too great for him; but he whispered something to me and I watched the Frenchman. Presently he observed Walter's peculiar motions and actions, which were just enough not to excite comment, and they were continued until the two men took their places. It was evident the Frenchman thought Walter was about to work some Western trick on him to offset his superior skill with the sword, and he became more intent than ever. Walter was extremely awkward with his sword, but he managed to keep it in front of him, which he did with the point sticking straight at his adversary. He had caught the Frenchman's eye, meanwhile, and as they advanced to the encounter I thought from the fixed gaze of monsieur that he had made up his mind to stick Walter full of holes in the first bout and end the affair, so he could get back to an early breakfast. But it did not turn out that way, for when they came within touching distance Walter, his eyes firmly fixed on the Frenchman, threw his sword point slightly to one side, and the Frenchman's followed it. Once, twice, thrice, he attempted to make a thrust, but invariably the sword flew wide. Monsieur's seconds noted the strange actions of their principal, but could not account for it, and at last Walter, with a side swipe, as the boys say in these days, fetched the Frenchman a terrific whack in the neck with the flat of his sword, very much as if he had hit him with a fence rail, and knocked him out so completely that he could not respond, and for some time the surgeons thought he had been killed. When he recovered consciousness, Walter stood by, and on him the Frenchman first opened his eyes. He attempted to rise, but Walter gently waved him back with the greatest magnanimity and assured the seconds that he was perfectly satisfied if monsieur were, and monsieur said he was, and shook hands.

"Five minutes later we were in our carriages on our way back to Paris, when Walter collapsed and fell over in my arms in a dead faint. When he had recovered, and pulled

himself together, he laughed almost hysterically.

"By George, old man," he said, "I wouldn't again go through what I have gone through in the last forty-eight hours for a million dollars. When I never was so badly scared in my life, and then he drew a long breath. 'But, I say, old boy,' he continued, 'mesmerism beats swords all hollow to fight a duel with.'"

"That last sentence explained everything. Walter had put his mesmerism against the sword of the Frenchman and vanquished him in the open field.

"But we never boasted of our victory—at least not in France."

### SPOKE MONKEY LANGUAGE.

A Man Who Converses With Them as Far Back as 1857.

In 1857 Jules Richard had occasion to visit a sick friend in a hospital, where he made the acquaintance of an old official of an institution from the south of France who was exceedingly fond of animals. He claimed also to be perfectly familiar with the languages of cats and dogs and to speak the language of apes even better than the apes themselves. Jules Richard received this statement with an incredulous smile, whereupon the old man, whose pride was evidently touched by such skepticism, invited him to come the next morning to the zoological garden.

I met him at the appointed time and place, says Mr. Richard, and we went together to the monkeys' cage, where he leaned to the outer railing and began to utter a succession of guttural sounds, which alphabetical signs are scarcely able to represent—"Krru, krrukku, krrukku"—represented with slight variations and differences of accentuation. In a few minutes the whole community of monkeys, a dozen in number, assembled and sat in rows before him, with their hands clasped in their laps or resting on their knees, laughing, gesticulating, and answering. The conversation continued for a full quarter of an hour to the intense delight of the monkeys, who took a lively part in it. As their interlocutor was about to go away they all became intensely excited, climbing up the balustrade and uttering cries of lamentation. When he finally departed and disappeared more and more from their view they ran up to the top of the cage and, clinging to the frieze, made motions as if they were bidding him good-by.

### FRUITS AND FLOWERS.

A French dentist has invented a "potato wine," made by pressing out the water, turning the remaining starch to sugar with malt, adding yeast and fermenting.

The whole prospective product from a peach orchard of 1,000 trees near Ingleside, on the eastern shore of Maryland, has been sold for \$25. Such an orchard in what is called a "good peach year" should produce 1,000 baskets of marketable peaches, worth about \$250 in the New York market.

It is a remarkable fact in botany that no species of flower ever embraces, in the colors of its petals, the whole range of the spectrum. Where there are yellows and reds there are no blues; when blue and red occur, there are no yellows and when there are blues and yellows, there are no reds. Tulips come nearest to covering the whole range of the spectrum than any other species. They can be found ranging through reds, yellows and purples, but a blue one has never been found.

The largest oranges are not the best. They are apt to be all skin and fiber. If you want a "yellow cup of wine" buy small fruit; that is, fruit that runs 175 or 200 to the box. Weight in the hand and take the heaviest. Sweet, sound oranges are full of wine and sugar and very heavy. A thin, smooth skin is a good sign. Wide, deep-colored skins are unmistakable signs of a coarse, spongy article. Bright yellow oranges usually cost more than russets, because they are prettier.

### FIZZ AND FROTH.

Sufferer—You advertise to pull teeth without pain. Is that true or false? "It's true—if the teeth are false!"

The meanest reason for getting married that we ever heard, was from a man who said he wanted some one to part his back hair for him.

Teacher—Spell "then." Bessie, aged six—T-h-e-n. Teacher—Now, when the t is taken away, what remains? Bessie—Dirty cups and saucers, mostly.

Resident—Healthy? I should say it was. Why, there's only been one death here in ten years. Visitor—Who was it died? Resident—Our doctor; died of starvation.

Coachman, driving Mr. Stingman—The horses are running away, sir, and I can't stop them. Mr. Stingman—You can't? Well, be careful to run into something cheap.

Hostess, to Brown, who has been suddenly invited at the last moment, to make a fourth—Oh, it's so good of you to come. We should never have asked you if we hadn't been obliged.

Hicks—They tell me that Hussel is making quite a mark as a journalist. Wicks—He is, indeed. But then he has such a wonderful memory. Why, let a man talk to him for two minutes and Hussel will remember enough of what the man said to fill a column.

"There is very poor taste, Mr. Frontroom," said the landlady, severely, "very poor taste, indeed, in your remarks about the fruit." "Exactly, my dear," said Mr. Frontroom, lightly, as he reached for the sugar bowl. "Exactly; but you must admit, ma'am, that in the matter of taste the strawberries had set me a bad example."

### TIPPED OFF.

A Trick Turned in Chicago and Another One in New York.

"Speaking of restaurants," said the New York drummer with the Grecian eyebrows, "I had a friend in New York who made a mint of money in Chicago before anybody dropped to his little trick."

"He had a trick, eh?" asked one of the smokers.

"Why, yes, you might call it a trick, I suppose. He built up such a local reputation for green turtle soup that his place was fairly besieged night and day. He supplied as high as 3,000 people a day with turtle soup. It was an Eastern man who finally gave him away."

"What was there to give away?"

"Oh, nothing much—only he had been making that soup out of clams and curry. When a man blundered in who had actually seen a green turtle with his own eyes and knew what the taste of the soup was like the cheat was discovered and his business was busted."

"Yes, I heard of that case," said the Chicago beef extract man, who had been an attentive listener. "The soup man changed his business, I believe."

"He did."

"And lost every dollar he had inside of a year?"

"I never heard that he did."

"But he did. It was a friend of mine who put him onto the spec that dished him."

"What spec?"

"Shipping prairie chickens to the New York market. He had twenty hunters out for three months, and was all ready to ship eighteen carloads of birds when a Chicago man put the New Yorkers on."

"On to what?"

"On to the fact that every blamed bird in those eighteen cars was a durned old crow. He shouldn't have done it, for the New Yorkers would never have known the difference, and it would have given us a fine show to clean out our crows, but he was just that soft-hearted."

"Gentlemen," said the man with the Grecian eyebrows, after a long period of silence, "I am not feeling particularly well this morning, and will go back into the drawing-room car and try and get a nap."

### HE WAS MOVING.

And for a Wonder His Belongings Did Not Crowd the Van.

As the minister says: "Just another instance along this same line of thought." It concerns a young man on the south side. He had two rooms in a flat building and had furnished them himself. He had all the comforts of a home—such as a folding bed, a dresser and a set of boxing gloves. His lease expired and he had some other rooms engaged, but he required two weeks in which to screw up his courage to the moving point.

He hired a brawny man to do the packing, says the Chicago Record. The carpets, the book-case and the other traps, including two trunks, made a formidable showing, and when he telephoned the transfer company he said: "Send one of your largest wagons." Next morning early there was a rap at his door and the brawny man said: "The wagon's here."

Before anything was carried downstairs he went out in front just to assure himself that the wagon was large enough. He found that it was. It resembled a storage warehouse on wheels. It was as large as the Barnum cage in which travel the two hippopotami. The driver sat on the roof, away up in the air, and the two horses were dwarfed into ponies. When the back doors were opened there yawned a cavernous interior in which two sets could have danced a quadrille. There was no doubt about it being large enough. After all the earthly possessions of the young man had been pushed into one corner, the captain of the van asked where the rest of the stuff was to be found.

"That's all," said the young man.

"All! That's not enough for ballast. Why didn't you get a wheelbarrow?"

"I didn't know they had any wagons so big," stammered the humiliated young man. His property did make a paltry showing. When he paid the bill he was sorry that he hadn't used a wheelbarrow.

### Catching Fish With Electricity.

A French electrician, M. Trouve, catches fish by sinking in the water a net with an incandescent lamp attached. The curious fish collect around the light, when a pneumatic tire around the edge of the net is silently inflated and rises to the surface, entrapping them without frightening them, and hence, without destroying the spawn—a great drawback to ordinary fishing.

### Willing to Reciprocate.

Little Edith was saying her prayers. She asked that the Lord would make her a good girl, which was quite in line with mamma's instructions, but it rather astonished mamma when Edith added, "and I'll do as much for you." Boston Transcript.

### Bucking the Head in Water.

Bathing is often answerable for aural disease when ducking the head is practiced. The ear is intolerant of cold water, and, in addition to this, the stimulating properties of sea water render it irritating to the ear, and liable to set up inflammation.

### The Barber's Art.

The barber's art in Europe dates from the time of Alexander the Great, B. C. 330. He ordered every soldier to shave lest the beard should give a handle to their enemies.

## AN ORDINANCE.

An ordinance providing for the construction of the sewers in Cleveland avenue, Harrison avenue, Peale avenue, Park Ridge avenue and Lincoln avenue, and an outlet sewer for the same, all in the village of Park Ridge, Cook county, Illinois.

Be it ordained by the president and board of trustees of the village of Park Ridge, Illinois: SECTION 1. That a pipe sewer of fifteen inches internal diameter be laid in Lincoln avenue, starting at a point thirty-three feet west of the east line of Park Ridge avenue. It shall be laid east along the center line of said Lincoln avenue to a point eight feet west of the center line of Cleveland avenue. Said sewer shall start with its grade line at 23.7 feet above village datum and shall rise at the rate of .75 feet to each 10 feet in length thereof to a point eight feet west of the center line of Harrison avenue, from which point it shall rise at the rate of 3 feet to each 10 feet in length thereof to its eastern terminus.

That pipe sewer of 15 inches internal diameter be laid in Cleveland avenue, one starting from a connection with the aforesaid fifteen-inch sewer in Lincoln avenue at its eastern terminus, shall curve to the center of said Cleveland avenue at the south line of Lincoln avenue, thence it shall be laid south along the center line of said Cleveland avenue to a point eight feet north of the center line of Mount Clare avenue. Another sewer starting from the said 15 inch sewer in said Lincoln avenue shall be laid north along the center line of said Harrison avenue to a point eight feet south of the center line of Fourth avenue. The sewer extending south shall be laid with its grade line starting at 23.7 feet above village datum and shall rise at the rate of .75 feet to each 10 feet in length thereof. The sewer extending north shall be laid with its grade line starting at 33.5 feet above village datum and shall rise at the rate of .75 feet to each 10 feet in length thereof.

That pipe sewers of 9 inches internal diameter be laid in Harrison avenue, one starting from a connection with the said 15 inch sewer in Lincoln avenue, it shall be laid south along the center line of said Harrison avenue to a point eight feet north of the center line of Mount Clare avenue. Another sewer starting from the said 15 inch sewer in Lincoln avenue shall be laid north along the center line of said Harrison avenue to a point eight feet south of the center line of Fourth avenue. The sewer extending south shall be laid with its grade line starting at 23.7 feet above village datum and shall rise at the rate of .75 feet to each 10 feet in length thereof. The sewer extending north shall be laid with its grade line starting at 33.5 feet above village datum and shall rise at the rate of .75 feet to each 10 feet in length thereof.

That pipe sewers of nine inches internal diameter be laid in Peale avenue, one starting from a connection with the said 15 inch sewer in Lincoln avenue, it shall be laid south along the center line of said Peale avenue to a point eight feet north of the center line of Mount Clare avenue. Another sewer starting from the said 15 inch sewer in Lincoln avenue shall be laid north along the center line of said Peale avenue to a point eight feet south of the center line of Mount Clare avenue. The sewer extending south shall be laid with its grade line starting at 23.7 feet above village datum and shall rise at the rate of .75 feet to each 10 feet in length thereof. The sewer extending north shall be laid with its grade line starting at 33.5 feet above village datum and shall rise at the rate of .75 feet to each 10 feet in length thereof.

That in all cases where a 9 inch sewer joins the 15 inch sewer, the junction shall be made by using a section of 15 inch pipe having a 9 inch branch connected therewith, and shall be so laid that the sewers may be properly connected with the branch by using a short section of pipe to enable the branch sewer to start at the elevations above described.

That all the above sewers shall be constructed of the best quality of vitrified sewer pipe of Akron, Ohio, manufacture, or equally as good, having internal diameters of the sizes above mentioned. They shall be laid in trenches excavated to widths and depths necessary to secure the elevations and grades above mentioned and be constructed in a proper and workmanlike manner.

That sections of pipe having a 6 inch branch for connecting house drains, shall be placed in the branch sewers, one in front of each 25 feet of frontage abutting said branch sewers.

That thirty-two brick manholes be constructed over the sewers herein described, located as follows:

One at the beginning of the fifteen-inch sewer in Lincoln avenue and one each over the junctions of the fifteen-inch sewers in Lincoln avenue with the sewers in Peale avenue, Harrison avenue and Cleveland avenue. One each at the upper end of each of the 9-inch sewers in Cleveland avenue, Harrison avenue, Peale avenue and Park Ridge avenue, and three on each of the 9-inch sewers above described, located equidistant between each other and between the ones above described.

That all manholes shall be constructed of best quality of sewer brick laid in hydraulic cement mortar with 8-inch walls. They shall be clear in form and four feet internal diameter and carried to the surface of the ground, where they shall be drawn to a neck and covered with a cast iron cover similar to those heretofore used for the same purpose in said village.

That eighteen catch basins shall be constructed and connected with said sewers, located as follows: One at the center of the intersection of Lincoln avenue with Park Ridge avenue, Peale avenue, Harrison avenue and Cleveland avenue. One at the upper terminus of each of the 9-inch sewers on Cleveland avenue, Harrison avenue, Peale avenue and Park Ridge avenue, and one on each of the 9-inch sewers located midway between the ones above described in Lincoln avenue and the ones at the terminus of the same. These catch basins shall be circular in form and forty inches internal diameter, with 8-inch walls constructed of hard burned sewer brick laid in hydraulic cement mortar. They shall be located adjacent to the manholes described in the above locations and placed in the same trench therewith. The walls shall be carried vertically to a distance of three feet below the surface of the ground, where they shall be drawn to a neck and covered with a cast iron cover similar to those used in the manholes except that the opening shall be 21 inches in diameter and a perforated iron lid be used to cover the opening. These catch basins shall be so constructed that the walls between the adjacent manhole and the basin shall be common, and an opening of at least 12 inches shall be left in this wall at a point above the outlet of the basin to permit the sewer gas to pass through the basin to the atmosphere. The outlet of which basin shall be 8 inches in diameter, constructed of vitrified sewer pipe, a quarter bend being inserted in the wall three feet above its bottom during its construction.

That the sewer of 15 inches internal diameter be constructed and laid starting from a connection with the lower end of the above described 15-inch sewer in Lincoln avenue and be laid south on a line six feet west of the center of Park Ridge avenue a distance of 277 feet; thence it shall be laid in a southerly direction through lots 25, 26 and 27 of Block 4 addition to Park Ridge, on a 4 inch line to a point in the northerly ditch on Chicago

avenue, 420 feet easterly of the center line of Courtland avenue, where it shall terminate. This outlet sewer shall be constructed of second-class vitrified tile and sewer pipe with open joints covered with good light sod and shall be laid with a fall of 1.75 feet in its entire length; the lower end being 21 feet above village datum. The ditch into which this outlet shall discharge shall be deepened sufficiently to give a free outlet to discharge from this outlet sewer.

That all workman and material necessary to construct and complete the work herein provided, shall be first class in every respect and that all work shall be done under the direction of a competent engineer, and to the satisfaction of the village board and be subject to their approval.

SEC. 2. Said improvement shall be made and the cost thereof paid for by special assessment to be made in accordance with the provisions of Section eighteen (18) to fifty-one (51) inclusive, Article nine (9) of an act of the general assembly of the state of Illinois, entitled "An act to provide for the improvement of cities and villages." Approved April 10, 1892. Also an act of the general assembly of the state of Illinois, entitled "An act to authorize the division of special assessments in cities, towns and villages" into installments, and authorizing the issue of bonds to anticipate the collection of the deferred installments. Approved June 17, 1893, and that said assessment be divided into seven installments, the first of which shall be 20 per cent of the whole amount assessed, and the remaining six installments shall each be for one-sixth of the remaining eighty per cent. The first of said installments shall be payable from and after the confirmation of the assessment and the remaining six installments shall be payable annually thereafter and shall bear interest at the rate of 6 per cent per annum, according to law.

SEC. 3. That J. P. Mickelson, Z. D. Root and A. W. Cochran be and they are hereby appointed commissioners to make an estimate of the cost of said improvement, including labor, materials and all other expenses attending the same and the cost of making and levying the assessment herein provided for.

SEC. 4. This ordinance shall be in force from and after its passage and approval.

Passed July 17, 1894.

Approved July 25, 1894.

Publ. July 27, 1894.

O. D. S. GALLUP,  
President Board of Trustees.

Attest: JOSEPH LALONE, Village Clerk.

### PROPOSALS FOR SEWER.

Proposals are invited by the village of Park Ridge, Cook county, Ill., for furnishing the material and labor and doing the work on about nine thousand (9,000) feet of tile pipe sewer. Plans and specifications on file with the village clerk at Park Ridge.

Currency or a certified check for five hundred (\$500) dollars payable to the village of Park Ridge must accompany each bid.

Bids reserved to reject any and all bids.

Bids will be opened at Park Ridge Tuesday evening, Aug. 6, 1894, at 8 p. m.

JOSEPH LALONE, Village Clerk.

July 25, 1894.

### Estate of Lorenzo D. Fay, Deceased.

All persons having claims against the estate of Lorenzo D. Fay, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate court of Cook county, Ill., for the purpose of having the same adjudicated at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate court room, in the city of Chicago, Cook county, on the third Monday of August, A. D. 1894, being the 27th day thereof.

MILAN REYNOLDS,  
Administrator with will annexed.

### AN ORDINANCE RELATING TO THE KEEPING OF DOGS.

Be it ordained by the president and board of trustees of the village of Park Ridge, Cook county, Ill.: SECTION 1. If any owner or possessor of a fierce or dangerous dog or slut, shall permit the same to run or be at large at any time, within the limits of the village of Park Ridge to the danger or annoyance of any of the inhabitants, such owner or possessor shall forfeit and pay a sum of not less than five dollars for each offense; and upon a second conviction of such owner or possessor for such offenses, the said dog or slut shall be killed or maimed, or permit any dog or slut to be and remain at or about his house, stable, store, or other premises in said village, shall be held to be the owner of the same and subject to the penalties contained in this ordinance.

SEC. 2. It shall be the duty of the police, and of such persons as the president may designate, to kill all dogs and sluts, as provided in this ordinance, and to superintend the removal and burial of the same, and to enforce the provisions of the foregoing sections of this ordinance.

SEC. 3. Whenever it shall be made to appear to the president that there are good reasons for believing that all dogs should be muzzled within the corporate limits of said village, it shall be the duty of said president to issue a proclamation requiring that all dogs shall, for a period to be stated in the proclamation, wear a good and substantial wire gauze or leather muzzle, securely put on so as to prevent them from biting; and any dog, going or being at large during the period specified in such proclamation, without such muzzle, shall be killed and buried, or the carcass otherwise disposed of. It shall be the duty of the police, and of such other persons as the president may designate, to enforce the provisions of this section and of such proclamation; and the use of firearms by such officer or persons in so doing shall not subject them to the penalties of any ordinance relative to the discharge of firearms.

SEC. 4. On complaint being made to the president of any dog within the village which shall be barking, biting, howling, or in any other way or manner disturb the quiet of any person or persons whatsoever, the president, on being satisfied of the truth of such complaint, shall direct a police officer to give notice thereof to the person or persons keeping or permitting such dog to remain in or on his premises; and in case such person or persons shall, for the space of one day after such notice, neglect to cause such dog to be destroyed or removed, so as to prevent the disturbance he shall forfeit and pay a sum not less than \$5 for every day which shall elapse until such dog be removed or destroyed as aforesaid.

SEC. 5. That for the purposes of this ordinance the word "dog" shall be construed to include animals, both male and female, of every kind, and description of the canine species whatsoever.

SEC. 6. That every owner, possessor or person who harbors or keeps any dog within the limits of the village of Park Ridge, shall on or before the first day of August in each year, pay to the village clerk of the village of Park Ridge, for the use of said village, the sum of \$1 for every male dog and the sum of \$2 for every female dog, and cause such dog to be registered in the office of said village clerk in a book to be kept for that purpose, and also obtain from such clerk the metal tag hereinafter mentioned.

SEC. 7. The village clerk shall provide each and every such number of metal tags as may be necessary, of such size and shape as he shall deem expedient, the shape to be changed each year, having stamped thereon numbers indicating the year for which the tag is issued, and the letters "P. R. D. T." and it shall be the duty of the said village clerk to deliver one of such metal plates to the person so paying a tag upon any such dog, for which tax and for registering such dog there shall be paid to the village clerk, for the use of said village, the sum of twenty-five cents.

SEC. 8. Every dog so licensed shall have a collar around his neck with the metal tag aforesaid securely fastened to it.

SEC. 9. It shall be the duty of the chief of police, his assistants, and of all policemen and pound masters in the village of Park Ridge to take up and impound in any village pound in which cattle are authorized to be impounded, if other places shall have been designated by the board of trustees, any dog found in the vil-

lage of Park Ridge not having a collar around its neck with the metal tag aforesaid attached thereto; and if such dog shall not be redeemed as herein provided, within four days after such dog shall have been impounded, it shall be the duty of the pound master of the said pound wherein such dog is impounded to sell or cause the same to be slain.

SEC. 11. Every pound master or other person designated by the president and board of trustees to enforce the provisions of this ordinance is hereby authorized to collect a fee of 12 cents aforesaid for every dog that may be impounded, and 20 cents per day for every day said dog shall be impounded, and he shall keep a register of such dogs and shall account for and pay to the village treasurer all moneys received under this ordinance at the end of each and every week, retaining therefrom for his fee the sum of 50 cents for each dog so impounded, and he shall receive no further or other compensation.

SEC. 12. Any person or persons who shall violate or fail, neglect or refuse to comply with any of the foregoing provisions of this ordinance, where no other penalty is prescribed, shall on conviction be fined in a sum not less than \$5 or more than \$25 for each and every offense.

SEC. 13. The provisions of this ordinance shall not apply to dogs of non-residents remaining temporarily or passing through this village.

SEC. 14. This ordinance shall take effect from and after its passage and publication. All ordinances or parts of ordinances or resolutions in conflict herewith are hereby repealed.

Passed July 17, 1894.

Approved July 25, 1894.

Published July 27, 1894.

O. D. S. GALLUP,  
President Board of Trustees.

Attest: JOSEPH LALONE, Village Clerk.

### NATURE AND ART.

The application of electricity to the smelting of iron is being experimented with in Sweden.

A shock of earthquake is transmitted at the rate of 16,000 feet—or three miles—a second.

There is a tree in Nevada so luminous from exuding phosphorescent matter that one can read by its light.

A party of students of Stanford university have discovered the ossified remains of a prehistoric American within an hour's ride south of San Francisco.

An unusual growth is noticed in the garden of George D. Colt at Norwich, Conn. A wisteria vine has entwined itself around an elm so tightly that it is gradually strangling the growth out of the latter.

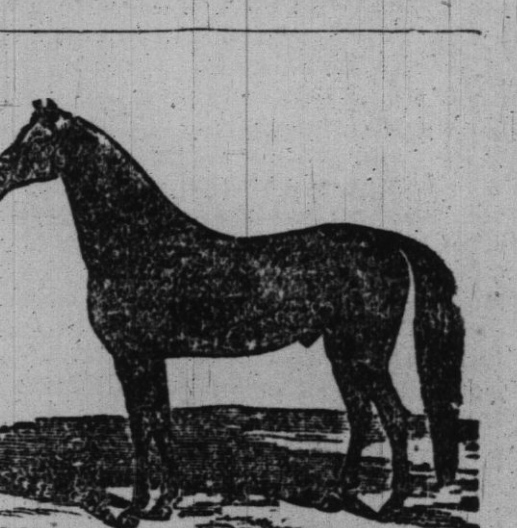
A new anthropometric test of sensitiveness has been designed by Dr. Galton of London. A band of color, showing all the sixty-five shades of blue, is slowly passed before the eyes, and the subject makes a dot for every shade detected. As far as the experiments have proceeded, only about twenty shades are generally discovered. In one case, however, a dyer detected about forty.

D. A. Buck, a resident of Waterbury, Conn., once made a perfect steam engine that was so small that the engine, boilers, governors and pumps all stood on a space only one-fourth of an inch in diameter and less than seven-sixteenths of an inch high. The engine had 148 distinct parts, held together by fifty-two screws. The diameter of the cylinder was but one-twenty-sixth of an inch, and the whole affair, not including the base plate, weighed but three grains.

## PATENTS

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## BUREAU OF WEATHER

### AN IMPORTANT GOVERNMENT SERVICE EXPLAINED

Some Illustrations as Displayed from Signal Stations to Warn the People of Approaching Storms—Speed is the Watchword.



THE WEATHER bureau is one of the most interesting of the government departments. Its workings are surrounded by a shadow of mystery. In it are prophets who are familiar with the sun, the clouds and the wind, who understand the intricacies of many queer instruments, and who can blight your hopes on the most ideal of spring days by their predictions of coming rain or frost. That these prophecies are usually fulfilled is an unpleasant reality, for seldom is a storm foretold that it does not come.

The motto in the weather bureau is "speed." Its work begins at 8 o'clock in the morning. At that hour, Washington time, observations of the weather are taken at 100 places in the United States and Canada and telegraphed to the bureau.

These observations are taken by means of the barometer, the thermometer and other instruments, and include everything relating to the weather, such as the lowest and highest temperature of the day and the temperature at the time of observation is taken, the velocity and direction of the wind, the depth of rainfall, if any, the clouds and the condition of the atmosphere at the time, the telegram is sent, whether clear, cloudy, hazy, snow, rainy or foggy. To save time and expense the telegrams are

sent in a cipher, which any one familiar with the key can read at a glance. The information is received from about 3,500,000 square miles, or one-fortieth part of the earth's surface.

As the telegrams are received they are taken down by the operators in type writing and sent to another room, where they are read aloud to the clerks that draw the maps. Each clerk has a special part assigned him to draw; thus one works on clouds and others on particular sections of the country, where the different stations are located.

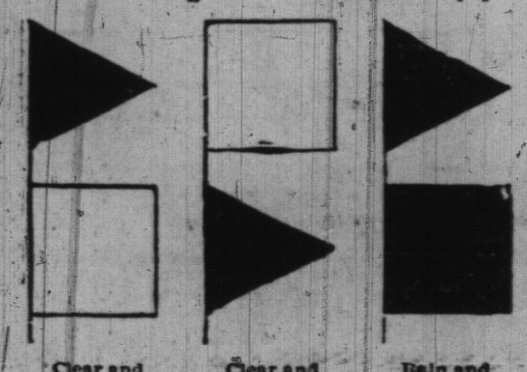
These telegrams would convey little impression of their real meaning to any one not acquainted with the key of the cipher, but the skilled translator reads them quickly and easily. He knows at a glance, for example, that "Atlantic lowman Dew Bugaboo Carroll Nonfulfill," means:

Atlantic City, N. J., at 8 a. m. has a barometer reading 30.18 and temperature of 52 degrees; N. E. wind, cloudy weather, no precipitation during the last twenty-four hours; wind velocity ten miles an hour; minimum temperature, 42 degrees; relative humidity 78, and ten-tenths stratus clouds moving from the east.

When all the telegrams from the stations have been received, translated and drawn upon the maps, the weather map as we receive it is arranged and printed. In about two hours from the time the first telegram comes into the bureau the completed map is issued.

Many of the boys and girls of the Eight O'clock club are familiar with this map. It presents an outline map of the United States, with the weather stations drawn upon it. Arrows indicate the direction of the wind, shaded areas show where rain has fallen since the last observation was taken, solid lines, called isobars, are drawn through points having the same barometric pressure, and dotted lines, called isotherms, connected places having the same temperature. Various other small signs, and a written forecast for thirty-six hours, show what the weather has been and will be for a day and a half.

The forecast is the same that we read in the daily papers. It is gathered by means of the observations and foretold by the prophets in the weather bureau, the chief of which is Prof. Harrington. Thus the map pre-



dicts the condition of the weather in all parts of the United States for the coming thirty-six hours. Observations are also taken at 8 o'clock in the evening and telegraphed to Washington, and maps are drawn, printed and circulated.

Two maps are sent to the capitol. One is placed in the senate lobby, the other in the house. They are also displayed in many custom houses, post-offices, railroad stations and other public buildings.

Local weather service is now established in every part of the United States except Alaska. Many of these services are supported by the states;

others by societies. In Pennsylvania the service is under the auspices of the Franklin Institute. Until very recently no official predictions were issued except from the central bureau at Washington. Now local forecasts are made in a number of cities and the daily weather-map is also published.

A chart showing the depth of snow, the inches of ice in rivers, the direction of the wind, the storm movement, etc., with "special bulletins" on one side, relating to the condition of the weather for the past seven days, is issued every Tuesday during the winter months by the Washington bureau. A monthly bulletin in reference to the effect of the weather upon the crops is also printed in Washington and during the planting and harvesting seasons the weather services of many states issue local crop bulletins. These have a large circulation among the farmers and other people interested in agriculture.

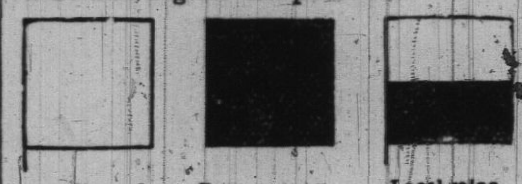
In addition to the maps and forecasts published in the daily papers, the weather bureau at Washington and some special stations furnish forecasts of the weather to be announced to the public by means of flags and whistles. These predictions are daily telegraphed to a large number of weather stations and to railroads. Some of the smaller towns receive them by telephone from the state weather service, and there are few towns now where weather flags are not shown.

There are five flags, each about six feet square. The plain white flag indicates clear or fair weather; the blue flag indicates rain or snow; the white flag with black center indicates a cold wave; the white flag with parallel bars of white and blue indicates local rains, and the black triangular flag always refers to the temperature. When placed above the fair weather flag it indicates fair weather, warmer; when below this flag, it indicates fair weather, colder. Placed above the blue flag, it indicates rain or snow followed by warmer weather; below it, the forecast reads rain or snow followed by colder weather.

When the fair weather, or white, flag is floated with the white flag with black center, the prophecy is for fair weather and a cold wave, and when the blue flag and the cold wave flag are displayed together they indicate wet weather and a cold wave. When the flags are displayed separately, without the triangular black flag, the indications are that the temperature will remain stationary or not vary more than four degrees from the temperature of the corresponding hour of the preceding day.

In some parts of the country, where flags can not be seen at a distance, the weather signals are given by means of whistles. Notification is given to the people, usually through the papers, that at a specified hour the steam whistle at a certain place will sound the signal to indicate the weather for the coming day. At the designated hour one long blast is sounded to attract attention. Then one of the following signals will be given:

One long blast, indicating fair weather; two long blasts, rain or snow; three long blasts, local rains; one short blast, lower temperature; two short blasts, higher temperature; three short blasts, a cold wave. When one long and three short blasts are sounded it is an indication of fair weather and a cold wave, and when three long and two short blasts are sounded it is an indication of local rains and higher temperature.



These flag and whistle signals are of great value to people living on farms and to fishermen, who pursue their trade on rivers and bays, for although these, old tars soon learn to decipher the meaning of winds and clouds, they have much faith in and dependency upon official forecasts.

There are 100 river stations. These are under the direction of central stations and their work is of special value to persons having shipping interests and to residents of towns on western rivers. The river observer predicts coming floods and records the rainfall. He has an apparatus for measuring the velocity of rivers and also river gauges. River bulletins are issued at twenty-two places, and a small river bulletin is published daily on the weather map at Washington.

The predicting of thunder-storms is a feature of the weather bureau that has attracted much attention. During the summer thunder showers are frequently predicted eight hours before they occur, warning of coming thunder-storms being oftentimes telephoned from one station to the other at a distance.

The weather bureau has recently undertaken to ascertain the currents of the great lakes. This is accomplished by means of bottle papers. Bottles are especially manufactured for this purpose, with the name of the bureau blown in the glass. In the bottle is placed a stamped envelope directed to the chief of the weather bureau at Washington. The envelope is always arranged in the bottle so that the address is visible through the glass. In the envelope is a printed slip of paper requesting vesselmen, pilots and others to throw the bottle overboard wherever they think best for the purpose in view, after marking on the slip name, vessel, date and position, and an additional request to the finder of it to give name, vessel, date, place where found and any other information that may suggest itself, and then forward the slip to the bureau at Washington.

These bottles are usually given to captains of lake vessels, who float them on the lake at their discretion. They are generally floated in the spring and are frequently found in

the following autumn. As a rule they are picked up on the shore, but sometimes are found in the water near the shore. Only the starting and terminal points of the bottle are known, but with the aid of rules and observations applicable to currents the weather officials are enabled to obtain a very fair idea of its course and so understand the lake currents.

The study of the climate in every part of the country and its effects upon the crops is a special work of the weather bureau, and letters are daily received asking for information of this kind. All questions concerning meteorology and climatology are cheerfully answered by the bureau and many clerks are employed in the correspondence division.



In the department is a fireproof vault, in which the original records of observation and yearly records are filed. The records of the weather bureau are frequently of great value in disputes and legal cases. For example, a man may claim damages for injuries sustained from falling at night into an unguarded hole on some one's property. The accident may have occurred years before suit is brought and the witnesses may have forgotten the condition of the weather at the time, whether moonlight or cloudy, clear enough to have seen the hole or too dark. By applying to the weather bureau they may learn the exact condition of the weather at the time the accident took place. Complete information in regard to any storms that may have destroyed property or life may usually be obtained from the bureau.

The science of meteorology is one of constant progress and advance. Yearly new discoveries and inventions to perfect it are made, and many scientific men are devoting much time to the subject. This study is most interesting and beneficial, and it may be that among the Eight O'clock club members there is a boy who will in years to come be known to the country as the learned professor of meteorology in the weather bureau at the national capital. May we all be there to see!—New York World.

#### Artificial Silk.

The difficulties attending the production and utilization of artificial silk appear likely to be overcome one by one, and the ingenuity by which these results are accomplished is indeed striking, particularly that exhibited in securing the necessary hardness. The colloid issues in a thread of extreme delicacy—six being required to make a strand of the necessary consistency for weaving—but this thread, owing to its viscosity and softness, is not fit to be rolled on spools, the substance being still colloid and not silk. Now, to produce the hardness desired, a very unique but simple method is resorted to—that is, the little glass tube which forms a part of the mechanism is surrounded by a small reservoir of the same material constantly filled with water, and when the thread issues from the aperture mentioned it traverses this water, which takes up the ether and alcohol, and the colloid becomes so idified, or in other words is transformed into an elastic thread, as resisting and brilliant as ordinary silk. Again, on account of the materials employed in the manufacture of such silk, wood, ether and alcohol, the stuff produced has been supposed to be dangerously inflammable. Such a contingency is now obviated, it seems, by simply plunging the spun thread in a solution of ammonia, thus rendering it as slow of combustion as any other material.

#### Kisses for Sale.

Kisses have a market price at Nagymary, in the Hungarian Komitta of Arad. A strange old custom is in use there on St. Joseph's day and a few days following. The young women who have been married within the past twelve months assemble in the market place and offer themselves to be kissed by gentle and simple, Herren and Bauern indifferently, at so much money per kiss. The prices are exceedingly modest, the lowest being four hellers and the highest twenty hellers. These, at last, were the prices, according to the Hungarian reporter, on St. Joseph's day last March 19. There is possibly some feudal interpretation of the eccentric custom, but the reporter does not supply it.

#### A Royal Love Match.

Louise Fredericke Auguste, the present duchess of Devonshire and wife of the man who is less often remembered as the duke of that name than as the Marquis of Hartington, is a Hanoverian. She looks, however, more like an Englishwoman than like a German, and though she is no longer young, is still handsome. She was the daughter of Count von Alten; and she was considered an unusually beautiful girl when her first husband, the Duke of Manchester, caught a glimpse of her in the opera house at Nice. He promptly fell in love with her, sought an introduction and within a few days proposed and was accepted and married.

#### Toasted Potatoes.

Take two large sized white potatoes. Boil until soft. When cold cut in slices lengthwise, sprinkle with pepper and salt, and toast over the coals until brown. Butter while hot. Serve on individual platters, with part of a boiled sweet potato on each.

#### All's Not Gold That Glitters.

Stage-Struck Maiden—What a happy life you must have! I wish I was an actress.

Actress.—Oh, there are disappointments. The man I kissed in the play to-night is my husband.—Life.

## BOTH WERE BAD MEN.

### SWIFTEST MANIPULATORS OF GUNS IN WYOMING.

When They Crossed Each Other the Shooting Was of Short Duration and Remarkably Accurate—Which Was the Quicker Remained Undecided.

"You must remember, though, gentlemen, that not one in fifty of the stories of gun play that came out of the West has any foundation in fact. Most of them, very nearly all of them, are pure fancy."

It was Colonel George Barry, in his old corner of the Lotos club cafe, started again in his experiences on the frontier, says the New York Sun.

"Now, in all the time that I was stationed in Wyoming territory," he went on, "I met only two men who might really be called 'bad men,' that is, men who were not only willing to shoot when they got into trouble, but who rather preferred trouble of that sort and were frequently on the lookout for it. Both of them were master hands with a six-shooter, and neither could quite comprehend what ailed a man who was over afraid of anything. Each had done murder. Neither would admit it, of course. Both would contend that they had shot in a fair fight, and that the dead man had just as good a chance as themselves. But everybody knew it wasn't so."

The first man Hyde killed was down on the old trail between Sydney and the Black Hills. There was a dance one night at a roadhouse, and Hyde went. He had some trouble with another cowboy, and the other fellow threatened to shoot him. Hyde was a peaceable enough fellow then, and didn't pay much attention at first to the other cowboy's threats. But when they had been repeated several times Hyde got tired. He went into the barroom of the roadhouse and got a Winchester. Why he didn't use his six-shooter I don't know, but he didn't. He went back into the dining room, where they were dancing, and walking up to the man who had threatened him, he said:

"D—n you, you've been talking about shooting all night, and haven't done a—n thing. Now, I'm going to shoot."

"He pulled up his Winchester deliberately, and shot the cowboy squarely through the heart. Of course the other fellow had time enough to pull his gun while Hyde was raising his Winchester, but he didn't get it quick enough. Hyde said he was white-livered."

"Ducello's first man was killed in a different sort of fight. A Michigan man named Sandy Miller had located a claim in the middle of one of the finest ranges of the Sweetwater. Of course he had a legal right to do so, but you couldn't persuade the ranchmen with anything but bullets that he had any moral right where he was. So they sent a party of cowboys up to run him out of the country. Ducello went along. It happened that Miller didn't look with favor on the running out process, and he had a man working for him who was similarly minded. Ducello told me about it afterward."

"There was me," he said, "an' a fellow from Laramie with yellow chaps that couldn't ride much, an' another fellow, I forget his name, but his alias was Bullwhack Bill. I guess he'd been a freighter somewhere. Anyhow, they was us three an' a couple more fellows, an' we was just goin' to fire Sandy Miller p. d. q. But we didn't. He wouldn't fire. We cleaned him out instead, and he and his hired man d—n near cleaned us out doin' it. We got up there all right, and found old Sandy at home. He came out to meet us with a Winchester, an' his hired man stood in the door behind him. He knewed what we was after without our sayin' a word."

"You fellows," he says, "don't run none of your damned wizzles on me," he says, an' with that he up with his Winchester an' lets silver. He took old Bullwhack Bill pretty fair, and it got plain they was going to be a fight. I take it he wasn't used to Wyoming ways. Well, when he shot of course I got out my gun an' began to talk some myself. They was considerable shootin' goin' on, an' I seen that Miller's hired man, was pretty handy with a Winchester himself. He worked her faster'n any man I ever seen. Somebody knocked Miller over, an' I thought it wouldn't be just square not to save the hired man trouble, so I give him one that stopped his old Winchester. Damn good thing I did, too, for the Laramie man, with the yellow chaps and Bullwhack Bill and one of the other fellows, was done up. I don't know as I ever heard just exactly what did start the row between them. Professional jealousy, most likely."

"However the row started, it don't matter much how, and the word went round that there would be some of the quickest and cleanest shootin' when Hyde and Ducello met that the world ever saw. Well, they met, and there was shooting. But no man alive is ever going to tell just exactly how it occurred."

"Ducello was breaking a bunch of bronco for the 6 X outfit. Hyde was in Cheyenne. It happened that on the afternoon on which Hyde started for Little Eva, Ducello took it into his head to ride into Cheyenne. That evening their ponies came up in the lane to the six X ranch together, but without riders. The boys knew what had happened, and started out to get the bodies. They were lying not far apart on opposite side of the road, only about a mile below where the lane from the ranch turns into the stage road. Hyde was shot through the head. Ducello through the top of the head."

"The boys figured that it happened this way: When Ducello and Hyde met it just so happened that the chances of the draw were even and each saw it. Each wanted whatever advantage of the other he could, and neither was in a hurry to pass by the other, so they stopped and talked, maybe about the Indians, maybe about stock; who knows? Maybe they cursed each other, though that isn't likely, and it's just as unlikely that they tried to make up. What would you talk about if you happened to meet a man whom you had sworn to kill and who had sworn to kill you, under the circumstances? So they rode together, talking away about whatever it was, but eyeing each other every second. At last one thought he had a chance to draw. The instant he reached toward his gun the other reached too. You remember that Hyde had the reputation of being the quicker man. His friends argue from the fact that he was shot through the heart that Ducello got the advantage in the draw. They conjectured that the shock of his bullet disturbed Hyde's aim, so that the bullet which would have struck Ducello's heart crashed through his head instead. I don't know, somehow I always thought Ducello the quicker."

#### French Hatred of England.

Ferdinand de Lesseps used to tell how a Frenchman came to his aid when he was struggling against Palmerston's opposition to the Suez canal. The man, who was a total stranger, walked into his office one day, says Kate Field's Washington, and drew out of his pocket a wallet stuffed with bank notes. "Monsieur," said he, "I beg the privilege of being allowed to subscribe toward the railway of the island of Sweden." "But, monsieur," said Lesseps, "it is not an island, but an isthmus; it is not in Sweden, but at Suez!" "I don't care what it is or where it is," said the capitalist, "so long as it worries England. Put me down, I say!" But Lesseps had little reason to make fun of this episode, if the picture his own son draws of him be true. Becoming incensed at some attack made on him in the British parliament, and being inadequately provided with means to express his rage, his mind suddenly reverted to his linen collar, which was of English make. He tore it from his neck, dashed it upon the floor, and danced upon it—all for hatred of the island it came from.

#### In the Interest of Truth.

As the fish entered his home his wife recoiled with a shriek of horror. "What," she demanded in a frenzy, "is that string hanging out of your mouth?" He heard her not. "Darling," he implored, "my traveling bag." With trembling hand she collected a collar and a pair of socks. "My life," the husband hastily continued, "I am caught. All I ask of you is that you do not believe all the lies that will be told about me." With a conclusive pressure of the hand, he was gone.

#### They Are Always Astonished.

Sketchyrr—How did you succeed in getting so perfect an expression of astonishment in the face of the last picture you painted? I never saw anything more realistic. D'Auber—It was a reproduction of the expression on my landlady's face when I told her that my bed needed a little renovating.

#### COLLEGE OF WIT.

"Is Snyder what you would call a modest man?" "He is that. Why, he is so modest that he always goes to sleep before beginning to snore."

Wife, tearfully—You have broken the promise you made me! Husband, kissing her—Never mind, my dear, don't cry. I'll make you another.

Would-be Settler—How is the death rate about here? Old Citizen—Waal, it's pretty cheap just now since the town doctors got to cuttin' prices.

Daughter, looking up from her novel—Papa, in time of trial, what do you suppose brings the most comfort to a man? Papa, who is a county-court judge—An acquittal. I should think.

A janitor was absorbed in a book when his wife said: "What are ye readin', Dennis?" "Oim readin' the history of Napoleon Bonaparte. Moy, moy! what a janitor he would ov made!"

"Well," remarked Fogg, with a sigh of relief as he laid down his paper, "there is one thing I can be thankful for; I never saw my name in the police reports nor in the society columns."

"I don't like that ordinance a bit, but I suppose you had a good reason for votin' for it." "A good reason?" replied Ald. Bilks, drawing himself up proudly, "why, sir, I had just 1,500 good reasons!"

Visitor—I beg to assure you, miss, that my— Miss, interrupting—You must speak with mamma. Visitor—Pardon, miss; this is a misunderstanding. I am agent for— Miss—then you must speak with papa.

While a Georgia editor was addressing an audience recently, fifteen cabbages were thrown on the stage. "I thank you, ladies and gentlemen," he said, "my garden was killed by the recent blizzard, and I have a large family to support. All that I need now is a basket."

"Can a man serve two masters?" inquired the pastor of the mild-eyed deacon. "He has to sometimes," confessed the deacon. "I think not." "You never had boy twins at your house, did you?" Inquired the deacon, softly, and the pastor retired in discomfort.

**Sweet Corn.** Sweet corn is a crop that farmers might grow on a more extensive scale than they have been doing, says an exchange. There are many ways in which it can be made profitable. There is always a market in every town for almost unlimited quantities of roasting ears; and while it is some trouble to gather and sell these, an acre can in this way be made to pay as much as three or four acres of field corn ordinarily does. A portion of it may be saved for seed, and if of a good variety your local grocer will be glad to have it at a fair price. Near a canning factory the green crop may easily be disposed of with profit. For green soiling in the dairy it furnishes a material which it would be difficult to excel. If you can not use it all in these ways, then the silo will be a first-rate place for all that is left. Or if you have no silo, turn the pigs into the field just as the grain is ripening, and you can fairly see them grow. If the pigs happen to leave any of the fodder, sheep or cattle turned in will clean up the last leaf of it.—Farmers' Review.

**SALTING COWS.**—Salting the cows is one of the little things that is sometimes lost sight of under the pressure of other and what is regarded as more important work, but a trial recently made at the Mississippi experiment station indicates that inattention to this point may be a rather expensive oversight. Three cows were kept without salt for four weeks and their milk record kept during the last two weeks of this period; then they were given the usual allowance of salt for two weeks and on comparing the milk records it was found that the cows gave 454 pounds of milk during the first period when salt was withheld, and 564 pounds during the second when salt was furnished, a difference of 110 pounds of milk in two weeks in favor of salting.—Ex.

#### The Famous Flathead Valley.

Investors and home seekers should investigate the chances for making homes and money in Western Montana, with its fertile farming lands, surrounded and interlaced with fine forests, large rivers and lakes, and mines of precious metals, iron and coal. Splendid climate and scenery. No blizzards and cyclones. Kalispell is county seat and headquarters of Great Northern Railway; has 2,300 people, waterworks, Electric Lights, Mills, etc. For printed matter and information address, C. E. COSRAD, Kalispell, Mont.

Full many a flower is born to blush unseen  
And waste its fragrance on the desert air;  
Full many a tramp in filth and rags is seen  
Who might, with pluck, have been a millionaire.

#### Valley, Plain and Peak.

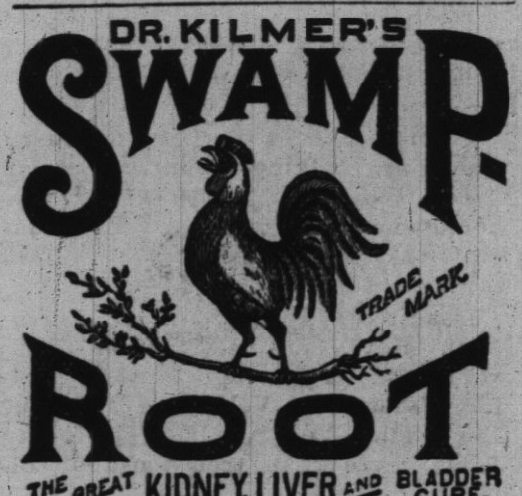
An art book of Northwestern scenes, from photographs, over 100 views, with descriptive matter, elegantly printed, sent with other publications of much interest to investors and homeseekers, for 10 cents in postage. Equal to gift books sold for a dollar, with much less information and beauty. Address F. I. WATNEY, G. P. & T. A., Great Northern Railway, St. Paul, Minn.

A quarrel is quickly settled when deserted by one party. There is no battle unless there be two.—Seneca.

## A Good Appetite

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**Hood's Sarsaparilla**  
Cures  
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of a dyspeptic nature.  
Hood's Sarsaparilla is  
the remedy which most  
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### Poor Digestion

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

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A splendid feeling to-day and a depressed one to-morrow, nothing seems to taste good, tired sleepless and all unstrung, weakness, debility Swamp-Root builds up quickly a run down constitution and makes the weak strong.

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## A DANGEROUS BUSINESS.

PETER WALGREEN WORKS FAR UP IN THE AIR.

He Builds Steeples, Paints Tall Flag-staffs and Performs Other Aerial Feats—From a Height of 250 Feet He Calls for Tobacco.

A speck away up in the sky, moving, alive, was visible to the naked eye in the heart of Boston the other morning. Crowds collected near the old state house, at the markets, at Dock square, and along Tremont row to watch the spectacle.

A man was shinning the flagstaff on the top of the Ames building, 260 feet above the ground level, preparatory to giving it a coat of white paint.

He was meanwhile incidentally earning \$25 wherewith to support himself and family.

Peter Walgreen appeared on the roof at precisely 10 o'clock. His helper, to whom he pays thirty cents an hour, was at his side. Quickly he changed his trousers—which he could do with modesty at such an elevation—and got into his working pantaloon.

Oliver Ames II. was there to see the sight. The climber could easily have mounted the pole by means of the flag rope, but Mr. Ames wanted an exhibition of climbing without such assistance, and he got it.

Walgreen placed two ropes, noosed at both ends, around the iron staff. He then tied himself around the body underneath the arms. Inserting his feet in two of the nooses he began his upward journey of sixty feet.

Drawing himself slowly heavenward he raised the ropes, caught them in a new spot, pressed downward like one walking up a very steep flight of stairs and he had gained nearly a yard.

Up, up, up he squirmed his way until he could look over the top of Bunker Hill monument, above anything which rears its lofty head in the whole city.

"Twas a difficult feat, because the iron of the staff was slippery and the sections was all of one size, not tapering, as is generally the case, and giving no purchase to the ropes.

Walgreen was as cool as ice. He looked out upon the bay and the beautiful landscape spread before him and was fanned by the stiff breeze which blew across the town.

Yet he was perspiring, from his exertions and down to the roof came flying his old Derby hat.

Ten minutes passed and the climber had reached the apex which he sought. He unloosed the single strand which bound him safely, and was the only sure thing which stood between him and instant death, arose erect upon the circular iron disk beneath the weather vane—260 feet above mother earth—and shouted down to the Boston Globe reporter, "It's pretty high up here, isn't it?"

He was assured it was pretty high.

"Send up the black paint," cried the aerial artist, and up the ropes went a tiny pail, bobbing along as if it were trolling for pickerei. He seized the receptacle and held it in his teeth while he changed position.

Then the decoration of the weather vane in somber black began, the painter apparently unsupported in midair, reaching far out to its ends a distance of some 100 feet, and meanwhile restraining the thing in its mad attempts to point north, south, east or west.

The crowds in the streets, below, individuals looking like Lilliputians, could be seen gazing upward intently and fearfully.

Walgreen waved his hand and shouted down to them, although the sound of his voice never reached so far, saying he would be down to see them at 2 o'clock.

"Get my vest and hoist that plug of tobacco," was the next exclamation which floated down to the roof, and soon the weed was on its way skyward.

Then the boatswain's seat was called for, secured, and seated upon it the helper lowering as ordered, the painter tied to the staff much in the same manner as when he ascended, the descent commenced, a beautiful coat of white paint being left all the way down.

If took less than two hours to complete the task, and at the end of that time Walgreen stood again on the roof of the Ames building without a scratch, save that his face was streaked with paint.

Next day he repeated the feat and gave that staff a second coat of color.

Peter Walgreen is one of less than half a dozen famous steeple climbers in this country. He resides at 288 Hanover street and is not by any means an old man. Years ago he was a ship rigger.

For eighteen years he has climbed and climbed; climbed everything of a lofty nature which wanted scaling. He learned the trade from Craig.

In 1872 he worked for \$7 per hour on the Brooklyn bridge fastening the huge cables.

Last year he completed the steeple at Augusta, from which "Steeple Jack" fell and was killed.

He has recently painted nearly all the flagstaffs in the business center of the city, receiving from the owners from \$5 to \$25 each. The one on the Ames building is the loftiest which he has ever tackled.

No accident has he experienced, except on a brewery in Roxbury the other day, when a tackle block gave way, and he slipped down the pole eight feet before he could get a new grip.

At the present time he has a proposition before the authorities at Washington to paint the staff on the top of the postoffice building for the small sum of \$37. The guided ball

on its apex has also slipped down and needs replacing, which would be included in the job.

## QUEER EFFECT OF A WILL.

Provision Which Has Kept a Brooklyn House Closed for Eighteen Years.

The house at 255 Court street has a strange history—strange on account of the eccentricity of its former and original owner. The house is opposite Harrison street and is not unlike half a dozen other houses on the same block; but the feature which distinguishes this particular house from others lies in the fact that all the outer blinds are tightly closed and even the front door is double barred with a great green shutter. Some eighteen years ago, says the Brooklyn Eagle, the house had an air of activity about it; its doors and its windows were not closely barred. John Snitzpahn, a widower, lived in it, with his only daughter. He had built the house and had lived in the neighborhood for a number of years. He was regarded by his neighbors as somewhat peculiar in manner, but no one in the neighborhood was more generally liked, in spite of his eccentricity. But his daughter had tired of the neighborhood. Her companions and friends lived in more stylish localities and she longed for the day when her father would sell or rent the house on Court street and locate in a more fashionable neighborhood. Yet her father would never listen to her. Snitzpahn died and left a will giving all his property, both personal and real, to his beloved daughter Katharine, but with the stipulation that the house, 255 Court street must neither be sold or rented by her or her heirs; that she must either occupy the house or let it remain idle. When Miss Snitzpahn heard the will she said nothing, but her face wore a determined look. As soon as she could collect her personal effects she left the house and went to Morristown, N. J., where she has resided ever since. For a period of over sixteen years the house remained without an occupant. All the elegant furniture, which was never removed, first became dust laden and then gradually went to decay. Rats frisked about and ran over everything. Great cobwebs hung in clusters from the ceiling, and there was a dampness and a dreariness within which was depressing. As the house was rapidly going to ruin it became either a question of allowing some one to live in it or else having it become a nuisance to the surrounding houses. Fifteen months ago Edward Bell, a middle aged German, was commissioned to live in the place and take care of it. He and his wife occupy the basement and the first floor of the house at present, but they have no rent to pay. Since the house was closed, over eighteen years ago, the front door has never been opened.

## A Queer Organ.

A curious organ is to be seen at the Jesuits' church at Shanghai, China. It was manufactured by a native, a "brother coadjutor" of the Jesuit order. The pipes of the instrument are in bamboo wood instead of metal, and the sonority is of incomparable sweetness, "angelic and superhuman," says a correspondent, and such as has never been heard in Europe.

## A Roman Shield.

An interesting relic of the Roman occupation of Britain has recently been acquired by the British museum, in the shape of a bronze boss of a shield of Roman work found in the Tyne and bearing the name of the soldier to whom it belonged, as well as the number of the legion.

## STRANGE BUT TRUE.

Male mosquitos do not bite. Female frogs have no voice; only the males can sing.

The mummy cats unearthed in Egypt have red hair. All kinds of insects, so far as known, are afflicted with some form of parasite.

An elephant is fifty to sixty years in attaining maturity and will live a century and a half.

If a snail's head be cut off and the animal be placed in a cool, moist spot, a new head will be grown.

Several species of ants keep cows, the aphids answering the purpose, and milk them at regular intervals.

The gannet, or solar goose, is provided with an air cushion under his skin. His body contains about 150 cubic inches of air.

At the end of each hair of a cat's whiskers is a bulb of nervous substance which converts the hair into extremely delicate feelers.

Toads and frogs carry a supply of water about with them in a sack provided for the purpose. If, by accident, the supply becomes exhausted, the animal dies.

The most curious animal in the world is the ornithorhynchus paradoxus. It has a beak like a duck, a body like an otter, is web-footed, is amphibious and lays eggs.

Since the beginning of this century no less than fifty-two volcanic islands have arisen out of the sea; nineteen disappeared, being submerged, the others remain and ten are now inhabited.

Dr. William Harris, who is buried in Painbridge, O., made the first artificial teeth in this country in 1805. He inserted sheep's teeth which were kept in place with the aid of a hickory plug.

When suddenly frightened lizards will often drop their tails and scurry away. The discarded member, bouncing up and down, attracts the attention of the enemy and enables an escape to be effected.

## CHICAGO THEATERS.

AMUSEMENT ATTRACTIONS FOR COMING WEEK.

What the Managers of the Various City Play-Houses Offer Their Patrons—Drama, Vaudeville and Operatic Engagements.

## CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.

Like all of Mr. Henderson's previous extravaganzas, "Aladdin, Jr." keeps on improving with each successive performance. When the fiftieth performance was reached July 16, the second edition of this remarkably brilliant entertainment was given its initial presentation. Of course all the principal features were retained, the plot and dialogue being unchanged, while several new and interesting numbers were added. Among those most conspicuously successful, judging from the applause and encores, was the new Hungarian character dance by that peerless premiere from the land of snow and ice, Milla. Catherine Bartha, a new pas de seul by statuette and elegant Frauline Martha Truier, a budget of new songs by low comedian Burke, who is to-day acknowledged by all competent critics and by the public to be the best in his line of business in this country, and a new duet, "The Ha Ha Family," by that very funny team, Murphy and Turner. The grand march in the fourth act, one of the most enchanting and costly spectacles ever presented on the American stage was given to new music, composed by Mr. L. Maurice of Chicago. A charming souvenir in the shape of an album with photo lithograph portraits and character sketches of the principal members of the American Extravaganza company was presented to each patron of the theater on the occasion of the fiftieth performance. With his customary enterprise, and untiring energy, Manager Henderson announces that very shortly a third edition of "Aladdin, Jr." with new songs, dances, etc., will be given at the Chicago opera house. Now that suburban train service has been fully resumed out of town theatergoers through the theater and the matinees, especially are noticeable by the large attendance of ladies and children. "Aladdin, Jr." is especially designed to amuse the little folks.

DAILY LAKE EXCURSIONS TO ST. JOE AND BENTON HARBOR, MICH.

On the steel steamer City of Chicago and the new propeller Chicago, the two fastest steamers on Lake Michigan. Eight hours on the water. Only sixty miles from Chicago. The sister cities are visited by thousands of pleasure seekers every season, and are without exception the most delightful resorts on Lake Michigan; good fishing, bathing, beautiful drives and other attractions. The schedule for the season is as follows:

Leaves Chicago daily at 9:30 a. m. Return to city about 8:30 p. m. Round trip, \$1.

Leaves Chicago daily at 11:30 p. m. Single fare trip, \$1.

Leaves Chicago Sunday at 10 a. m. Return about 10 p. m. Round trip, \$1.

Leaves Chicago Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock. Round trip, \$1. Tickets good returning same night, Sunday at 6 p. m. or Monday's steamer. In all cases meals and berths extra.

The City of Chicago, which leaves daily at 9:30 a. m., makes close connections at St. Joseph with the special fast steamboat express on the C. & W. M. railroad for Grand Rapids, Traverse City, Petoskey, Mackinac Island, Holland, Ottawa Beach, Bay City, East Saginaw, Lansing and all summer resorts and towns in Northern Michigan. This is the cheapest and quickest route from Chicago.

Also connecting with the C. & C. & St. L. railroad, (Big 4) and Vandalia railroad for South Bend, Elkhart, Niles, Terre Haute, Indianapolis and all southern points.

Hotel St. Joseph, formerly "Plank's Tavern," is now open. Rates \$2 a day.

## CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE, Fire-Proof.

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In a New and Original Operatic Extravaganza, in 4 acts and 16 scenes, by MR. J. CHEEVER GOODWIN. Author of "The Merry Monarch," "Wang," "The Colah," "Panjandrum," "Evangeline," etc., with Music composed and arranged by MR. W. H. BATHURLO, entitled,

# ALADDIN, JR.

A TALE OF A WONDERFUL LAMP.

Originated and Designed by - - MR. DAVID HENDERSON.

PRODUCTION COSTING \$85,000. 400 PERSONS.

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Produced under the Direction of - - MR. RICHARD BARKER.

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ACT I.—EXTERIOR OF THE ROYAL BATHS, PEKIN. SCENE OF THE FEAST OF LANTERNS. ACT II.—Scene 1. ECHO GLEN BY NIGHT. EXTERIOR OF THE CAVE OF THE LAMP. Scene 2. INTERIOR OF CAVE. Scene 3.—BUBBLE FALL IN GOLDEN GLADE AND RESORT OF SILVER STORKS. GRAND ANTHEM BALLETS OF CELESTIAL FESTIVITIES. ACT III.—Scene 1.—INTERIOR OF WIDOW BOHEA'S LAUNDRY, PEKIN. Scene 2.—GARDENS OF IMPERIAL PALACE, PEKIN. FLIGHT OF AERIAL PALACE. ACT IV.—Scene 1.—EGYPT: ARAZAK'S PALACE OF EBNY AND GOLD. GRAND BARRABIC PROCESSION. Scene 2.—GREAT WALLS OF CHINA. HOME AGAIN. Scene 3.—GRAND TRANSFORMATION, "THE ORIGIN OF THE HARE."

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## Another Use for Paper.

Among the latest things made out of paper are artificial straws for sipping cobbles and various iced drinks. Everybody knows that real straws are apt to be defective, but the imitations never fail to draw. After they are rolled they are treated with paraffine to render them watertight and nonabsorbent. The same patent covers mouthpieces for cigarettes, which are manufactured in a similar fashion.

## Of Pre-eminent Importance.

When Earl Ferrars had been convicted of murder, great efforts were made to obtain a pardon, on the ground that he was insane. His mother being applied to, and requested to write a strong letter on the subject, answered: "Well, but if I do, how am I to marry off my daughters?"

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