

BARRINGTON REVIEW.

VOL. 9. NO. 20.

BARRINGTON, ILL., SATURDAY, SEPT. 29, 1894.

\$1.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

BARRINGTON.

CHURCH NOTICES.

ST. ANN'S CATHOLIC—Rev. J. P. Cancy, Pastor. Services every alternate Sunday at 9 o'clock a. m.
GERMAN EVANGELICAL ST. PAUL'S—Rev. E. Hahn, pastor. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. Sabbath school at 9:30 a. m.
BAPTIST—Rev. Robert Bailey, pastor. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath school at 12.
GERMAN EVANGELICAL—Rev. J. B. Elfrink, pastor. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sabbath school at 9:15 a. m.
THE EVANGELICAL SALON—Rev. T. Suhr, pastor. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sabbath school at 9:15 a. m.
METHODIST EPISCOPAL—Rev. E. W. Ward, pastor. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath school at 12 m. Children's services 3 p. m. Bible study Tuesday at 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Friday at 7 p. m.

SOCIETY NOTICES.

K. O. T. M. TENT No. 79—Meets at their hall the second and fourth Tuesday of each month. W. H. Snyder, P. C. T. H. Creet, Com.; C. H. Kendall, L. C. L. A. Powers, S. R. R. Bailey, Chap.; J. M. Thresher, R. K. Frank Plagge, F. K. Arthur Jayne, M. A. S. M. Jayne, at M. G. E. W. Macher, D. M. G. C. H. Kendall, P. H. Roloff, S. Dan Catlow, P.
LOUISIANA LODGE No. 551—Meets at their hall the second and fourth Saturday of each month. L. A. Powers, W. M.; H. A. Sandman, S. W.; C. H. Kendall, J. W.; C. B. Olin, Treas.; A. T. Ullrich, Sec.; F. B. Bennett, S. D.; J. P. Brown, J. D.; A. Gleason, Tyler.
BARRINGTON POST No. 275, G. A. R.—Department of 11—Meets every second Friday of the month at Abbott's Hall. E. E. Kuntz, Com.; G. W. Johnson, S. V. C.; Wm. Humphrey, J. V. C.; A. Gleason, Q. M.; A. S. Henderson, O. D.; L. H. Butte, O. G.; Henry Reuter, Ser.; Chas. Seim, Chap.
M. W. A. CAMP 869—Meets first and third Tuesdays of each month at Meyer's Hall. F. E. Hawley, V. C.; P. A. Hawley, W. A.; John Robertson, B. M.; T. Lamney, Clerk; Wm. Ansholtz, W. J. M. Thresher, E. H. P. Asker, S.
W. R. C. No. 15—Meets the second and fourth Wednesdays of each month. Mrs. Lucy Townsend, Pres.; Miss Allie Meyer, Sec.

VILLAGE OFFICERS.

F. E. Hawley, President
H. C. P. Sandman, John Robertson, H. T. Abbott, John Colten, Wm. Grunau, John Hatje, Trustees
Miss T. Lamney, Village Clerk
A. L. Robertson, Treasurer
O. D. Cutting, Village Attorney
H. A. Sandman, Street Commissioner

SCHOOL DIRECTORS.

F. E. Hawley, President
A. W. Meyer, Clerk
L. A. Powers.

Mrs. Emma L. Stiefenhofer, wife of J. Stiefenhofer, died at her home in Barrington Sept. 18, 1894, of consumption, after a long illness. She was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Garrett Landwehr, and was born April 20, 1841. She leaves a husband and three children to mourn her loss, who have our sympathy. The funeral took place at the German Salem church, Saturday, Sept. 23, at 1 o'clock p. m. Rev. Suhr officiating.

Mr. H. Walter now carries a line of ready made clothing. Notice his ad. this week.

The Volksblatt of Woodstock is now a republican paper.

Butter sold at Elgin Monday for 23 cents a pound.

Mr. Henry Spear was here Sunday.

Mr. E. F. Schaefer and Mrs. D. Poiner returned Saturday after a visit with Mr. John Silker at Chester, Neb.

Mr. Thomas Freeman is making some improvements in his residence.

Mr. Oscar Maynard is taking a week's vacation.

Call and see the bargains in dress goods at A. W. Meyer & Co.'s.

Lake county is to build a new jail at a cost of \$34,000.

G. H. Comstock attended a special meeting of the supervisors of Lake county at Waukegan this week.

Mr. L. Derby and family of Iowa are visiting at the home of Mr. A. W. Meyer.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Snyder spent Tuesday with Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Fox at Janesville and returned home on the afternoon train.

Miss Maude Phillips of Harvard was the guest of Miss Mamie Hutchinson this week.

Mr. George Alverson has moved to Missouri, where he will engage in business with his father-in-law.

House for rent. Apply to M. T. Lamney.

A. W. Meyer & Co. have the largest assortment of lace curtains and window draperies.

Miss Della Elvidge gave a party Monday evening, Sept. 24, in honor of her 7th birthday. Many young people enjoyed themselves during the evening.

Mrs. Donnelly of Honey Lake moves to Chicago this week. Her friends regret her departure.

Mr. L. F. Schroeder has put a new stove in the church building.

The heathens of China will receive a Xmas present this year sent by Miss Carrie E. Kingsley, through the kindness of the M. E. Sunday school. The presents were neatly packed with various articles for the little ones and are now on the way to China.

Mr. W. H. Selleck spent Wednesday here after returning from an enjoyable trip through northern Wisconsin and the delta.

Ladies' and misses' jackets at A. W. Meyer & Co.'s.

Why do all our dressmakers use only the Standard sewing machine? Because it will do the finest work and is the lightest running machine made. It is sold by A. W. Meyer & Co.

Mrs. J. O. Selleck of Janesville is improving.

Friday was the last day of the Libertyville fair. Wauconda and Roundout nines played a good game of ball Thursday. Wauconda was defeated by a score of 10 to 6.

A. W. Meyer & Co.'s fancy patent flour is only \$1 a sack. Try it.

A new time card went into effect on the C. & N. W. last Sunday, the only change being the removal of the Geneva Lake train, which arrived here at 2:10 p. m. going north, and 6:10 p. m. going south.

When in want of paint call on J. D. Lamney & Co. and see their large assortment before purchasing elsewhere.

Mrs. S. H. Gillette, who has been visiting in the east, has returned, and is now visiting at the home of Mr. L. H. Higley.

J. D. Lamney is putting in a foundation for a new house for Henry Roloff.

Arthur Fischer of Chicago was visiting old acquaintances here this week.

Mr. and Mrs. George W. Nightingale returned home Wednesday from their trip in the east.

Charles Smith of Chicago visited here Sunday. While here he received a message stating that burglars had broken into his room in the city and stole some of his clothes.

Mrs. C. Perry of Barrington Center visited her uncle, Mr. Thomas Freeman, Sunday.

Mrs. J. K. Bennett is moving to Woodstock, Ill., where she will take charge of the Richmond house.

Twenty ladies of the W. R. C. at dinner at the home of Mrs. George Jayne at Elgin, Ill., last Saturday.

Special low prices on all wool dress goods at A. W. Meyer & Co.'s.

Miss L. H. Harrower spent Sunday at home.

Mr. and Mrs. Sprigg of Iowa are guests of Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Olin.

Mrs. Charles Flint returned to her home in Neenah, Wis., Wednesday.

Rev. Robert Bailey baptized Misses Dunkley, Dawson and Emma Jahnik at Lake Zurich last Thursday afternoon.

To save money buy your carpets of A. W. Meyer & Co.

Miss Carrie E. Kingsley is visiting friends at Denver, Colo.

Mr. Dan Catlow and family are moving to Iowa, on their farm.

Mr. George Page was a Barrington visitor the first of this week.

Rev. E. V. Ward finished his work here Sunday. There will be no services in the M. E. church Sunday, excepting Sunday school and Epworth league meeting, which will be held as usual.

Many of the young people are asking when their club dances are to resume again.

Mrs. Julia Geary died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Jas. Kitson, Wednesday, Sept. 26, 1894, aged 89 years. She was born Dec. 31, 1814, and moved to Lake county in 1838 where she has resided ever since. The funeral took place at the home of her daughter, Friday, Sept. 28, at 1 o'clock p. m. Rev. Robert Bailey officiating. Her remains were interred in the cemetery at Deer Grove.

Mr. Nathan Clark moved his household goods from here Thursday. He is going to business for himself.

J. M. Thresher and M. T. Lamney attended a meeting of the Maccabees at Cary Thursday evening.

Flies for War.

Since Turpin's invention for destroying an army wholesale, the professor of one of the principal colleges in Paris has proposed to the French minister of war that large blowflies should be bred and kept in large cages, being fed upon blood between the artificial skin of lay figures dressed up in the German uniform. When war was declared these flies would be rendered venomous by feeding them on the sap of tropical plants and taken to the front in their cages, from which they would be released and make short work of the enemy. Another patriot suggests that dogs should be trained to bite lay figures wearing the German uniform, and that each soldier should be accompanied by a dog in time of war.

Trick of the Cigar Trade.

There is a little trick in the cigar business to which some dealers will confess good naturedly if you ask them about it. The dealers will display a card in a box announcing that the cigar is sold for twenty cents; \$19.50 a hundred. The extremely innocent person would suppose that the dealer could not expect to sell many of those cigars at wholesale when a buyer of 100 would save only one-half a cent on each cigar. Well, the dealer doesn't expect to sell them by wholesale, and he doesn't sell them, but he knows that it just ties a smoker to death to think that he is getting a single cigar for practically what it would cost him if he bought a ship load of them.

The Mace.

The mace of the house of representatives consists of a bundle of thirteen ebony rods entwined and bound together with silver bands. The thirteen ebony sticks represent the thirteen original states of the union. They are surmounted by a globe of silver upon which the hemispheres are traced, while a silver eagle with outstretched wings is perched upon the summit of the globe. It was made in 1881, and weighs twenty pounds.

GLASS OF FASHION.

SOME NEW THINGS FOR WOMAN'S WEAR.

An Exceedingly Handsome Design in White Swiss—Some Fall Styles in Wraps—For Street Wear—Notes of the Modes.

HIS EXCEEDINGLY handsome design is shown in white Swiss, dotted with pink and trimmed with Irish point embroidery and insertion. The full front is shirred to form a frill heading, and put on at square yoke

depth, the full back extending to the neck and closing in the center. The stylish bretelles are broad at the shoulders, gradually narrowing to points at the waist line back and front. Bands of insertion form shoulder straps, a decoration of embroidery adorning the yoke portion. Picturesque puffs with frills at their lower edges, are encircled above the elbow with bands of insertion, the tight-fitting sleeves being trimmed at the wrist to correspond. The mode is quite as well adapted to fabrics of silk or woolen texture as to the pretty cottons now seasonable. Crepe, cashmere, camel's hair, cheviot, serge, or any of the fine silk and wool mixtures, India, Japanese and China silk, taffeta, surah or any variety of seasonable dress goods can be used for waists by this mode. Ribbon, gimp, velvet, insertion or bands of silk can



be used for decoration, or a plain finish can be effected with pleasing results.

For Street Wear.

Of the many pretty devices for brightening plain bodices which the summer brought forward a favored few have lasted into autumn. One



SOME FALL STYLES IN WRAPS.

such is sketched here, and is in the shape of a collarette of rich guipure lace. Its upper edge is sewed to a narrow black satin ribbon which is again covered with a triple box plaited ruching of black crepe that ties with a bow of black watered ribbon. The collarette is hooked in the center of the front. It is a handsome addition to any dress, and its size is so considerable that it takes on a cape-like effect. It thus seems to be a protection against the cold, as well as a striking garniture.

On the hat accompanying it an interesting combination of colors is seen. It has a triple brim, is of fine dark blue lace straw, with a low crown of the same, which is entirely hidden by the garniture of full blown poppies and tuds with foliage, besides maiden-hair ferns. The first of the brims is fluted, but the other two are plain, and neither buckles nor ribbon are used in the hat's garniture.

It is again permissible to tie the bonnet under the chin. The young man's heart may be tied up at the same time, but, thank fortune, women don't have to wait for bonnet strings for that.

At one time the fashionable girl's aid was for collecting bangles; now she gathers hat pins. Though she has dozens of hats and can manage as many as five pins in each one, if she could wear all her hats at once and five pins in each, she still would have pins enough to make a picket fence. At least that is the way it appeared after a very correct and tony miss had shown her lot.



Although earrings are out of style the brunette of the Oriental type will want one pair of great gold wire hoops set at intervals with tiny diamonds. Just one kind of woman looks well in the hoop earring, and she should defy fashion and wear them because they add much to the effectiveness of her type. FLORETTE.

Too Much Housekeeping.

Emily Huntington Miller is a woman who has studied the domestic problem as seriously as it deserves to be studied. She has done to certain conclusions concerning elaborate and over-particular housekeeping, which she is giving the world in the form of a lecture. This is an extract from it: "The ideal home will make prominent good housekeeping, but it will never allow itself to come under the dominion of an inflexible system before which every other interest must bow down. Who does not know of households where a finger mark, a particle of dust, a shred upon the carpet, a displaced book, a crumpled cushion, anything that mars the cold, flawless neatness of the house, is considered of much more importance than such trifling matters as comfort, ease and happiness. It is well that a home should be neat and orderly, but neither neatness nor order are worth attaining at the sacrifice of higher ends

on a support fastened to the handle bar. Two handles, easily brought into play, work the contrivance.—New York Press.

Mirror Writing.

Many left-handed people have great facility in writing in this way, and it is really the natural way in which writing would be done with the left hand. It is taken advantage of by such as can use it freely and readily in writing, say post cards, for it is a simple and easy way of concealing the meaning, so long as those through whose hands the document passes are ignorant of the simple solution. For this it is only necessary to hold it before a mirror, when the writing appears as ordinary left to right writing. Hence the name "mirror writing" is the one commonly applied to it. As regards its explanation, it is not easy to understand that mirror writing would be naturally used in writing from a copy, because even if it were, in an automatic way, a comparison of the copy with the original would at once show the difference; but, on the other hand, in writing without a copy the mental image will, in case of one who reproduces it with the right hand, fall into certain lines and curves produced in a certain way, while if the left hand is used the lines and curves will naturally be written in the reverse way—the way easiest for the left hand. It may be asked, Why then does not every one who tries to write with the left hand not write mirror writing? This, we believe, depends upon the strong association, which years of habit have formed between the mental picture of the word and its actual reproduction on paper, an association so strong that the mind, as it were, rebels and forces even the left hand to reproduce the old familiar form. In left-handed people this reversed writing is, as we have said, not uncommon when the left hand is used. In a certain proportion of others who have never written with the left hand the attempt to write a given word with the left hand will naturally be made in the right to left and reversed form. Thus it is sometimes seen in the case of patients who, having lost the use of the right hand, in trying to write with the left naturally write mirror writing. But it is uncommon, as we have hinted, probably on account of the strength of the bond between the mental image and its concrete symbol.

Matter and Motion.

Apart from matter, energy has in reality no existence. We can not conceive of motion unless something moves, of warmth unless something is heated, or of any of the various states or conditions which are indications of energy unless immediately associated with matter. Hence the co-existence of energy with matter is, to our minds, an inevitable conclusion. But now, let us inquire, can matter for an instance be considered apart from energy? Can any one imagine a body neither hot nor cold, neither in motion nor at rest, and not under the influence of some attraction some force, or some other form of energy? No! Should such be the case for a space of time inconceiv-

ably short, that time would suffice for the rendering apart of the universe. Planets would fly asunder; life would be instantly destroyed. The very ether would become, in common with all else, at once disorganized, and the universe, filled once more with impalpable world matter, would recommence, as it did millions of centuries ago, the building up of new systems, new worlds and new men.

Energy manifests itself to us in various ways. To the physicist, light, heat, chemical action and all other phenomena included in the category of the physical world are exhibitions of transformation of energy from one form to another. The sum total of energy in this world has never increased nor diminished. Like the matter in the universe, it is and will always be an unchangeable quantity.—Electrical Age.

Italian Wages.

The British vice consul at Ancona, in a recent report on the trade of that district, gives an additional instance of the low wages paid in Italian industrial establishments. At the metallurgical works of Messrs. D. Cattro & Co., a firm giving constant employment to over 300 hands, although wages have increased by about 10 per cent in the last three years, the average rates paid per day of 10½ hours are—to boiler makers, 3s 2d; iron founders, 2s 11d; riveters, 2s 11d; turners, 3s 2d. The works are being enlarged, and accommodation will be provided for building steamships of any size or tonnage. Coal, coke, pig iron, and all materials for boiler making are imported from Great Britain.

Rice Paper.

The rice paper tree, one of the most interesting of the flora of China, has recently been successfully experimented with in Florida, where it now flourishes with other subtropical and Oriental species of trees and shrubs. When first transplanted in American soil the experimenters expressed doubts of its hardiness, fearing that it would be unable to stand the winters. All these fears have vanished, however, and it is now the universal opinion that it is as well adapted to the climate of this country as to that of the famed Flowery Kingdom.

It is a small tree, growing to a height of less than fifty-one feet, with a trunk or stem from three to five inches in diameter. Its canes, which vary in color according to season, are large, soft and downy, the form somewhat resembling that noticed in that of the castor bean plant.

The celebrated rice paper, the product of this queer tree, is formed of thin slices of the pith, which is taken from the body of the tree in beautiful cylinders, several inches in length.

The Chinese workmen apply the blade of a sharp, straight knife to these cylinders, and turning them round either by rude machinery or by hand, dexterously pare the pith from circumference to center. This operation makes a roll of extra quality paper, the scroll being of equal thickness throughout. After a cylinder has thus been pared it is unrolled and weights are placed upon it until the surface is rendered uniformly smooth throughout its entire length.

It is altogether probable that if rice paper making becomes an industry in the United States these primitive modes will be done away with.—St. Louis Republic.

FIELD OF SCIENCE.

SIGNS OF PROGRESS IN LATE INVENTIONS.

A Bicycle Run by Hand Power Is One of the Latest Innovations—About Mirror Writing—Liquids in Equilibrium—Scientific Notes.

SEVERAL ATTEMPTS have been made to utilize the strength of arms as well as legs for the propulsion of bicycles. One of the latest endeavors was the Valere running machine, which proved to be only a theoretical success, however, and could not be used practically. It was too difficult to keep it balanced. But here is another solution of the same problem, also a French invention, which seems to be very simple.

The "Quadrimitive O'Keenan" is an ordinary bicycle to which a second chain is added. This chain unites two pinions; one is on the axis of the propelling wheel, the other is placed



on a support fastened to the handle bar. Two handles, easily brought into play, work the contrivance.—New York Press.

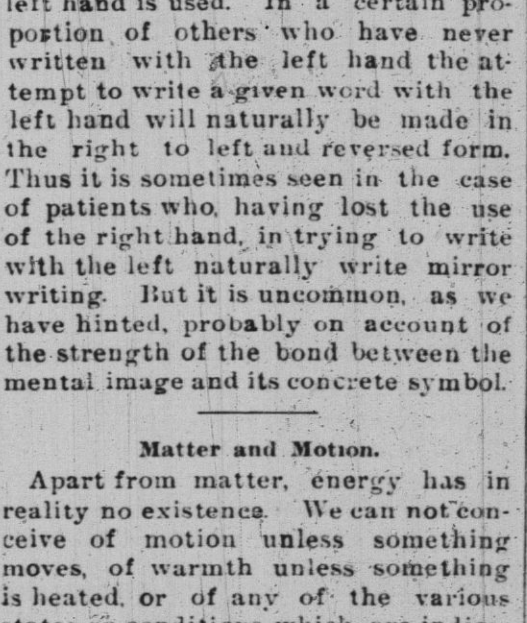
Mirror Writing.

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Liquids in Equilibrium.

It is an interesting feat of color blending, which can be performed at the dinner table, where usually all the ingredients can be found. A tall, narrow stem glass is the best. Four funnels are made of cardboard after the pattern shown in the sketch, the ends being turned over, so as to form a spout-like arrangement.

The first liquid which is poured into the glass is cold black coffee well sweetened. After this the funnels are used. A like quantity of water comes next, which is poured through a funnel, the bended edge of which



is held close to the edge of the glass. For the third claret is used, olive oil for the fourth and alcohol last. All the liquids are poured in as described through the separate funnels. Each of these liquids floats on top of the other, for each is specifically lighter in weight than the preceding one. The liquids will remain in repose as long as the glass is not moved. The secret lies in the careful pouring in of the liquids through the paper funnels.

Matter and Motion.

Apart from matter, energy has in reality no existence. We can not conceive of motion unless something moves, of warmth unless something is heated, or of any of the various states or conditions which are indications of energy unless immediately associated with matter. Hence the co-existence of energy with matter is, to our minds, an inevitable conclusion. But now, let us inquire, can matter for an instance be considered apart from energy? Can any one imagine a body neither hot nor cold, neither in motion nor at rest, and not under the influence of some attraction some force, or some other form of energy? No! Should such be the case for a space of time inconceiv-

MATRONS AND MAIDS.

SUGGESTIONS FOR AVOIDING DISFIGUREMENTS.

Curing Prominent Ears, Thin Eyelashes, and Lack of Brows—A Salvation Army Lassie—Night on the Farm—Toothsome Dishes.

To Train the Baby in Beauty.

Have you ever noticed how many people have ears which project, eyes which look bald because they have no eyelashes and brows, and thumbs which are broad and flat on the end? That is because in infancy their mothers were either indifferent or ignorant of a few simple observances which would have obliterated all these physical defects. Babies for the first few years are really only tiny bundles of malleable cartilage, and it behooves mothers to see that this cartilage is not trained in the way it should not go.

About the ears: Many men and women to-day have to thank the bonnet strings of infant years for oval appendages which establish a resemblance between them and donkeys. Mothers should avoid tying anything behind the baby's ears. A good plan, when the baby is asleep, is to lay it on its side, so the little head will press the ear flat. So common has become this disfigurement that skeleton caps are made to press the baby's ears close to the head. A silk handkerchief, however, drawn over the top of the head, down over the ears and tied securely under the chin answers the same purpose. Children with ears that project should sleep with this arrangement over the ears.

Many children inherit "bald" eyes, or eyes without lashes, and only a shadow where the brows should be. This is especially the case where one or both parents are blondes.

Pure vaseline rubbed on the brows several times daily and put on the lashes at night will promote immediate growth. Nor does this apply only to children, but equally well to adults.

Nothing too strong can be said against permitting children to suck their thumbs. Charming and heart-delecting as this common occupation of the baby is to the average mother, nothing will more surely ruin the shape of the hands. It is the cause of broad, flat thumbs in after life. There are preparations to put upon the baby's thumbs which will render those rosy digits less palatable, and after one or two attempts baby will soon forget the injurious habit.

Greater Love Hath No Man.

They were lifting her tenderly out of the car. She was as white as snow, and her eyes had the look of one who sees quite through the intervening veil that floats between this life and the other. The bonnet on her head was a blue poke, and by that token I knew she belonged to the Salvation Army.

"Is she very ill?" I asked one who stood by.

"Oh, very; we hardly expected to get her as far as this. That's her husband who has her in his arms, and it just seems as if he couldn't let her go."

"What is the matter with her?"

"Quick consumption, most likely, leastways that's what the doctor says it is, but I guess it's overwork and confinement in a bad neighborhood. She's been slumming all summer, and she won't do you good to start with."

"What do you mean by slumming?"

"Slumming, where the very poor live and camping along side of 'em. Eating what they eat, breathing the same air they breathe and sleeping on the damp floor with them. That's what killed her, but she wanted to do it. There isn't any compulsion in it, but now and then we get hold of a soul that's enough like Jesus to do His work His way. She was a true soldier, that girl was, and now she's going home, it just makes me want to shout 'glory!' all the time to think what she is going to find. Her rosy cheeks again and her plump arms and her pretty ways as they were before she laid 'em all aside to work for Jesus."

The sick woman vanished in the crowd, held close in the arms of the man who loved her; the voluble talker moved onward with her, while I mused a bit by myself as I strolled along.

"Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life," etc.—Chicago Herald.

On Making Buttonholes.

The entire effect of the home-made gown is ruined if the buttonholes are failures. They should be neatly and thoroughly made, and should not be attempted unless one understands the secret of making them perfectly.

Marking is the first step toward a successful buttonhole. In the first place, care must be taken to measure accurately the distance they are to be apart. Then cut the first one and pass the button through to be sure that it is the correct size. Mark the size of other buttonholes with thread or white chalk, cut them with buttonhole scissors, overcast the edges with twist. Then bar each hole, that is, take a long stitch on each side, leaving the thread on the surface of the cloth about one-sixteenth of an inch from the edge. Begin at the back end of the buttonhole and work the usual stitch, drawing the twist evenly and firmly all along the front end; work this round, almost as if it were an eyelet. Then continue up the other side until you come to the back. This should be fastened squarely by several neat stitches laid loosely one on top of the other. Then take all these up with buttonhole stitch, forming a strong loop that will hold the button-hole firm as long as the garment is wearable. These directions, if carefully followed, will make buttonholes which would not disgrace a tailor-made gown.

Home Made Wardrobes.

Lack of closet room in a house is a fruitful theme for complaint in these days of contracted space. Architects there are who are willing to sacrifice every consideration, not excepting internal utility, for picturesque outside effects.

In such cases recourse must be had to wardrobes, but as these are expensive the busy fingers of the housewife must be depended upon to improvise substitutes. If there is a corner in the room with sufficient space (sometimes the architect denies us this small boon) it may be utilized in the manner herewith described and delineated.

Two strips of wood as long as you desire and four inches wide by one inch thick are screwed in the angle of the wall about six feet from the floor; boards are cut off to fit in the corner and resting on these strips; this will form the roof. A brass or wooden rod is then run across the front of this board from wall to wall and from which the curtain is suspended by rings. Cretonne, chintz or printed cotton, will make a good list to choose from, and are inexpensive. One may screw upon the underside of the roof and on the cleats as many hooks as are required, and, if desired, a shelf may be introduced about fifteen inches below the roof, and on that attach the hooks. Such an emergency closet will often be found a great convenience, and the cost will be trifling. It will be well to stretch a piece of muslin or paper across the upper side of the roof to keep out the dust.

Window Shade Hints.

In replacing a window shade that has been torn from the roller, use nothing but one ounce tacks; longer tacks injure the spring.

Always fasten the round hole bracket on the right-hand side of the window.

Always place roller in brackets with shade rolled up.

To strengthen the spring, draw the shade down a few revolutions, remove roller from brackets, roll up shade and replace.

If the spring is too strong remove roller from brackets with shade rolled up, unroll a few turns, and replace.

If the shade is tacked on properly it will hang toward the window.

To fit a shade to a window with inside shutters, measure inside moulding next to shutters.

To shorten a roller for a window with inside shutters, measure from tip on spring side and allow half an inch for roller end; it will then roll freely in the brackets.

Always see that the roller is cut true and that the roller end is free from imperfections arising from casting.

To properly wind a spring roller for ordinary length shades, fifteen to sixteen revolutions are sufficient.

In mounting a spring roller, place spring end to the left.

A piece of bread, not too fresh, will remove all dirt from shades; never use oils.—Chicago Times.

Night on the Farm.

Now all clucked home to their feather
Are the velvet chicks of the downy hen
In the old Dutch style with the bells
All under the wings of a hovering love.
But a few tinkled in, as plump as wro:
Around the edge of the ruffled hen!

With nose in the grass the dog keeps guard,
With long drawn breaths in the old farm yard
The cattle stand on the scattered straw,
And cease to swag of the under law.

The cat's eye shines in the current bush,
Dews in the grass and stars in the bush,
And over the marsh the lightning bug
Is twining his lamp to the ball tree's chur.
And the slender chips in the greenish light
That tinged and trill the steel chisel night.
The clasp with the padded feet prawn around
And the crescent moon has run around
And the lily beetles blot the night
And have glimmered out the candle light.

And everywhere the pillows fair
Are printed with heels of tumbled hair
Time walks the house with clock tick tread
Without and within the farm's a babel.

Hominy, Baked and Fried.

Take a pint of hominy, pour cold water over it, stir and let it settle. Then pour off the water. Do this twice; then put it to soak in three pints of water or milk over night. In the morning, put it over to cook in a double boiler, add a little salt, and stir often. If it becomes so thick as not to stir easily, add more water or milk. It should be just thick enough to settle down smooth in a deep dish. Fine hominy will cook in two hours, the coarse requires three. It is very nice eaten warm with cream and sugar. To fry it for breakfast slice it about half an inch thick and lay it on a griddle greased with nice beef drippings or butter. It will take about fifteen minutes to brown both sides. Use only the fine for frying.

Savory Soup.

In two quarts of good soup stock add one good-sized onion, two carrots, one large turnip, two or three stalks of celery, a few sprigs of parsley, one loaf (leaves and all), a dash of red pepper, a level teaspoonful of salt and a little white pepper, one-third of a teaspoonful of curry powder and two lumps of sugar. Cook an hour and a half, then strain and thicken very slightly.

Chocolate Cake.

One cup of butter, two of sugar, four of flour, one of milk, one teaspoonful of soda, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, four eggs. Dissolve the soda in the milk, adding it the last thing before baking. This will make two cakes of three layers each.

Grate one-half pound of chocolate, pour on it one-half pint of boiling milk, stir well, and add one egg, beaten with a cup of sugar. Flavor with vanilla. When both cake and filling are cold put the filling between the layers of cake.

THE RUSSIAN IDEA.

IT IS TO DOMINATE THE PACIFIC OCEAN.

The Romanoff Brand of Statesmanship Bodes No Good to American Trade in the East—The Trans-Siberian Road and Warships.



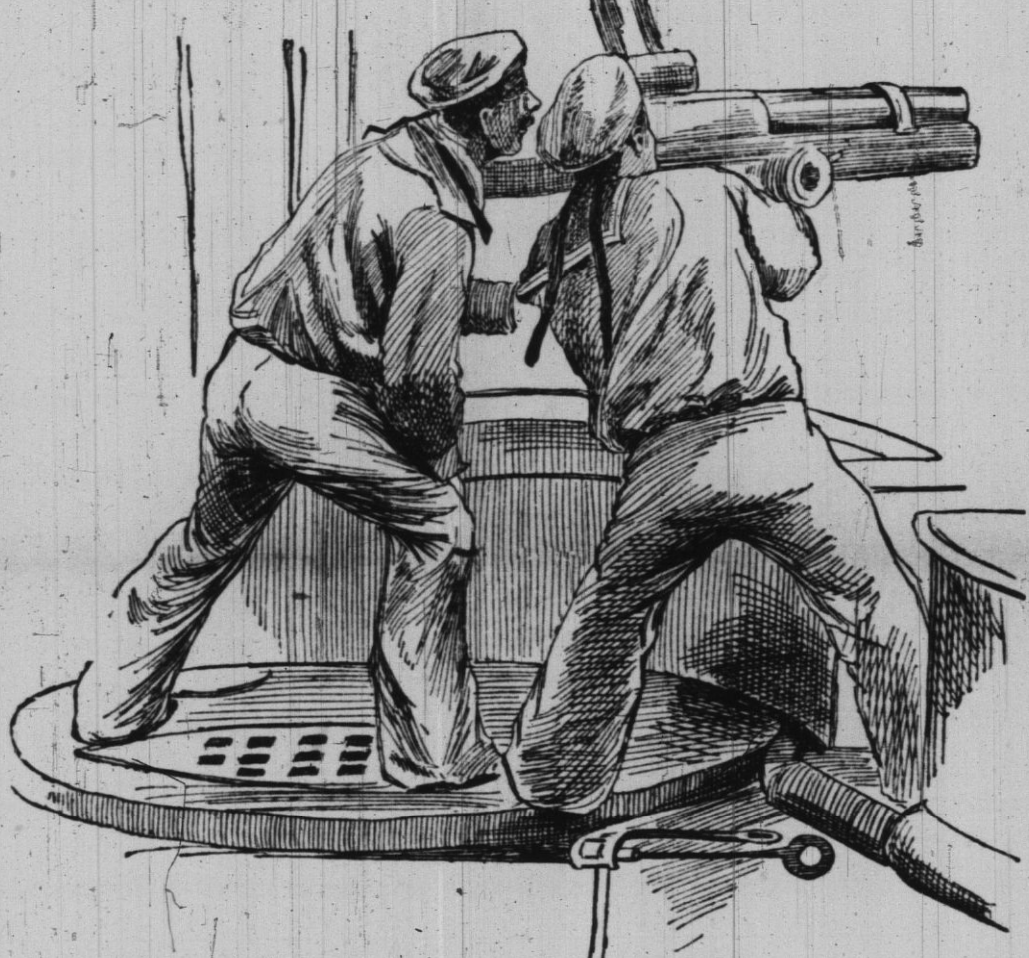
HOSE WHO HAVE followed with any special interest the course of the war between China and Japan will not have failed to be impressed by the attitude of Russia. She has throughout occupied a position of marked independence, and in the earlier stages of the controversy left it to be clearly inferred, by utterances through semi-official sources, that she regarded it as her right to maintain a controlling interest in any policy of interference that might be contemplated by the great non-combatant powers. "Hands off" has practically been the watchword of Russia, and it may fairly be concluded that she has tacitly at least, intimated her resolve to tolerate no armed intervention on the part of any European country in the internal affairs of Corea.

The port of Vladivostok, on the Northern Pacific, is the eastern terminus of the great trans-Siberian railroad, now in the course of construction. It is regarded as significant that the efforts of the czar's government to push the railroad toward completion should have been redoubled since the outbreak of the present war, in order to afford a means of communication with, and transport to Japanese waters. The geographical position of Vladivostok, its proximity to China and Corea, and its importance as the headquarters of the Russian Pacific squadron, render it an object of special interest at this time. Its wonderful transformation from a small seaport, protected by a few simple earthworks,

sooner than the middle of May, and the port is not clear of ice before the first of June. The summer lasts but for four months, and the winter is very severe, snow lying upon the ground often to the depth of five feet.

Such was Vladivostok some twelve years ago, and yet to-day it is regarded as the Sebastopol of the Pacific, bristling with modern defenses of all kinds, almost impregnable in the front it presents to any possible attack, and an important military station possessing extensive quarters for cavalry, infantry and artillery.

Situated on a promontory called the Golden Horn, at the extreme point of a peninsula which extends out into the Gulf of Peter the Great, forming a wedge between the Bay of Amoor and the Bay of Ussuri, Vladivostok faces an island of considerable size. Not only do the guns from its own forts command the entrances to both bays, but those from this strongly fortified island augment the dangers to which any hostile fleet would be exposed. In addition to these defenses the coast of the mainland, upon the opposite shores, is protected by masked batteries, and all the fortifications are manned with the heaviest and most improved ordnance from the arsenal of Obukhov, the Woolwich of Russia, as it is called. Submarine torpedo batteries increase the dangers an enemy would incur. Everything has been done under the supervision of the best engineers in the Russian service, and the most advanced methods of military science have been called into requisition to render the entire scheme of defense as perfect and complete as possible. The town itself presents more the aspect of a military encampment than the peaceful-looking settlement which greeted the view of the English traveler I have quoted above, and the large docks, constructed for the repair of warships, have caused an increase of population in the presence of a number of skilled workmen. Some fifty or sixty thousand troops have been massed here, while others are stationed farther south at Possiet. This force practically constitutes a Russian army corps in a state of complete mobilization, and it is needless to add that every branch of the military service



WORKING THE HOTCHKISS GUN.

to a formidable fortress, has been effected within little more than ten years, and a comparison of its present condition with the following account by an English visitor, the Rev. Henry Landsell, written after his return in 1883, will convey some idea of the energy displayed by the Russian government in accomplishing such results:

"The word 'Vladivostok,' he says, 'signifies the command of the east,' and the town is situated among the inlets of Peter the Great's bay. It is the prettiest and best place in the Amoor region of Siberia. Its population, which varies according to the number of soldiers and sailors stationed there, averages 3,000 souls. The houses are chiefly wooden, and include a military barracks and a winter barracks for the seamen of the fleet. There is a social club for the officers of the czar, two high class schools for children and a Russian church. There is a telegraph station,

is represented. It is, moreover, a significant fact that fully a third of the troops are Cossacks from the Don and the Dnieper, whose services as the advanced guard of a Russian invading army have ever been considered invaluable in the past. The Cossacks are massed along the Korean and Chinese frontiers for a distance of fully one hundred miles, ready to take the field at a moment's notice.

In spite of all that has been done to make Vladivostok what it is, there remains one obstacle which the ingenuity of man can not overcome. The severity of the long winter, already mentioned, freezes up the harbor, preventing the ingress or egress of vessels for months at a time. Even the more southerly station at Possiet labors under disadvantages, its harbor being comparatively unsafe. Hence Russia looks to the acquisition of a naval station where she will not be subject to the inclemency of the weather, and which her ships can enter and leave at will all the year round. The place upon which she is believed to have set her desire is at Point Lazareff, southward on the Korean coast. It is considered admirably suited for her purposes.

The Russian Pacific fleet is at present composed of a number of the finest vessels in the navy. Admiral Tyttoff, the minister of Marine, having dispatched them to Vladivostok within the past two months. The fleet is further reinforced by ships belonging to what is known as the Dobrovolny Flott, a volunteer squadron raised during the Russo-Turkish war of 1877, and which ever since that time has been constantly increasing in the number of its ships.

The accompanying illustrations, which depict the hardy, brave, and light-hearted tars variously engaged in and out of harness, are from a recent issue of Frank Leslie's newspaper. Russia has the men, as well as the ships, and it is reasonably certain that should danger threaten her in the future her sailors will render a good account of themselves, and bear no small part in realizing the dream of Russian diplomacy. For, should the completion of the trans-Siberian railroad to Vladivostok be followed up by the acquisition of a naval station farther south, it is quite within the probabilities that Russia will in time divide with the United States the domination of the Pacific ocean.

V. CR. BAYDOR.

BICYCLES FOR ARMIES.

RECOGNIZED APPLIANCE IN MILITARY ESTABLISHMENTS.

They Are Coming Into Use for Scouting and Carrying Dispatches—A Notable Feat.

THE message of acknowledgment telegraphed by General McCook at Denver, Col., the other day to General Greely at Washington was a merited tribute to the value of the bicycle as a dispatch carrier, writes the Washington correspondent of the New York Sun. "Your wheeled greeting has rolled more than two thousand miles, over mountain, valley and plain, through States, and ascended to a mile's altitude, covering over one hundred lays' march for troops, thus accomplishing in six days one of the most notable feats on record in transmitting information by human power alone over the greatest space in the shortest time."

The bicycle is now a recognized appliance in military establishments for courier work. It was so employed in Italian field manoeuvres many years ago, and in 1886 the Commander of the French Eighteenth Army Corps reported that his dispatches had been carried by velocipedes much more quickly than in any other way. In the French manoeuvres of the following year equally good results were obtained. General Ferron, in the mobilization of the Seventeenth Corps, had velocipedists accompany all the movements. Wheelmen thereafter received regular employment in the French army, from two to four, we believe, being assigned to each infantry regiment. The subject of dress and equipment was studied, and a loose artillery jacket, canvas trousers buttoning at the ankle, and laced boots were then found suitable clothing, while a leather wallet with strap for the documents, an India rubber sloop with hood as protection against rain, and a revolver in its case with a shoulder sling were also approved. The rider had to provide his own mount, but received extra pay, with allowance for wear and tear of clothes and of his vehicle. He could choose his own type of wheel, but tricycles and bicyclettes were most favored at first, the latter having the centre of gravity between the two wheels, or the tangent of the second, and being more stable. The tricycle was the most stable, but had less speed and was more fatiguing to run, from its greater friction, so that experts soon preferred the lighter two-wheeled machine.

Other European nations also promptly took up the novelty for their armies. The Germans had them in their field manoeuvres, and for scouting as well as for despatch carrying. They tested the relative speed of cavalrymen and cyclists, and though they found in one trial that the former, on long pulls, and taking all sorts of roads, were slightly the faster, yet the advantage was with the latter in facility of caring for the mount and the avoidance of observation by an enemy. Austria, however, in some of her manoeuvres, found that the scouts on bicycles and tricycles, outdid those on horses in endurance, and she has the wheel in her regular military establishment. Russia also has the samosatki, or self-roller, in her regular service, as the result of trials at the posts.

Belgium had her first trial of military bicycles in the manoeuvres of 1888, and with such success that it was proposed to adopt a central cycling school, for instruction and drill, with a fixed type of bicycle, so as to have provision for repairs in case of accident. In 1890 a cycling section was established at the school of the carabiniers at Wavre, and a long circular track was laid. Manoeuvres of companies of wheelmen followed. In Switzerland a careful study of the availability of military bicycling led to a bill for its regular adoption as part of the army and the militia.

A very recent statement in the London Globe is that "the use of bicycles in all the armies of Europe has been enormously increased during the last two years." Holland, it says, opens seventy-five places as corporal, giving a uniform five guildens per day for duty pay and fifty guildens a year for wear and tear of machines to members of bicycle clubs. They receive military instruction twice a week during two months of the year, must attend manoeuvres three weeks each year, and are liable to active service at any time within a term of five years. In Portugal the bicycle manoeuvres at Tancos proved a great success. In Spain many prizes are given to the best bicycle riders in the infantry and rifle corps. In Bulgaria a bicycle corps of a non-commissioned officer and eight men is furnished to each organization of a certain character. Denmark instructs a certain number of recruits in bicycling. England has her cyclists both in the regular service and the volunteers. Sweden assigns a "velocipede corps" of ten men to each division of infantry uniform and armed with revolvers. They are instructed in advance guard duty, in the surveying of roads and so on.

This review will sufficiently show the attention paid to the wheel in the armies of Europe. In our own country its importance is understood, although not yet much practically acted on. One of its leading advocates is General Miles, and when he comes to the command of the army his influence will very likely be effective in introducing it into the regular service. It has made its appearance among State troops.

The ultimate possibilities of the bicycle as a military appliance are indeed hard to limit. Experiments have been made in joining two bicycles in

such a way as to carry a stretcher between them, and it is easy to see what an advantage might be had in this way in the rapid removal of the wounded in battles to the field hospital. It has even been proposed that four bicycles should carry a platform for the mounting of a machine gun. But without going into these possible uses of the wheels it is evident that the chief employment of the riders must be as couriers and scouts. For such purposes they may have, at least in certain cases, advantages over both the infantrymen and cavalrymen. The bicyclist is vastly quicker in motion than the former, and he is more noiseless and less likely to be seen than the latter. The horse must stop for rest, water and food; he may become ill or may injure himself. It is true that the wheel may also be injured, but the chances are all in its favor in this respect, and the rider can go to the limit of his own endurance without feeling any anxiety about his mount. The bicycle, also, is easy to ride for long distances. The sounds made by the horse's hoofs or by his neighing, the dust which he makes on the road, and even the size of the horse and rider combined as compared with that of the cyclist bending low over his safety machine give the latter all the advantage in concealment from the enemy.

Hitherto comparatively little attention has been paid in our own regular service to this appliance, but incidents like the ride from Washington to General McCook's headquarters at Denver call attention to it, and eventually it may obtain recognition and establishment.

His Military Hymn Book.

It is said that the late Emperor Frederick, on all his campaigns in Denmark, Austria and France, used to carry with him his military hymn book, a present from the Empress Frederick, then Crown Princess of Prussia. It is a small octavo volume, bound in brown leather, and decorated on one side with a crown, a Prussian eagle and an "F." The first pages were originally left blank for memoranda. On the back of the first page stands only the name "Victoria," written by the Empress Frederick. On the third page are the following memoranda, written by the Emperor Frederick:

"With me during the campaign in Schleswig-Holstein and Jutland, February, March, April, May, 1864. Frederick William, Crown Prince. At the Holy Communion, at headquarters in the Chateau of Gravenstein, in the Duchy of Schleswig, on the 25th of March, 1864. Great Thanksgiving service, after the victory and storming of the Duppel trenches, on the 18th of April, 1864. Trench Four, in the midst of the assembled division, on the 24th of April, 1864."

On the fourth page stand the words: "With me during the campaign against Austria in Bohemia and Moravia, June, July, 1866. Frederick William, Crown Prince, Commander-in-Chief of the Second Army. With me during the campaign against France, from August, 1870, till March, 1871, especially at the services in the Palace Church at Versailles. Frederick William, Crown Prince of the German Empire and of Prussia, Commander-in-Chief of the Third Army. Re-establishment of Emperor and Empire on the 18th of January, 1871, in the palace at Versailles."—New York Independent.

Artificial Granite.

The manufacture of artificial granite is now carried on at a California establishment by what is asserted to be a simple and effective method, and with satisfactory results. It consists in first tamping a layer of the body-forming material in a mould, one inner vertical wall of which is formed by a vertically movable slide; after this the process is continued by removing the slide and tamping a layer of the facing material in the space made by the lower end of the slide, then replacing the latter with its lower end resting on the tamped facing layer, tamping now the second body-forming layer, and again removing the slide and tamping the second facing layer. The formation of the body and facing material is continued in this manner by successive steps, until the face block of the desired thickness is an accomplished fact. In this way there is produced a material of cheap substances and a facing of better quality, showing any kind of finish desired, the two being united while in a plastic condition into a homogenous block.—Atlanta Constitution.

Fish Fighting.

Fish fighting is a favorite sport in Siam, and is the subject of much gambling. The fighting fish are little things of about two inches long, and not thicker than a child's finger, but they are full of "fight," and fly at each other with the utmost ferocity as soon as they are let into the same water. The gamblers will not only stake all their money and their goods, but even their wives and children. The right to keep fighting fish is bestowed only by the king, and is so highly paid for that the royal coffers derive a large revenue from granting the licenses.—New York Dispatch.

Shell-Boring by Sponges.

Certain sponges bore into shell, especially those of the oyster, finally causing them to crumble to pieces. On the American coast, Cliona sulphurea not only destroys the shells of oysters, mussels and scallops, but has even known to penetrate one or two inches into hard marble. It has been uncertain whether this effect is mechanical or due to the solvent effect of some acid, but M. Latellier has lately shown the French Academy that a purely mechanical action suffices.—Fenton (N. J.) American.



FURLING THE TORPEDO NET.

a dory and a series of not very menacing earthen fortifications. There are, perhaps, 160 permanent residents, actively engaged in commerce. It is a place capable of much development, both from a commercial and a strategic point of view, and already maintains a considerable export and import trade, the former being to a large extent carried on with China. The ice does not usually break up in the harbor

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

STORIES AND ANECDOTES FOR THE LITTLE PEOPLE.

Curious Things About Hands.—The Punctuation Points.—A Bookcase Boys and Girls Make.—A Chicken-Yard Episc.

About Hands.

"Please, Uncle Jack, what is that for?" asked Peter, picking up an odd looking little ornament of pink coral, and shaped very much like three tiny fingers.

"Oh, that," said Uncle Jack, turning the little trifle over and smiling, "is what superstitious people in Naples wear to ward off the evil influences of any one they suspect of witchcraft. Sometimes, if you happened to live or be visiting in Naples, you would see people do this, put the thumb in the middle of their hand, fold the second and third finger over it, and with the first and fourth fingers, held straight like horns, point toward anyone they believe possessed of an evil eye. It is one of the many ancient signs of the hand."

"What signs?" said Peter, who dearly loved to ask questions.

"Why, don't you know," replied his uncle, taking Peter's hand in his, "that nearly every gesture you make with your hands has come down from the most ancient of times? For instance, when you shook hands with Mrs. Brown, who just went out, you followed one of the oldest of customs that began in the days when men shook hands to prove that they meant no harm to each other and carried no weapons. When you lean out of the carriage window and kiss your hand to your mother on the doorstep, you are following an old habit of the Persian sun worshippers, who first laid their hands on their mouths, and then lifted them toward the sun."

"Nowadays in England those who are presented to the queen kiss her hand, which is a token of reverence and submission, as old as the days of the Trojan war, when King Priam kissed Achilles' hand as he asked for the body of his brave dead son, Hector. Julius Caesar, the great conqueror, never permitted the common folk to kiss his hand, but in his presence they kissed their own hands. In Morocco no one in the presence of the emperor mentions the number five, because it represents the hand that holds the scepter and power. The Turks call the hand an emblem of the creator. The fourteen knuckles represent the beads of their rosary and the five fingers their five great rules for religious life."

"Among the early Christians the thumb, first and second finger were thought to signify God, his Son, and the Holy Ghost, and that is why those three fingers are held up when priests in the Catholic church give what is called an episcopal blessing. Long ago, in marriages, the ring was in turn slipped over the thumb, first and second fingers, and finally left on the third, to show that a man gave his allegiance first to the Holy Trinity and lastly to his wife. It was then that people believed the third finger was possessed of unusual virtues because a rich, pure vein of blood ran from its bottom knuckle to the heart. It was made the ring finger for that reason, and in time of plagues doctors mixed their drugs with it, thinking it the only finger free from taint."

"In these later days it has been found out that there is no vein running, as was believed, but it remains the marriage finger by custom. Perhaps one of the strangest superstitions about hands is that a century ago it was believed the hand of a man who had been hanged would cure warts if touched by an afflicted person, and that the hand of a man dead on the gallows would open the strongest lock if merely touched to the keyhole, moving the bolts without a sound, and housebreakers were supposed to carry such a hand among their tools."

And here Uncle Jack hurried out of the room, leaving Peter still gazing at his own hand, brown little hand, that never before had seemed so interesting in his own eyes.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

The Proud Rooster.

There was once a proud rooster. He stood most of the day on a little mound in the middle of the chicken-yard and crowed defiance to the world.

"Everybody look at me! See what a fine rooster I am! Admire my brilliant feathers! Hear my thrilling voice! I am the lord of the earth! Cock-a-doodle-do!"

The hens, and chickens, and geese and ducks, and turkeys, were all dreadfully afraid of him. When he was not crowing on the hill he had an unpleasant habit of biting at every one that came near him. And no one ever dared to take a bite until he had all he wanted to eat.

The little chickens grumbled at the rooster's disagreeable ways when they were out of his hearing. They kept as far from his path as possible. One day a neighbor's rooster flew into the yard. He strutted about a while before the proud rooster saw him. Ah, there was a fine chance! The strange rooster was not so old or so powerful as he.

"How do you dare to come into my world!" cried the proud rooster, in a rage.

He flew at the unlucky fowl, and gave him such a savage pecking that the cowed rooster was glad to escape over the fence, thankful to get off with his life.

"Ha! ha!" cried the rooster, mounting his hill, "I can conquer the earth! Cock-a-doodle-do!"

"Good gracious!" said Harry, who was passing with Spitz, as usual, at

his heels, "what a noise that silly bird makes! Drive him off, Spitz. Make him stop crowing!"

Spitz was willing. He had long hated that rooster. He jumped over the fence into the yard.

"Another foe?" crowed the rooster. "See me put him to flight! Cock-a-doodle-do!"

He flew at Spitz with such fury that the pup was frightened and turned to run out. The rooster crowed, exultingly.

But he was in too much of a hurry. Harry was not going to see Spitz beaten by a rooster. He shamed the dog back, and Spitz, angry that he should show fear, dashed at Mr. Rooster and, seizing him by the neck in the middle of a crow, nearly stopped his breath altogether. Then he gave him a terrible shaking.

"Good, good!" shouted Harry with delight, as the crestfallen rooster tumbled to the bottom of his hill, and lay helpless. "He won't make quite so much fuss after this!"—Harper's Young People.

A Bookcase for Boys and Girls.

A small bookcase is a first-rate gift for any boy or girl who cares for books, and it need cost scarcely anything. A boy's skill will be required to do the planing, nailing and painting, a girl's to make pretty drapery for the front of the bookcase.

Get a box from thirty to thirty-six inches long and proportionately wide. It need not be very deep, just deep enough for the books. Remove the cover, reserving the boards for shelves, if they are fit. Smooth and plain the box, and shelves, and if there are any hollows, fill them and the nail holes with putty, putting it on with a chisel or putty knife, to make all as smooth and flat as if it were wood only. Screw in cleats on either side of the box to hold the shelves, arranging them so the shelves will be various distances apart, to accommodate different sized books. The largest space should of course be at the bottom. Then paint box and shelves on all sides, allow to dry, and put in the shelves. Black paint looks well always. A little railing around the top will ornament the book-case very prettily. Set empty spools of uniform size all around the edge of the top, so that the spools touch each other, gluing them firmly in place. A narrow strip of wood or lath is then fastened along the top of the spools, and all is painted black. Some touches of gold paint on the spools will have a good effect.

A slender gilt rod with a curtain will add to the looks of the bookcase, and will prove a friend in need if there are not many books to put in, by concealing the empty spaces. A yellow curtain will do finely if the bookcase is painted black and gold. A plain, maroon one, with some Arabesque border outlined in rich yellow silk, or tinsel, will also be very effective.—St. Louis Star-Sage.

The Punctuation Points.

Six little marks from school are we, Very important, all a row. Punctuated to the brain with mystery, Six little marks from school.

One little mark is round and small, To where it stands the voice must fall; At the close of a sentence, all Place this little mark from school.

One little mark, with down a trail, Tells us the voice never fails; Tells you not to pause when you read, Place this mark from school.

If out of breath you chance to meet, Two little dots, both round and neat, Pause and these tiny guardsmen greet—These little marks from school.

When shorter pauses are your pleasure, One trait this sword-takes half the measure; Then speeds you on to seek new treasure, This little mark from school.

One little mark, ear-shaped, implies, "Keep on the voice—await replies"; To gather information tries, This little mark from school.

One little mark, with an exclamation, Pre-sets itself to your observation; And leaves the voice at an elevation, This little mark from school.

Six little marks! Be sure to heed us; Carefully study, write and read us; For you can never cease to need us, Six little marks from school.

—St. Nicholas

Proper Career of Peaches.

Jennie slipped into the pantry one morning when her mamma's back was turned and took the largest peach from the dish of fruit that was to be served that day for lunch. When her mamma discovered what the little girl had done she said:

"Suppose at the last great day that peach should rise up to accuse you, what would you do?"

"Eat it again," replied the child promptly.

Observant Willie.

Grandpa—Well, Willie, you have been to church haven't you? Willie—Yes, sir. "Well, what can you tell us about it?" Willie—Why, sir, the man that sat in front of us had ears that wasn't alike.—Inter Ocean.

The Boy and His "Bike."

Teacher—"The race is not always to the swift." Do you understand the inner meaning of that? Bright Boy—Sometimes the head feller's tire gets punctured.—Good News.

Whitening Sugar.

The process of whitening sugar was never known until a hen walked through a clay puddle and then strayed into the sugar-house. Her tracks were, of course, left in the piles of sugar, and when it was noticed that the spots where she had stepped were whiter than the rest, the process of bleaching sugar with clay was adopted.

Highest Fountain Jet.

The wonder of the New England states, an oddity of which mention is for some unknown reason, seldom made in print, is the monster fountain jet at the home for delinquent women and children, near Bennington, Vt. The column of water in this jet rises to a height of 195 feet, being the highest known single fountain jet in the world.

GEN. EZETA'S ROMANCE.

WOODED AND WON AN AMERICAN GIRL.

But When She Heard of His Private Life She Repented Her Action and Is Now Congratulating Herself—Lucky Miss Wright.

INCIDENTS IN THE ARRIVAL in this country of Gen. Antonio Ezeta, the interest in the romance of his life, when he lost his heart to one of the belles of this country and for a time forsook the rude trade of war to worship at the shrine of Venus, has been revived.

Miss Ida Dent Wright, Jr., whose blue eyes wrought such sad havoc with the susceptible general, is 22 years old, and was born in Atlanta, Ga. Her father, Hon. Isham G. Wright, was a well-known lawyer, who before his death entered the Methodist ministry and was a power



GEN. EZETA.

in the church. Her mother, Mrs. Marie Robinson Wright, was left a widow with a son and daughter to bring up, and adopted journalism as a profession. Mrs. Wright's work carried her on several occasions to Mexico and Central and South America, and on one of her trips she was accompanied by her daughter, who had just left the convent in Paris where she was educated. Miss Wright, an exceptionally beautiful girl of the blonde type, with blue eyes and golden hair and a figure which Juno might envy, and when she met Gen. Ezeta at one of the President's levees he fell desperately in love with her at first sight. With the impulsiveness of his southern nature he proposed marriage at once. Miss Wright, thinking he was joking, accepted him laughingly and thought no more about it at the time. When she and her mother left the palace that night the general escorted them to their carriage in person, and begged to be allowed to call the next day on the fair American belle.

Faithful to his promise Gen. Ezeta made his appearance in full uniform at the hotel where Mrs. Wright and her daughter had apartments and formally asked for the young lady's hand. He declared that he would never marry unless Miss Wright would consent to be his wife.

Such precipitate love making was rather novel to the American ideas of Miss Ida and her mother, but there was no doubt as to the genuine devotion of the general and his serious intentions. From a worldly point of view the match was brilliant. The general was in the zenith of his military glory, the idol of his troops, rich, courtly and handsome. He was also the vice-president of the republic, with every probability of succeeding to the presidency, and the government seemed to be stable and prosperous. The more the American girl saw of Antonio the more she admired him, and finally returned the affection which he held for her. Mrs. Wright was prevailed upon to give her consent and the day was set. Mother and daughter went to Paris and a magnificent trousseau was ordered, while Gen. Ezeta furnished the future home of his accepted bride with regal splendor.

"The course of true love," etc., was exemplified in this affair. Gen. Ezeta, long before he ever dreamed of political power, while yet so poor that he was living for the most part on bor-



MISS IDA DENT WRIGHT.

rowed money, had been living with a native woman, and by her had several children. Her father got in his days of prosperity, and she became determined to be revenged. She informed Miss Wright of the relations which she sustained with Ezeta, and the American girl's Yankee spirit asserted itself at once. She broke off the engagement and her mother approved her action. Ezeta was broken-hearted, and during the civil war which resulted in the overthrow of his party he recklessly rushed into the thickest

of the fray, and his disregard for his life astonished even his own fearless soldiers. Miss Wright returned him all of the magnificent presents which he had showered upon her, including over \$10,000 worth of diamonds. The general, however, begged her to keep them, and she still has them.

In view of the disastrous fortunes of the Ezetas, Miss Wright has cause to congratulate herself upon the breaking off of the match. Had she married Antonio her position now would be very trying, as the wife of the fugitive from the revengeful victors. Notwithstanding the fact that all ties are broken between them, Miss Wright has done everything in her power to aid her ex-lover, even having gone personally to President Cleveland to intercede for his safety. It is not improbable that Miss Wright will go to San Francisco while Ezeta is there, as rumor says that she regards him more in his fallen fortunes than she ever did in his palmier days.

CAT GOES FISHING.

San Francisco Has a Feline That Loves Water Sport.

Cats as a rule don't like water, but an Italian fisherman named Michael, who lives in San Francisco, has a large Maltese named Joe that loves water as much as other cats love a rug in front of a grate fire. Michael has one of those lantern-rigged boats, and goes fishing in the usual way, except that he takes Joe along. While the boat is on the way to the fishing-grounds Joe lies still and doesn't mind how wet he gets or how much the little craft pitches about. But when the seine with its load of wriggling fish is hauled in Joe's fun commences. He is most anxious to get hold of the largest, and will often jump into the net before it is landed. When a big rockcod is thrown on to the deck the cat is in its glory. He will run around and attempt to shake it as he would a mouse. The fish spreads out its wings and opens its mouth and Joe gives it a twist by the tail that causes it to turn a dozen somersaults. Then the pair will roll over and over together and the fisherman become convulsed with laughter at the unusual sight. The cat gets wet and covered with scales and possibly gets pricked several times with the spines of the fish, but seems to enjoy the sport. When the fish is almost dead from being out of its natural element, Joe seems to think it is all his doings, and that he has really killed it in a pitched battle. He then waits for another fish from the deep and repeats the performance.

PRINCE KOMATSU.

Cousin of the Mikado of Japan Who Likes America.

Prince Komatsu, cousin of the mikado of Japan, has been traveling in this country, but at the first news of war between China and Japan started for home. He is a member of one of



PRINCE KOMATSU.

the four families of Japan who are in direct line of descent from the throne. He is 27 years old, and is a man of mere than ordinary intelligence, having been educated in the naval service at home, in France and England. It is expected that on his arrival in Japan he will receive a commission of high rank in the navy.

The Mink and the Duck.

Thomas Hennessy of Whitteville, Maine, while recently haying in the meadow, heard a fluttering in the brook, and upon investigation found a mink holding a duck under water near some overhanging alders. He made a splash on the water and the mink abandoned the duck, which came to the surface and feebly tried to swim. The fowl, which was easily caught, soon expired from a wound in the neck. Mr. Hennessy placed the duck upon the grass within a few feet of his work, and while yet meditating upon the prospects of a rich stew from his unexpected capture his attention was again called by the agitation of the water. He turned in season to see the mink in full possession of his bird. The thief was hotly pursued, but he hung to his prey and dexterously evaded every effort at capture, and finally mysteriously disappeared from view.

Hill Is All Politics.

David B. Hill is not a sociable man. He never eats with anybody. If he happens to know that the wife or daughter of a senator is ill almost unto death, he would never make an inquiry in regard to her while talking to the senator. Hill, in fact, has no private life, according to the San Francisco Argonaut. All is merged into politics.

Money in the Family.

Prince Adolphus of Teck, the brother of the duchess of York, is to marry the daughter of the duke of Westminster, who owns most of London.

A MOTHER'S STORY.

HAPPINESS COMES AFTER YEARS OF SUFFERING.

The Terrible Experience of a Well-Known Official's Wife—A Story That Appeals to Every Mother in the Land.

From the Chattanooga, Tenn., Press.

No county official in east Tennessee is better known and more highly esteemed than Mr. J. C. Wilson, Circuit court clerk of Rhea county, at Dayton, the home of Mr. Wilson. He enjoys the confidence and respect of all classes, and in the business community his word is as good as his bond. Just now Mr. Wilson is receiving heartiest congratulations from his numerous friends because of the restoration to robust health of his estimable wife, who has for years been a helpless invalid. Mrs. Wilson's high standing in society, and her many lovable traits of character have won her a host of friends, and her wonderful recovery has attracted wide-spread attention.

As the Press was the medium of bringing to the invalid lady's attention the remedy that has effected her remarkable cure, a reporter was sent to Dayton to interview Mrs. Wilson, in order that the general public might have the benefit of the sufferer's experience and be made aware of the treatment that wrought such a marvelous change in her condition. The reporter was welcomed at the Wilson home, and the enthusiastic lady, with becoming reluctance, gave the history of her affliction and the manner in which she was relieved.

"Yes," said Mrs. Wilson, "I was for eight years an invalid, with one of the most distressing afflictions woman can suffer. For eight years I moped around, dragging myself with difficulty and pain out of bed. My little ones went untrained and were greatly neglected, while I looked listlessly and helplessly at the cheerless prospect before me and them. I suffered the most intense pains in the small of my back, and these seemed even greater in the region of the stomach, extending down to the groins. I suffered agony sleeping or awake. Despair is no word for the feeling caused by that dreadful sensation of weakness and helplessness I constantly experienced."

"I was treated for my trouble by several local physicians, but they were able to give me only temporary relief by the use of sedatives and narcotics. I had almost given up all hope of ever securing permanent relief when I saw an account in the Press of a cure which Dr. Williams' Pink Pills had effected. I decided to try them, as I knew the lady who had been cured and had great confidence in her statement. I began to take the pills in October, 1893, and in two months I was doing light housework and attending to the children without any bad effects or weakness, such as I had formerly experienced. Hitherto, I had been unable to retain any food, but now my appetite grew stronger, with it came back that old, healthy and hearty tone of the stomach. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cured me and I assure you the cure has brought a great change in our home. I can now rejoice in my husband's success, for I feel that I have something to live for. Who has a better right to feel this than a mother? One thing more. I have recommended these pills to others, and many of the women of Dayton have taken them with good results, and it is my greatest pleasure to recommend to every suffering woman a remedy that has done so much for me."

An analysis proves that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People contain in a condensed form all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effect of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, that tired feeling resulting from nervous prostration; all diseases resulting from vitiated humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppression, irregularities, and all forms of weakness. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of whatever nature.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are now manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine company, Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold in boxes (never in loose form) by the dozen or hundred, and the public are cautioned against numerous imitations sold in this shape at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine company.

An Unpleasant Revelation. Mother (seeing a juvenile squabble)—Stop! If you hurt that little girl, I will punish you severely. Small Son—She hit me first. Mother—No matter. Little boys have no right to strike little girls. Small Son—Boo, hoo! I didn't know they were allowed to begin boss in' so young as that.

One Fare Excursions South Via C. & E. I. R. R. Round trip tickets will be sold from all stations on the Chicago & Eastern Illinois R. R. on Sept. 4th, Oct. 2d, Nov. 6th and Dec. 4th, 1894, at one fare, to points in Kentucky, Tennessee, Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, North Carolina, South Carolina and Florida. Tickets good to return for twenty days from date of sale. Stop over allowed on going or returning journey. For further particulars apply to any C. & E. I. R. R. agent or Chicago city ticket office, 214 Clark street, or to Charles L. Stone, G. P. & T. A., 355 Dearborn street, Chicago, Ill.

SWALLOWED HIS SMOKE.

How a Fresh Youth Was Convinced That His Cigar Was Bad.

A small crowd of people was standing in front of one of the big show windows on Main street on Saturday night, says the Buffalo Express. A good many well-dressed women were there. Well, in the centre of the throng was the inevitable man who thinks his own rights and privileges are superior to those of everybody else. He was puffing a cheap cigar and blowing the smoke into the faces of the women who stood near him. Finally a mild-looking young fellow expostulated with him.

"Your cigar is very offensive to these ladies, sir," he said.

"Then let the ladies get out of the way," answered the fresh youth.

The other remained silent for a minute and then, as the nuisance continued, he said in a more determined tone: "My friend, will you or will you not stop smoking that cigar while you are in this crowd?"

"I won't," answered the fresh young man, with an impudent leer.

"I think you will," replied the other, and as he spoke he swung the palm of a broad, muscular hand in front of the fresh youth's face. The big palm struck, not the man, but the cigar, and the next minute the fresh youth was coughing and spitting and going through a system of improvised gymnastics to get that cigar out of his throat, where the big palm had driven it. And when he had coughed it up he walked right out of the crowd as fast as he could, and did not make even a single bluff about it being necessary.

The Postoffice at Sea.

The system of railway postoffices has been found so successful, and a means of saving so much valuable time, that it has been extended to the transatlantic steamships. This was begun under Mr. Wainmaker's administration as postmaster general, but so far mail clerks have only been placed on the American ships running to Southampton and on the German ships that go to Bremen and Hamburg.

On each of the vessels of the lines mentioned large staterooms have been set aside and fitted out for the use of the postal clerks. Big racks of pigeonholes stand up against the walls, and the mail pouches hang from stands in the center of the room. In these postoffices the clerks work from eight to ten hours a day during the entire voyage, distributing the mails by cities and states, when coming this way, and by railroad lines when going to Germany. On each ship there is one American clerk, one German clerk, and a German assistant. The American is in charge going eastward, and the German has charge of things coming this way.

These clerks, of course, are men of energy and intelligence. They are the best material taken from the postal services of both countries. The Germans wear gaudy uniforms with military caps and swords, and are called by the high-sounding name of "Reichs Post Secretaire." The American calls himself a "sea post clerk." In spite of the lack of gold braid and side-arms, however, the Americans are the most reliable men. It is said that when the Elder went on the rocks on the coast of Ireland last year the "Reichs Post Secretaire" grabbed his sword and made for the life-boat. The American stood to his business, and did not leave his post until he had overseen the transfer of the mails from the leaking ship to a tug. These sea post clerks handle about 140,000 letters and 60 sacks of papers each trip; but in December and January their work is almost doubled.—Harper's Young People.

Another Tune.

The presidential campaign of 1888 was hotly waged, and the outcome disappointed the hopes of many, as, indeed, must be true of every election. In some parts of the South confidence in Mr. Cleveland's success was boundless, and the supremacy of the Democratic party undoubted.

In a large Georgian city, writes a correspondent, this expectation was so well settled that a cannon was planted, and loaded, ready to be discharged when the decisive news should come. But the wished-for returns never arrived, and in the still night-watches the work of the patriotic Democrats was supplanted by their scattering Republican friends, who placarded over the mouth of the cannon this expressive sentiment:

"A charge to keep I have."

Broad Hint.

Sir Andrew Agnew, of Lucknow, a well-known Scotch baronet, was long pestered by an impudent sort of a person, who insisted on being constantly "underfoot." Finally, however, he dropped off, and Sir Andrew was asked how he got rid of him.

"Oh," said he, "I gave him a broad hint."

"A broad hint?" repeated the inquirer. "I thought he was one of those who never could be induced to take one."

"By my soul," said Sir Andrew, "he was obliged to take it! For as the chief warden gazed out at the door, I just threw him out of the window!"

Circumstances Alter Cases.

In Paris, where bicycling has become very common, an ardent wheelman was lately vaunting the advantages of his favorite amusement.

"I assert," he said, "that the bicycle is in every respect more serviceable than the horse."

"And I," said another man, "can prove to you the contrary, by citing to you a case where you would have much preferred the horse."

"What case is that?" "The siege of Paris. If you had attempted to eat your bicycle then I think you would have found it pretty poor picking."

Little Dot's Idea.

Little Dick—What's this "higher life" the ladies are talking about?

Little Dot—I don't quite know. Mamma says I isn't old enough to understand it; but I guess it's something about having lots of hired girls, and having nothing to do but sit around and talk about 'em.—Good News.

Barrington Review.

M. T. LAMEY, EL. & PUB.

BARRINGTON, ILLINOIS.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.—Subscribers should name not only the new address, but also the old.

DISCONTINUANCES.—A subscriber desiring to discontinue the paper must remit the amount due for the time it has been sent.

NOTICES.

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

AND now they talk of making silk from wood pulp. The forests may therefore be looked upon as doomed, unless the silk worm should turn in time to prevent this threatened interference with his industry.

A "GREEN GOODS" dealer in New York has been testifying that he "never paid the police for protection." It is still a left-handed compliment, for he has been carrying on his business under their eyes for years.

THIRTEEN out of seventeen young men examined in Leavenworth for army promotions were rejected, being too small in the chest. No man lacking ability to puff like a pouter pigeon can expect to achieve real military success.

ADMIRAL TIENG has been deprived of his peacock feather and robes of office for cowardice. It pains us to think what the personal appearance of General Che will be when he stops running and is hauled up to law and "divested."

The new rules of Northwestern university advance the students to full dignity of cap and gown, but compensate for it by restricting their personal liberties to a degree which would hardly be borne by the boys in a preparatory school.

It was in a furniture store in the Hub, of course. The accomplished salesman recommended some carved furniture to the would-be purchaser. "This is all after patterns by Rembrandt," he said, "and you know he is all the style now."

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER has informed his daughters that they need not expect to be great heiresses, as he intends to bestow most of his money on public institutions. This may save the girls annoyance from impecunious counts and dukes.

THE United States has been invited to send an officer to China to inspect the practical rifle practice now prevalent there. No guaranty of safe conduct nor a Dow coat accompanies the invitation, but it is probably well meant.

THE conviction and prospective punishment of high Egyptian officials charged with buying slaves brings a promise of reform from a most unexpected quarter. When Africa and the Orient give up slavery there will be little of it left anywhere.

A RATTING six-round fight between Champion Corbett and Pete Courtney was fought in the interests of science the other day and was photographed in the kinetoscope. Corbett's fight with Pete Jackson had to be caught in a long distance telephone.

THAT Chicago burglar who broke into a smallpox-infected house and was arrested as he came out empty-handed is in a bad fix. It's a case of either pesthouse, county jail, or both with him, and he will not even be given the privilege of choosing.

FROM Venice to Westminster abbey is a wholly suitable journey for the slab of oriental porphyry which is to cover the grave of Robert Browning, and equally suitable is the decoration of an English rose above the inscription and the Florentine lily below.

SYMPATHY is properly expressed for Cornell university which loses about \$1,000,000 by the burning of the pine forests in which her endowment fund is invested. And yet that wealthy institution can bear the loss better than poor settlers who have lost their all.

A NEGRO who lives in Baker county, Georgia, dreamed three nights in succession of finding money in an old grave. He went to the spot designated in his dream and found a skull and three gold dollars. This is "the stuff that dreams are made of" in Georgia.

At a test of one of the Sims-Edison torpedoes a man rode on the back of the appliance as it went through the water at eighteen miles an hour. His object in doing this is not clear, as the necessity for breaking the modern torpedo to the saddle is not generally understood.

A PERSON announcing herself vociferously as a lady struck a conductor in the face because he did not stop his street-car on a curve as she desired. The conductor refrained from throwing her off the car; a policeman refrained from arresting her. So the advantage of being a lady becomes obvious to the dullest intelligence.

THE monument that was recently placed over the grave of Dr. B. F. Stevenson, the founder of the Grand Army of the Republic, in Rosehill cemetery, near Petersburg, Ill., is of granite, and much admired for its artistic beauty. The monument is to be unveiled some time this autumn, and the event will be made a national affair.

SOME SHREWD BEGGARS

BABY IS ALWAYS A GOOD DRAWING CARD.

A Church Portal Makes a Paying Stand—But the American Beggar is a Poor, Feeble Amateur Compared to His European Prototype.

A beggar, like a wart on a nose, seems to be a superfluity, an unseemly prodigality of nature's gifts, serving no known end or purpose, being altogether objectionable, and yet the excrescence, whether it be of the cuticle or of society, has attached unto itself a degree of curious interest.

There is a distinct distinctiveness about it all its own; a man is identified by the wart on his nose; a city by its beggars. Here the analogy ceases. A wart on a nose is always a wart on a nose; nothing more, nothing less. A beggar is by turns various things, save one—he is never a beggar. He is an unfortunate man, a man who has met with reverses; often he is a sick man, often one just out of the hospital and trying to make his way home. Again he carries a bullet in his left lung and a Grand Army Button on his coat; or, if fortune has favored him at some time in his checkered career he has really been bereft of a limb; then a sawmill becomes the piece de resistance, flanked by a varying but always numerous progeny. He is times without number a man out of work, and he has never, never never had anything to eat since last night.

Having tested a hundred devices, more or less, and being unable to decide which is the most profitable, or else fearful of missing the fetching characteristics of any one of them by adopting one at a time, he combines them into one odorous, left-to-the-imagination abomination of filth and rags and general pitiableness, and then it is he becomes a plain "object of charity."

Opinions as to the merits of a specific as a general rule are divided among the members of the profession, says the Chicago Inter-Ocean, for profession it is (and in these mushroom days, no doubt, will soon be not only a profession, but a cult, having its masters and mistresses, for sex counts no figure here at least, unless, indeed, the preference goes to the gentler) some holding that a better business is done by possessing a small but sure and steady patronage than the more brilliant, but also uncertain, range of the plunger.

True, the steady-going plodders look on with envy and speak with pride of the member who begs in the forenoon and dines in the evening at the fashionable hotels, whose rags and dress suit repose in the same trunk, yet there is always a dubious shake of the head.

The churchly beggar, too, although soft be his couch, is apt to be rudely awakened. From sitting in the mourners' seat and being the recipient of silver dollars he is apt to be sat upon. Therefore opinions vary.

But beggars like the above are meteors of the American genus. Some smaller stars shine as pitiable fellows with running sores, these same being produced and kept in an ulcerated state by means of chemicals.

One such made his appearance during the world's fair. The other day he was met plying his vocation.

"H'm. That sore has been a long time healing."

"Yessum," he meekly replied, and wended his way across to the next house and rung the bell.

Not so sure, but less painful is the painted ulcer which another fellow wears on the back of his neck. The angle at which his head is tilted and unflinchingly held excites the pity of a stone man without even glancing at the fearful looking thing, half swathed in dirty linen.

Armless men are almost too common for notice. Blouses are favored articles of apparel with such, these convenient garments being capable of harboring a pair of stout arms any day. If only half an arm is desired the hand is laid near the shoulder and the forearm firmly bandaged to the upper part.

But an American beggar is a tactless, unambitious, sluggish, groveling sort of a creature compared with his brethren of the East.

He begs because he wants something for his stomach or back; that being obtained, he is at rest and satisfied lounges until nature's necessities again prick him. Despising himself and despised by others he is included in the generic term "tramp," though this is a misnomer, as he never, by any chance, tramps. He is merely a weak, senile, might-have-been of the real, genuine article as it comes from the older European countries and is known in Chicago.

The imported beggar is a self-respecting beggar. And his earliest opinion of himself is in ratio to his (seeming) abnegation and nothingness.

A woman—a woman!—crouching on the extreme edge of the stone pavement, as though fearful of touching even the hem of society. A head bent low over an innocent, sleeping babe, exposed to the weather, ill-clad, miserable, like a half-dead dog. The haggard face, showing in the fantastic flare of the electric light, the dumb pleading—and the man going to the theater drops a nickel into the tin cup. Returning, he makes it a dime. Ah, it is a hard world; poor woman, perhaps she can go home now. The club man drops in a quarter, partly because of a fellow feeling and partly because he isn't quite certain what he is doing. The belated peccolman makes it a half, the train man another half.

In the gray light of the morning a man assists the object of pity to rise, transfers to his own pocket anywhere from \$3 to \$7, and then the day knoweth them not.

SLAVERY AT THE COAL MINE.

One of Its Worst Features Found in the System of Store Orders.

One of the grievances of the striking miners in the central bituminous region of Pennsylvania is the "store order" abuse, says the Philadelphia Record. A great many years ago, when an obstinate strike was made in this region of the state, the miners demanded as a condition of industrial peace that the store order system should be abolished. To this operators were constrained to assent, and for a considerable time the wages of the miners were paid in cash instead of with orders for store goods. But the abuse has been revived since the decision of the supreme court of Pennsylvania that the acts of assembly for its suppression were in violation of the right of contract. So the miners must patiently submit to be plundered by this store order system, or else strike against it, as the operators seem determined to cling to this profitable abuse until compelled to abandon it. In the development of this inquiry many operators farm out to second parties the privilege of keeping store at their mines. In compensation, the operators receive a certain percentage of the profits of the store business. This percentage, every dollar of it, comes out of the honest earnings of the poor miners, as the privileged dealers who have the monopoly of trade at the mines mark up the prices of their goods high enough to cover it. But whether the operators farm out the store order business or run it themselves, the effect of the system is to covertly defraud the miners of a portion of their wages. It filches the bread from the mouths of their wives and children.

Whatever may be the merits of conflict between the operators and the miners in regard to wages, the miners are clearly in the right in their demand that the store order system be abolished. One of the features of this system is to fix the payment of wages at long intervals, in order to compel the miners to resort to the store. But let the miners insist on the payment of wages in cash, so that they may buy their necessities of living where they please, and on the best terms. Workmen who are subjected to the demoralizing influence of this store order system are little better than slaves.

Theatrical Notes.

First Actor—Where are you going?

Second Actor—To the mountains.

First Actor—Write and let me know, old boy, how much they are giving waiters, and I'll try to raise money enough to join you.—Texas Siftings.

VIEWS AND VARIETIES.

The Greek church employs two rings, one of gold, the other of silver, in the marriage ceremony.

Sardines have disappeared from the Breton coasts, and the Breast fishermen find their net profits very small.

Five children of a Middletown, N. Y., man and wife died within four days of each other recently of pneumonia and measles.

The largest sum ever given for a book is said to be the \$50,000 paid by the German government for a missal that Pope Leo gave to Henry VIII.

Eleven million six hundred and twenty thousand families, with an average annual income of \$968, pay ninety per cent of the taxes in the United States.

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 old album of stamps collected thirty years ago in Savannah and recently discovered by an heir of the collector has revealed a number of valuable issues, some of them worth \$1,500.

At Clarksburg, W. Va., the other day Allen Snow married the wife from whom he was divorced forty years ago. Since their separation each of them had married and raised large families.

Two safe crackers entered a Brooklyn store to operate on a safe early one morning recently that made a great show from the street. They were so disappointed when they found that it was only a wooden box painted, that they departed, leaving their instruments behind them.

Mrs. James A. Grundy of Nashville, Tenn., lost a bag containing \$3,000 worth of diamonds while on her way from that city to Lebanon, Ky., recently. She left them on the seat of the car when she left the train. Another lady picked them up and they were returned to the owner.

Mrs. Bowdoin of Newark, N. J., noticed a man trying to gain entrance to her house, and ran into the street and screamed "fire!" Some one sent out an alarm, and several engines immediately responded. When the firemen learned what had happened they hunted for the burglar and found him.

One of those jolly idiots who like to play practical jokes handed Rain-in-the-Face, General Custer's slayer, a cigar at Coney Island, New York, and soon after the Indian lighted it, the cigar, which was "loaded," exploded. Just as the funny young man was getting a good laugh the Indian seized a crutch and brought it down with a dull thud on his head, and several stitches were required to repair the injury to his scalp.

CHICAGO THEATERS.

AMUSEMENT ATTRACTIONS FOR COMING WEEK.

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

M'VICKER'S THEATER.

"The Passing Show" will begin an engagement Sunday evening, Sept. 30, one week only. Of the beautiful ballet of Pierrot, one of the most charming features of "The Passing Show," Charles Frederic Niedlinger writes in the current number of the Illustrated American: "No one need ever again try to write the best story in the world." It has been written; it has never been surpassed and it never will be. The nicest craft in letters, the liveliest fancy, the sincerity of genius will not fashion a more beautiful conceit than the story of the "Prodigal Son." Within that simple parable is compassed the whole story of youth, its curiosity, its follies, adventures, griefs and tardy repentance. In some form or other it has found its way into all languages and among all men; but it remains always the perfection of effective recital, at once droll, dramatic, piquant, tragic, bold and sweet. Nothing half so enthralling fell from the timorous lips of Sheherazade, and no fairy tale save that of Cinderella can compare for a moment with the homely, yet dainty story that was written when the world was young. The cast includes John E. Henshaw, Chas. J. Ross (late Ross & Fenton), Geo. A. Schiller, Wm. Cameron, Gus Pixley, Harry Standish, Vernon Jarbeau, Lucy Daly, Jessie Carlisle, Mabel Stephenson, Maudie Lessing, May Ten Broeck, Agnes Sherwood and others.

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.

The fifth and last edition of "Aladdin, Jr.," as presented at the Chicago opera house by the American Extravaganza company, has been conceded by critics as the most pretentious of that prolific company. The new specialties that have been added to that excellent melange of mirth, music and melody are catchy and up to date. The Clodoch quadrille, as danced by the Misses Lynch, Evans and Messrs. Cain and Abrahams, is most diverting. John J. Burke, the unctuous comedian, can extract more laughs in one minute than any other comedian on the stage. He is constantly adding new songs and jokes to his extensive repertoire, the latest song now is, "Her Golden Hair was Hanging Down Her Back." This he sings with great effect. The living pictures entitled, "Heroes of To-day," are veritable works of art. They embrace such characters as "The Midnight Guardsman," "Mersey's Angel," "The Coast Guardsman," and "The Fire Brigade." For the matinee days nursery rhymes are substituted, giving the children a chance to see "Little Bo Peep," "Puss in Boots," "Cinderella," etc. Mlle. Barthe introduces a new and interesting character dance called the Caucasian dance, showing this charming lady's versatility.

SCHILLER THEATER.

Next Sunday evening, Sept. 30, at the Schiller will be produced with a very strong company, specially selected for it, the new American patriotic drama, "Ship of State." The piece, which is of immensely romantic interest, has been created by Mr. Frank D. Skiff, the well-known artist, and Mr. E. C. Ellis, the actor manager, both of whom have been conspicuously identified with Chicago theatricals for years past. The "Ship of State" is a domestic drama, the incidents of which occurred during the last war with Great Britain, and deals with those settlers who inhabited the shores of Lake Erie and the territories of the northwest, which are now known as the states of Ohio and Michigan, and relates more especially to the events which came to a climax with Perry's victory on Lake Erie, where, with an inferior fleet, constructed in a few months from the primeval forest, he humbled the proud flag of England, and American supremacy on the lakes was finally established never more to be shaken. Mr. Frank D. Skiff has worked out a great stage triumph in the scenic illustration and stage setting of this most interesting American drama. The scenery has been painted from drawings of the locality in which the incidents of the story arose. The costumes are historically correct, and altogether the artistic embellishment of the "Ship of State" will be something unusually attractive and artistically complete.

Theater Bulletin for Next Week.

Alhambra	"The Power of Gold."
Academy	"The Power of Gold."
Columbia	Eddie Foy, "Off the Earth."
Chicago Opera House	"Aladdin, Jr."
Frank Hall's Casino	Variety.
Grand Opera House	Otis Skinner.
Gaiety	Variety.
Haley	Mr. and Mrs. Kendal.
Haymarket	"In Old Kentucky."
Havilla	Conroy & Fox.
Lincoln	"The Torpedo."
Lyceum	Vaudeville and Living Pictures.
McVickers	"The Passing Show."
Schiller	"Ship of State."
Sam T. Jack's Opera House	French Folly Company.
Sam T. Jack's Empire	Variety.

In 1874 the equipment of the New York elevated railroad was six engines and ten cars. In 1894 the equipment of the New York elevated system consists of 331 locomotives and 1,116 cars.

For the last two or three years England experienced a drought so severe that its agricultural products were seriously injured. This year, however, crop conditions seemed favorable, and the greatest acreage yield in the world was promised. But heavy rains set in, and almost entirely ruined the wheat crop of Great Britain.

There is a man in Boston who makes it part of his business to repair shirts, and he finds plenty to do. Shirts of very respectable folks come to him to be cured of their ills, and go forth looking like new garments. If a man of fashion be not content, like ordinary mortals, to buy his shirts at \$1, \$2, or \$3 each, but must pay \$50 per dozen, when hard times overtake him and duns pour in, his only recourse is the shirt repairer.

DUNMOW.

And Its Famous Prize for the Happiest Couple.

The name Dunmow, in association with a fitch of bacon, long ago passed into a proverbial expression.

The Dunmow fitch is referred to by Chaucer in such a way as to prove that the custom was well known in his day, and a superficial examination of the published accounts of it is sufficient to show it was not a senseless or unmeaning custom, but that it was established at an early date for the encouragement of domestic virtue.

The festival of 1894 was held August 1, in the presence of nearly 5,000 spectators, many of whom had journeyed from London expressly to witness the historical trial. Two couples applied for the bacon, and their claims, after due inquiry, having been adjudged good they were carried in old chairs to the platform, where kneeling on sharp stones placed there for the purpose, the oath was administered and the fitches were handed to the claimants. The jury was composed of six maidens and six young bachelors. After the trial the new operatic cantata, "Ye Dunmow Fitches," was performed by a choral and orchestral company, under the conductorship of Mr. Daughtry, of the Sheffield Telegraph, the composer of the piece.

CURRENT GOSSIP.

The czar of Russia is said to be affected with Bright's disease.

Wilkie Collins' bedstead realized ten shillings at a recent sale in London.

Douglas Tilden, the young artist who is making so great a reputation as a sculptor, is a deaf mute.

The crack pistol shot of the world now is, apparently, Smith Carr of San Francisco, who recently scored 950 out of a possible 1,000 points.

According to a dispatch from Turin a brother of Cesario Santo has committed suicide on account of the shame he felt for his brother's crime.

The third son of Count Tolstoi, Leo Lefvitich Tolstoi, is said to have inherited some of his father's literary genius, and all of his tendency toward realism.

Mr. Blaine's brother, Robert, long attached to the agricultural department, who was turned away by Secretary Morton, has been given a \$900 clerkship in the library of congress.

Eli Whitney of New Haven, grandson of the famous inventor of the cotton gin, has in turn invented a machine which may revolutionize cotton picking. With it two men and two horses can harvest as much cotton as 100 workmen.

Emir El Hachemi, son of Abi-el-Kader, of Algeria, recently went to Paris to have an operation on his eyes, and though he has been blind for thirteen years, his oculist is said to hold out hope that he will recover his vision in some practical degree.

A Tennessee educator who is still one of the most useful men of his state remembers being at the university of Virginia on the occasion of one of Thomas Jefferson's visits. His attention was called to the great Virginian by hearing someone say: "There goes Mr. Jefferson in his red breeches."

Rosa Bonheur is no longer the only woman artist who is entitled to wear upon her breast the cross of the Legion of Honor, for a like distinction has just been bestowed upon Mme. Virginie Demont-Breton the daughter of Julien Breton and the wife of Adrien Demont, both of whom are masters of the brush. Mme. Demont-Breton has for the last dozen years been a successful exhibitor, in the Paris salon, of marine pictures.

The oldest active professor in Germany is said to be Privy Councillor Stickel, professor of oriental languages at Jena, who recently celebrated the ninetieth anniversary of his birth. It was Professor Stickel who answered Prince Bismarck's question as to his age in the following manner: "I have seen Napoleon I; Germany in its condition of deepest disgrace. I have known Goethe, and in him seen Germany at the pinnacle of its literary development; and now I see in your highness, him who brought our Fatherland to the pinnacle of political development."

A HARD TASKMISTRESS.

The Late Rosina Vokes Took Her Art Seriously.

The late Mrs. Clay, better known as Rosina Vokes, was a hard taskmistress. She took her art both seriously and rigidly, and demanded the same from others. A young American girl during a one-time connection with the Vokes company suffered extremely from a felon on her finger. Every movement of the arm gave her pain, and she was at length obliged to evade her required participation in "A Game of Cards," where the players clap hands, the one against the other. "You shirked your part last night, Miss Blank," Mrs. Clay took occasion to observe the following morning.

"I did," acknowledged Miss Blank, "for my finger is in such a condition, as you see, that present use of it is impossible."

"You will not shirk your part tonight, however," remarked Mrs. Clay, with an ominous gleam in her eye. The young American knew only too well that further remonstrance would probably result in her dismissal, so nothing more was said. That night, according to orders, she, with infinite pain, clapped hands briskly. At the first touch the blood gushed from her suffering finger, but, although her partner was Mrs. Clay, neither remonstrance nor apology was made by that exacting star either then or afterward. "Still, it was all splendid training," said the young actress in later years. But to impartial, unprofessional outsiders such "training" smacks of tyranny.

RAINFMAKING.

The Apparatus Used to Draw Showers in the West.

The faith of prairie residents in the modern Aquarius, the rainmaker, is evidenced by the large sums received from localities for trials of the unique science. From \$100 to \$500 for five days' work is the ruling quotation for a visit from the rainmaker and usually even these amounts are not contingent upon rain appearing. The modern rainmaker has his apparatus on wheels and his car's advent into a prairie town is hailed with delight and wonder. The Rock Island railway has three cars operating in Kansas, and Nebraska constantly, and half a score of independent aspirants for cloud ruling work in the same territory.

When the rainmaker's car is sidetracked at a prairie station and gets ready to bombard the heavens it presents an odd appearance. On top of a freight car is a tank holding 800 gallons of water. Through the roof project three pipes to lead into the air above the gases generated in the laboratory inside.

In one end of the car is the operator's living room. In the other is an imposing array of bottles, jars, electric battery, cells, pipes and wires. The principle on which the work is done is that of sending electrified gases through the pipes. These being lighter than air ascend with great rapidity to an altitude of 4,500 to 6,000 feet where they are supposed to intercept a current of moisture moving from northeast to southwest and turning cold, sink, forming a vacuum into which are drawn the moisture laden air currents.

About 4,500 cubic feet of gas is sent up per hour and the records of the rainmakers show that, either through some influence or by good fortune, clouds have formed soon after the issuing of the gases, at many stations—although in some instances they have bombarded the heavens in vain for days. The operation is quite expensive, an alloy with murium, costing \$15 a pound, being much used, and the cost of the cars is about \$100 a day.

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A DREAM AND A VISION.



heart beat madly—throbbed wildly with its joy and rapture that it seemed as if it would break.

"Nothing but death!" she repeated, lifting her shy, blue eyes to her lover's noble face. "Oh, Mark, pray that we both may have long, long, years to be happy in! The thought of giving you up is more bitter to me than death."

"You need never give me up, my sweetheart!" he returned. "This parting is only for a brief time; then we shall meet again, never to separate while we both shall live. Trust me, Rita; I will be true and faithful—true and faithful!"

She shivered slightly, as though a cold wind was chilling her delicate frame, and clung closer to her lover. She was so frail, this little snowdrop—fair and delicate as a flower. Over her life there hung the shadow of an awful doom, for the deadly blight of consumption had already ventured to touch her fragile body. There were those among her friends who believed that Marguerite Clyde was not long for this world. Her parents had both succumbed to the dread scourge; a brother and sister had also crossed the soundless sea which washes the shores of eternity; and it had come to be believed, tacitly, that she, too, would eventually be stricken down. She was in a decline, the physician had wisely decided, and must have change of air and scene. A journey to the south of France was prescribed, and a wealthy relative, Mrs. Dallas, had offered to accompany the young invalid thither. So, it was all arranged, and on the morrow Marguerite was to sail on the steamship New York. And Mark Thornton was saying good-bye to her. Ah! it was hard—bitterly hard to let her go so far away from him, and know that they might never meet again; to carry a sad heart in his breast all day, and lie awake at night to grieve over the enforced separation. A feeling of desolation, too terrible for expression, crept into the young man's breast. If he could only accompany his loved one! But that was impossible. All their future, should she be spared to him, depended upon his efforts. He was working early and late, to make a home—a pretty home—for his darling; and Marguerite would not listen to his proposal to accompany her and Mrs. Dallas.

"No, dear," she had said, gently and decidedly. "I will go with Aunt Dallas; but you must remain at home, and when I come back to you—I will return, dear—we will be so happy! Be brave, Mark, and let me go, and I will come back to you well and strong."

"Heaven grant it!" he cried fervently, "but oh, Rita, I feel such a strange foreboding of evil. I am not really superstitious; but I have an impression—a premonition of impending sorrow."

"Nonsense!" she cried, with a sunny smile; but the smile was somewhat ghostly and vanished like a wraith. "Do not give way to superstitious fancies," she added, "they are unworthy of you!"

And then Mrs. Dallas appeared upon the scene—a kindly, motherly woman—who insisted that Marguerite

was making too heavy draughts upon her strength by this interview with her lover, and so contrived to shorten the parting scene.

The next day the New York steamed out of the harbor, with Marguerite and Mrs. Dallas on board, and Mark Thornton waving a last farewell to the two figures standing upon deck.

Hewatched the vessel until it was out of sight, then turned away, a feeling of sadness lying upon his heart like a stone.

"I shall never see her again, my poor, lost darling," he said, hopelessly. "I feel it, know it! Oh Rita! Rita! my heart will break. This parting is more than I can bear!"

But he was a man, with a man's strong heart and capacities for endurance; so he went back to his lonely room and the daily grind of the office, and time dragged by.

A letter came at last from the travelers. They had arrived safely in Southampton, and were to speed by rail to the terminus of their journey.

Many weeks went by, and at last letters ceased to come. One night, in the silence and darkness of his lonely chamber, Mark Thornton awoke from a troubled dream. A dream in which he had seen his loved one lying cold and dead before him—her blue eyes closed forever, the white hands folded.

He awoke with a nervous start, to find the corner of the room opposite his bed, brightly illuminated. With a stifled exclamation he started up, and there before him faintly outlined against the wall, a figure was dimly visible. It looked like the figure of a woman; and as he sat with dilated eyes fastened upon the apparent apparition, he was startled by the sound of a voice—a low, quivering voice, sighing upon the silence, like the wail of a wind-harp:

"Mark!" it said in tremulous accents; "my beloved, I have come back to you!"

And there in that strange, weird light, he caught a glimpse of a face; a pale, wan face; with an unearthly light upon it, and great, sad blue eyes, and a cloud of sunny hair streaming over graceful shoulders. The face of Marguerite Clyde—the love of his life.

Trembling, agonized, he sprang to his feet, and rushed to the corner of the room where the figure had seemed to be. But it was gone—no trace of any living creature.

His window stood open; he went over to it and leaned upon the sill, and let the cool night breezes fan his troubled brow. She was dead. Rita—his Rita—he felt certain of it. She was dead and her freed spirit had come to him as she had so often declared that she would come—to look upon his face once more. Stunned, paralyzed with intense suffering, Mark Thornton sank upon his knees before the open window and prayed for help and comfort. He was weak and nervous, and to his troubled heart the vision appeared so real—the sound of her voice so palpable—that he could not shut out from his heart the conviction that the woman he loved was no more.

All night he walked the floor of his room, his head bowed, his heart bleeding with bitter anguish. It was so cruel! He had worked and striven bravely. At home all was ready at last for his darling; and now, right in the moment of his victory, when fortune had smiled upon him, and all the world seemed fair and cloudless, she must die.

In vain did he reason with the strange superstitious fancy. It had taken root in his mind, and added to the vague uneasiness was a more tangible trouble.

Rita was as well as usual, only very tired and weak. The letter brought a tiny ray of sunlight into his lonely heart, and gave him courage for the future.

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In vain did he reason with the strange superstitious fancy. It had taken root in his mind, and added to the vague uneasiness was a more tangible trouble.

He had not received a letter from Marguerite in many days. It must be true, then, she was dead; and—oh, heaven! how could he ever learn to live without her?

Morning dawned upon as terrible a night as man ever passed through. With the morning came an urgent summons to another city, a business summons. He left on the first train, and ten days elapsed before his return home. All this time he suffered intensely—acutely.

She was dead; he was positive of it. The thought plunged his soul into the blackness of despair.

He returned home at last, and, once in his office, the first object that greeted him was a cablegram. He dared not open it—his heart failed him—his hand shook. Pale and trembling he stood holding the fatal document in his hand, when there was a rap at the office door. His lips moved, but no sound escaped them; the knob turned, the door opened.

He glanced up and a wild cry escaped him. Was he mad? There, before him, standing upon the threshold framed in by the open door, was Marguerite—his Marguerite! Upon her cheeks the faint tinge of returning health; the pallor and languor gone; in short, no longer an invalid, but perfectly restored.

Words cannot portray that meeting. The cablegram, which had been waiting for him for ten days, had announced her intention of sailing upon the steamer Granada, returning home, with restored health—home to her loved one.

And from that day to this, Mark Thornton maintains a discreet silence whenever the subject of spiritual manifestations is mentioned. He is convinced that they are all optical deceptions, and delusions, and snares.

A Genuine Hero.

A party of young men were telling what they would do were they wrecked far out at sea, and left buffeting the waves without a plank to assist them.

Each one gave his opinion except Paddy Murphy, who, after being asked for his replied:

"Bedad, ye cowardly set of spalpeens, ye'd be afther savin' yerselves an' not thyrin' to save another. Why, it's Paddy Murphy that would swim ashore an' save himself, and then come back an' thry to save another.—Sunday Mercury.

Miss Lily Flapjack Rebuked.

Gus De Smith recently called at the residence of the Widow Flapjack. The widow and her daughter, Lily Flapjack, received Gus in the parlor.

"Mr. De Smith, don't you think I resemble my mother?"

"Lilly," said Mrs. Flapjack, sharply, "don't display your vanity and egotism so much."

Where Lee Is Always in Demand.

The consul at India in his recent report states that the first ice factory in India was built in Agra, about 700 miles from Bombay. There have since been thirty-four built throughout that country, which never fail from want of customers.

JUAN PEREA'S SLAYER.

HOW HE WAS FOUND AND WHAT FOUND HIM.

The Retribution That Overtook a Young Man in a Beautiful Village of the Sierra Madre—The Black Wings That Flapped Over His Head.

An awful crime had been committed at Ortiz. The wealthy Juan Perea, he whom everybody liked, had been found dead at his own door, and there was no trace of the murderer.

It was old Manuel, the Indian, who found the body, and when he gave the alarm a great superstitious fear seized all the people as they flocked from the doors of their low adobe houses into the hot streets of the Mexican village. Where was the murderer, and who could he be that would kill such a good old man?

And rob him, too. That was the worst of it. And the people made up their minds that no punishment was too severe to be inflicted on the murderer—when they found him.

The good padre, who buried the murdered man out in the desolate graveyard of sand and cactus, where the sun was so hot it cracked all the wooden crosses, said a prayer that the villain might be brought to justice. But he had little hope that it would be.

A month passed and poor old Juan was almost forgotten. His house was still untenanted. The padre had taken charge of it and regularly fed the many animal pets that Juan had taken such an interest in. They seemed to mourn the loss of their master more than the people to whom he had been so good. The murderer was still unknown.

Far away from Ortiz, in a beautiful village of the Sierra Madre, a young man had been trying for weeks to forget something—trying to convince himself that he had not committed a great crime.

He had plenty of gold and the love of a beautiful maiden if he could only forget. Yes, forget that he had killed his father. He could forget if it was not for that strange whirring sound like the flapping of wings that constantly haunted him. He first heard it just as he struck the fatal blow and since then it has never ceased, day or night.

"I'm sure it has nothing to do with the killing of the old man," said Leonard to himself, but somehow the whole scene would come up before him. Again he was riding along the road to see the father he had deserted years ago. He was not going because he wanted to see the good old man, but because he wanted money. Money he must have at any cost. It was long past midnight when he knocked at the door and his father came out to greet him. His father was glad to see him, Leonard remembers distinctly, and when he asked for money took out a bag and gave him a good quantity of gold. But it was not enough—he must have it all. It was such an easy thing to do. Only a thrust with the knife as the old man turned to go back into the house after bidding him farewell, and the gold was his. But what was that whirring sound?

Leonard's brain was in a whirl. The sound was everywhere. Surely it was his father's ghost. Angels had wings, and the old man's spirit must be passing through the room.

"Whirr, whirr."

"Let me out of this, I don't want the gold," and Leonard flung the bag of yellow coin out of the window.

Over the hills and mountains he sped, he knew not where. But the sound was with him.

Again he was in the street before his father's house. Oh, if the old man were only alive he could surely prevent the terrible sound.

Somebody was coming, but Leonard hid in a shadow until they passed. "Anyhow, they don't know I did it," he thought.

"Whirr, whirr—flap, flap."

This time it was closer than it had been before. Surely that was a dark form flying through the air. "I'm not a bit frightened," the murderer thought, trembling in every limb. The dark form in the air drew nearer and nearer the flapping, whirring sound was fast and furious. "Keep away, fiends!" yelled Leonard, and he thought he saw a dark, wicked form with cloven foot and spiked tail. He covered his face with his hands and screamed in agony. The dark form came nearer. "Mercy, mercy!" he howled. "Awful forms of darkness, keep away. It was not I who killed him!" The flapping and whirring were close to him, and Leonard could see a pair of dark wings spread as if to enfold him. He struck out with his hands and struggled wildly, but the wings came closer and closer; he felt claws scratching his face and heard wings beating the air. Surely the devil had him.

A pain shot through his eyes, everything grew black, and it seemed as if the flames of hell were seething around him. He ceased struggling, fell to the ground and lay still in death. The next morning the people of Ortiz found him lying in the same spot where his father's dead body had been discovered. The people were almost crazy with fear. The old padre shook his head and crossed himself. It was while they were carrying the body into the house that old Manuel noticed poor, murdered Juan's pet black eagle, that had been missing since he was killed, sitting on a wall near by. His feathers were torn and ragged, and he seemed interested in what was going on. But of course

the eagle had nothing to do with the death of Leonard, at least that is what the padre said.

A BIG BITE.

And the Fish Took Boy and All to the Bottom.

Fishing is an entertaining pastime along the Pacific coast for a large number of small fry. Even gray-haired old fellows, armed with rods and lines, are to be seen in fair days at points of vantage along the docks. Tom cod and sea eels are caught in great numbers, while once in a while a horrible appearing ratfish is hauled in. These ratfish look like a cross between a Chinaman and the devil, and are armed with two sword-like fins, which protrude from the sides of the head like a French dude's mustache. The swords are from two to five inches in length, according to the size of the fish, and are very strong, having a point as sharp as a needle. Woe be to the unlucky fisherman who is stuck by a ratfish, for the wound smarts and pains dreadfully.

One day a gang of tough looking street arabs were fishing off the embankment in the Northern Pacific switching yard at Tacoma, and an old gentleman with a benevolent countenance and long, gray whiskers was much interested in the sport. Not seeing any fish landed the old man asked one of the urchins, Gus Sampson:

"What are you fishing for, my boy?"

"Bites," answered the kid, with a fenshish grin.

At the same instant, as if by divine providence, the old man was avenged, for there was such a gigantic bite on that boy's line, that boy, pole, line and all were yanked off the dock and pulled out of sight into the water. In a few moments Gus rose to the surface with his mouth, ears, eyes and nose full of mud. He struck out for shore, while the pole, which still floated on the surface, darted off at a lively speed in an opposite direction.

Two Indians happened along in a canoe and they gave chase to the pole. They finally overtook it, and after half an hour's tedious work succeeded in landing an immense rock cod, which had in some mysterious manner been hooked in the tail. The cod weighed twelve pounds and three ounces, and was bought by the benevolent old gentleman with the long gray whiskers.

Rather Ambiguous.

The average woman considers a baby carriage a month before she buys one. It is the little suggestion which turns the possible customer in the direction of any particular store or article. This suggestion is generally the advertisement, which forces into the mind a not yet recognized desire. If the advertisement continues it is sure to strengthen and to fan into life the germ which it planted the first time it was seen.—Farm Machinery.

Will Wait a Little Longer.

Two children of New Brunswick, N. J., fell in love with each other and eloped. They tried to induce every justice of the peace and every minister in Perth Amboy to perform the marriage ceremony, but although the girl, who is 14 years old, tried to give herself a more mature appearance, had lengthened her dress and fastened up her hair, all refused and the youthful couple finally decided to return home and wait a few years.

Occupation.

"Hello!" said the waves to the bathing suit, "what are you doing now?"

"Oh, traveling on my shape," replied the bathing suit.—Truth.

ETCHINGS AND ECHOES.

The largest bronze statue in the world is that of Peter the Great at St. Petersburg. Its weight is about 1,100 tons.

Some Wheeling people have been found who were able to beat the gas meter by running the gas around it in a rubber tube.

Miss A. M. Hicks has been principal of Clinton college, Kentucky, for twenty years, but she has just been discharged for being a faith cure believer.

There has not been a total eclipse of the sun at London since 1715, and Professor Holden says there will not be another until after the twenty-first century.

Coffee planting was formerly the most important single industry of Ceylon; now tea is the leading article of export, having risen from \$2,000 worth in 1878 to over \$1,000,000 two years ago.

The lawyer's tout has become such a nuisance in Louisiana that a bill has been passed at Baton Rouge making it a felony for any court officer to procure or solicit legal business for any attorney at law under the expectation or promise of pay by such attorney.

Another "wooden wall of Old England" is doomed. The old sixty-four-gun battleship Benbow, which took part in the bombardment of St. Jean d'Acre in 1840, and has of late years been employed as a floating coal depot in Sheerness harbor, has been sold and will be broken up.

R. J. Gross has registered a trademark in Germany for a new thermometer, in which toluol is substituted for the mercury and alcohol that have been employed up to the present. The advantages of such substitution are claimed to be many. In the first place, toluol is a liquid of a deep black color, which renders the column very visible; in the second place, the freezing point of this liquid is very remote from its boiling point, and, finally, it costs less than mercury.

AN EDITOR ON LINCOLN.

HORACE WHITE TELLS HIS VIEWS TO KATE FIELD.

He was an Intimate Acquaintance of the Illinoisan for Seven Years—Something About the Inside History of a Famous Speech.

It is easier to catch a weasel asleep than to interview one who causes others to undergo the interviewing operation. But I caught a real live metropolitan editor the other day in most interesting fashion. We had driven out to Rock Creek cemetery to see the wonderful statue by St. Gaudens that marks the grave of a brilliant woman, and as we drove away I asked my escort, Mr. Horace White, one of the editors of the New York Evening Post, what he thought of the silent bronze figure to which all Washington visitors make a pilgrimage.

"It seems to me that St. Gaudens' statue represents Agnosticism. It seems to say: 'I do not know whether there is a future state or not. If there be one, I do not know what is in store for me. In any event, I am helpless; to resist or complain would be useless.' That is all the statue says to me. If this be the artist's conception it is a work of genius. At all events St. Gaudens' statue of Lincoln, in Lincoln park, Chicago, is a masterpiece. It has brought out the inner thought of Lincoln when about to address an audience."

"I saw him in that attitude many times on the stump in Illinois, and while I never saw so much dignity and grace of form as the artist has depicted, it is nevertheless true and artistic in the sense already mentioned. It represents the thought and purpose of Lincoln when engaged in a political debate. The figure is penetrated with truth, high purpose and responsibility. Lincoln never within my personal knowledge addressed an audience for the purpose of amusing or entertaining them. I have read some of his earlier speeches in which humor was the most striking feature, and I have never seen a man whose sense of humor was keener; but at the time I speak of, his power of ridiculing an opponent was rarely exercised. When he presented himself to an audience seriousness was in all his ways. He seemed to feel that all he said would have some influence upon the nation's fate. This feeling was so expressed in face and gesture that his hearers were penetrated with it by sympathy. That is why I say St. Gaudens' statue at Lincoln park is an inspiration. He has given it an expression which will go down to posterity as the inmost thought and purpose of the man Lincoln."

"Did you accompany Lincoln on this campaign in 1858?"

"Yes; somebody had to write it up and I was selected by the editors of the Chicago Tribune. Accordingly I presented myself at the first meeting of his regular campaign and followed it to the end. Of course, the seven joint debates, where both Lincoln and Douglas spoke, were attended by a great number of newspaper men from different parts of the country, but the smaller meetings, at which Lincoln alone spoke, seldom had any chronicler but myself. I noted then, as a remarkable circumstance, and I still consider it so, that Lincoln never repeated himself."

"Did he differ from Douglas in this respect?"

"Yes, all the time. Douglas acted on the belief that the thing he said in the beginning touched the vital point and could not be repeated too often, and I don't know but he was right. He certainly won the campaign."

"What was Doug's plea?"

"The people of the territories had the right to regulate their own domestic institutions in their own way just as the states had."

"Lincoln's keynote, 'A house divided against itself,' etc., never was repeated by him unless asked, or, because the people understood it. He launched upon a sea of debate from this point, while Douglas repeated one speech verbatim, except at the seven joint debates."

"Did you compare the two men?"

"Indeed I did. All my sympathies were enlisted with Lincoln. This fact predisposed me to under-rate Douglas' powers. Looking backward, I now think that Douglas' intellectual gifts at least equaled Lincoln's, while his personal magnetism and his power to command men were far greater. On the other hand, Lincoln's moral superiority was such as to dwarf Douglas. Lincoln never could deceive anyone in debate nor would he allow anyone to be deceived. If he could help it, Douglas was a master of trickery, and dealt it out everywhere, at all times."

"Didn't he know how to be honest?"

"The fact is that Douglas was riding two horses at once—North and South. Deception was inevitable."

"Did you think Lincoln ugly physically?"

"In a room he was awkward. When speaking his homely features became animated and actually handsome. His action was angular, but not ungraceful. Thought positively transformed him."

"What quality of voice had Lincoln?"

"A thin, piping treble voice that was heard at a long distance, much further than Douglas' deep, oratorical voice."

"Was Lincoln companionable?"

"More so than any man I ever knew. Full of anecdote, full of the milk of human kindness, there was no end to his capacity for entertaining."

ing company. His good fellowship, amounted to genius."—Kate Field in Kate Field's Washington.

DOGS TAUGHT TO BARK.

Costa Rican Dogs Do Not Do It Naturally and Must Learn How.

"They've got the queerest dogs down in Costa Rica you ever heard of," said Henry Coyne of Lycoming county, Pennsylvania, who spent several years in that tropical country with an engineer corps, to a New York Sun reporter. "When they are grown they are about the size of a shepherd dog, and look as if they were a cross between a wolf and a fox. They are of a light yellow color and slouch along as if they suspected every one they met of having a tin can and intentions of fastening it to their tails. The queerest thing about the Costa Rica dogs is that if they live to be 1,000 years old they can't bark unless they are taught when they are puppies."

"They have to teach these dogs to bark down there just as canary birds have to be taught to sing. When the pups are a couple of weeks old the Indians—every person down there is an Indian, so called—take them and either put them with a dog that has learned to bark, so that they can hear him and imitate him by degrees or bark the lessons to the puppies themselves. The latter is the surest and most satisfactory way to teach a Costa Rican dog to bark, because a dog down there that has mastered the voice that is natural to dogs elsewhere may not take it into his head to bark once in six months, and if a puppy doesn't receive lessons in voice culture before he is six months old he will be mute all his life. So the Indians usually make sure that their dogs shall bark by giving the puppies lessons themselves."

"The funny thing about teaching these young dogs that they have a voice is that their instructors can teach them to bark in any tone. The eager puppy will imitate the sound his Indian teacher emits, no matter whether it is a deep bass, a mellow baritone, a plaintive falsetto, or a fenshish shriek or a yell in no tone at all."

"So you can well imagine that a family of Costa Rican dogs trained to sing after the varied methods that the whims or inclinations of their teachers dictate may be able to give a concert on a moonlight night which would startle a stranger when he first heard it."

A Lover's Nook.

A Kentucky man sent his sofa to a furniture dealer to be renovated; the following articles were found between the back and cushion: Forty-seven hairpins, three moustache combs, nineteen suspender buttons, thirteen needles, thirty-five cigarettes, eight photographs, 217 pins, seventy-six grains of coffee, forty-seven cloves, twenty-seven cuff buttons, six pocket knives, fifteen poker chips, a vial of homeopathic medicine, thirty-four lumps of chewing gum, fifty-nine toothpicks, twenty-eight matches, thirty-nine collar buttons, eleven neckties, two love letters, a few pieces of candy, two dimes, three quarters, one nickel, eight buckles, five lead pencils, one pen and four button hooks.

Large and Vicious Humming Birds.

There is a species of humming bird in Carrueca, East India, that is about the size of a pigeon. It is very vicious, and the natives say it subsists almost entirely upon a hard shelled nut, which it breaks open with a blow of its wings, all the while humming loudly.

LORDS OF CREATION

Each voter in Hawaii must speak the language fluently and be worth \$1,000.

"Come, ye disconsolate," was by the famous Irish poet, Thomas Moore, and appeared in his sacred songs in 1816.

Never bear more than one kind of trouble at a time. Some people bear three kinds—all they have had, all they have now and all they expect to have.

"I saw several cyclone cellars while I was out West," remarked the visitor. "Dear me," exclaimed Mrs. Tocker, "who on earth would want to buy a cyclone?"

The oldest members of the French cabinet are M. Dupuy and M. Delcasse, and they are only 42. The minister of public works is the youngest being 31.

Mrs. Banks—Is there any one, dear, you would like to have me marry when you die? Mr. Banks—No, darling; I hold no bitter grudge against any man living.

"Chinner is a great talker, isn't he?" "He is." "Wouldn't you like to know as much as he knows?" "Well, not exactly; but I would like to know as much as he thinks he knows."

"Just as I am" first appeared in the "Invalids' Hymn Book," in 1836. It was the work of Charlotte Elliott, who became an invalid in 1821 and remained such until her death in 1871.

Jaquere Romano, a young Russian resident of Harlem, New York, has invented a chemical process by which he says almost any fabric folded to the thickness of an inch can be made bullet-proof.

She—Before I consent to marry you, John, I wish to tell you that people say I have a temper. He—I don't mind that. "You don't?" "No, all you need to do is to take care of it. Don't lose it."

A suit for divorce before a Newark, N. J., judge, developed the fact that the complainant, the wife, sought divorce on the ground that the erring husband had ceased to call her "Pet," and now invariably addressed her as "You red-headed thing." The judge mercifully allowed the separation.



THE APPARITION.

was making too heavy draughts upon her strength by this interview with her lover, and so contrived to shorten the parting scene.

The next day the New York steamed out of the harbor, with Marguerite and Mrs. Dallas on board, and Mark Thornton waving a last farewell to the two figures standing upon deck.

Hewatched the vessel until it was out of sight, then turned away, a feeling of sadness lying upon his heart like a stone.

"I shall never see her again, my poor, lost darling," he said, hopelessly. "I feel it, know it! Oh Rita! Rita! my heart will break. This parting is more than I can bear!"

But he was a man, with a man's strong heart and capacities for endurance; so he went back to his lonely room and the daily grind of the office, and time dragged by.

A letter came at last from the travelers. They had arrived safely in Southampton, and were to speed by rail to the terminus of their journey.

ABOUT THE CAMP FIRE

TALES THAT ARE TOLD OF THE CIVIL WAR.

A Word for the Regulars Who Served During the War—Recollections of Sherman—McLane at Valley Forge—She Gets There.

Justly Entitled.

James Maher writes the National Tribune in behalf of the regulars, as follows: In a recent issue of the Tribune, Comrade H. J. McGivern comments upon the regular officers as regards their indorsement of detached volunteers for congressional medals of honor. His remarks are not only well timed, but true. The battery cited (B, 4th U. S.), as shown on the records, lost more men during the war than any other battery, either regular or volunteer. And I am proud to state that I not only served in that famous battery during the war, but before and after.

I enlisted in 1859, and partook of the famous 1,600-mile overland march from Leavenworth to Salt Lake City; and during the Mormon and Indian wars fought the wily and treacherous redskins. When the tocsin was sounded and hundreds of officers who had been schooled and fed at the government's expense discarded their side-arms and trampled their commissions in the mud to flock to the standard of secession, the privates to a man rallied to the preservation of "Old Glory." I am one of the latter. I served during the entire war, re-enlisting in front of Petersburg, and again re-enlisting for a third term in Company K, Third U. S. I took part in every battle and skirmish in the army of the Potomac, and can truthfully state that, outside of General John Gibbon and Captain James Stuart, I am one of the three only now living who came from the West with the aforesaid officers and served during the entire war; C. Henry Moore, of Philadelphia, and Richard L. Tea, retired as a private, and now living at Whipple Barracks, Arizona, being the others who stood to the guns of, as we believe, the best battery ever formed before and during the entire war.

Comrade McGivern deserves the thanks of the old regulars for the interest taken in their behalf, and I will here state that if medals for bravery are to be given to volunteers we certainly are also deserving of the same, for we not only fought through the war, but before and after on the frontiers.

Johnny Cook, who has recently received a medal, served only through part of the war, as did also John Johnston and Billy McGarty, volunteers, who each lost an arm. We certainly could not all lose arms and legs, for had such been the case the war would soon have ceased.

I will place my record as a soldier against any man living, without fear.

And now one word for Comrade McGivern, who served during the last two campaigns of the war. I remember his giving to Lieutenant Voss, then in command of the battery, a letter found near the battery at Camp Bailey, Bladensburg, which exposed a plot to steal ammunition to be used to blow up the headquarters tent and said lieutenant for some imaginary wrong. That may not be called bravery, but it certainly is worthy of mention, as in doing so he not only prevented a foul and inhuman act, but without doubt saved the life of Lieutenant Voss.

Honor to whom honor is due is my maxim.

That your many readers may not think me egotistical, and that my record will meet the approval of every old soldier who reads this, I again claim that the survivors of old B, 4th U. S., are without doubt entitled to medals of honor.

Desperate Treatment.

During the revolutionary war, the troops under Colonel McLane's command were suffering for provisions and clothing, and congress had been repeatedly petitioned for that relief which it was not in its power to bestow. Under these circumstances, Colonel McLane paraded his band of suffering soldiers, who were about going into winter quarters at Valley Forge, and addressed them as follows: "Fellow-soldiers, you have served your country faithfully and truly. We have fought hard fights together, against a hard enemy. You are in a bad way for comfortable clothes, and it almost makes me cry to see you tracking your half-frozen, bloody feet on the cold ground. But congress can't help it, nor can I. Now, if any of you want to return home, to leave the army at such a time as this, you can go. Let those who would like to go step out four paces in front. But—the first man who steps out—if I don't shoot him, my name is not McLane!" It is needless to add that not a single "volunteer for home" was to be found in the ranks.—Argonaut.

Recollections of Sherman.

Sherman shared all the privations and hardships of the common soldier. He slept in his uniform every night of the whole campaign. Sometimes we did not get into camp till midnight. I think every man in the army knew the general's face, and thousands spoke with him personally. The familiarity of the troops at times was amusing.

"Don't ride too fast, general," they would cry out, seeing his horse plunging along in the mire at the roadside, as he tried to pass some division. "Pretty slippery going, Uncle Billy, pretty slippery going." Or, "Say, general, kin you tell us, is this the road to Richmond?"

Every soldier in the army had taken on the enthusiasm of the general him-

self. They would go anywhere that he might point to. Often as he approached some regiment a wild huzza would be given and taken up and repeated by the troops a mile ahead. Instinct seemed to tell the boys when there was any loud shouting anywhere whatever that Uncle Billy was coming, and they joined in the cheers till the woods rang. It was a common thing for the general to stop his horse and speak words of encouragement or praise to some subordinate officer or private soldier struggling at the roadside.

He had his humorous side with them, too. When the army reached Goldsboro half the men were in rags. One day a division was ordered to march past him in review. The men were bare-legged and ragged, some of them almost hatless.

"Only look at the poor fellows with their bare legs," said an officer at the general's side, sympathizingly.

"Splendid legs," cried the general with a twinkle in his eye, "splendid legs. Would give two of mine for any one of them."—McClure's Magazine.

A Camp Experience.

A Rhode Island soldier, while on picket guard, was rushed upon by a fired at the foremost of them and ran. Before him was an open field about fifty rods across, bounded by an old log fence, and beyond that a thicket of briars and underbrush. For this bushy retreat the soldier started, a half dozen horsemen after him. Fortunately for the fugitive, the rains had softened the soil, and the horses slumped through the turf so badly that pursuit was slow.

A pistol ball passed through the runner's hat, but he reached the fence, and with one bound landed on the top, intending to give a long spring ahead, but the old fence crumbled beneath his weight and down he went.

But luck favored him again, for a hog had rooted out a gutter at this place and at the moment was lying in it. The soldier fell plump into the hole and the frightened hog uttered one squeal and scampered into the underbrush, leaving the newcomer in possession of the wallow and buried under the debris of the fence.

A minute more and up dashed the horsemen. Hearing the rustle of the fleeing hog in the bushes, they supposed it to be the picket, and dashed through the gap in the fence and hastened on.

When they were well out of sight the fugitive crawled out from the mudhole and ran back to camp.

The following day one of the same horsemen was taken a prisoner. Our hero recognized him at once.

"I say," he asked, "did you catch that hog yesterday?"

"We did that," retorted the prisoner, "but it wasn't the one we were after."—N. Y. Advertiser.

When Will the War End?

This question was answered by a little miss at one of the school examinations in Troy, in a manner that did credit to her intelligence and loyalty—her head and heart. After the exercises of the afternoon had concluded the principal stated that he should be pleased if the committee would examine the class in reference to matters of recent history, such as the events of the present war—to show that they kept their eyes and ears open, and were posted in matters transpiring around them. One of the committee said to the president of the board of education, who was conducting the exercises, "Ask 'em when the war will end. Guess that will puzzle 'em."

Mr. Kemp, in his blandest tones, said to the class:

"It is asked, by a visitor, 'when this war will end.' Can any of you answer the question?"

Up went a show of hands, at least fifteen boys and girls manifested a willingness to solve the problem that statesmen, financiers and politicians were supposed to have puzzled over in vain.

"You may answer," said President Kemp to a bright-eyed little girl near him: "When will the war end?"

Rising from her seat, the little patriot, in a clear unflinching voice, with enthusiasm flashing from her eye, answered:

"When the rebels lay down their arms and sue for peace!"

The gentleman who had suggested the inquiry said: "I guess we won't have any more questions." "We are all loyal in this school," was the comment of the principal, echoed by the large audience present.—American Tribune.

She Gets There.

There's lots in this here country to thank God for you see? Fer when the weather ain't red hot it's mighty cold and wet. An' tain't no use to bother if its spring or if its fall. No matter how the old world rolls she gets there after all. There's lots in this here country to thank God for—that's right! Fer when the sun goes down the west stars come up the night. An' tain't no use to bother if its calm or if its squall. No matter how the old world rolls, she gets there after all!

A Fine Fat Gobbler.

Major Brown's command was marching along a hot and dusty road in Southern Pennsylvania. Orders were very strict against foraging, but in spite of them a soldier suddenly sprang out of the ranks in pursuit of a fat gobbler standing among the sumach bushes on the roadside. The turkey started off in a hurry, with the man after him. Major Brown called out, angrily: "Halt! What do you mean? Halt!" A few hurried steps, and the soldier laid the turkey low with a blow from his rifle barrel.

"There, dum ye!" he exclaimed, as he picked it up. "I reckon you'll understand that when the major says halt, he means halt!"—Argonaut.

SOCIAL LIFE AT SEA.

ALL IS NOT WAR ABOARD A CRUISER.

The Officers of the U. S. Warship Chicago Lined by Society of the European Capitals—Picture of a Grand Naval Ball.



THE LIFE OF A naval officer is by no means all poetry. Indeed, there is an abundance of very prosaic and even repulsive duty in it. But there are long periods when it is rosy with many delights, and perhaps there is nothing in it more poetical and charming than a station at some of the great European or American seaports where society is at its best, and where the uniform of one's country is a sure passport to the best company. American officers who have long been entertained and feted in some foreign city, as the officers of the Chicago recently were in London and Antwerp, are never happier than when they can return some of the courtesies by giving a festival upon their own ship. There is something about a war vessel which seems to make it specially suitable for dancing purposes. The beautiful decks, so spotlessly clean, seem to have been made for the pleasure of satin-slipped feet. The illumination of the ball room, which has the sky for its dome if the weather be serene, and which is protected by vast canvas awnings if there is any danger of a sudden storm, can easily be flooded with electric lights.

The sides of the ship are beautifully decorated with flags and trophies of all nations, and with gleaming cutlasses and bayonets, while here and there a monster cannon looms up black and grim to remind the merry-makers now and then that peace is maintained by being well prepared for war. Even the chaperons are happy in the

all of which, she said, she would be unable to do in the hot months in Spain. She said that any suggestion that she was not on the best of terms with all her relatives was ridiculously false. Her surroundings are in the highest degree suggestive of wealth, and are certainly in flat contradiction of the reports that she is in straitened circumstances. Bushey hall is a large and picturesque mansion with many gables. Immense gates open upon a broad avenue leading to beautiful lawns, which are dotted with great



PRINCESS EULALIE.

trees. Near the house are splendid gardens, which require the care of a number of employees. The house is magnificently furnished and decorated. The walls of the reception-room are hung with pale-blue satin picked with gold, and the chairs are covered with Pompadour brocade. The room also contains a profusion of pictures and bric-a-brac.

BUILT IN 1632.

An Old Brick Church in Wight County, Virginia.

In 1632, twenty-five years after the landing of the English colonists at Jamestown, in Virginia, there was built a brick church in Smithfield, Isle of Wight county. This was one of the



A BALL ON THE CHICAGO.

novelty of the scene, and have comfortable chairs in the sheltered nooks among the guns, whence they can look out upon the promenade of their gayly-costumed charges and see that there is no outrageous flirtation with the inconstant men of the sea. To the officer who has everything before him, these balls on shipboard are like bits of paradise got up for his especial delectation. He builds upon them visions of advantageous marriage, and of entry into the great world. Many a promise destined to be broken or forgotten is made in the shadow of the frowning cannon, while the musicians are resting for a moment after the waltz or polka; and the young officer two or three years later when doing service on some gloomy and misty northern station, or sweltering in a Chinese port where there is no society, and nothing to repel the advance of ennui, remembers with a keen pang of regret those elysium moments of the ball.

When the American squadron lies for the winter at Villefranche, hard by the fashionable sea places of Nice, not far from the temptations of Monte Carlo, many are the parties, balls, receptions and dinners given on shipboard.

The beauty and luxury of the equipment of our new ships excite great admiration in Europe, and all the great ladies, wherever they come, are anxious to be invited to at least one festival on some one of these new and interesting vessels. All fashionable London poured forth to visit the Chicago on the first occasion that was offered.

EULALIE IN ENGLAND.

Passing Her Time at Picturesque Bushey Hall.

The Infanta Eulalie of Spain, who visited the World's Fair at Chicago last year with her sons, Alfonso and Louis, and her daughters, Maud and Victoria, is sojourning for the season at Bushey hall near Hampton court. In an interview recently, the infanta said the English climate suited herself and her family during the summer and all better than the heat of Spain, enabling them to enjoy greater freedom of out-door life. She rides out in the morning, plays tennis until luncheon and drives out in the afternoon;

footpath at the water's edge. No sooner does the visitor's footfall resound on the stairs than the green water, hitherto motionless and apparently lifeless, becomes peopled with large brown fish, rising from the depths, gliding and dashing about in a great state of excitement. These are sea loches and saithe, which, caught on lines in the sea, have been transferred to this pond to be fattened for the table. They are fed daily by the keeper, and experience has taught them to connect the sound of footsteps with their meal time. Formerly a clapper used to be rung to summon them, but this was no more than a trick of the stage; the footfall on the stone is quite enough to awaken them to activity. Most of the sea loches, being deep-water fish, become totally blind in captivity from excess of light; but they become so tame and accustomed to their keeper as not only to feed out of his hand, but some of them allow themselves to be lifted out of the water. One may see the strange sight of a huge cod, more than an ell long, dangled on the knee like a baby, says an English exchange, his mouth stuffed with mussels and limpets, after which he is returned to the water with a mighty splash. On the table these fish, thus tended and fed, prove much better than fish brought from the open sea.

THEY ARE MEN AT TEN.

Boys Have But a Short Childhood in Corea.

In Corea, the tiny little kingdom over which China and Japan are threatening to have such a dreadful row, the boys are called men as soon as they reach the age of ten. They receive their final names at that age, and assume the garments of full grown men, all except the horsehair hat, which they can not put on until they have passed through a period of probation. Permission to wear the horsehair hat is the final art of transforming the small boy into a real, sure-enough man—though he doesn't look it.

Such a short childhood may, at first thought, possess a charm for boys in our colder climate. But it will be quickly understood that making boys

The Convalescent's Friend.

Such is the name given to Dr. J. H. McLean's Strengthening Cordial and Blood Purifier. It gives strength to the tottering limbs, it whips up the flagging heart, it restores warmth to the body just snatched from the icy grasp of death, it infuses life into the half empty veins, and new vital force into the limp and exhausted nerves.

Chance to Prove Devotion.

Wife—If you can't support me as I ought to be supported, you might at least go to the races!

Husband—What! Do you want me to gamble on horse races to encourage your extravagance?

Wife—Of course not. You needn't bet at all. But society is always willing to make allowances for a woman if they think her husband is going to the dogs.

Home Seekers' Excursion.

The Chicago Great Western railway will run three home seekers' excursions, namely, on Sept. 11th, Sept. 25th and Oct. 9th, 1904. Tickets will be sold from all stations to points in the north, south and west at one first-class limited fare, plus \$2 for the round trip.

Apply to Chicago Great Western railway ticket agents, who will take pleasure in securing sleeping car accommodations and furnish all necessary information, or address, F. H. Lord, G. P. & T. A., Chicago, Ill.

According to the annual report of Superintendent Carroll D. Wright the total disbursements on account of the eleventh census to June 30 last were \$10,365,677.

The Testimonials

Published in behalf of Hood's Sarsaparilla are not purchased, nor are they written up in our office, nor are they from our employees. They are facts from truthful people, proving, as surely as anything can be proved by direct, personal, positive evidence, that

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Be Sure to Get Hood's Cures

Hood's Pills cure nausea, sick headache, indigestion, biliousness. Sold by all druggists.

DR. KILMER'S SWAMP ROOT
THE GREAT KIDNEY, LIVER AND BLADDER CURE.

Biliousness

Headache, foul breath, sour stomach, heart burn, pain in chest, dyspepsia, constipation.

Poor Digestion

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

Loss of Appetite

A splendid feeling to-day and a depressed one to-morrow, nothing seems to taste good, tired, sleepless, all unstrung, weakness, debility. Swamp-Root builds up quickly a run-down constitution and makes the weak strong. At Druggists 50 cents and \$1.00 size. "Invalids Guide to Health" free—Consultation free.

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

W. L. DOUGLAS \$3 SHOE IS THE BEST. NO SQUEAKING. \$5. CORDOVAN, FRENCH & ENAMELED CALF. \$4.50 FINE CALF & KANGAROO. \$3.50 POLICE, 3 SOLES. \$2.50 WORKINGMEN'S EXTRA FINE. \$2.15 BOYS' SCHOOL SHOES. \$1.75 LADIES' BEST DONGOLA. SEND FOR CATALOGUE. W. L. DOUGLAS, BROCKTON, MASS.

You can save money by wearing the W. L. Douglas \$3.00 shoe. Because, we are the largest manufacturers of this grade of shoes in the world, and guarantee their value by stamping the name and price on the bottom, which protect you against high prices and the middleman's profit. Our shoes equal custom work in style, easy fitting and wearing qualities. We have them sold everywhere at lower prices for the value given than any other make. Take no substitute. If your dealer cannot supply you, we can.

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Columbian Exposition Salvage Company, Purchasers World's Fair Buildings; Office, Administration Building, Jackson Park, Chicago.

Patents, Trade-Marks. Examination and Advice as to Patentability of Invention. Send for "Inventor's Guide or How to Get a Patent." PATRICK O'REARLY, WASHINGTON, D. C.

SALESMEN WANTED. To Sell Hardy Northern Grown Nursery Stock. Large assortment finest goods grown, Cash every week. This Jewell Nursery Co., No. 221 Nursery Ave., Lake City, Minnesota.

ELY'S CREAM BALM CURES CATARRH PRICE 50 CENTS, ALL DRUGGISTS

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PISOS CURE FOR CONSUMPTION Consumptives and people who have weak lungs or Asthma, should use Pisos' Cure for Consumption. It has cured thousands. It is not injurious. It is the best cough syrup. Sold everywhere. 25c.

CONSUMPTION.

A SPELLING LESSON.
There lived a man in Mexico,
Who all his life did battle
To rightfully spell such easy words
As Nahuatlacatl.
He wrote the names of all the towns—
It took of ink a bottle;
But could not spell Tenochtitlan,
Nor plain Tlacatecol.
He went to spelling school each day
And though a man of battle,
He could not conquer Tepitzin,
Nor Huizilopochtli.
He dwelt some time in Yucatan,
And there, at Tzomapanitlan,
He learned to spell one little word,
Twass Zuhonolpilli.
The joy of spelling just one word
Did all his mind unsettle;
But, spelling still, he choked at last
On Popocatepetl.
—Youth's Companion.

LOVE'S RACE.
"But surely they left some address?"
"Not as I know on."
The caretaker at No. 19, Westphalia Terrace, leaned on the broom which she had brought up to help her to answer the door and looked at me with disfavor.
"Do you think the landlord knows?"
No answer.
"I took out a half-crown."
"Look here!" I said, "this coin shall be yours if you'll tell me how long you've been here, who the landlord is, and anything you might have heard from the tradespeople about the family."
"I never gossip with the tradesfolk, nor nobody," was her dispirited reply; but she gave me the address of a firm in Gray's Inn and shut the door with all possible speed, leaving me on the dusty doorstep.
Imagine the situation. A young man goes away to Switzerland to the bedside of his dying father, and comes back on the wings of the wind to lay his newly-acquired fortune at the feet of the dearest girl in the world, and finds her gone—hopelessly, utterly gone—her house desolate, no flowers in the windows, no furniture in the place, "To Let" staring from every window. I had only known Clara three months. I knew not a single one of her friends—I knew she had some few relations—her mother's family—but I did not even know their name. The Vane's knew no one in Kensington, and they only knew me through our cat having fortunately been killed by their dog.
But I was poor then, and poverty is proud. The Vane's house, dress, and mode of life betokened wealth. I could not tell her I loved her, and now—
The charwoman opened the door again and put out her curl-paper head to say—
"There was a funeral afore the sale; perhaps they'd tell you at the undertakers."
A funeral! I hailed a passing hansom and drove straight to Gray's Inn.
"Mr. Vane unfortunately died at one of our houses—19, Westphalia Terrace. Left no estate; had systematically overshot his income. Sorry I can't give you any further information."
Not a clue. The tradesmen knew nothing, the vicar knew nothing, the police, of course, knew nothing, and did nothing but pocket my money and take things in notebooks with blunt pencils.
Advertisements failed absolutely.
And so Clara Vane was lost to me—passed out of my life completely—leaving me with a really respectable fortune, which it was entirely out of the question for me to enjoy.
I did see her again, I do, but not for four years. Four long years.
I won't go so far as to say that an hour never passed in which I did not think of her, but I'll swear that two never did. And I loved her more than ever.
Well, after four years of this life—I had my own work to do and my other life to live; but that has nothing to do with this story—after four years, business took me to Tunbridge.
I went by an express train. I bought the day's papers and got a comfortable corner in a first-class carriage, where I let the papers lay on my knee and dreamed my usual dreams—Clara, Clara, Clara.
As we passed through Halstead Station the train slowed for a little. I looked out, with a torpid curiosity as to the gardens, and saw—Clara!
Whizz!—zz—whirr! The train had shot past the station, the carriage windows rattled, the train vibrated and pulsed with the increasing speed, and every pulse and every vibration was carrying me away from my heart's heart.
In a flash I saw that if I went on to Sevenoaks and got a train back, she who was obviously waiting for the next up train, would have left the station long before I reached it. Probably she was only spending the day at Halstead, and any search for her there would be in vain.
I broke the glass, pulled the handle. The train slackened, and as it stopped the guard put his head in at my carriage window.
"Why, you're all right," he said. "Blest if I didn't think you was dead when I heard that bell! It's a wonder it is connected. Just my luck, too, and us ten minutes behind already. What did you do for, eh?"
"I stopped the train because I'm going to get out," I said firmly.
"Nothing wrong?"
"No; but I am going to get out."
He planted himself firmly in the doorway.
"No, you don't," he said.
I was desperate. I took out a 5s note, laid it on the seat and advanced towards him.
"And what about my trouble, sir?" he asked, politely, gazing at the note, "stopping the train, and liable, sir, to get into trouble."
I jumped out of the carriage; he made for me deferentially. Our hands touched. Great is the currency, and it will prevail. The next minute I was speeding back along the down line towards Halstead Station. My breath came fast and with difficulty. My knees ached furiously, but I ran on. I could hear distinctly the rumble of the train in the tunnel behind me.

If the main line up won, it would bear her away on its bosom; if I won, should I? I pressed my failing legs forward—fought for freer breath—got it in a rapture of relief which by experts is called, I believe, the second wind—and the main line up and I came in neck and neck.
But, of course, I landed on the down platform. I flew up the steps and over the bridge—I reached the up platform breathless, hatless, but radiant.
Clara was just getting into a first-class carriage.
I stumbled in after her and sank panting in the corner. She, seated at the far window, did not turn her eyes on me till the slow throb of the train betokened departure.
Then she looked at her fellow traveler and blushed. We were alone in the carriage, and I fear I had a lunatic air. Then she recognized me. Her face flushed and she said:
"Oh, you?" with a delightful lightening of eyes and brow and a dimpling at the corner of the mouth.
"I had," I exclaimed, pantingly—"to run—to catch—the train."
"I suppose so," she said, leaning back in her corner and smiling. "It wasn't very wise to give yourself so little time to do it in. Where have you sprung from? Have you friends down here?"
"I have sprung," I said, beginning to recover myself, "from the main line down, and am subject to a penalty not exceeding 45 for availing myself of the electric communication and stopping that train."
"Why did you stop it, if one may ask?"
"You may ask, just as the guard did. I stopped the train because I have been looking for you for four years, and I saw you on the platform. I would have stopped a tiger on the march of civilization, on the same grounds."
"You are proceeding," for proceeding.
"I have been looking for you for four years," I said, "to ask you to marry me. I have never even thought of marrying any one else, and I have been looking for you all this time."
My fiancée, both of nervousness, was deserting me. I leaned forward earnestly. "Oh, how good it is to see your dear face again," I said. "This says for all it is."
"Stop!" she interrupted, looking down. "I suppose you don't know I was married three years ago to Gen. Peglar."
"Married!" I sank back, sick at heart. The train stopped and a copy of the Times got in, with a gentleman completely buried in it.
"That was an awful journey—I sat up very straight and asked questions about roses and the people who lived at Halstead, and the prospects of the hops, and many other things about which I did not want to hear, and Mrs. Peglar answered me."
And the Times and its reader sat opposite to me.
At Charing Cross, as I handed Clara out, she said in a voice that was not very steady:
"Won't you come and see me sometimes? I live at the Red House, Halstead."
"No," I said. "That would be too much. I hope I shall never see you again. Good-bye," my sharp disappointment lending a vinegary flavor to my voice. "Your mother, I trust, is well?"
She did not answer, and I blundered on:
"I regret to see that you are in slight mourning. Not, I trust—"
"No, no, no," she cried, vehemently. "Mamma, at least, is left to me. She doesn't hate me because I tried to do the best for her when she was left penniless. She knows I thought I ought to marry Gen. Peglar. She knows how I cried and wondered why you—where you—"
Clara stopped short.
"Good-bye," she said, and then resumed her walk down the platform. "I'm not in mourning for my darling mamma, thank God! It's for Gen. Peglar, of course."
We went down into Charing Cross gardens, where the children and the sparrows play, and sat there in the sunshine, hand in hand.

Big Prices for Sea Otter Fur.
That of the sea otter is the fur the most valuable, as high as \$1,100 having been paid for a single skin. At the latest London fur sale \$1,050 was paid, the lowest price being due to a poorer quality, as the average advance in price this year has been about 15 per cent. This seems an extremely large sum to pay for a skin not more than two yards long by three-quarters of a yard wide. Russians, however, consider that \$250 is not an extraordinary price to pay for a piece sufficiently large to make a coat collar, for which the skin of the sea otter is used, as it is supposed to have the property of preventing the breath from freezing. —New York Tribune.

Mental Wreck.
Jealous Wife—Wishing to consult you confidentially concerning my husband. He seems to be completely infatuated with me, but—
Divorcee—Lawyer (interrupting)—That is sufficient for a divorce, madam; he is suffering from hallucinations.
—From Judge.

One Exception.
Artist (with enthusiasm)—The lines of beauty are always curves.
Little Girl (amazed)—I guess you never saw a man on a bicycle, did you?
—Good News.

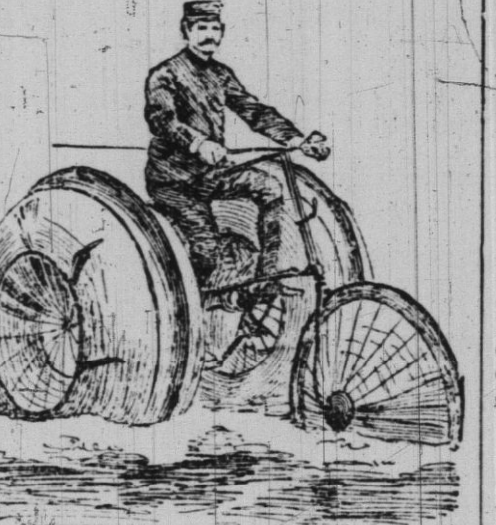
In Another Sense.
Mr. Oldstyle—I don't think that a college education amounts to much.
Mr. Sparrow—Don't you? Well, you ought to foot any boy's bills and see.
Street bands are not permitted in Germany unless they accompany processions.
In 1870 the foreign-born population formed 68 per cent of the whole; now it is 44.77.

SCIENTIFIC MATTERS.

WHAT IS GOING ON IN THE SCIENTIFIC WORLD.

Spelling on the English Channel—To Imitate the Firing of a Cannon—Cooking by Electricity—A Wonderful Light.

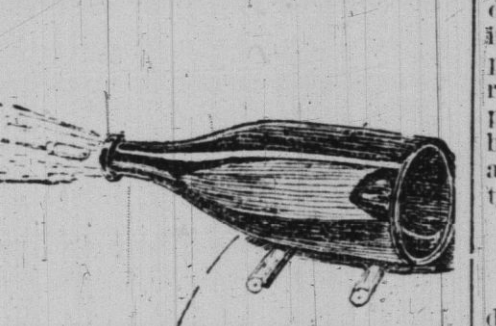
Mr. George Pinkert, the water cyclist, is the last candidate for sensational notice. He has a curious tricycle with which he can roll through calm sea much as the cyclist rolls over the asphalted pavements of a city. The tricycle is described as "a weird machine of his own invention," and to give some idea of what it is like, a picture of it is published herewith. Look at it well, and say if it were not a bold idea of Pinkert to attempt to roll it over the stormy channel separating France from "perfidious Albion." Everybody who has been there knows what a nasty, choppy, ugly sea that Channel can be when it makes up its mind to be so. At its best it is disagreeable.
Well, Pinkert attempted to roll over it the last days of the last month, and got enough of it. He started from Cape Grisenz, near Calais, intending



to roll over to Folkestone, in England, and he would have done so only for his stomach, which gave out. Sea-sickness overcame him, and he was obliged to abandon the attempt. This is what an English newspaper has to say about Pinkert's perilous feat:
"We are gratified to learn, as we go to press, that Mr. George Pinkert, the water cyclist, who started to cross the Channel on a weird machine of his own invention, has not gone to the bottom after all. But Mr. Pinkert had a trying experience, and after setting boldly forth from Cape Grisenz, ended his jaunt—not at Folkestone, as he had hoped—but at Boulogne. When met by a fishing smack in mid-channel, Mr. Pinkert presented a woe-begone appearance indeed. He was very sea-sick to begin with, and too ill to make any fight against a rising wind. It is said he proposes to try again—a good advertisement for his pluck, perhaps, but none for his judgment. We hope he will think better of it."

To Imitate the Firing of Cannon.

An excellent imitation of the firing of cannon, including the sharp detonation, the rapid whizzing of the ball, and even the phenomenon of the subsequent backward movement of a piece of artillery, may be produced by the simple experiment here illustrated. Take an ordinary thick glass bottle and let it be one-third full of water. Dissolve in the water a small quantity of bicarbonate of soda, such as is sold in little packages to make seltzer water. Place the contents of a similar package containing tartaric acid in a playing-card rolled up in the shape of a cylinder, and having one end stuffed with blotting paper. Suspend this improvised cartridge from the cork of the bottle by means of a pin to which a string has been attached. The open



end of the tube should be uppermost. Tightly cork the bottle after having so regulated the string that the bottom of the tube does not touch the liquid. The piece being loaded it now only remains to set it off. It suffices for this to place the bottle horizontally on two pencils laid parallel to one another on the table, and which represent the gun-carriage. The water in the bottle penetrates the tube dissolves the tartaric acid, and generates an amount of carbonic acid gas, which drives out the cork with a violent explosion, while with a reactionary movement the bottle rolls back on the pencils imitating more or less the rumbling of a retreating piece of artillery.

A Wonderful Light.

The idea of an electric light which, fed by a current from a dynamo actuated by a forty horse-power engine, and giving 7,000 candle power, can have its illuminating power intensified more than 25,000 times, is not easy to grasp. It means the projector of a stream of light of about 250,000,000 candle power, and it is no wonder that the announcement that such a light is about to be used in this country has been received with some incredulity in Europe. Yet this is the efficiency of the light which will be shortly erected at Fire Island, for the illumination of the adjacent coast, and the protection of the fleet of ships entering New York harbor. A remote suggestion of this power of this lamp may be arrived at by bearing in mind that an ordinary oil lamp is about 28 or 40 candle power and then trying to imagine the combined beam of about 3,000,000 Rochester lamps. The ordinary electric street light may be put down at 1000 candle power, and 250,000 of these would about represent the strength of the Fire Island light. The most powerful oil lamp yet made is supposed to shine out, on a clear night, for a distance of thirty-five or forty

miles, but the new light will flash its welcome rays to the incoming European "liners" when they are 120 miles away. The light revolves rapidly, and throws out its beams with the intensity and speed of lightning. The motive power which actuates it is a simple clockwork arrangement contained in a box 2 feet square, and although the revolving portion of the light weighs fifteen tons, the mechanism controlling it is so delicate that the pressure of two fingers will turn it. The value of this marvelous lamp can only be determined by practical working, but it promises to represent an immense stride in the science of coast and light house illumination.

Sunshine as an Antiseptic.

Dr. Procael gives the results of his numerous investigations on the bactericidal action of sunshine on the microbes normally present in drain water. When glass vessels were exposed to the perpendicular rays as well as the oblique rays of the sun, the bactericidal power of isolation was unimpaired at the bottom of the vessel, a depth of only half a meter, but when the perpendicular rays only were admitted no diminution took place in the number of bacteria present at this distance from the surface. A further proof of the destructive effect of the oblique rays on the micro-organisms was afforded by as special bacterial examination of portions of the liquid in the immediate vicinity of the sides of the cylinder. When the cylinders were freely exposed to sunshine the smallest number of microbes was found in those parts of the liquid which was nearest to the walls of the vessel. Dr. Procael's experiments established the interesting fact that the bacterial purification which takes place during a river's course may, in many cases, where the rate of flow is presumably too great to admit of sedimentation taking place, be attributed directly to the destructive action of sunshine on the suspended microbes.

An Electric Fire-Damp Detector.

An electrical fire-damp detector has been devised for use in coal mines. The instrument consists of two identically similar spirals of fine platinum wire, one of which is inclosed in an air-tight tube containing air and having the upper end glazed, while the other is contained by a wire-gauze tube of similar size, which is also glazed at its upper end, both tubes being arranged vertically. The use of the instrument is based on the fact that a spiral of platinum wire that has been heated to redness burns more intensely when it is plunged into a vessel containing air mixed with inflammable gas. When a current of electricity is passed through both spirals in air, they glow with equal brilliance, but when the instrument is introduced into an atmosphere charged with inflammable gas, the wire-gauze tube glows the more brightly, the brilliancy being proportional to the amount of inflammable gas present. An arrangement is also provided by which it is possible to easily calculate the actual percentage of dangerous gas present.

The Storage Battery.

A well-known authority points out that in the best forms of accumulators but a fractional part of the material employed in its construction is really active; therefore, the storage cell, as made at present, while actually of great, and daily increasing service, is relatively a most inefficient apparatus. An appreciable increase in its efficiency would have a remarkable effect on railroad operations. Leaving out of the question all possible improvements of a mechanical nature, which may tend toward the reduction of first cost, greater stability of plates and cells, higher rates of charge and discharge (all points of great importance in a traction cell) there still remains a splendid field for improvement in traction accumulators. As showing the possibilities of the future development of the storage battery, it is computed as within the region of probability, that a cell from which a return of only say four amperes hours per pound can now be derived, may be made to have double, four times, and even ten times its present capacity.

Novel Lamp Shades.

An English electrical firm is introducing some striking novelties in electric lamp shades. These shades are made of a specially selected description of natural feathers, dyed in choice tints, and arranged in artistic shapes and combinations of color. Among other beautiful designs of shades for floor and table lamps are the representations of various kinds of flowers made separately and grouped together on skeleton frames. The result is an entire departure from the hackneyed style of silk and lace shades now in vogue. The general construction of the shades is protected by a patent, and every design is registered. It is a noteworthy fact that the designer of nearly all the patterns is a young woman, who derives an excellent income from her work.

The Infection of Wounded Persons By Bullets.

Happily, a purposely infected shot is provided against by international compact, which forbids, the use of poisonous and explosive bullets, but there is no doubt that serious contagion is sometimes carried undesignedly into the body of the human struck by a projectile. In Messner's researches in this field, he experimented with bullets purposely infected with micro-organisms. These were discharged at tin boxes filled with sterilized gelatine teptone, and the channels made by the shot were examined. It was found that, in spite of the heat of the discharge, and the violence and fierceness of the impact, cultivation of bacteria arose in the gelatine. In other cases the boxes were wrapped around with flannel infected with various bacteria, and infected bullets were fired through. Growths of bacteria derived from the covering appeared in the gelatine.

A Good Memory.

Little Ethel—I wonder why Adam and Eve had such a awful time just because they ate one little apple?
Johnny (reflectively)—Maybe it was green.—Good News.

Australian Railways.

In a report recently submitted to the state department the United States consul-general at Melbourne says that the railways of Australia practically represent the assets for the national debts of each colony, and that if they were disposed of to-day they would probably realize the full amount of the national indebtedness. The report adds: "It is, however, improbable that the people concerned will ever allow these great possessions to pass into private hands, believing that they should be retained to open up and develop the resources of the colonies and aid in the material progress of Australia." It is agreed, however, that, to a certain extent, the railway administration should be separated from politics. The construction and direction of new lines may well be left to parliament to determine, but the management of the lines and control of the railways daily working, it is held, are matters of skilled and capable railway managers, untrammelled by the exigencies that political considerations would often cause to influence the political mind. Each railway system is under the control of three commissioners, who have large powers to administer, free from political interference, and those best able to judge are of the opinion that the system has worked well. The completion of the now celebrated bridge over the Hawkesbury brought the four principal cities of the colonies into direct railway communication, and, viewed from the population-per-mile-of-line point, Australia can boast, even now, of being better served by its railways than any country in the world."

Tungsten for Bullets.

The reduction of the caliber of guns is necessarily accompanied with a diminution in the weight of the projectile. The length of the latter, in fact, can not exceed a certain limit, beyond which it would no longer have sufficient stability in its trajectory. It would therefore be of considerable interest to have at our disposal, for the manufacture of rifle balls, a metal of reasonable price and heavier than lead. One of the metals upon which hopes may be founded, remarks the Revue d'Armes Portatives et de Tir, is tungsten. This metal, which is almost as hard as steel, has a density varying from 17 to 19.6, say 15 times that of lead. By reason of such qualities, balls of tungsten, of equal dimensions, possess a power of penetration much greater than that of lead. Thus, a tungsten ball penetrates a steel plate three inches in thickness at a distance of 650 yards, while a similar one of lead penetrates a 2 1/2 inch plate at 325 yards only. The present obstacle to the use of tungsten is its relatively high price; but there are indications that this will soon be lowered to reasonable figures.

Cheap Excursions.

On September 11 and 25 and October 9, 1894, the North-Western Line will sell Home-Seekers' Excursion tickets to points in northwestern Iowa, western Minnesota, North Dakota, South Dakota, Manitoba, Nebraska, Colorado, Wyoming, Utah, Idaho and Montana at exceedingly low rates for the round trip. These tickets will be good for return passage within twenty days from date of sale and will allow stop-over privileges on going trip in territory to which tickets are sold. For tickets and full information apply to Agents Chicago & North-Western Railway.

REPORTS from Portland, Ore., say that a company has been formed in that city for the purpose of slaughtering the cheap horses of the northwest.

Hegeman's Camphor Ice with Glycerine, Cures Chapped Hands and Face, Tender or Sore Feet, Chills, Piles, etc. C. G. Clark Co., New Haven, Ct.

It is said that whales can remain under the surface of the ocean an hour and a half.

"Hanson's Magic Corn Salve," Warranted to cure or money refunded. Ask your druggist for it. Price 5 cents.

The United States use nearly one-half of the quinine produced in the world.

Karl's Clover Root Tea, The great Blood purifier, gives freshness and clearness to the complexion and cures Cough, Croup, etc. 25c. 50c. \$1.

The only quadruped that lays eggs is the arnithorhynchus of Australia.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth, Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething.

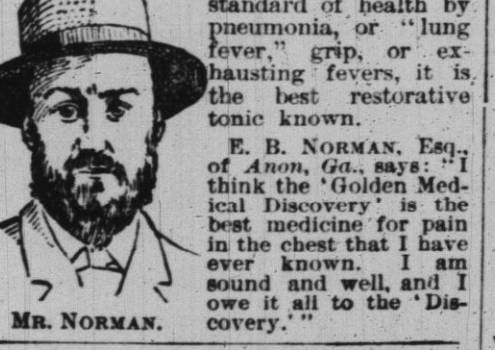
"Pilgrim's Progress" has been translated into 203 dialects and languages.

Hall's Catarrh Cure Is a constitutional cure. Price, 75c.

Butterflies have been known to live eighteen days after being beheaded.

PIERCE CURE OR MONEY RETURNED.

For all chronic, or lingering, Pulmonary or Chest Diseases, as Bronchitis, Laryngitis, Severe Coughs, Spitting of Blood, Pains in Chest and Sides, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is a sovereign remedy. In Asthma it is specific. To build up both flesh and strength, when reduced below the standard of health by pneumonia, or "lung fever," grip, or exhausting fevers, it is the best restorative tonic known.



THE PLAN OF SELLING MEDICINES ON TRIAL IS PECULIAR TO PIERCE

Dr. J. H. McLean's LIVER AND KIDNEY BALM

ONE DOLLAR A BOTTLE. The peerless remedy for diseases of the liver, kidneys and urinary organ. Manufactured by THE DR. J. H. McLEAN MEDICINE CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.

THE HIGHEST AWARD.

Royal Baking Powder in Strength and Value 20 Per Cent Above Its Nearest Competitor.

The Royal Baking Powder has the enviable record of having received the highest award for articles of its class—greatest strength, purest ingredients, most perfectly combined—wherever exhibited in competition with others. In the exhibitions of former years, at the Centennial, at Paris, Vienna and at the various state and industrial fairs, where it has been exhibited, judges have invariably awarded the Royal Baking Powder the highest honors.

At the recent World's Fair the examination for the baking powder awards were made by the experts of the chemical division of the agricultural department of Washington. The official report of the tests of the baking powders which were made by this department for the specific purpose of ascertaining which was the best, and which has been made public, shows the leavening strength of the Royal to be 160 cubic inches of carbonic gas per ounce of powder. Of the cream of tartar baking powders exhibited at the Fair, the next highest in strength thus tested contained but 133 cubic inches of leavening gas. The other powders gave an average of 111. The Royal, therefore, was found of 20 per cent greater leavening strength than its nearest competitor, and 44 per cent above the average of all the other tests. Its superiority in other respects, however, in the quality of the food it makes as to fineness, delicacy and wholesomeness, could not be measured by figures.

It is these high qualities, known and appreciated by the women of the country for so many years, that have caused the sales of the Royal Baking Powder, as shown by statistics, to exceed the sales of all other baking powders combined.

CONSIDERABLE capital has centered in Sweden, with the view of developing the beet sugar industry there. Most of the sugar consumed in that country is imported. The actual sugar consumption is about twenty-two pounds per capita. Of late years, however, there has been a considerable increase, and several authorities place it now as high as thirty pounds. The actual demands for sugar in Sweden amount to about 70,000 tons per annum. The beet sugar industry has had a slow but constant development. While in 1881-'82 there was only one factory, working 16,000 tons of beets, with an extraction of 7.6 per cent raw sugar, in 1892-'93 ten factories worked 277,443 tons, and the extraction was 10.8 per cent, with 3 per cent molasses. Government protection has been the principal lever causing this development.



KNOWLEDGE

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

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

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

Burlington Route HARVEST EXCURSIONS

SEPT. 11th, SEPT. 25th, OCT. 9th

On these dates Round-Trip Tickets will be sold from Chicago, St. Louis, and other stations on the C. & N. W. R. R. to the principal cities and farming regions of the Northwest, West and Southwest

AT LOW RATES

Many connecting railways will also sell Harvest Excursion Tickets, on same terms, over this route. The undersigned or any agent of the Burlington Route, and most ticket agents of connecting railways east of the Mississippi River, will supply applicants with Harvest Excursion folders giving full particulars.

P. S. EUSTIS, Gen'l Pass'r and Ticket Agent, CHICAGO, ILL.

W. N. U. CHICAGO, Vol. IX, No. 39 When Answering Advertisements Kindly Mention this Paper.

A SNAP SHOT



OMTE Philippe de Rosny, a good looking bachelor of tolerably easy fortune and morals, had taken to himself a wife at 30 years; not that he wanted a wife with any particular fervor, for love or passion he had never known, but solely because it was the custom of the men of his world to marry at that age.

Marriage, however, he found to be a bondage, and he was bored to death with it, when, approaching his fortieth year, he began to amuse and solace himself with the pleasures of photography—a solace suggested to him by the accidental winning of a prime Kodak offered as a prize by a certain journal of Paris to which, for years, he had subscribed.

From that moment his new born passion took on a character of selfishness, of personal indulgence in his fad that swept the money from his pockets faster than once had done the had done the necessities of his stable of racers training for the Grand Prix. New "films," new "baths," new "objectives," or a patent "new" something or other every day of the week. A pungent odor of chemicals pervaded the house—turned to a laboratory—from mansard to cellar, kodacks were in the salon, tripods in the corridors; madame's own boudoir, even seized to provide him with a dark developing room—a seizure for which she avenged herself by passing nearly all her time promenading on the arm of his friend Victor, which, of course, set the tongues of the gossips wagging, and was finally, this gossip, brought by a friend to the photographer's ears.

"Yes," answered he tranquilly, "it is true my wife and Victor take not the slightest interest in my experiments. But what they do, talk of, amuse themselves with or approve of, is their own affair. Moreover, if they want to marry each other, divorce, too, is theirs, but they must first arrange to furnish me with a reasonable pretext. I ask nothing better than to find myself alone again in my own house, with no one to mix up my bottles and upset my proofs."

One day—it is always the case—the lovers committed an imprudence. Yielding to the solicitations of the mania, they had consented to pose for him in the garden, in broad daylight, arm in arm with each other. And while the husband dallied in an interminable "sighting" under his square of velvet, Victor, forgetting that he could see them through his black chamber, bent ardently forward and dropped a hasty kiss upon the tempting nape of the young wife's milk-white throat.

She uttered a stifled cry, but the operator under his black square never bled.

"He saw nothing, thank heaven!" murmured, relieved, the two lovers clasping tenderly each other's hands. They were wrong; he had seen and was laughing in his sleeve at an idea



BENT AIDILY OVER

that had suddenly come to him, a capital farce! It amused him so much that he upset his water bath and ruined his proof; but this time he didn't care; he had other things at that moment than "proofs" in his head.

That same morning at table, Victor, as usual, lunching with them, De Rosny said to the culprits:

"In weather so beautiful as this the light is simply superb to operate in the open air. What do you say to going to-morrow to eat a fritter at Bas-Mendon?"

And as the day was still young and the others willing, he set out at once, alone, for the restaurant to select and rent a cabinet. It opened upon a glass covered gallery so arranged that it formed this gallery, a huge projecting window to the cabinet proper, and overlooked a wide expanse of sunny terrace stretching between the cabinet and the river. Nothing could have been better for his plan. De Rosny, delighted, demanded of the waiter:

"This beautiful spot. Has no one ever attempted a photograph here? No? Eh bien, then, I'll try it to-morrow; the pictures of some friends of mine. But the light is not right. I must change it, it must come from above; yet if I cover the whole thing my proof will be too black. Bring me a blind, please. Eh? You have none? A curtain, then, a blue curtain preferred, like those I saw down stairs as I entered."

And there, in his shirt sleeves, in the brilliant sunlight, he worked for two hours arranging and rearranging

his curtain, whistling and humming to himself like a worker whose heart is in his work, his mouth full of nails and hammering away ardently. Then he had brought up from the smoking room below an old sofa. With his own hands he installed it invitingly in the corner of the bay directly facing the entrance to the cabinet so that it would be the first thing visible the moment the door opened.

Back of the sofa he draped another blue curtain to give it the "prepared" effect of a theatrical "accessory," stood a table in the corner, with a bracket above it, and on the bracket again a pot of flowering palm.

"Capital! Capital!" he murmured admiringly, and turned his attention next to his arrangements in the corridor, simply the chalking of the exact spot on the floor where the camera tripod must stand, proper range of focus by seating the waiter on the divan and finishing the business by giving him a louis to hold his tongue and to keep the camera safe in a closet for him until to-morrow.

"Next morning, at the moment of taking the boat that was to carry them to Bas-Mendon, De Rosny stopped suddenly, struck his hand to his brow and said to his wife and Victor:

"Heavens! I have forgotten my actinometre. Go on without me! I'll run back and get it and rejoin you in an hour."

He climbed to the quay again; waited till the boat had backed from the dock and passed from sight under the bridge; then entered a neighboring cafe and scribbled hastily the following note:

"Actinometre out of order; must stop at a shop. Lunch without me. Will reach you by 2 o'clock. The sun will still be high enough." The messenger bearing this note arrived just as the hungry turtle doves—for even turtle doves grow hungry if too long deprived of lunch—were growing thoroughly impatient.

And the two convives fell to feasting with hearty good will, merry and amused as two children on a lark. But pleased as they were, they were still not half so pleased as the husband behind the door.

At last came the scrape of two chairs pushed back at the same time, then steps on the floor, a low, protesting plaint from the springs of the divan, a silence, a soft sigh.

Quick as a flash de Rosny stood up, pulled off with one hand the camera cover, with the other threw back the door, shouting his usual sacramental phrase:

"Be still! Don't stir!"

It was 11 o'clock the night of that same day. The lamp in the commissaire's office was covered with a yellow paper, and with the tell-tale camera stationed between them, the magistrate and Philippe de Rosny, his liberty—he thought so, at least—conquered at last, faced gravely each other.

"Yes, M. le Commissaire," said he, "I insist upon developing the slide here in your presence in order that its accuracy cannot be questioned; that no one, when I apply for my divorce, as I certainly shall do at once, can possibly accuse me of having retouched it. The idea you see, is such a new one, so thoroughly *fin de siècle*, perhaps, also, a trifle American. Instead of stupidly riddling the culprits with bullets from a revolver, I snap a camera at them and, voila! the thing is done."

And with infinite precautions, he drew the slide from the frame and plunged it into the reservoir. The commissaire bent to look over his shoulder; the opal of the gelatine was coloring, the image appearing—

But suddenly the operator tore the proof from the bath, held it between him and the lamp, gazed blankly a second and a strangled cry escaped his throat. Had they moved, had the camera not caught them, had the actinometre really refused to work?

Oh, no; worse than that. The picture was perfect; the window, the bracket, the flowering palm, the big blue curtain, so carefully arranged as a background for the scene, only—the curtain a solid blue wall, without a wrinkle, hung now in front of the divan. If Victor was kissing again, his De Rosny's wife, no one was the wiser, for no one could see it.

Miss Painter shot the Tramp.

Two tramps warlike Miss Lizzie Painter of Hopewell, Pa., one evening recently, and one of them received a pistol bullet in his arm. Miss Painter, who is a music teacher, was driving from the home of one of her scholars to Hopewell, in a lonely part of the road, when a man, evidently a tramp, jumped out from the roadside and commanded her to get out of the wagon. For an answer Miss Painter raised a revolver and shot, and with a cry of pain the man dropped his hold on the horse, with a bullet in his wrist. At this moment another man ran out to catch the horse and the young woman fired at him also, but missed. The horse became frightened and rushed down the road before the second man could stop it. Since then a diligent search has been made for the tramps, but they have not yet been found.

The Inevitable.

Plankington—What color are you going to have your house painted? Witherby—My wife wants it painted white, but I favor green.

Plankington—I see. So you are going to have it painted white.—Judge.

An Appropriate Title. "I think you do well to call your book 'Fugitive Verses.'"

"Yes, it's very appropriate, though I think it's a great pity they don't escape."—Judge.

IN FOLLY'S WAKE.

Customer—How do you use this insect powder? New Clerk—On the insects, ma'am.

Willets—What's Blobson doing now? Gilletts—He isn't doing anything. He's got a government position.

"Er—about this coming prize fight," said the reporter. "Well?" asked the pugilist. "Is it to be fought with bare months' or telephones?"

Charlie—Mamma, mayn't I go out into the street for a bit? The boys say there's a comet to be seen. Mamma—Well, yes; but don't go too near.

"Hello, Bibby! Still in the patent fire extinguisher business?" "No. The fact is, Sipes, the building we were doing business in burned down. We lost everything."

Father, solemnly—This thrashing is going to hurt me more than you, Napoleon. Napoleon, sympathetically—Well, there's a comet to be seen. self, dad; I ain't worth it.

Pat, just over—His hives! who'd give a guinea for such pigs as him? Mike—Whist! mon! They think no more of a guinea here than a sixpence in Oireland; still, it's dom dear pork.

Binaway—And young Blower, the fellow who was always boasting that he would yet do something to arouse the country; what ever became of him? Stadelhome—Manufacturing alarm clocks the last we heard.

"I tell you," said Mrs. Hunkles, as she let the illustrated paper drop in her lap, "our senator is gittin' ter be bigger an' bigger in national affairs." "What makes you think so?" "These here comic pictures air makin' him uglier an' uglier."

"The ladies are all going to work and earn all they can to help pay off the church debt." Mrs. Flaunt—How are you going to get yours? "I'll get Rob to pay me a quarter every time his meals don't please him." "Well, for my part, I don't see any use of the others doing anything."

NAMED AFTER PRESIDENTS.

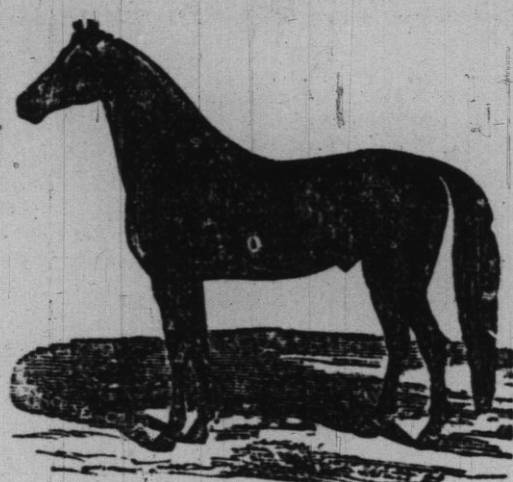
Philadelphia Maintains Her Record for Patriotism in Nomenclature.

Of the twenty-three presidents of the United States John Adams has the largest number of namesakes, twenty-three in the Philadelphia directory. James Buchanan ranks next, twenty-one men of nearly as many vocations bearing the name of the only Pennsylvania president. There are fifteen Andrew Jacksons and fourteen Andrew Johnstons. The name of the father of his country is borne by eight day laborers, one caterer, two waiters, one janitor and one real estate dealer, or thirteen men in all.

The grandfather of Benjamin Harrison has three namesakes, while one laborer and one upholsterer have the name of Tippecaroe's grandson. There are four James Monroes and the same number called John Quincy Adams. One hostler, one puddler and a weaver are known as James Madison, and a bartender, a clerk and a superintendent answer to the name of Zachary Taylor. There is but one Thomas Jefferson, whose occupation is not given, and the only John Tyler is a weaver. A brakeman and a minister of the gospel are Franklin Pierces, but there is nobody with the name of Presidents Van Buren, Polk, Fillmore, Lincoln, Grant, Hayes, Garfield, Arthur, or Cleveland, except as a handle to the surname.

Where He Drew the Line.

"You have called me a pitiful sneak, sir, a coward, a poltroon, a small-souled, miserly, overbearing brute," said the man on the north side of the line fence, removing his coat and rolling up his sleeves. "I don't allow anybody on earth to talk to me like that," he added, jumping over the fence and knocking this neighbor down, "except my wife."



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