

BARRINGTON REVIEW.

VOL. 9. NO. 31.

BARRINGTON, ILL., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1894.

\$1.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

BARRINGTON.

CHURCH NOTICES.

ST. ANN'S CATHOLIC—Rev. J. F. Cancy, Pastor. Services every alternate Sunday at 9 o'clock a. m.
GERMAN EVANGELICAL ST. PAUL'S—Rev. E. Rahn, 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 a. m.
THE EVANGELICAL SALEM—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. T. E. Ream, pastor. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath school at 12 m. Children's services at 3 p. m. Bible study Tuesday at 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

SOCIETY NOTICES.

H. O. T. M. TENN. No. 79.—Meets at their hall the second and fourth Tuesday of each month. W. H. Snyder, P. C.; T. H. Croft, Com.; C. H. Kendall, L. C.; L. A. Powers, S.; Rev. R. Bailey, Chap.; J. M. Thrasher, R. R.; Frank Pligge, F. K.; Arthur Jayne, M. A.; E. M. Jayne, M. G.; E. W. Macher, 2d M. G.; C. H. Kendall, P.; H. Reloff, S.; Dan Calkow, P.
LOUNSBURY LODGE No. 751.—Meets at their hall the second and fourth Saturdays of each month. L. A. Powers, W. M.; H. A. Sandman, S. W.; C. H. Kendall, L. W.; C. B. Qila, 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 Ill.—Meets every second Friday of the month at Abbott's Hall. L. E. Rynah, Com.; G. W. Johnson, S. W. C.; Wm. Sampson, J. V. C.; A. Gleason, M. A.; A. S. Henderson, O. D.; L. H. Buje, O. G.; Henry Reuter, Sergt.; Chas. Seann, Chap.
M. W. A. CAMP 800.—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. Lamey, Clerk; Wm. Arnholz, W.; J. M. Thrasher, E.; H. F. Askew, S.
W. R. C. No. 45.—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
Miles T. Lamey, Village Clerk
A. Robertson, Treasurer
C. D. Cutting, Village Attorney
A. A. Sandman, Street Commissioner

SCHOOL DIRECTORS.

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

WILL BE COLLECTED.

INCOME TAX APPROPRIATION PASSED.

Vote Stands 169 to 49—Other Measures Passed—Work of the Senate—Prospects for the Pooling Bill—Money in the Treasury Yesterday.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 14.—After some unimportant business yesterday the house went into committee of the whole for the further consideration of the urgency deficiency bill and appropriation bill. The pending amendment was that of Mr. Henderson (rep., Iowa) to reduce the appropriation of \$250,000 for special pension examiners to \$120,000. Mr. Henderson denied Mr. Rynum's imputation that his motion was not made in good faith. Mr. Henderson's amendment was lost, 59 to 88.

The committee then rose and reported the bill to the house with a favorable recommendation. The previous question was ordered and Mr. Cockran (dem., N. Y.) then moved to recommit the bill with instructions to strike out the appropriation for the collection of the income tax. Mr. Cockran's motion was defeated—49 to 169.

Analysis of the vote: Yeas—Democrats, 15; republicans, 34; total, 49. Nays—Democrats, 135; republicans, 29; populists, 5; total, 169.

The bill was then passed and the house in committee of the whole took up the fortifications appropriation bill. Mr. Livingston of Georgia, in charge of the bill, explained that it carried \$1,878,057—\$5,478,646 less than the estimates and authorized no contracts in excess of sums appropriated.

The bill was passed without amendment and Mr. O'Neil (dem., Mass.) called up the pension appropriation bill. He explained it carried \$141,681,576—\$200,000 less than the estimates. This year \$150,000,000 was appropriated for pensions. The appropriation in the bill for 1896 was \$140,000,000. The only other change from the estimates and the bill for the current fiscal year was a decrease in the appropriation for examining surgeons from \$1,000,000 to \$800,000. Mr. Grout (rep., Vt.) criticized the amount for pensions carried by the bill as of doubtful adequacy. An agreement was reached to close the debate on the pension bill at the end of four hours, to-day, when it was laid aside and the military academy appropriation bill was taken up on motion of Mr. Outhwaite. The appropriation for the general army service men at West Point, \$46,833, provoked some discussion, but the bill was passed without amendment and then, at 4:30 p. m., the house adjourned.

The subcommittee of the house committee on postoffices and postroads has completed the postoffice appropriation. The bill will carry an appropriation of \$89,442,897. The estimates were \$91,050,283. The cuts made were about \$1,900,000 for railway mails and about \$300,000 in star mail service.

IN THE SENATE.

Nicaragua Canal Bill the Topic of Discussion.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 14.—In the senate yesterday Mr. Morgan asked unanimous consent that the vote on the Nicaragua bill and amendments be taken next Wednesday at 3 o'clock. Mr. Cafferty (dem., La.) objected. Mr. Blackburn (dem., Ky.) moved that when the senate adjourn it be to meet Monday and on this motion Mr. Morgan demanded the yeas and nays. The vote resulted—yeas, 22; nays, 23. Mr. Morgan took the floor for a speech on the Nicaraguan canal. He presented a long list of commercial bodies, representing all parts of the United States which were favorable to the construction of the canal. There was no danger to democratic principles, he asserted. In closing he said he would now leave the matter in the hands of the senate unless it should be necessary to answer questions that might arise. He asked that a vote be now taken. The yeas and nays were demanded on Blackburn's motion to adjourn and the motion carried by 25 to 22.

Senator Call presented an amendment to the Nicaragua canal bill providing instead of aiding in the construction of the proposed canal by guaranteeing its bonds, the government shall construct the canal outright. It provides means for acquiring title to the company's concessions and that the canal shall be built on the lines of surveys.

CURRENCY PLANS.

Editor Dodsworth Presents Views to the Committee.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 14.—W. Dodsworth of New York, editor of the Journal of Commerce, spoke before the committee on banking and currency yesterday. He said that it will be manifestly desirable to adopt a course least calculated to disturb existing banking arrangements that need no change, but that the power of issuing notes should be conceded to the banks operating under state laws, conditioned upon the terms that they shall conform to the terms of issue imposed upon the

national banks, thereby securing from all banks a uniform circulation. Mr. Dodsworth said: "Any course short of this would be not only a political injustice but an unwarrantable discrimination against a class of banks in every way deserving the privilege and upon whose operations the business interests of the country are largely dependent. The state banks of the country have a total capital of about \$275,000,000 and are the custodians of \$750,000,000 of the people's deposits. Their capital bears a ratio of 36 per cent to their loans, while in the case of the national banks the proportion is only 33 per cent, and the ratio of capital to deposits is 37 per cent, which is identical with that of the national institutions. To determine the maximum of circulation to be permitted, a uniform ratio should be established between the permissible amount of issues and the unimpaired paid-up capital or the paid-up capital and surplus combined, preferably the latter. As banks ordinarily keep their circulation within the limit that limit should be adjusted to a normal amount, but allow a liberal margin for expansion in periods of unusual business activity. A limit of 75 per cent would be entirely safe. Should no steps be taken for retiring the outstanding government notes this capacity of issue must exceed the existing requirements of the business. How far that must tend to induce an unhealthy inflation of the circulating medium would depend almost entirely upon the nature of the provision made for the redemption of the notes. Under such arrangements as are provided by the existing treasury redemption agency such a result would inevitably follow, for the system obstructs more than facilitates redemption. If, however, congress should decree the withdrawal of the \$500,000,000 of treasury paper, the new supply of bank notes would be none too much. With the withdrawal of the bond form of guaranty there would be but one eligible substitute—to constitute the notes a first lien upon the entire assets of the bank and also upon the liability of the stockholders to assessment up to the full amount of their capital stock. With the combined guaranty from assets and stockholders, the protection would be much more ample than that afforded by the existing deposit of bonds; the only difference being that, under the new method, the notes must not be redeemed with the

redemption agency of national banks he characterized as a failure, showing that in 1857 the Suffolk bank of Boston, acting as redemption agent for the New England banks, effected \$400,000 of redemptions; that New England, with its financial dimensions of thirty-seven years ago, had tenfold the amount of redemption now effected at Washington for the whole United States. The agency should be near the point of issue, and he suggested six redemption districts, the comptroller to recommend a bank as agency in each of these divisions: 1. New England states; 2. New York, New Jersey, Delaware, Pennsylvania, Maryland, District of Columbia; 3. Southern states; 4. Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, West Virginia; 5. Iowa, Minnesota, Kansas, Nebraska; 6. Pacific states and other western states and territories.

Cash and Gold Balance.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 14.—The cash balance in the treasury yesterday was \$155,025,321; net gold reserve, \$104,888,922. This, however, does not include withdrawals Wednesday and yesterday amounting to \$3,750,000, leaving the true amount of the net gold balance, \$101,138,922.

IN THE DROUTH STRICKEN REGIONS.

OMAHA, Neb., Dec. 14.—The staff correspondent of a local paper has made an investigation of the condition of the drouth stricken regions. His report shows that much money and supplies will be needed this winter. The state relief commission appointed by the governor is actively at work collecting food for the destitute in the extreme western portion of the state. Much is being received in the shape of voluntary contribution of clothing, fuel, etc., from other states. The mild weather has thus far prevented the suffering which will necessarily follow severe weather.

Will Try to Get the "Volksblatt."

NAPERVILLE, Ill., Dec. 14.—The general conference of the United Evangelical church transacted a vast amount of business yesterday and closed its sessions at night. Active measures were adopted for the acquirement of the plant of the Volksblatt Printing company of Chicago for the publication of the German organ of the church. The next session of the general conference will convene four years hence in Johnstown, Pa.

Dig Up Coffins to Use Twice.

GRAND HAVEN, Mich., Dec. 14.—According to the word of a Chicago detective who recently visited near here a firm of Chicago undertakers for several years has been digging up coffins in which it buried bodies in Michigan, Wisconsin, Indiana, Illinois and other western states and using them again in the business or shipping them east to other firms. Officers of the law will investigate.

NEWS FROM ABROAD.

TERRIBLE EARTHQUAKES IN NEW HEBRIDES ISLANDS.

Entire Villages Wiped Out and Many Lives Lost—Further Details of the Massacre of Armenian Christians Make the Matter Look Worse—General.

VICTORIA, B. C., Dec. 14.—The Australian steamer Warrimoo brings startling news that a majority of the islands of the New Hebrides group are passing through a baptism of fire, earthquakes, and volcanic disturbances, threatening the existence of several of the largest and best islands, including Ambrym, celebrated for the excellence of its coffee. On the latter an entire village of natives was recently carried into the sea, the loss of life being estimated at sixty to seventy-five men, women and children, while in others of the group fatalities are reported. A layer of ashes from two to six inches deep, covers the once fertile fields. At Epi Nov. 2 there was a severe earthquake which opened an entire volcanic crater on the west side of Ambrym, and on the next day the whole island trembled. Since then it opened in five or six different places. Even the island of Epi, which was much less affected, had, up to Nov. 7, felt sixty-three distinct shocks and for weeks had been covered by clouds of ashes and smoke. Traders and planters living on Ambrym island have fled precipitately to Port Sandwich (Malicillo) the nearest port, in many cases abandoning all their property.

Nov. 13 an earthquake shook rocked Ambrym from east to west, causing the ground on which stood a small native village to slump, with the houses of the inhabitants, into the sea. It is impossible to accurately state the extent of the fatalities, but the lowest estimate of the loss of life is fifty. Owing to the lateness of the disasters details were not available when the Warrimoo left the southern seas, although natives from all the volcanic islands were flocking to the centers of civilization for safety.

TORTURE OF ARMENIANS.

Letter Says Women Were Slaughtered and Men Buried to Death.

BOSTON, Mass., Dec. 14.—The following is an extract from a letter received in this city from an American residing in Erzerum, in the province of Sassoun, where the recent Turkish atrocities against Christian Armenians are reported to have occurred. For obvious reasons the names of the writer and recipient are withheld: "A score of villages were obliterated and many people slaughtered. A number of young Armenians were bound, covered with brush and burned alive. Others pleaded for mercy, but were shot down on the spot, while others were dispatched with the bayonet and sword. One hundred women were shut up in a church. Many were outraged to death and the remainder were dispatched with the sword. Children were placed in line, apparently to see how many could be killed with one bullet. Many children were beheaded and inmates of burning houses driven back into the flames at the point of the bayonet as they tried to escape. Estimates vary from 3,000 to 8,000 as to the number massacred. Some estimate place the number even twice as high. The massacres happened in August and September and were perpetrated by soldiery under officers of high rank. This gives the affair a most serious aspect."

Non-Cheerers Given a Vindication.

BERLIN, Dec. 14.—The standing orders committee (of which Herr Singer, the socialist leader, is chairman), to which was referred the application of the public prosecutor to punish the socialist members of the reichstag who refused to rise and cheer for the emperor Thursday by a vote of nine to four has rejected the proposal to prosecute Herr Liebknecht for his recent utterances.

Expected Scandal in Rome Delayed.

ROME, Dec. 14.—In the chamber of deputies yesterday Sig. Gibrario, reporter of the committee appointed to deal with the Giolitti documents, read the long expected report. It is thought the result of the inquiry is unfavorable to Sig. Giolitti and those who hoped to bring about a ministerial crisis.

Change in Chinese Officials.

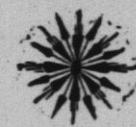
LONDON, Dec. 14.—A dispatch from Tien Tsin says Prince Kung, president of the Tsung-Li-Yamen, president of the admiralty, and codirector in the war operations, has been appointed president of the grand council. This makes him virtually director and will facilitate a settlement when the Japanese are ready to treat for peace.

Better Treatment for Russian Jews.

LONDON, Dec. 14.—The Jewish Chronicle asserts that the Rothschilds secured, as a condition precedent to their placing the recent Russian loan, a promise from Russia that the Jews in that country would be accorded better treatment than they have heretofore received.

A. W. MEYER & CO.'S

.....GREAT.....



Holiday Sale

During the entire history of the Dry Goods business, there was never a more favorable season for bargains.

Our prices are so low we are pleased to place them for comparison with any named elsewhere. The greatest of reductions have been made in prices to induce quick sales.

Black Henriettas

At 25, 28, 30, 35, 50, 60 and 80 cents a yard.

Colored Dress Goods

At 18, 20, 22, 25, 30, 32, 35, 40, 50, and 60 cents per yard.

Our large stock of...

Ladies', Misses' and Children's

Gloaks and Jackets

Will be offered at figures which will attract close buyers and effect quick sales.

It is to your interest to inspect our goods and take advantage of these bargains.

A. W. MEYER & CO.,
Barrington, Ill.

Come and See

Our large and varied assortment of...

Ready-Made Clothing,

Custom-Made Fur Coats,

Jackets, Gloves, Mittens, Etc.

Suits Made to Order in the Latest Styles.

A complete line of samples to select from.

H. WALTER, Barrington, Ill.

Opposite the Depot.

We Have No Bankrupt Stock!

That class of goods termed "bankrupt stock" is merely a blind to sell the cheapest of cheap goods under the pretense "that they are bargains." We buy only of reputable houses who do not deal in cheap rubbish. We pay in cash the price of good goods and we give the public the benefit of our close buying.

We have a nice line of...

Watches, Clocks, Silverware and Novelties.

Our Sterling Silver novelties are all new and fresh from the factories and are selling at prices lower than ever.

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THE BARRINGTON BANK OF SANDMAN & CO.,

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A general banking business transacted interest allowed on time deposits. First-class commercial paper for sale.
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A. L. ROBERTSON, Cashier.
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Collections Given Prompt Attention.

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Estate and Commercial Lawyer.
Residence, BARRINGTON, ILL.

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HENRY BUTZOW, BAKERY

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CONFECTIONERY.
Fruits, Cigars, Tobacco, Etc

Ice Cream and Oyster Parlors in Connection.

H. BUTZOW,
Barrington, Ill.

THEODOR H. SCHUTT,
Manufacturer and Dealer in
BOOTS AND SHOES.
REPAIRING NEATLY DONE.

I also carry a large stock of Rubbers, Felt and Rubber Boots.

Call and see my stock and get prices before buying elsewhere.

THEODOR H. SCHUTT,
Barrington, Ill.

MISS DEMAR'S STORY.

I am Miss Demar's maid. I have been with her now for a long time, ever since I went to the seashore with old Mrs. Ray.

I didn't tell you she was handsome, did I? Well, I didn't know it myself at first, for she had none of that flush and animation that makes you think men and women handsome when they are not. But her face was just like one cut out of a cameo, with all the lines smooth and graceful. Her skin was dark, but fine and shining like satin, and her eyes were steel blue, steady and bright, with curled black lashes and wide brows. I remember that she wore black and white, with pink coral ornaments, a great deal, and she was very fond of roses in her hair.

Sometimes she would seem to think much of these things, and then she would be quite indifferent, or mind what I put her in, in the least. Absent and sorrowful-like she would be. And she would have these spells often when there were gay gentlemen in love with her, as was plain to be seen. How she managed it, or why it was, I never could see, but she never encouraged any of her admirers.

She was fond of the place—of the beach and the rocks and the sea. There was a place called Red Cliff that she was fond of ascending; the waters washed its base and swept away, so wild and free. She used often to take me with her, "to take care of her," she said; for she was apt to grow absent-minded in such places, and to come away and forget a shawl or book or glove, and once she came near being cut off from the shore by the tide.

The hotel was the only house in sight, except a stone one which stood upon the rocks, a mile up the beach, with three cedar trees before it. I've heard something about the master of it, but not much.

Miss Demar was fond of the beach while there were few persons upon it, and would find her way to Red Cliff quite early in the morning, as she sat there, she commenced singing an old song.

I recall the old song very well, and she sang it very low and sweet. But it frightened me half out of my wits to see that there was a man seated just below us on the cliff, and that he turned and looked at her. He was a large man, with a beard half gray, and would have been very handsome but for a scar from his temple to his lips.

She did not see him at all, and I was afraid of terrifying her too much. It was such a lonesome spot, you see. But pretty soon he got up and went down the cliff; and when he was below on the sands she spied him.

"Clotilde, who is that?" she said, wonderingly.

"I don't know, Miss Demar, but I fancy it must be the master of the Cedars—a lone kind of man, who lives there with one servant."

Her mind seemed to wander again, and I was very glad, for it gave me a disagreeable feeling to see how he looked at her—not fierce or evil like, but with his eyes dilated, and his lips twitching, so that it was quite startling to see him. I dreamed of him that night, and resolved that in the morning I would beg Miss Demar never to go about the beach alone.

The next day was rainy, and she did not go out, but sat all the morning in her room with an old letter in her hand. The sheet was quite yellow and there was a little picture of ivory on it. I saw, for she laid it down at last, and wrapping a shawl about her, went out on the long, covered porch to walk, as she sometimes did when a kind of restlessness seemed to possess her. I peeped—I could not help it—I was so curious to see that picture.

I just caught a glimpse of a handsome man with blue eyes and a blond beard, and then the words of the letter caught my eye, for it was written as clear as print, and one might have read it running:

"Since my accident I am horribly disfigured. I give you up. The young blooming life to the sickly wreck of mine, Elinor, my beautiful one! Farewell! God bless and keep you!"

Gerard!

I caught sight of those words here and there, for Miss Demar was just across the hall, and likely to come in at any instant; and it was very wrong of me, anyway, to be peeping at her secrets, and she was so good to me! But curiosity causes many a wicked sin, sir.

Having found out so much, I broke away from the temptation and ran downstairs, sorry to know what I did, since I'd no right to it, and satisfied in my mind why Mr. Alester got such cool bows, and why she never would drive out with Colonel Grafton. When I went up to dress her for dinner I saw that she had been crying, and yet she danced that night till 12 o'clock.

It was less than a week after that that there came a cold, rainy time, and the people at the Surf Hotel were thrown more together and got more familiar; and Mr. Alester and Colonel Grafton both offered themselves to Miss Demar and were refused.

She was playing upon the piano one evening, when the Colonel was talking and walking with Mr. Ray upon the long porch, just outside the window, and she saw, as I did, the queer figure of an old Frenchman in a velvet coat come running across the sands and up the hotel steps. Mr. Ray went to meet him.

"What is it, Varai?" he said.

Miss Demar started from her seat and went to the door.

"Some help, monsieur. M. Auxerre lies very ill—he has the fever. I leave him all alone while I come to you. Will you bring one doctor to us? M. Auxerre is near to death—very, very ill!"

The little Frenchman was the picture of distress. To my surprise Miss Demar pushed through the gentlemen and laid her hand upon his arm.

"Varai, where is your master?"

"Mon Dieu, Miss Elinor!" he shouted. "Hush! Where is M. Auxerre?"

"At the Cedars," he answered, shivering as though he had seen a ghost.

She flew up to her room, I following. She began hunting for her cloak. I found it for her, and then she bade me take a shawl and come with her.

It had begun to rain in torrents, but away we went across the sands, her movements like lightning, and her cheeks in a fever. The rain drenched

us, the surf hissed at us, the darkness closed heavily around us, but she led the way straight to the door of the Cedars.

She pushed open the door. A monstrous hound rose from the mat in the hall and gave voice.

"Mogul, Mogul," she said, gently, and gave him her hand to smell of. He licked her fingers and then led the way to a closed inner door. Miss Demar softly opened it.

The room was a sort of a study full of books and chemical apparatus; but there was a couch in it, and a man lying, with closed eyes, upon the pillows. Trembling very much Miss Demar knelt down by him.

"Gerard!"

He only moaned and muttered. I thought she looked as sick as he, but she got fresh water in a ewer and bathed his hot forehead and parched lips. At length he drew a long sigh, turned on his side and fell asleep.

And then, to my astonishment, I recognized the man on the cliff with the scar on his face.

I saw her, as he slept, softly stroke his disfigured cheek.

The physician came, prescribed and went away. M. Auxerre slept on undisturbed. Miss Demar sent Varai to bed, and would have watched alone but that I begged to stay with her.

Toward midnight I lay down on a couch; I was sleepy. The clock struck 12. I saw Miss Demar kneel in prayer at the foot of the bed.

Suddenly there was a stir in the room. The great dog who had lain under the table, came out and licked his master's hand. I saw that M. Auxerre's eyes were open.

"Mogul, old fellow, you have not left me!" he said quietly.

Miss Demar started up. She came to the bedside. She crept to the pillow and laid her cheek close to M. Auxerre's, as her arm stole around his neck.

"Elinor!" he whispered.

"Darling!" she murmured. And that two words was to be one you never, to your dying day, would have doubted, sir, had you seen them looking into each other's eyes.

I never asked no questions. I guessed enough, and so can you, sir; but Miss Demar was quietly married, and a happier, more radiant bride I never saw. Why, all the flush and sparkle of the most brilliant woman I ever saw came into her face when she said those two little words, "I will!" the fragrance of orange flowers about her. Oh, it was beautiful, believe me!

PRINCESS DOLGOROUKI.

She Was the Morganatic Wife of the Czar Alexander II.

Princess Yourievski, better known as Princess Dolgorouki, to whom the czar telegraphed news of his condition last Saturday, has not lived in Russia since the death of Alexander II., to whom she was morganatically married. It is supposed that by some written requests found after the emperor's death a position was assured the princess in the Russian court, but whether her claims were advanced in too arrogant a manner, or the presence of her son threatened political complications, her departure with her family from Russia was insisted upon. Her return was a little later rendered impossible by a book which she published concerning the deceased czar, and in one passage of which she seemed to put forward her son George as an eventual pretender to the throne. Her children consider themselves the legitimate children of Alexander II., as they are certainly under the ukase of the late emperor. The eldest, Prince George, is a handsome young man of 22, and holds a commission in the Russian navy. He has two sisters, Olga and Catharine, aged 20 and 16 respectively. A third daughter died in the lifetime of the late Emperor Alexander.

The relations between the princess and her children and the present emperor are by no means as bad as they have sometimes been represented. He addresses her as "thou" and "Mary," and she calls him "Sasha" (the pet name for Alexander). Even her son addresses his half-brother, the czar, as "thou" and "Sasha," and the czar calls him "Gogo" (the pet name for George). The princess is wealthy, her income having been estimated at \$200,000 a year. The name of Yourievski, with the rank and title of Serene Highness, was bestowed upon her by an imperial decree which acknowledged the legality of the marriage. It was celebrated six weeks after the death of the empress and more than twelve years after the czar fell in love with Prince Michailovitch Dolgorouki's beautiful daughter. During the war with Turkey the princess followed the czar to the banks of the Danube under an assumed name.

Princess Yourievski is now 48 years old and is still handsome. She has marked literary tastes, and at one time was devoted to music and painting, though for some years past she has not played a note or touched a brush.



May—I refused him because I felt sure we could not get along well together.

Belle—You were quite right, dear. He might not accord you the reverence due to age.

Frogs are mainly juice. If they try to make more than a short journey away from moisture they will perish for want of water and then their bodies will dry away. The frog's bones are so soft that they scarcely leave any skeleton.

GEN. NELSON A. MILES.

HE HAS PROVED HIMSELF A REAL SOLDIER.

He Followed the Destinies of the Army of the Potomac from Bull Run to Appomattox—His Campaigns Against the Indians Since 1865.



THE RECENT PROMOTION of Gen. Nelson Appleton Miles to succeed Gen. O. O. Howard, retired, as commander of the Department of the East, meets with approval in army circles as well as in New York society. Gen. Miles is as big a favorite in society as he is among the battle-scarred veterans who have followed him ever since the mobilization of the volunteer Army of the Potomac in 1861. Nelson A. Miles was born of Irish parentage at Westminister, Mass., Aug. 8, 1839. His father was a soldier before him, having served in the revolution, and it is quite natural that the son should inherit soldierly traits. These traits became manifest when the guns of the confederacy were trained upon Fort Sumpter. At the first tap of the drum he raised a company of volunteers at his own expense and offered his services to the state. For some reason or other his services were declined; but true patriotism knows no discouragement. He made a similar offer to New York and was accepted. Then began the military career of one of the greatest soldiers that America has yet produced.

He entered the service at the age of 21, and served from the beginning of

the full strength and vigor of manhood. When Gen. Schofield retired in a few months, Gen. Miles will succeed to the post of commander-in-chief of the army of the United States. He will have several years to serve before he reaches the age limit at which the law requires soldiers to retire.

Unique Naval Wedding.

At a recent English wedding, when the bridegroom was an admiral in the navy, the bride had her train carried by two little brothers in smart fauntery suits of white satin, and was attended by a boat's crew of pretty bridesmaids, whose nautical costumes were quite original. They were composed of white cloth, with coat bodices faced with moire silk, and trimmed with naval gold lace, and having heavy gold bullion epaulettes. Long moire sashes, edged with the union jacket colors and most fetching white navy regulation caps, with the rear admiral's flag in front completed wonderfully pretty costumes. The wedding cake was appropriately decorated with a sugar model of the Alert, in which Admiral Markham penetrated the polar regions in 1875.

ALEXANDER M'DOWELL M'COOK

Appointed Major-General to Succeed Gen. O. O. Howard.

Major-general Alexander McDowell M'Cook, who was appointed to that rank by President Cleveland, to succeed Gen. O. O. Howard, retired Nov. 8, will remain in command of the Department of the Colorado. Gen. Miles has been assigned to Howard's department at Governor's island.

Major McDowell has been in command of the new army department of the Colorado, with headquarters at Denver, for the past year. During the riots in that city last March, he had the famous altercation with Gov. Waite, in which he demonstrated to the governor that the laws of the



MAJOR-GENERAL NELSON APPLETON MILES.

the rebellion until its close in the volunteer service, rising from the rank of a subaltern to that of major-general. He received four brevets for gallantry and distinguished service and took part in many hard fought battles of the war. He commanded the largest division of the Army of the Potomac, and at one time, at the age of 26, was in command of 25,000 men. He was engaged in the battles of the Peninsula, before Richmond and at Antietam and in every battle of the Potomac, with one exception, until the surrender of Lee at Appomattox court house. He was distinguished in the battles of Fair Oaks, Malvern Hill, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Old Wilderness, Spottsylvania court house, Rappahannock, Richmond campaigns of 1864 and many other important battles of the war. He was thrice wounded and at the battle of Chancellorsville was borne from the field with what was supposed to be a mortal wound through the body.

At the close of the war he was a commissioned colonel of the Fortieth United States infantry and was shortly afterward transferred to the Fifth infantry. His service since the war has been scarcely less distinguished. He was promoted brigadier general in December, 1889, and major general in April, 1890. His services in the Indian country have been of inestimable value to the country, and the remarkable success of his campaigns has probably been unequalled in the history of Indian warfare. He defeated the Cheyennes, Kiowes and Comanches in the Staked Plains country, and in 1875 and 1876 he subjugated the hostile Sioux and other Indians in Montana, driving Sitting Bull across the frontier. He captured Chief Joseph and his band of Nez Perces, after a hard fought battle of our days in Montana. In 1878 he intercepted and captured Elk Horn and his band on the edge of the Yellowstone Park. In 1886 he accomplished what seemed a well nigh impossible task of running down and bringing in Geronimo and Natchez and the band of Apaches that had made the entire southwest uninhabitable. For his services he received the thanks of the legislatures of Kansas, Montana, New Mexico and Arizona, and was presented with a sword of honor at Tucson in 1887. Gen. Miles is now the second general officer in rank in the regular army, is still a young man, and in

United States and his own duty as commander were paramount to any authority that could be claimed by the state's executive.

The new major-general is the oldest of ten brothers, all in the national army. He was, before his new appointment, the fourth brigadier-general in the army. He graduated from the military academy in 1852 and was assigned to the Third infantry. He commanded a regiment in the battle of Bull Run and was breveted for



MAJOR-GENERAL ALEXANDER M'COOK, gallant services. He received successive brevets in the regular services and in 1865 received that of major-general for services in the field during the war.

The Czar's Former Governor.

Two weeks before the sickness of the czar of Russia took a turn for the worse Miss Strutton, his former governess, died in the winter palace at St. Petersburg. Miss Strutton, who was an Englishwoman, loved Alexander Romanoff as dearly as though he had been her son. The emperor and his two brothers attended the funeral, following the hearse on foot from the palace to the English cemetery, almost two miles apart. His majesty and the grand dukes had carried the coffin from the death room to the hearse. When the body was lowered into the grave the czar, it is said, wept like a child.

MATRONS AND MAIDS.

TOPICS THAT THE LADIES LIKE TO DISCUSS.

To Be Angry or Not to Be Angry—Some Sensible Table Precepts—The Moderate Trousseau—The Inevitable Desk—Toothsome Dishes.

What Can One Do?

When a girl is young and in the stage of pinafores and bits she is told that she must not indulge in fits of ill-temper, because it is "naughty." That is a matter of perfect indifference to the child, but the punishment that follows an outbreak of fury is tolerably effective in decreasing the number of such outbreaks. When she is older she is warned against temper on the ground that it is a destroyer of beauty and a promoter of wrinkles. Finally, when she has reached the age when neither its effect upon her appearance nor the danger in which it places her soul bothers her, she is warned against an outbreak of temper as being injurious to her health.

It is claimed by physicians that to indulge in rage is a profligate performance and worse than that. It not only has no effect, as a usual thing, upon the thing raged at, but it exhausts the nerve forces and leaves the angry person weak and tired. A series of outbursts will put a woman in a condition where the sanitarium is a necessity.

But let not the woman who simply represses her emotions imagine that she is going to escape. Repression of anger or of pain or of whatever may be the predominating sentiment of the moment may be carried to an excess, and then those same wise doctors who decry the indulgence in temper bewail its repression. The woman who continually hides and subdues her feelings is courting nervous diseases and exhaustion as surely as her violent sister is.

There is only one thing to do, and that is to cultivate a charming disposition that never feels any particular emotion. The woman who never gets angry and consequently never has either to repress her feelings or to indulge it is the one who will reach a wrinkleless old age, who will win golden opinions concerning her amiability and who will never have to seek a sanitarium or try the rest cure.—Philadelphia Times.

How to Eat.

No complete code of manners formulated to-day will long be binding in all of its details, as customs change from time to time regarding many things once thought important and imperative. We are told, for instance, that the numerous tourists to foreign lands during the present year will notice and transplant to our soil and society several radical departures in social usage; that the shaking of hands has quite gone out of style abroad; that ladies no longer take the arms of gentlemen, except when walking out of doors in the evening, not even in going to dinner, remarks Good Housekeeping, yet we can only make sure that no offense is being committed by running over mentally those things which ought and ought not to be done at dinner—some of the more common precepts:

Never become so much absorbed in other things as to be inattentive to personal service or any opportunity of courteous attention to those near. The fork should not be transferred to the right hand for any purpose. A little effort will accustom one to use it deftly in the left hand for every purpose.

It is proper to eat green corn from the cob, lifting the ear to the mouth with the napkin, as a protection to the fingers—and to the mouth.

Avoid scraping the bottom of the soup plate with the spoon. Never "scrape" any plate as though ravenously gleaming the last morsel.

It is allowable, in the eating of small game, to use the fingers for handling the wings and some of the smaller parts, but all the same it is a matter of very doubtful taste and better in the avoidance than in the observance.

The toothpick is steadily falling into disuse, except in private, and may the day be hastened. Its free public use is absolute vulgarity, and for a person to go about with one sticking out of the mouth after a meal is disgusting.

Quite a number of things are now taken in the fingers. For instance, olives, asparagus when served whole, which is the proper way; lettuce, which should be dipped in the dressing or in a little salt; celery, which should be placed on the cloth beside the plate; strawberries and cherries when served upon the stems; bread, toast, tarts, small cakes, and the like; fruits of all kinds except preserves and melons, which are eaten with a spoon; cheese, small pieces of small birds.

The Inevitable Desk.

No matter what her vocation in life, a woman needs a desk. Here she can keep her personal papers under lock and key, and she will know where to find them. To the woman who writes a desk of her own is a necessity. There are desks for the economical woman as well as her more luxurious sister in these days, when the manufacturer caters to the pennies.

Desks of oak, with fascinating pigeon holes galore, can be bought for \$4. More elaborate desks, with bookshelves beneath and a place for bric-a-brac above, cost from \$7 to \$10. One of the latest desks for my lady's den is of white enamel, with the sides arranged to hold photographs. These sides fold over before the writing tablet shuts up. The lower part of the desk is a shelf for books, protected by silken curtains at the side.

which match in color the lining of the photographic screen. Such a desk is a charming addition to any room.

A Sensible Trousseau.

I heard a girl about to be married declare the other day that she was for once in her life going to make a wardrobe splurge. This young woman is to wed a poor man, a clerk on a small salary.

She has bought a black silk of inferior quality. In a few months it will be in shreds. A stylish all-wool would have been infinitely more desirable. The best fabrics will wear like iron. A waist or two of taffeta in place of perishable chiffon, although not so pretty or so girlish, would retain their beauty long after the filmy chiffon had lost its pristine freshness.

She has a half-dozen night robes of nainsook, India linen and mull. When later on the week's wash demands a thousand stitches how this misguided maiden will lament over the ill-assorted under garments. Such a girl, as you must know, would rather have a dozen yards of imitation lace than one bit of delicate, time-wearing Hamburg.

There is to be a wedding gown of white silk purchased after many warfare waged between the head of the family and the prospective bride. A simple robe of mull or muslin would have been far more in keeping with the aspiring one's station and quite as becoming.

The veil after many heart-rending talks was finally relinquished. The bride-elect has selected shoes, hosiery and handkerchiefs with a view to shew.

Such palpable blunders are easily avoided by the sensible girl bent upon securing a trousseau that will stand the wear and tear of months rather than days.

Elaborate finery should be left to the young woman who is blessed with ample means and the prospect of unnumbered chances for displaying it. At no time in her life will a woman show such good or bad judgment as when buying her trousseau.

Rooms With Many Doors.

The room with many doors is often a sore vexation to the woman who is striving to evolve a pleasing interior. What can you do with such a room? asks someone in despair. In the first place, see how many of the doors can be conveniently dispensed with in your going and coming. If any make the door an ornamental panel, on which pictures or a bracket with a good piece of bric-a-brac, or a set of shelves may be hung. If there is sufficient height between the top of the door and the ceiling, put a shelf for showy ornaments that have good color over the door, or a long, narrow mirror or flowery picture.

Some of the studies that come with art magazines are used to great advantage in this place. A different effect may be had by placing a tall bookcase or buffet or a sofa against the door, and often this is improved by first covering the door with some harmonious hanging used in folds, or so plain and straight that it looks only like a panel. Other doors that it is necessary to use may be draped with some pretty curtain, hanging in folds at one side, or carried across the top of the doorway. Have such portieres full enough to hang in graceful folds, but not full enough to give a heavy look to your rooms.

Matilda Mary Jane.

These girls with fancy names remain the only girls, it seems, whom poets and musicians choose. As soul inspiring themes. And so she lives this lovely lass, The best of all the true-courting. Forgiven 'cause they christened her, "Matilda Mary Jane." She helps her mother 'round the house, She does the milking, too, And tidies up the sitting room, When all the chores are through. It's there Seth comes to court her, There's no "meeting in the lane." Nor namby-pamby nonsense 'bout Matilda Mary Jane. Oh, bonnie Annie Laurie, She was lovely years ago, And Daisy—Ray or Dean or Belle—We're always pleased to know. And sweet Marie's a nice girl, too, But give us something plain: Let's have a tune or two about Matilda Mary Jane. —Washington Star.

Cold Potatoes.

Never throw away cold potatoes. Cold boiled potatoes are best to fry, and require less time than raw ones, but they should be sliced thicker. Skin baked potatoes when they are warm; they are excellent for meat hashes or to heat in milk. It is also a nice way to chop them fine, when cold, sprinkle with salt and pepper and fry in pork fat or butter. Press the mass down in the frying pan, let it remain until it is heated through and the lower surface is browned, or stir occasionally with a fork until sufficiently browned.

Apple Float.

Stew six large apples, lay them on a sieve to drain and cool; then put them on a flat dish with about two spoonfuls of powdered sugar, the juice of one lemon and the whites of two or three eggs. Beat all this to a froth with an egg beater. Fill a glass bowl or custard cups with soft custard, and lay the apple froth on as high as it will stand.

Eggs Au Beurre.

Boil the eggs six minutes, then take out, dip them for two seconds into gold water, crack and peel off the shells, and lay them on a hot flat dish. Cut each egg into half lengthwise, spread with a little fresh butter, sprinkle with salt and serve very hot. Eggs done in this manner are delicate and digestible.

Orange Salad.

Peel and slice six juicy, tart oranges and carefully remove the seeds. Arrange them in a salad bowl, dust them lightly with cayenne, a squeeze of lemon juice and three tablespoonfuls of salad oil. Serve the salad with game or poultry.

ABOUT THE CAMPFIRE

CONFEDERATE LOSSES BY BULLET AND DISEASE.

A Consideration of Some of the Attainable Figures—Ephraim E. Ellsworth—To Whom Honor Is Due—A Neglected Grave—The 142nd Ohio.

Confederate Losses.

The National Tribune in an article on the "Strength of the Rebel Army," very justly estimates the enrollment of fighting men in the confederacy at 1,500,000, although it was undoubtedly far more than that, including home guards, etc. The article speaks of the partial returns, which show that there were 133,821 rebels killed or died of wounds and disease, and this list is recorded in this wise:

	Killed	Died of	Total
Alabama	742	723	1,465
Arkansas	2,983	3,425	6,408
Florida	1,390	1,947	3,337
Georgia	7,272	3,702	10,974
Louisiana	3,486	3,019	6,505
Mississippi	8,458	6,837	15,295
North Carolina	10,673	20,092	30,765
South Carolina	13,923	4,760	18,683
Tennessee	2,983	3,425	6,408
Texas	2,589	1,290	3,879
Virginia	7,847	6,947	14,794
Regular C. S. Army	1,475	1,040	2,515
Border States	2,602	2,112	4,714
Total	71,521	59,297	133,821

It is very apparent that the losses of Alabama are incorrect. She was the fifth state in the confederacy in population, and about the same as North Carolina, which, it can be seen, returns over one-fourth of all the killed and died of wounds, and more than a third of all who died of disease.

Now, North Carolina furnished about one-ninth of the troops for the rebel army, and her soldiers were not considered the bravest of the chivalry by any means; then why such a disproportionate loss? Neither were they more susceptible to diseases than other troops, that they should be credited with such an unusual percentage of death.

The fact is, the capital of North Carolina remained undisturbed during the war, and the records were kept intact. Subsequently the state government fell into the hands of native Republicans, who made as correct returns as the reports admitted, and therefore the death-list of North Carolina is about correct.

Taking it, then, that North Carolina furnished about one-ninth of the rebel soldiers, it is fair to estimate that she suffered one-ninth of the losses. Then, by multiplying her recorded loss of 40,000 by nine, we have 360,000 deaths in the Confederate army during the war, which is very nearly correct. As Governor Parsons of Alabama, in his proclamation in 1865, stated that "120,000 men of the state went upon the battlefield, of whom 70,000 are dead or disabled," there must be a great discrepancy in the table which I have given above, and which is the one published and accepted in the South. As we will never be able to get at the exact figures, we must make careful approximations, always keeping in mind that it was the purpose of the rebel leaders to falsify both the strength of their armies and their losses in battle.

Thus, at Chickamauga, the fiercest battle of the war, the Confederates reported having 71,500 men in the field (Bragg's and Longstreet's forces), when it is well known that a large number of their prisoners paroled by General Grant at the surrender of Vicksburg were re-armed and equipped at Tupelo and other points, and sent forward to Bragg's army. These, with the Georgia militia who were present at the battle, swelled their forces to nearly 90,000, against 57,000 Union troops. They admit a loss of 15,851—500 more than they lost at Gettysburg; and this is exclusive of their losses in the paroled troops and militia, which would bring the figures much larger, at least to 20,000 killed and wounded.—Wm. E. Doyle, Stevensburg, Va.

Ephraim E. Ellsworth.

Born in Saratoga county, New York, April 23, 1837, he was killed at Alexandria, May 24, 1861. He early displayed a taste for military life, and sought to enter West Point as a cadet. Lacking political influence, he entered a store in Troy, and afterward in New York city.

In 1855 he removed to Chicago, entered a law office as student, and soon achieved an honorable position. His martial tendencies being still strong, he connected himself with a military company. He soon became its captain, and infused new life in it by adopting the dress, drill and practices of the French Zouaves, as illustrated by that arm of the service in the Crimean war. His company, known as the Chicago Zouave cadets, were sworn to total abstinence from liquor, tobacco and all excesses. Profanity was made a ground for dismissal, and chivalrous courtesy at all times exacted.

About this time he entered the law office of Abraham Lincoln, then practicing law in Springfield, Ill. The reputation won by his company of Zouave cadets, and the desire of the public to witness the peculiar drill, led to invitations to visit Eastern cities, and in 1860 he complied with this request.

In New York, he gave an exhibition drill in the city hall park before 8,000 spectators. He was commissioned second lieutenant in the army early in 1861, and when volunteers were called for, he resigned his commission in the army, went to New York, and from the firemen of that city organized a regiment of 1,000 men, who, accustomed to exposure, hard work and extreme vigilance, proved excellent material for active service, especially

under the peculiar drill and discipline adopted by Colonel Ellsworth.

This regiment was known as the New York Fire Zouaves, and on the 29th of April, 1861, sailed for Washington, and on the 24th of May occupied Alexandria, Virginia.

Before going into camp, and while engaged in destroying means of communication southward by railroad and telegraph, Colonel Ellsworth, accompanied by a small guard, caught sight of a Confederate flag flying from the Marshall house.

Determined to capture it, he entered the house, mounted to the roof, tore down and secured the flag, and on his way to the street was shot down by J. W. Jackson, the proprietor of the hotel. Private Francis E. Brownell, one of his guards, immediately raised his rifle, shot Jackson through the head, and by the next movement thrust his bayonet through the body before it had fallen from the step.

Colonel Ellsworth's body was carried to the White house in Washington, where the funeral service was performed, and thence, with impressive ceremonies, through New York city, to the home of his parents at Mechanicsville, N. Y., where a company of his devoted regiment fired a volley over his grave.—American Tribune.

To Whom Honor Is Due.

When the locust of war was clanging its dread notes all over our proud land, When fear like a pall was hanging dark shadows o'er every hand, When mothers and wives were praying For strength for the coming years, There came from our anxious leader The summons for volunteers.

Then from many a cheerful fireside In village and hamlet and farm Went forth the brave men of our country To rescue the homeland from harm. We sing of the general's glory, And our officers' daring valor; But we tell only half of the story Of the hardships our soldiers bore. Our commanders were brave and noble, And we love of their prowess to tell; But who stood in the front of the battle 'Midst the thunder of shot and shell? Who mounted the enemy's bulwarks? Victorious when he fell? Who charged 'mid the musketry's rattle, Then starved in a prison cell?

Who tramped through the storm and the darkness As a picket, with no thoughts to cheer, Save memories sweet of the loved ones Left alone in the home he held dear? Ah! these long, silent marches at midnight, Keeping guard with a measured pace, Required more courage and manhood Than to meet the foe face to face. And now, as the past comes before us, We see through our blind tears How great is the debt that we owe them Who were nothing but volunteers.

So we'll honor the private soldier, Give him place on the annals of fame Side by side with his noble leaders, While we proudly his brave deeds proclaim. We will gather our children about us, And tell them again and again Of the time when our country in danger Was saved by these same noble men. How they gave up their all for the homeland, Leaving glory alone for the few. But we give it them now in full measure, These guards of the red, white and blue.—National Tribune.

An Incident at Harper's Ferry.

The boys in blue who ever got to that delectable place named above will probably recall the times he filled his canteen at the spring under the Odd Fellows hall. The writer of this squib often drank and was refreshed by its sparkling water. If memory serves him right, after a lapse of nearly a quarter of a century, there were at the Ferry in the spring of '62 the 28th Pennsylvania, 10th Maine, and 60th New York regiments infantry, and the 1st Maine and 5th New York cavalry, and of these commands, more or less, the rank and file drank from this spring; but what caused the sudden outbreak of dysentery among the troops probably never was known to many of those who turned their toes to the daisies in the hospital on the hillside. Across the village street lived a baker by occupation, and at heart a "Johnny" of the rank and file. He poisoned that spring, and he did it well. The writer was one of his victims, but Surgeon Day of the Maine Tenth didn't tell this until after Antietam's battle, in September, 1862, or that Johnny would have received his dues in full and a comfortable overcoat made of wood to boot.

Sixty Battles.

George C. Platt, president of the Survivors Association of the Sixth United States cavalry, challenges any soldier to beat his record of sixty battles, and would like to meet the comrade who will own up to that number. He enlisted on August 6, 1861, and though engaged in so many fights, in fourteen of which he was dispatch courier for General Sheridan, he never received a scratch. Among the battles through which he passed unscathed were Malvern Hill, Fredericksburg, Brandy Station, the Wilderness, Spotsylvania, and many others equally severe. He now pursues the peaceful vocation of a contractor.

The 142nd Ohio.

The regiment was organized at Camp Chase, Ohio, during the month of May, 1864, to serve 100 days. It was mustered out at Camp Chase, Sept. 2, 1864. On leaving the state it went to Martinsburg, W. Va.; from there to Harper's Ferry, and thence to Washington, where it arrived May 21. From May 21 until June 5 it was stationed at Fort Lyon, near Washington, D. C. From Fort Lyon the regiment went to White house landing. A few days later it moved to Bermuda Hundred. One officer and forty-two men died while in the service.

A Neglected Grave.

The grave of Francis Scott Key, in Frederick, Md., is in a sadly neglected condition, and the movement begun by members of the Grand Army of the Republic in Troy, N. Y., to secure the placing of a fitting memorial over the resting place of the author of "The Star Spangled Banner" will undoubtedly meet with a hearty response in every part of the union.

THE TERRIBLE TURK.

STORY OF HIS CRIMES AGAINST CHRISTIANITY.

A Special Correspondent at Constantinople Learns the Full Details of the Late Armenian Massacre—Almost Beyond Christian Belief.

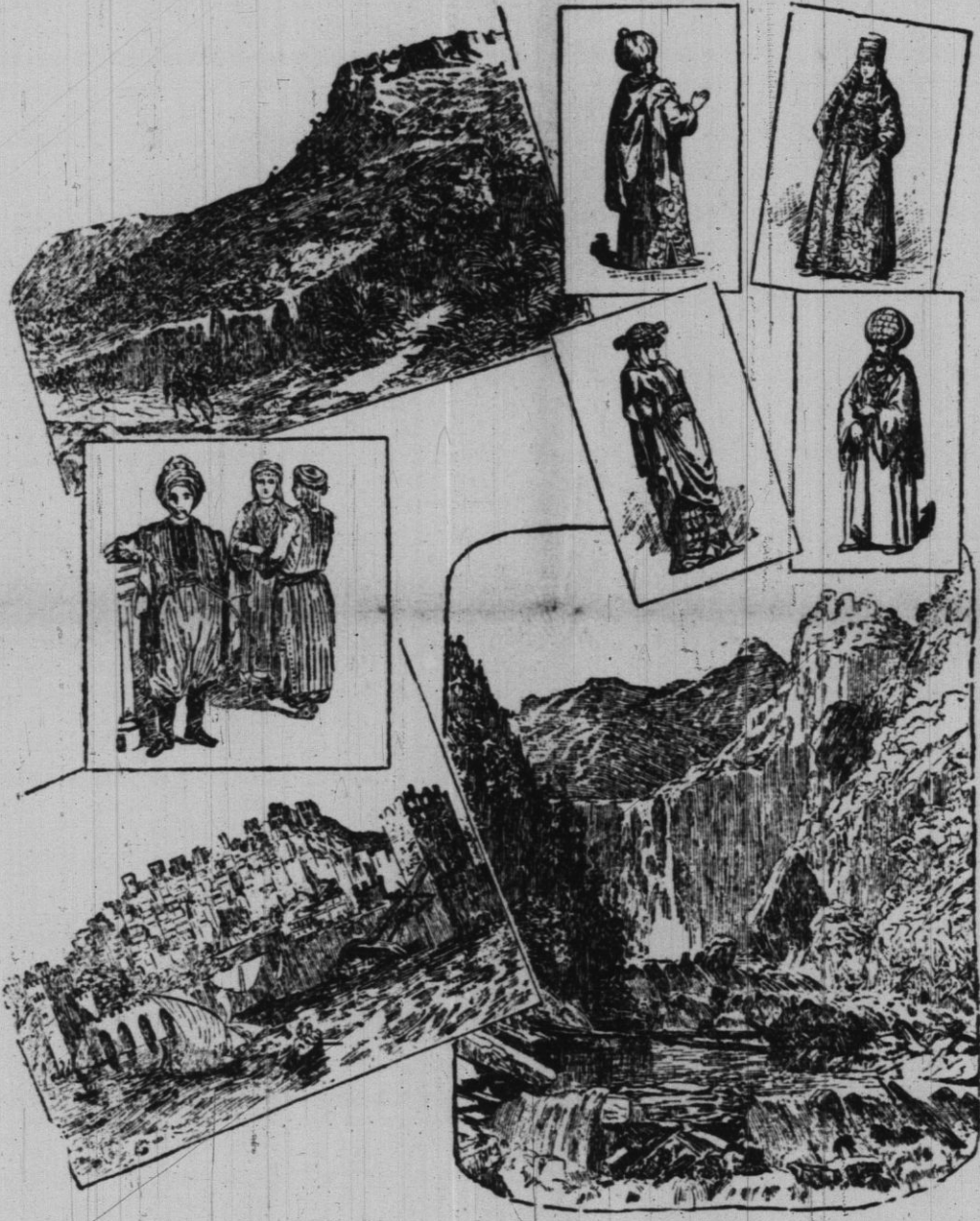
[Tiflis (Armenian) Correspondence.]



THE PROVINCE OF Sassoun, one of the most prosperous in Armenia, was surrounded by a detachment of the sultan's army a year ago. Since then nobody has been allowed to enter or leave. About four months ago the Turkish authorities learned that the inhabitants of Vartemis, a village outside the frontier of Sassoun, were sending for the necessities of life to the village of Dalvorig. Such communication between the two villages being prohibited, the Turks massacred nearly all the inhabitants of Vartemis. This was the second massacre to occur. The first took place about a year ago. One of the refugees, a man named Khadjik, says that his uncle and aunt were both killed, the latter being violated previous to being put to death. An Armenian priest named Kevozt was killed for refusing to celebrate Turkish rites in his church at Vartemis. The village contained 325 Armenian houses before the Turks attacked it, but when the fugitives left only twenty-five houses remained standing. Dalvorig, it appears, is the largest village in the province of Sassoun, and its inhabitants, when they learned of the horrors perpetrated by the Turks at Vartemis, attacked the Turks on the frontier. The Turkish commander eventually sent twelve soldiers into Dalvorig to learn what had occurred. The Armenians, filled with indignation at the atrocities committed by the Turks at Vartemis, attacked this de-

notorious Kurd brigand of the village of Djibran, and a colonel in the regular army, went with a detachment of Turkish troops to the Armenian villages of Bahlou, Hatzgent, and Komk, and at each place they committed every crime possible to commit. After driving out the men they collected the female children of Bahlou together, about two hundred in all, and after ravishing them they killed them with guns and swords. After this massacre the Turkish soldiers regaled themselves with wine and whatever else they could find in the village. The Kurdish regular troops from Kizan and Bahrn entered the Armenian villages of Alianogiz and Aghteg, killed the inhabitants, and wrecked their houses. The number of villages devastated in this manner is said to be over thirty-two. The Armenians fled in every direction, but many of them were captured by the Turkish troops before they could get away and were taken to prison. Khadjik, who was the principal spokesman of the Armenian refugees, told the whole story in the most convincing manner. Dr. D. Thomaian, a well-known Armenian, has just received a letter written on Sept. 29 from Todorian, a village near Erzeroum. The writer says:

"How can I write the horrors of our life for the days since the 11th. Mounted robbers rode up to this village an hour after sunset and immediately began indiscriminate attacks upon the Armenian inhabitants. Over 200 shots were fired at the house of Rev. Mr. Sookis, pastor of the Protestant community, who was absent in Erzeroum. Three balls struck the pastor's wife in the face. She subsequently died from the effects of her wounds. Some poor people from Khnoos, who were living in the basement of the pastor's house, hurried up stairs when the firing was going on and all of them were wounded. Mr. Richardson, an American missionary, came from Erzeroum to attend the funeral of the pastor's wife. On Sept. 25 a band of robbers committed murder at Andag and carried off cattle. At Dody they broke into houses



SOME PICTURES OF ARMENIA AND ITS PEOPLE.

tachment of Turkish soldiers and put them all to death.

When the Turkish commander heard of the death of his soldiers he determined on avenging it in the most bloody manner possible. A strong force of Turkish troops was sent to the village with artillery, and the massacre began. The guns kept up a continuous fire upon Dalvorig, until practically not one stone was left standing upon another. Selo, the bey of Initoun, a Kurd, with a detachment of Kurdish cavalry, went with the Turkish soldiers to the village of Semal and forcibly took the Armenian priest from his church after disgustingly defiling the sacred vessels and the priest's hands. They then bound him on a donkey, which they drove a distance of a few yards. The soldiers then fired at the priest and killed him and the beast he was bound to. In the same village the Turkish soldiers entered an Armenian house and violated a woman and her daughter, the latter being 14 years of age. From this village Selo forcibly took eight Armenian girls and sent them to his harem at Initoun.

Further atrocities were committed by the Turks at the village of Kelihusen. Before dawn this place was surrounded by soldiers, and while the inhabitants were still asleep it was set on fire. The brutal soldiers entered the house of a man named Arakel, who was asleep with his wife, and tortured them both in a terrible manner with red hot irons. At Kelihusen the soldiers killed the Armenian priest, Margos, who, with twenty other inmates of the house, was burned to death, the soldiers preventing anybody from escaping from the burning dwelling. The chief of the village of Chenev was captured by the soldiers and bound to his two daughters. All three were then scalded to death with boiling water. A detachment of twenty-five regulars of the Turkish cavalry after committing inexpressible horrors at the village of Sebghank, went to the village school and ravished the girls found there. The cavalrymen then devastated the building. Ibo Bey, a

A Liberal Education.

A wealthy old farmer, as close as the bark on a tree, had sent his only son to a country academy to educate him. "You shouldn't have sent him there," remonstrated a friend. "What's the matter with the place?" asked the old man, testily. "It's too little and poor. You ought to send him to one of the big colleges and give him a liberal education." "Liberal! Liberal!" squeaked the farmer, excitedly. "Why, man, ain't it liberal enough when I allow him \$25 a month for his schooling and living expenses?"

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

THE STORY OF A DOG, A CAT, AND A PARROT.

A Lively Time Had Bese, Tabby, and Polly—The Little Watcher—Hints to Young Authors—Willie's Conundrum—Took It in Time.

The Dog, the Cat and the Parrot. Bese the dog, Tabitha the cat, and Polly the parrot, were alone together. Polly lived in a strong cage, and was expected to stay there, excepting when she was invited to come out. She was out now, certainly, and the cage door stood open. She was a handsome bird and a great talker, but vixenish.

Bese was a very good fellow, and a useful member of the family.

Tabby was a good cat, as cats go. She was fond of milk, and sometimes caught a mouse. She would fawn around you if you had a cookie in your hand, or fly at you with ten sharp claws if you chanced to tread on her tail. But she was well enough.

Bese and Tabby lived peacefully together. Not a "cat and dog's life" at all, but a friendly sort of life.

Polly was not a favorite with them. They two did well enough together, but "three is a crowd." Tabby often found it pleasant to mouse round Polly's cage and pick up crumbs of cake or cracker, but Bese kept away.

Polly had tricks that were not agreeable. She would call, "Kitty, kitty, kitty, kitty!" and when Tabby roused herself from a quiet nap and ran to see why she was wanted, Polly would salute her with a fierce "Scat!" followed by a mocking laugh.

And she whistled for Bese so that he was completely puzzled, and could not tell which was his mistress and which was Polly.

Bese and Tabby had been having a little discussion. There stood on the table a sugar bowl and some empty cups and saucers. Tabby had proposed to climb up on the table, and had made bold to put her forepaws on the edge of it, but Bese had said, "No, Tabby, not while I am here."

Tabby knew there was no use in persisting if Bese once set his foot down against it, so she dropped the subject. There was nothing on the table but sugar, and she never ate that. She had thought, however, that there might be some small drops of milk in the cups. Now Bese was fond of sugar, but he was much too honorable to touch it without leave.

While Bese and Tabby were having their little talk, Polly had flown to the table and had helped herself to a lump of sugar, and was now sitting on the drop-light, talking comfortably to herself.

"Polly, Polly! Pretty Polly! Good Polly!"

"Oh, the wretch!" said Tabby, in her cat language. "I have a mind to pull out her tail feathers." Bese said nothing. Perhaps he ought to have objected; but his prejudices were so strong against Polly that he felt almost willing to see her punished a little.

When Polly had eaten the sugar she began to call in an enticing voice, "Kitty, kitty, kitty, kitty!" and although Tabby had been deceived before, she allowed herself to think that Polly might possibly have something for her this time; so she promptly obeyed the summons, and was rewarded with the usual "Scat!"

"Pit-pit-meow!" said Tabby, as she jumped upon a chair and clawed at Polly's feathers.

Polly took no notice of her, but flew to the table for another lump of sugar. Tabby saw her opportunity, sprang after Polly, and seized her by the neck.

Bese rushed forward to separate them, and, being a clumsy fellow, in some way pulled table-cloth, cups, sugar, parrot and cat to the floor.

Polly feebly muttered, "Polly wants a—" and then closed her eyes and hung her head.

"Oh, Tabby, what have you done?" said Bese, plainly as a dog could say it.

"I only meant to pull out her tail feathers," said Tabby, "but now she is dead, I might as well eat her."

"No!" said Bese, "I forbid it. Bow-wow!"

Tabby again submitted, and, having carried poor Polly under the table, seated herself on the sofa cushion, heartlessly washed her paws and composed herself to sleep. Bese sat on the hearthrug, mournfully gazing at the scene of disaster, and saying to himself:

"Oh, Tabby, what have we done? What will mistress say?"

"If you'll let me eat Polly she'll think she's lost," said Tabby.

"I will not," replied Bese, "so don't think of such a thing. Poor Polly! I wish she was alive and on her perch again."

"You do, do you?" said Tabby. "I thought you didn't like her?"

"I know it," said Bese thoughtfully; "but she was a lively bird."

"Yes," said Tabby. "She had bright feathers, too."

"How fond mistress was of her," said Bese.

"I suppose she liked to hear her talk," added Tabby.

"And well she might. She was a good talker. Worth a dozen of you or me," said Bese.

"She couldn't purr," said Tabby.

"Perhaps she could," said Bese.

"Well, there's one thing we can do," said Tabby. "We can take Polly and put a—"

"Cracker! Cracker! Polly wants a cracker!" said a husky voice; and Polly herself crawled from under the table and flew up on the drop-light.

"Polly! Polly! Pretty Polly! Mother! Mother! Never mind! Never mind! Kitty, kitty, kitty, kitty! Scat!"

Ha, ha, ha, ha!" screamed Polly, ending with a nervous laugh.

While Bese and Tabby stood rapt in astonishment the door opened and in came the mistress. She gazed at the disordered table a moment.

"Oh, Bese!" she said, "did you do this mischief?" Bese hung his head and withdrew into a corner, but Tabby came boldly forward with a loud "purr-meow!" and rubbed affectionately against her mistress's dress.

"Why, Polly," said the mistress, as she spied the parrot on her perch, "How did you get out?" and she put her into the cage and fastened the door.

"Never mind! Never mind! Ha, ha, ha!" said Polly.

Then the mistress rang the bell and as the maid came in to put things to rights Bese slipped out. Tabby re-established herself on the sofa cushion and Polly was presented with a large lump of sugar, which she received graciously.

But if the talkative bird could have related to her mistress the whole story, wouldn't that lady have been surprised?

Hints to Young Authors.

"The first thing you need is to have something to say. If you have nothing that you are burning to tell, keep silent. Next, you must remember that the way of saying a thing is very important, and so must cultivate style. To gain a good style you must read the best authors. You will learn how to write only by reading, and not by writing out your own thoughts while you are young; but by taking in great thoughts, the thoughts and words of the great of all ages."

"Read Dante, Milton, Shakespeare; have always on hand a task, in the way of a history or an essay, or some volume which you cannot read hastily. Gradually, by reading the best literature you will gain a good vocabulary, and learn to express yourself as the masters do."

When you write do not choose a high-flown subject which does not interest, and is in no way real to you, but describe something with which you are familiar. Take your father's house, or the street your school stands on, or your own room, and try to make a pen picture of either of these. Write in plain simple language, as you would speak. Always write as if you were talking to somebody, a child, or a dear mother, or your cousin Bob who is in Madras, or your Aunt Emmeline, in the frontier fort, a week's journey from home.

Never think especially of publishing your work, or of making money by it. Money is paid only to those who understand their art, not to beginners. You will spoil your work and ruin all your chances if you let the thought of money enter into your first writing.—Harper's Young People.

Japanese Style.

Japanese folks have six or eight pockets cunningly inserted in the cuffs of their wide sleeves. These pockets are always filled with a curious miscellany peculiar to the droll little people. As common as twine in young America's pocket is the prayer amulet written on a delicate sheet of rice paper and composed by the bonzes. In accordance with the abiding and funny faith of the Japanese women, these prayers are swallowed, paper and all, like a pill, in all cases of mental and physical distress. Another essential never missing is a number of small squares of silky paper, which is put to the most unexpected purpose—to hold the stem of a lotus or lily, to dry a teacup, wipe away a tear or blow the absurd little nose of the doll-like little woman. The very smartest people of Japan use this style of handkerchief for practical purposes. After using, a ball is made of the paper and it is thrown into the street with disgust.

The Baby's Tea-Set.

A single concern in New York has been turning out for almost fifty years pewter toys—the kind that several generations of children now recall. These things are made by the gross and sold the country over. Some of them, as tea-sets, are hawked about the streets, and are familiar things the world over. They sell by the gross at something between \$35 and \$40. The factory is a little old-fashioned house in a down-town street, and the office, which occupies what must have been the drawing-room of the dwelling in other days, has an old grate with brass ornaments.—N. Y. Sun.

The Little Watcher.

My watch—little watcher, good night! You're as true as steel and as good as gold. And changeless alike in darkness or light. So, wake, while the darkness grows gray and old.

My watch—little watcher, good morning! Yours are the hands that never will shrink: Three jewels there are your soul adorning—I call them Constancy, Patience and Work.

My watch—little watcher, good night! 'T is a comfort to have you so very near: For you seem to say, "All's right, all's right!" As the best of your faithful heart I hear.

My watch—little watcher, good morning! You're telling me now, "T is a precious day!" If ever a spendthrift I grow, give me warning: The hours are slipping too quickly away.

—Edith M. Thomas in St. Nicholas.

Took It in Time.

Enoch's father was a very delicate man and when threatened with any sickness always said he must "take it in time." One night Enoch had a hoarseness and in saying his prayers asked to be relieved.

The following morning his father inquired how the hoarseness was.

"Oh," replied Enoch, "it's gone. God took it in time."—Inter-Ocean.

Mamma Didn't Know.

"Ma," asked Willie, "why was old Mr. Moneybags, who threw the young man out of the house last night, like the person who influences a king?"

"Indeed, I don't know," said mamma.

"Because he was the power behind the throne."

BARRINGTON REVIEW.

M. T. LANEY, Ed. and 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.

ALASKA finds it necessary to employ only nineteen policemen, the coldness of the climate making it impossible to sleep while on duty.

PUFF, SLAUGHTER & CO., is the name of a Chicago firm of brokers. It is about as suggestive as the old London house of Ketcham & Cheatham.

It is reported that apples are not keeping so well this season as usual, and as a reason given it is said the fruit was affected by the last summer's drought.

If Uncle Sam would go for Turkey in Asia as he does for turkey in the United States "the unspeakable" would kill fewer Christians during the coming year.

SOME of the natural crooks who have been masquerading as expert financiers for the various get-rich-quick societies are again falling into the hands of the right people. They are going to jail.

RECURRING again to the speed of American war-ships, we quite agree that no matter what the number of knots they may be able to run they must still be able to get there. Nothing else will satisfy Uncle Sam.

NIAGARA COUNTY, N. Y., has adopted an automatic ballot machine, being the first county in the state to do so. This is said to be the first instance where the "machine in politics" may be made to operate beneficially.

AMERICAN rapidity of action and slowness of reflection is shown by the adoption of the electric shock as a means of executing animals, and postponing the discussion of whether it kills them or not till two years afterward.

DR. D'ARSONVAL of France claims that it is easy to revivify human beings or animals apparently killed by electrical contacts. His process is the artificial restoration of respiration, which has ceased from the nervous shock.

THE czar in celebrating his nuptials, remitted the taxes of the peasants, pardoned many prisoners and annulled the banishment of the Polish rebels. When marriage makes a young man feel good enough to do all that it is very far from being a failure.

THOSE ladies who have in the past obtained gold fish for their aquariums from the United States Fish commission, have now to go without, the demands having become excessive. Gold fish will, however, be supplied to state commissions, parks and public fountains.

MANY citizens of Brooklyn indignantly protest against the consolidation of their city with "greater New York." However, as New York has already counted Brooklyn's population into its next census, this sudden exhibition of a desire to be exclusive will be unavailing.

It is said that the advance sale of seats to the opera in New York insured the managers a profit of a quarter of a million dollars before the doors were opened. That is almost enough to tempt the author of "Aegir" to quit kaiserling and go into the opera business instead.

THAT volcano up in the new state of Washington has gone into eruption just in time to make the locality an interesting winter resort. All through the hot season its sides were covered with snow and glaciers. Such an accommodating mountain would be a treasure in any community.

THE most interesting case of real, all wool Yankee that has recently come to our notice is that of the hunter in Northern Maine who, hearing that the wardens were on his track, went before the justice, complained of himself for poaching and pocketed half the fine in accordance with the statute for poaching cases made and provided.

THE wedding day manifesto of the young czar of Russia was the most benevolent and sweeping in its grants of favors of any issued in fifty years except the one granting liberty to the serfs. If the young man fulfills these early promises, nihilism and bomb-making will become lost arts in that nation and "Darkest Russia" will be known as "Brightest Russia."

If philanthropists really want to see the Indians grow and develop and get a proper idea of the sacredness of the marriage obligation, the red men should at once be removed from the reservations and placed in Chicago and other civilized cities where divorces are unknown, where men never gets tired of his wife, and where a wife never gets mad and goes home to her mother.

THOSE BOSTON GIRLS.

Ward McAllister's Criticisms Resented

by a Baltimore Newspaper Writer.

Ward McAllister, who has heretofore assumed to pose as authority on social conventions, has recently had the temerity to pretend to be an expert on the subject of girls, and in so doing has aroused the scorn of the fair Bostonians whom he has undertaken to criticize, says the Baltimore Sun. He charges that Boston girls "are good scholars, but poor sweethearts." "There are, of course," he adds, "instances where Boston young ladies do really fall in love, but it is of a classical sort, which would make the society young man of New York feel rather uncomfortable. If a Boston girl wants a dress the first question she asks her mother is, 'Mamma, can we afford it?' The fashionable girl of New York, on the other hand, first gets her dress, as a matter of course, and may or may not wonder how much it costs, thereby recognizing a fundamental principle that a fashionable woman must always be fashionably dressed. In Boston such a principle does not obtain by any means, and I have it on very good authority that numbers of women who are acknowledged to be high in Boston society dress with extraordinary plainness. Such persons one cannot conscientiously term fashionable; the best that we can say of them is that they, in most cases, substitute culture for fashion."

Mr. McAllister clearly does not know what he is talking about. He is a better authority on luncheons and dinners than he is on girls. We believe a Boston girl can love just as hard as a New York girl, and that when she is in earnest about it she can make it as pleasant for a young man as the girl from Gotham. She can love him, in fact, with more variety and in more languages than the merely fashionable girl, whose whole attention is centered upon her costume. She is more likely to find a husband, too, because of her frugal disposition. The question she asks her "mamma" when she wants a dress—"Mamma, can we afford it?"—appeals with irresistible force to the male heart. What a sly little puss the Boston girl is. She knows her man thoroughly, and she knows the sort of bait that will catch him best. She rightly believes that a good husband is worth capturing, and she would rather capture him than indulge in the short-lived glory of a fine gown. A Boston girl knows a good thing when she sees it, and she knows the best way of getting it. But nice and sweet as she is, the Boston girl must take a back seat when the Baltimore girl is around. The Baltimore girl is so good-hearted that she hates to make the other girls feel badly on account of her superior charms, but she really can't help it. Nature made her the prize girl, the girl of girls, chief among 10,000 and altogether lovely. It uses all its best mental, moral and physical materials in making her, and it makes the other girls with what is left. They are all delightful in their way, but they can't compare with her. And as for loving, well! even Boston isn't in it with the Baltimore girl.

Billy Goats Not Appreciated.

The relations of the goat to mankind are in certain ways peculiar. The creature has long been subjugated; probably having come into the human family before the dawn of history. It has been almost as widely disseminated, among barbarian and civilized peoples alike, as the sheep. It readily cleaves to the household and exhibits much more intelligence than the other members of our flocks and herds. It yields good milk, the flesh is edible, though in the old animals not savory and the hair can be made to vary in a larger measure than any of the animals which are shorn. Yet this creature has never obtained the place in relation to man to which it seems entitled.—Scribner.

Couldn't Appreciate a Joke.

First Printer—How did you lose your job?

Second Printer—I made some queer mistakes in setting up a leading editorial. Why, sir, they were so funny they started the whole town to laughing. Yes, sir, I never saw people so amused. And yet the editor got mad and bounced me. Yes, sir, that just shows how genius is handicapped. No matter how much you please the public you will get fired if you don't please the little fraction who happens to be the editor.—Press and Printer.

Cost of Electric Cooking.

It has been shown by recent experiments that there is practically no difference in cost between cooking by electricity and by coal, while the advantages of the former method in point of comfort, cleanliness and safety are considerable. Of every 100 tons of coal burned in an ordinary cooking stove ninety-six tons are, it is said, practically wasted, with electricity the expense is not so much on the fuel as on labor and interest on the machinery.—Invention.

Total Depravity.

"Was it drink that brought you to this place?" asked the young woman who was engaged in philanthropic work.

"No, miss," replied the hardened offender. "Twas the lack of it. I was that done up wid thirst that I tried ter steal a keg o' beer."

Astronomy at the Ball.

"Miss Emily, you are the planet, the star of the evening."

"If so, you are the first to discover it."

"Then, like star discoverers in general, may I not give the star my name?"—Flegende Blaetter.

HIS RIDE FOR LIFE.

EXPERIENCE OF A FOOLHARDY YOUNG MAN.

The Venturesome Youth Having Nothing Better to Do Jumped on a Steer's Back—What Followed Had Not Been Taken Into His Calculations.

Have you ever seen a herd of animals stampeded? If so you have never forgotten it. I know. A sea of tossing horns, of bodies grown reckless of whatever fate might overcome them, heedless of pain, wild bellowing all the more threatening and the more terrifying because it never rises beyond a certain low, moaning pitch. And it is singular how slight a cause can send these creatures ordinarily docile and phlegmatic enough, raving mad to their death.

I had only lately gone to Texas from the East and my knowledge of the possibilities of the plains was not as extensive as it is now. I was the guest of a former schoolmate of mine, who owned a large ranch in the vicinity of Fort McKavett, which was in those days a great market for Texas cattle to be shipped to St. Louis. I had ridden about with Gale for a couple of days and had begun to fancy that I was a pretty good plainsman, when one sweltering hot day I was lying dressed loosely in an upper room of the ranch house and idly looking out of the window.

Although this was, as I have said, the upper floor, as the houses are built in that half-Mexican region, I was in reality only about ten feet from the ground, says a writer in the Philadelphia Times. About the yard below was walking a young steer that had been sick and had been driven into the enclosure to keep the rest of the herd from worrying him while he was being treated.

Directly he passed under my window and very foolishly I conceived the idea that it would be capital fun to surprise him by suddenly dropping down upon my gentleman's back. It was as mad a caprice as ever entered an imbecile's head, but came of sheer idleness that cannot be understood by one who has never known the dull level of plain life, by one who has only to step outside his door to find diversion.

Be that as it may; I got up and, letting myself down by my hands, let myself drop down on the beast's back just as he came under the window. He gave a shrill cry of terror and flung himself frantically across the yard, running into the fence with a force that nearly scraped me from my seat. I yelled in terror, for I certainly thought the steer was about to kill me, and had not chance arranged it so that at that moment the big gate of the yard was to be opened by a ranchman I would no doubt have met my death then and there.

As it was, no sooner did the animal see the gate swing back than he made a plunge for it, and ran through it without giving the man time to get out of the way, but upsetting him, horse and all. Away we went, bearing directly toward a large herd of cattle that had been rounded up that day to be branded before being sent to St. Louis. Into this herd my steer ran full tilt, and colliding with the nearest, sent that one whirling further into the ranks, and the terror of his appearance spreading like a flame among them, the next second the whole herd was in motion.

The earth shook under the beat of the maddened feet, the bellowing of a thousand throats made the sound a menace to all that stood in the way.

I saw nothing of land or sky as I lay on that wildly plunging steed of mine. I could not even look behind me to see how many followed in our wake, and that big blunt head in front of me kept me from seeing where we were going. I was getting desperately weary. My arms felt as if they would snap with the tension of the muscles, and my head was dizzy with the rush of foul air past my nostrils. I still hung on with the courage and strength of desperation, for I knew that to drop was to leave only a mass of beaten flesh and broken bones crushed out of semblance of anything human.

On and on we went until I grew unconscious of the flight of time. I seemed myself a creature of the wind. Then there was a sickening feeling that the earth had given away under me, and the steer rolled down a precipice of twenty feet or more. I clutched all the tighter in a sort of frenzy, and in another moment the poor beast had struggled to his feet and had essayed to go on.

It was only a step or two when I felt him fall once more, and I shot over his head down a ravine thirty feet or more in depth. I gathered myself up and blindly rushed forward, then stumbled and rolled still further down, when I caught at some hardy growing plant and crawled up the other side of the ravine. Here nature gave way and I lost consciousness. When I came to the sun was crimson in the west; a few red rays crept to where I lay and told me that the day was dying fast. I looked about me and saw that I had climbed a few feet up the side of the ravine, which below me was full of dead cattle.

When I had gotten a little stronger I crawled back over these and came to the first dip in the precipice, for precipice it had been, for now it was literally piled high with dead and dying cattle. It was over this that my steer, which had still managed to lead the herd, had fallen, then gaining his feet again, had struggled forward until he had fallen with a broken neck into the ravine. Only a few of the foremost had followed him here; the rest had fallen into the first precipice, until that had been so filled as to hold

no more, when they heaped them selves one above another on the plain beyond.

All that night I walked over the prairie to the ranch guided by the heaps of dead cattle that I found bestrewing the way. Here they had fallen from sheer fatigue, and died from their bursting hearts, or were crushed to death by those who came on behind. When I got to the ranch I found that my friend had sent men out to look for my body, and he was in some grief that seemed genuine, but when he beheld me apparently well and unhurt, and I had related to him how I had started the stampede, all the cordiality went out of his voice, and he cursed me for being the biggest fool that the fool-killer had ever allowed to escape him.

After a day or two of necessary rest for my aching bones I left with the unpleasant consciousness that my little trick of springing from that window on to that steer's back had cost my host some thousands of dollars, and he added to his unpleasant conduct by refusing to let me pay him.

BETWEEN LEVIATHANS.

"Killer Whales" Attacks a Cow Whale and Her Calf.

An attack made by three killer whales upon a cow whale and her calf in a lagoon along the coast just south of San Diego recently, was one of the most exciting fish fights ever observed. The cow whale was of the California gray species, the calf being three times the bulk of the largest of the killer whales. The latter made alternate assaults upon the old whale and her offspring, finally killing the calf, which sank in five fathoms of water. During the terrific struggle the mother was nearly exhausted, receiving several deep cuts about the throat and lips. When the carcass of the calf settled to the bottom the three killers descended, bringing up large pieces of flesh, which they devoured at the surface. While they were thus gorging themselves the wounded mother whale escaped, leaving a bloody trail.

These killer whales fight almost everything they see, and they fight to win. As pugilists of the sea they are incomparable. Strongly built bodies, an arrow-like swiftness in swimming and a bulldog disposition strike terror to their opponents. Even the terrible man-eater and tiger sharks will run from a killer whale. The heavily armed swordfish is an easy victim to this savage foe. Seals, whales, and big fish generally have a mortal fear of him and invariably run away from him if they can. The spectacle of a fight between these wolves of the ocean and the large whales they attack is sometimes long to be remembered. When several killer whales attack their gigantic prey they might be likened in some respects to a pack of hounds holding the stricken deer at bay. They cluster about the leviathan's head, some of their number breaching over it, while others seize it by the lips and haul the bleeding monster under water. When captured, should the mouth of the victim be open, the killers eat out its tongue.

Killer whales interfere with the affairs of men at times. Instances are reported where bands of killers have attacked the carcass of a whale as the whalers were towing it to the ship and forcibly carried away the dead fish. They destroy many young fur seal, and often remain a long time in the vicinity of the seal islands. In the stomach of a killer sixteen feet long were found thirteen porpoise, and fourteen seals. Sometimes the killer attacks a full-grown walrus robbing it of its young. These whales are frequently found twenty to thirty feet long. The high-finned killer has an enormous dagger-shaped fin upon its back six feet long. When the fish swims high this fin towers above the surface, and observers unacquainted with it have been positive that it was a sea serpent. This ferocious whale is related to the porpoise and dolphin.

He Made It Clear.

A lawyer was cross-examining a negro witness in one of the justice's courts the other day, and was getting along fairly well until he asked the negro what his occupation was.

"Ise a carpenter, sah."

"What kind of a carpenter?"

"They calls me a jack-leg carpenter, sah."

"What is a jack-leg carpenter?"

"He is a carpenter who is not a first-class carpenter, sah."

"Well, explain fully what you understand a jack-leg carpenter to be," insisted the lawyer.

"Boss, I declar' I dunno how ter 'splain any mo' 'cept to say hit am jest de same difrence 'twixt you an' er first-class lawyer."

Tomb of the Architect of Babel.

In the year 553, A. D., while workmen were engaged in trenching the salt mines in Prussia, they unearthed a triangular building in which was a column of white marble. At the side of the column was a tomb of freestone and over it a slab of agate inscribed with these words, which were in Latin: "Here rests the ashes of Peleg, grand architect of the tower of Babel. The Almighty had pity on him because he became humble."

A Very Good Reason.

Proud Mother, exhibiting her son's drawings—Don't you think, Mrs. Smorltalk, that Tom has talent?

Mrs. S.—He has, indeed. But, Tommy, dear, why did you draw my picture with my mouth wide open?

Tom—Because pa said you never close it.—Truth.

A Kindly Contrivance.

Rural Child, in big city store—What are those little things that's shootin' back and forth on the wires up there?

City Child—Oh, they is just to keep folks amused till their change comes.

CANTANKEROUS BEAR.

ERASTUS HAD ALL SORTS OF FUN IN HIS OWN WAY.

For a Year He Kept the Good People of His Part of the Country in a Turmoil—But He Met His Match at Last—Some of His Many Tricks.

"Erastus from Wayback is gone at last," said Colonel Noah Parker, of Gardeau, McKean county, down on the Sinnemahoning portage waters, to the New York Sun man. "Erastus just appeared in our district about a year ago, and we found that he hailed from 'way back on the head of Indian Run. He had a white patch of fur just under his chin and a peculiar limp. The white patch of fur looked exactly like old Erastus Gregg's chin whiskers, and the limp was also just like one old Erastus had, and so we took to calling him Erastus on that account. He was the biggest and most mischievous and destructive bear that ever showed up in that county, and everybody who had a gun spent a good deal of time trying to lay Erastus low."

"In the first place, he came right into the back yard of my hotel one day, shook the life plumb out of my dog Pete, chased the hired man into the cellar, scared three boarders so bad that they left the house the same day, and then took two of my very best hives of bees, a hive under each arm, and walked away with them into the woods before anybody had time to think of a gun. Half a dozen fellows started after him, loaded for bear if ever any party was. He led them a dance all over that district for more than a week, and euchered them every time. Every little while they'd find a piece of one or the other of my beehives on the bear's trail, showing that he had time to regale himself on my honey as he passed, but that was as near as any of them came to getting at him."

"They hadn't been back a week when Cyrus Crane, from back here on Misery Outlet, came into my place all in a sweat and says:

"Colonel," said he, 'there's a bear as big as a steer, and with whiskers and a limp so much like 'Rastus Gregg's that I thought it was him first, just more than playing hob with things up to my place. If some one doesn't come up there and kill him he'll have my whole ding farm!'"

"So some of the boys got their guns again and started for Cy Crane's to see what they could do toward ridding the farm of the big pesky bear. It was good they got there just as they did, for Erastus from Wayback as they had taken to calling the bear, was playing hob around the place for a fact. He had killed three sheep, upset all of Cy's beeskips and broken into the milkhouse. He had got away with twelve quarts of cream, spilled a dozen pans of milk on the milkhouse floor and kicked nine rolls of butter around in the dirt. Cy's wife and daughter had locked themselves up in the house while Cy got out of a back window and came tearing to my place for a rescuing party, and when the party got near there Erastus was in the act of breaking into the cellar. He heard the men and dogs coming, though, and by the time they got to Cy's house the bear had climbed the high hill on the edge of Cy's back meadow, and was gazing back, out of reach, with the sassiest kind of looks at the hunters."

"Consider his impudence!" exclaimed Sim Bailey. "Give half my farm if I had a Gatlin' nun fer gisten seconds! I'd learn that bear to sass!"

"Well, sir, after they had saved from the bear what things Cy's folks had left, the party started on Erastus' trail again madder than any one can tell. And maybe he didn't give 'em another chase! Three days he led up hill and down and through swamps and laurels, stopping now and then to wait for a dog to come up and be licked, until they couldn't get another of their dogs to come within gunshot of him. He went out of his way, too, whenever he felt like it to have some fun at a farm or a settlement here and there. Ben Comfort came along, leading with a rope a new cow he had bought."

"He didn't see the bear until he was even with it in the road, when Erastus rose on his hind feet and gave a snort. The cow was scared as bad as Ben was, and jumped for the woods. Ben hung on the rope, but the cow got to going so fast that it yanked Ben off his feet, and he had to let go the rope or take a little the liveliest trip through those woods that any one ever took. Ben thought the bear was following him, and he was on his feet and up a tree so quick that he didn't know how he did it. Then he looked back and saw that the bear wasn't after him at all, but was standing in the road, a basket on each arm, and dancing about as if he was having heaps and heaps of fun. When the hunters got along that way Erastus was gone, but Ben was up the tree yet hollering for help. He came down when the party got there."

"By the horned spoons!" said Ben. "The trementous bear that ever stood, an' the only one I ever see with white chin whiskers! And he's skeert my new cow into conniptions, and I hain't sure but he's eat up my three young uns!"

"Ben had a chase of three miles through the woods before he caught up with his cow, and the hunters got disgusted and quit following the bear. After that we didn't have any visits from Erastus for a good while, but we heard of him in other localities doing the most outlandish things and keeping folks in a turmoil."

"Well, finally the bear thought he would give the people in that dis-

trict a little rest, and come over and have some more fun with us. He took down about five rods of rail fence for Sam Shepard one night, and piled the rails in the public road by the hill school-house. Sam Shepard happened to be on his way home that night from a shooting match at the Springs. It was moonlight, and he discovered Erastus in the midst of his rail-piling. Sam whanged away at the aggravating old cuss, and down went Erastus all in a heap among the rails. Sam thought he had settled the bear's hash at last, and being a little excited, he rushed up to take a look at him. But Erastus wasn't ended yet, not by a long shot. Sam hadn't any more than reached the rail pile where the bear lay than up jumped Erastus, and, with swoop of a paw, sent Sam's gun flying.

"There was no use for Sam to try to get it, for the bear was right on him and had him down among the rails only too quick. I guess Erastus would have made an end of Sam if young Bill Shafer hadn't been out to see his girl that evening, and was on his way home by a short cut. He heard Sam yelling and the bear snorting and snarling and the rails rattling, and ran to the spot. It didn't take him long to grab the rail and pitch into the bear. At the first whack the bear turned from Sam to Bill, and they had it hammer and tongs. This gave Sam a chance to find his gun, and he put the muzzle of it against Erastus' head and blew the top of it nearly off. That was the end of the most cantankerous bear that ever made things lively on the Sinnemahoning waters, and you can bet a farm that there's a rejoicing lot of folks in all that spread."

The Pigmy Cattle of Samoa.

The Samoan islands are the natural habitat of the most diminutive species of variety of the genus bos, now known to the naturalist. The average weight of the males of these lilliputian cattle seldom exceed 200 pounds, the average being not greater than 150 pounds. The females usually average about 100 pounds larger, are very "stocky" built, seldom being taller than a merino sheep. The dwarf cattle are nearly all of the same color—reddish mouse color, marked with white. They have very large heads as compared with their bodies, and their horns are of exceptional length.

Dainty Portfolios.

The choice portfolio of the season is of white canvas. Sometimes it has the edges bound with blue or scarlet leather and lined with moire of the same color as the binding. A dainty portfolio made of white canvas is bound and lined with old rose moire. On the outside careless clusters of pink clover blossoms are painted, and the quotation in gilt lettering, "Sweet is the clover blossom the whole world over."—Philadelphia Ledger.

RARE AND READABLE.

Scotland has fifteen divorces to every 1,000,000 in population.

The man who has a high opinion of himself doesn't know himself.

The emperor of Germany stands godfather to all seventh sons in Prussia.

People who can be spoiled by honest praise, are no account to begin with.

There is sufficient latent energy in a cubic foot of air to kill a regiment.

The total production of whisky in the state of Kentucky for the past year was 20,133,103 gallons.

A cat overturned a lamp in a New York house the other night and a large amount of damage was done.

A newly organized "primitive Christian" society in St. Louis is opposed to the payment of pew rent, clergymen, choirs, etc.

"I am surprised, John," said an old lady when she found the butler helping himself to some old port. "Faith, so am I, ma'am. I thought you had gone out," was the reply.

Boston is the place for high art after all. A sunny son of Italy has been selling door mats there with "The Angelus" worked on 'em in saffron yellow and seal brown.

Many savage nations worshipped only the malevolent deities, on the principle that the good gods would do all they could for humanity anyhow, while the evil gods or demons needed conciliation.

Oranges slightly frozen when placed in a cool room and thawed out gradually are sweetened and may be considered by some people as improved, but when frozen solid and thawed they have an unpleasantly sweet flavor.

Henry Siry, 17 years old, and Kate Kalleo, 14 years old were married by a justice in Elizabethport, N. J., the other day, with the blessing of their respective parents, respectable and thriving citizens of Elizabeth, N. J.

A Boston author who is convinced that the printing of books in white and black is unnatural and trying to the eyes, is about to bring one out with the pages blue, green, yellow, etc., each purchaser to make choice of his or her own color.

The process of sun or star making is distinctly visible through great telescopes. That is the conclusion of astronomers who have observed well known stars which are surrounded with nebulae. That hazy appearing matter is believed to be raw materials out of which heavenly bodies are formed.

A recently invented boxing glove fills the dead game sport's passionate longing for the sight of gore, yet is withal quite of the "pillow" variety, which does little or no harm. In the top of each glove is a small chamber in which a sponge saturated with some harmless red liquid, is placed, and when it touches an adversary some of the stuff comes out through several small holes and makes a blood-like stain.

ANOVERPAID LETTER.

DESCRIPTION OF A POSSIBLE SOCIAL FOLLY.

Exact Postage Shabby—An Idea of Which the Snobs Took Instant Advantage, and How It Was Started—The Government's Gala Year.

The princess started it. "The stamp spoils it," she said. "It's the prettiest paper I ever had, and look there! The lump of washed-out violet in the corner makes it look horrid!"

"Why not two halfpenny stamps?" said the prince. "Pink."

"No," said the princess; "it's green stamps are wanted—a kind of feeble green."

"It's simple," said the prince; "three-halfpenny stamps are green." So for aesthetic reasons the princess put three-halfpenny stamps upon all her correspondence, and started the great year of the postal authorities.

The ladies' papers promulgated it. Said the Woman of Good Family:

"The pretty fancy has been started in a very high quarter of putting a trifle over the proper postage upon letter packets. The idea is simple enough and it is astonishing it has not been thought of before. It is really remarkable how people with a claim to good style have hitherto been content with the minimum payment for the carriage of their letters. In all other matters a certain redundancy has been an essential of polite attention, but in the matter of postage the most exquisite have missed or deliberately ignored an easy distinction from the grimy pennyworths of the vulgar herd. We do not pay—we should be ashamed to pay—the necessary cabman a meagre shilling when he takes us to the door of our friend and on occasions of ceremony the cab at any price is taboo. Who would dream of rattling into a court ceremonial in a four-wheeler and yet who would not presume to approach even the throne beneath a penny stamp? 'Tis inconsistent. But now the inconsistency is to be abated. The mere penny stamp is to be relegated to bare business requirements. For the rest, three-halfpenny will mean mere civility, twopenny a compliment, twopenny-halfpenny a friendly touch and fourpenny warm regard."

The innovation was not received without a struggle. Many of the very best families held out for some time, but the awful word "shabbiness" was too much for them. Besides, the recipients of penny stamps became sensitive. As soon send half a sheet of note paper, or dock the "Esq." from a man's name, as post to him with a penny stamp. The refined people who would not have conformed to the new fashion for display for the world, did so for the sake of their correspondents. Men bit their lips with humiliation when the servant entered with a penny letter. And a decent person would as soon have thought of asking for a farthing change in a draper's shop as for a penny stamp in a post-office.

The tenpenny limit the Woman of Good Family had fixed was soon exceeded, says the Pall Mall Budget. The little story of Lady Tooting and Lady Shadwell is typical of what happened. As the reader is aware, these ladies were social competitors. Now, Lady Shadwell had issued invitations to her garden party with shilling stamps—a rather magnificent innovation. Lady Tooting accepted with half a crown, and followed up with her own garden party at no less than five shillings per invitation. Thereupon Lady Shadwell showed what a really clever woman she is; she jumped the ten-shilling stamp and, securing the pound one, robbed Lady Tooting of the possibility of retort. Until the bankruptcy of the marquis, Lady Shadwell stuck to the pound, and really smart people at the utmost could only live at her level, though Lady Tooting tried the very obvious and vulgar expedient of a couple of pounds.

At one time for funeral condolences there was a scale something like the following: Slight mourning, one shilling; half mourning, half a crown; deep mourning, five shillings; but it fluctuated considerably. It was a source of infinite family feuds. And a wily chancellor of the exchequer issued a very stylish mourning set of stamps, with black corners and a slightly bitter gum. He also issued a series of stamps up to £10; but this was too late to catch the fashion, and in order to secure a market among collectors the greater portion of this last issue had to be burnt.

The postal surplus rose to £27,000,000 in the first half-year, and went on rising. They reformed the postoffice in every possible way, they built fleets with the money, they reduced the income tax to threepence in the pound. They even got to a universal penny postage, because, as nobody except paupers sent penny letters, it really did not seem to matter. And then like Jonah's gourd, like the beleaguer of Prague, like the mists of the morning, the fashion passed. For the sovereign, stamping an envelope in the dusk, by some strange accident sent a penny letter. The Born Lady secured the envelope for the office window, and was undeniably ahead with the news. A day before, the chancellor of the exchequer had snapped his fingers—a loud, resounding snap—in the face of a helpless house of commons. A day after, the postoffice surplus had shriveled like an exploded bladder. The government resigned.

And all this came of the princess and her three-halfpenny stamp.

In Plato's Day. Plato believed that diamonds were formed by a vitrifying quality im-

parted to certain portions of pure water by "star-shine." Pliny says that the diamond is the hardest as well as the most valuable of the precious stones, and that it can only be softened by immersing it seven days and seven nights in goat's blood. Boetius declares that the "ruby is a sovereign remedy against the plague and all poisons; it also drives away evil spirits and bad dreams." Serapius ascribes to the diamond the power of healing various eruptive diseases, and also says that it insures the safety of the wearer in time of great tempests. Babinet says: "For all maladies of a nervous character the amethyst is the sure and sovereign cure."

VICTIMS OF DESERT THIRST.

Hundreds of People Have Died After the Most Excruciating Pain.

During a march of seventy-five miles on one desert in the southwestern corner of our country, says the San Francisco Argonaut, a party of government surveyors counted 350 graves along the trail of the victims thirst. At one point a family of eight was buried. These foolish people carried their water supply in large demijohns. The bottles were broken. The precious fluid was swallowed by the sand. Mother, father, children, lay down beneath a mesquite bush and died the most horrible of deaths. The bodies, broken water bottles and dead horses were found just as they fell. It is the custom in the desert to bury all bodies and mark the graves with crosses of stone imbedded in the sand. The air on the desert being intensely dry, causes rapid evaporation from the body. Observation proved that nine quarts of water daily was needed by one man to prevent the blood from thickening and becoming feverish. Each mule required twenty gallons daily. One surveyor was without for several hours. He became feverish and light-headed. Lack of water for a few hours longer would have killed him. This was in a shade temperature of 120 degrees, where the air was almost absolutely dry—so that fresh meat, instead of putrifying, simply dries up. At one place the surveyors found the bodies of three prospectors within 100 feet of a natural water that formed in the rocks. To get this water the poor fellows had to climb upward twenty feet or so. Their strength was exhausted. They had been too long without water. And here, with the life-giving fluid just a few feet beyond them, they died. Thirst on the desert is horrible. The victim feels pain between the shoulders. The tongue thickens and feels filled with needle-points. The eyes become painful and, finally, any movement of the body causes excruciating pain. As the blood thickens the brain gives way, and the victim is a raving maniac. Death soon ends the suffering.

Club Life.

Jones—I see some newspaper men have formed a club and called it the Homeless club. Does that mean they have no homes?

Smith—No; it only means that they will be home less than ever now.—Texas Sittings.

Came the Other Way.

Cleverton—Now that you are living in the country, I suppose you have fresh milk every day.

Dashaway—We didn't this morning.

"Why not?"

"The train from town was two hours late."—Life.

PICKINGS FROM THE PRESS.

It would take an express train, running continuously at the rate of 3,000 feet a minute, 283 years to reach the sun from this planet.

The oldest building in New Jersey, Doughty's tavern, near Vineland, was destroyed by fire lately. It was built by John Doughty about 150 years ago.

After consulting with his wife about dying together and his wife's reply that she was not ready, Augustus Neary of Green Lake, Wis., borrowed a rifle and killed himself.

Saint Anthony's body is reported to have been lately stolen from the shrine of Padua, where it was kept, and was found afterward in a neighboring wood, despoiled of its valuable ornaments.

In the provinces of Samara, in Russia, eight peasant farmers recently combined to save the money they owed their laborers; they together employed twenty-one men, and after paying them the wages agreed upon murdered them all as they lay asleep at noon.

FACT AND FANCY.

Mrs. Margaret Ploster, ninety-three years old, of Schenectady, is a bicycle rider.

A project is on foot in Washington to build a hotel in the crater of Mt. Tacoma.

Corner lots on Fleet street, Piccadilly, and other desirable business locations in London are worth \$100,000 a front foot.

Ornhyatekha is the most distinguished member of the Mohawk tribe. He lives in Toronto, and is a practicing physician.

A Boston naturalist with a tuning fork has discovered that crickets chirp in unison, and that their note is E natural.

By order of the archbishop of Canterbury, British postmen are prohibited from delivering mails at his residence on Sunday.

Many of the residents of Rome, Italy, have taken up bicycle riding and can be seen daily traversing the historic streets on their wheels.

Several books of the second and third centuries have leaden leaves. One such, in the British museum, has six leaden leaves, with hinges and a clasp.

A WOMAN'S MERCY.



GRACE DENISON was an extraordinary woman,—people had always said that of her,—and yet not even her dearest friends knew the full extent of her curious nature.

They began to understand her better the day they told her of her husband's sin; that he had, unknown to her, been keeping up another establishment in a distant city, and was deliberately wronging, not only her, but another woman and a nameless babe.

She resented it at first, as any sensible, strong-minded woman would, and called for proof, but when they crowded letters, pictures, bills and papers into her hands she went from their presence like one dazed in brain, and almost beside herself with sorrow.

When she was alone she went over and over the horrible statements of these simple-minded, tattling neighbors, and gradually, through the confusion of agonizing pain, the light of calmer reason penetrated.

He had deceived her, then, all these years, these long, happy years that she had tended the house and basked in the sunshine of his divided affection. She had trusted him implicitly, and his frequent journeys from home had been satisfactorily explained by the necessities of a growing business.

But he had deceived her all the time, he had lied in her ears and smiled, oh, how tenderly, in her eyes during all that period of ignoble action.

Now he was safe in jail—they told her that, these gossips—and the other woman he had so cruelly wronged was lying, cold and silent, in her casket, with her infant folded closely to her breast. He had killed her, they said, but no one knew the circumstances, as the whole case rested on the simple fact that he had been with her the evening before and was the last person seen in her living presence.

When this came to her mind Grace started almost involuntarily, to get her hat and shawl. She must go to him, of course; she was his wife, her place was at his side, and it was her duty to effect his release from this terrible position of disgrace and misery.

Half way across the room she suddenly recollected herself. He was her husband, yes, the ring on her finger, the certificate in the bible told her that; but why should she go to him now when he had wronged her to the extent that was past all human forgiveness?

She looked at one of the pictures in her hand. It was a beautiful picture, the likeness of a fair young girl, and as she looked her eyes filled with tears and her heart seemed paining her worse than ever.

"I suppose I ought to hate you," she murmured sorrowfully, but the face of the young girl only smiled back at her in a merry way, and the tears rolled faster down her cheeks as she laid it carefully among her treasures.

"She was my sister in shame," she said bitterly. "If I have been wronged, so has she. If she has suffered, so shall I, but some day, when we meet in heaven, a bond of love and tender sympathy will make us understand each other."

Then she raised the infant's picture to her lips, and a storm of heavy, bitter sobs swept suddenly from her aching bosom.



"DIE," SHE MUTTERED HOARSELY. "Poor child, poor little one!" she murmured softly. "So you are Charlie's boy, my husband's child, but not mine."

There was a pause for a few moments while a tender memory swept her soul, a pause that came from an overfilled heart and spoke of almost unbearable misery.

The child's picture was laid away with its mother's, and after a brief moment of repugnance, which she conquered with heroic will, she put on her hat and wrap and went forth alone to what she had decided was her solemn duty.

"She has gone to plead for him, to secure his release," some said when she had left the village, and others answered resentfully, "you do not understand the girl; she has gone to see his victim and prove to her own satisfaction the facts which we have told her."

But again the gossips were mistaken in the woman's nature. There was nothing in her face as she went her way to give the lie to any of their theories or conjectures, and whether her errand was for mercy or vengeance, only the developments of the next few days could possibly determine.

Grace Denison stood at last beside the dead, and her anguish of soul was something frightful. To think that this beautiful girl had been so foully wronged—this innocent babe so cru-

elly deprived of even its sacred birth-right, and now both were lying, stricken by the self-same hand, in the sleep that knew no earthly waking.

And that hand was the hand of her own dear husband! The mockery, the cruelty of it came very near overpowering her altogether. But she was a strong woman, we have said; strong in that moral courage which most men lack so deplorably, and which the majority of women possess in only a moderate degree.

She had proven her husband's guilt and treachery. Now it remained to prove his crime. The one was no worse than the other in her eyes. In fact, to kill her might have been a mercy, and so the first great sin seemed overshadowing the other.

She started at last to leave the house and was confronted by the victim's mother. She was an aged woman, very gray, and now so sad that her very soul seemed bowed with horror.

The mother did not know, it seemed. She thought her daughter was the lawful wife and this a wicked interloper. In the very height of agony and scorn she shook her finger in Grace's livid face.

"Be gone!" she said hoarsely. "How dare you profane the presence of the dead?" and Grace Denison, her face flushing hotly, only stood still and thought a second and then went meekly from her presence.

But in that momentary hesitation her plan of mercy was conceived. With the dead girl's face still vividly before her eyes, she hurried to where they were keeping her husband. At first when she saw him he was still the man she loved, the man whose name she bore and whose slightest wish it was her only joy to pamper.

There were tears in her eyes, tears in her voice and tears in her heart when she asked of him the fatal question.

"Charlie," she whispered fondly, "swear to me it is not true, this hideous story that they tell about you. Tell me that I am still your wife, that you love me and that this other fiendish thing is but the wild conception of our tattling neighbors. Tell me—"

There was fear in his eyes and guilt in his soul as he rose at last and tried to face her.

"It is all quite true," he said cautiously. "She was my mistress and I killed her in a fit of passion. I have wronged you and I have got to die, unless—" and he paused for a moment's breath, "unless you forgive me and will try to save me."

With a mighty scorn singing in her heart Grace Denison turned upon her heel and left him there.

"Die!" she muttered hoarsely as she walked away. "Death is too good for such as you, and it is what you have given your innocent victim."

Then when she was alone once more she began to think about the future. What was there left when love was gone? What happiness could soothe her sorrow? To die was peace and blessed rest, to live meant fierce, perpetual anguish.

Why should she be the one to live—she the most innocent of the three, so far as the opinion of the world was concerned. It was almost more than she could bear, this looking forward to the future.

She hurried back to her home, shunning her neighbors on the way and half afraid of harmless strangers. Once inside the door she pulled the ring from her finger and threw it in a distant corner, then jerking the bible from its place she tore to shreds that precious page that proved her sacred, legal marriage.

It had occurred to her that in that distant city no one would know the truth and she might save the dead girl's name even at the price of her own sweet honor.

Was it not her place to undo her husband's evil deeds, and make good his theft of a woman's reputation?

It was the victim's mother that had put it into her head, the fact of her having been taken for the guilty mistress.

To decide was to act, and still silent, still sorrowful, but brave in heart, she left her happy home forever.

Two days later her husband was set free. Grace Denison had sworn that through jealousy she did the wicked deed and then sat meekly in her cell, waiting with some impatience for the fatal day which should bring oblivion to her and condemn the man to perpetual memory.

The Location of Memory.

The memory remains intact and in perfect working order in cases where the left side of the brain is badly diseased, or even if portions of it have been removed. From this the natural inference is that the right side of the brain is the seat of that most remarkable faculty. Lieutenant Brady, who lost a portion of the right side of the brain from a gunshot wound while in Assam, where two-thirds of the officials are negroes, suffered a remarkable lapse of memory. After he had fully recovered he knew and could call by name all his white associates, but the negroes, whom he formerly knew as well as the whites, were perfect strangers to him.

One Woman Member.

Russia's Cross of St. George is given only for bravery on the field of battle, but the order has one woman member, the ex-queen of Naples, who won it by her gallant defense of Gaeta, the last stronghold of the Bourbons in Italy.

Old Bronze Trumpets.

A Copenhagen paper reports an interesting archaeological find on the island Falster—two bronze trumpets, such as were used as sacrifices 2,500 years ago. They are two yards long, and highly adorned.

THEY ARE FIGHTERS.

DOINGS AND MISDOINGS OF THE WILDCAT.

The Savage Forest Pests Take Flyers at a Porcupine, a Yellow Tom Cat, and a Rubber Air Cushion and Is Killed With a Butcher Knife.

A monster wildcat, carrying a hare by the back, bounded into an old log road on Shiny mountain one day last summer a few rods in front of Mr. A. P. Flack, a Boston tourist. Mr. Flack was trudging towards the summit of famous old Shiny to get the grand view, and he said that the sudden appearance of the strange animal startled and excited him so that he involuntarily shouted, "Home with you! Home with you!" half a dozen times. The wildcat evidently didn't exactly understand what Mr. Flack meant, for, instead of continuing to lope along the road ahead of him with its prey, it faced about instantly, glared at him for a moment and then began to growl angrily between its clinched teeth.

Mr. Flack carried on his arm a circular rubber air cushion blown up for immediate use, and, slipping it off, he waved it in the air at the wildcat and ordered the inquisitive brute to "get out." The wildcat flew into a violent rage at the sight of the cushion, and it dropped the hare at once, gave a scream and bounded toward the astonished tourist. Mr. Flack flung the inflated rubber rim at the rampant animal just as its forepaws were in the air, running backward as fast as possible the moment he did so.

The furious wildcat sprang through the round hole in the center of the cushion like a circus rider through a hoop, but it failed to make a clean jump for it, for only its head, shoulders and forelegs went through, and the cushion landed around the middle of its body and stuck there. Mr. Flack said the wildcat was much more astonished than he himself had been a few seconds before, for, instead of keeping up its mad dash toward him, it began to spin and spit and snarl and hiss and bite at the cushion, as though it had struck a snag or run foul of a new-fangled trap. The cushion clung like a belly-band buckled tight, and presently the enraged and affrighted animal went to rolling and tearing up the sod, but to no purpose.

Then it started to whirl and snap and howl again, finally ripping a hole in the cushion with its hind claws. That let the air out, and Mr. Flack, fearing that the wildcat stood a good chance of freeing itself soon, got a hemlock knot and crushed its skull with it.

Mr. Elias C. Nelson of Price township witnessed an interesting battle between two ugly representatives of different branches of the genus fells, writes the New York Sun's correspondent. He was crossing the barrens north of Candensis when he heard a terrific howling as of two tomcats in the backyard at midnight: Creeping toward the spot on his hands and knees among the scrub oaks, Mr. Nelson soon spied a gigantic yellow wild domestic tomcat, locally known as a wood's cat, and a good-sized, stub-tailed, tom wildcat glaring, and spitting, and snarling at one another on a barren place. The belligerent brutes were a few feet apart, and were lashing their tails spitefully. A dead pheasant that lay on the ground about midway between them was the bone of contention.

The yellow tomcat reached out a claw as if to take in the pheasant, and the wildcat sprang towards him and made him draw back. This was repeated back and forth many times, the cats continuing to growl at one another, and the bird wasn't touched. At length the yellow cat seized the pheasant and undertook to run off with it. The wildcat flew at the yellow one, and the latter dropped the pheasant, sprang upon the wildcat's back, clawed out a lot of hair and sprang upon a bowlder, from which it was quickly driven by its fiery antagonist.

They fought all around the bowlder till tufts of gray and yellow hair lay thick on the ground, when finally the wildcat got the yellow fellow in limbo and ripped his entrails out. Then the wildcat began to sniff around the pheasant and Mr. Nelson killed him with a bullet.

While searching the woods for ginseng roots one day the Misses Nancy and Nabbe Harding, twin daughters of Mr. R. M. Harding, of Kitchen's creek, came across a wildcat that was worrying the life out of a porcupine. The wild cat kept in front of the harmless little animal with quills, and every little while it would give the porcupine a dab on the snout with its paw that made the porcupine cry out piteously. Once the porcupine started to climb a tree while the wildcat's attention was attracted away from it. It had ascended several feet before the wildcat spied it, whelp its fierce tormentor ran up the trunk of the opposite side till it had got some distance above it. Then the wildcat backed down to the porcupine, got one of its hind claws under its chin, kicked it loose from the tree, and started in again to tease it.

The young women were brought up in a region where wild animals are quite plentiful, and they have been taught not to run when they see a bear or a wildcat, so they shouted at the cruel brute, thinking to drive it away. With the exception of glaring at them savagely for a moment, the wildcat paid no heed to their voices. It continued to torment the porcupine, and the little creature's cries of pain became so frequent and pitiful that the young women made up their minds to try to rescue it.

Each had a butcher-knife to dig

roots with, and they ran up and shook their weapons at the wildcat. The brute was hungry for blood, and it dashed at Miss Nabbe with a growl. She jumped to one side and drove her knife into its neck, and a moment later Miss Nancy stabbed it in the lungs. The wounded brute spun around swiftly, as though it had been caught in a whirlwind, and threw blood on the brave girls, but it had been done for and it soon keeled over and died. The porcupine had not been fatally hurt, and the young women carried its dead tormentor to the house. It weighed nineteen pounds.

A SOCIETY TERRIER.

Description of a Saucy Little Doggie That Is in High Feather.

A little terrier, with an abnormally large head and a merriment of a tail, and coarse, iron-gray hair standing in sort of half-curlics all over his long, low body, is the very most recent and precious acquisition of the society girl. She tells you she had him especially imported for her delectation from Scotland, and that she gladly paid five pound ten for his homely little dogship; all because, you know, small, wire-haired canines are, in milliners' language, the mode this season. Of course no one knows the reason, and some finikin persons dislike to touch the shaggy terriers, because in spite of many washings, they rarely look clean. But if a pretty girl can cosset a pug, there is no reason why she shouldn't pet the distressingly plain little terriers she buys at so high a price, says the New York Advertiser. So strong is the demand for wire-haired dogs that the great, gawky, ferocious Russian wolf-hounds are being bred for rich purchasers. They are muscular and intelligent, as are all these queer-coated dogs, and are able watchdogs; yet, for all their virtues, they are kept on the lawn for picturesque effect, while Master Scotchman finds a cosy nook in the corner of a soft lace-adorned arm. Next in order of favor among dog-loving women is the wire-haired fox-terrier, and all these animals wear collars of gray or dark red leather, bearing four separate silver plates. On one is engraved his name and the name of his mistress' country house; on the second the date of his birth; on the third appears his mistress' coat of arms and on the fourth his mistress' own name.

Why They Had to Fight.

This anecdote of Bismarck is related in a recent volume of memoirs: "The war of 1870-71 was not desired by Prussia. We were prepared for it; knowing the French, we regarded it as certain some day or other. They had beaten the Russians in the Crimea, the Austrians in Italy; our turn must come. War on the Rhine was fated, all the more because we had been the victors at Sedan. In 1867, being at Paris with the king, my master, on the occasion of the exhibition, I made the acquaintance of a French marshal—Vaillant. . . . I believe; he was governor of Paris. We chatted. He said to me: 'We shall cross bayonets some day.' 'Very well, if you like. But, if you please, why?' 'Because we are cocks, and one cock does not like to hear another crow louder than himself. At Sedan you crowed too loud.'—Argonaut.

Wanted to Make Sure. Mr. Ruben Ranchley, in the office of Title insurance company—Do you guarantee titles here.

Manager—Yes, sir; we do, beyond dispute.

Mr. Ruben Ranchley—Wal; my gal is goin' ter marry some dook who wants about half a million settled on him in advance. So I guess I'll let you draw up the settlement and guarantee the title.—Truth.

INTERESTING ITEMS.

The standard encyclopedia used by the Chinese consists of 5,020 portly volumes.

Stamp duties yield the British government \$60,000,000 a year. They are levied on legacies, insurance, deeds, bills and receipts.

A hog discovered a large owl in a Georgia farm yard. The owl was blinded by the sun and the hog cornered it and killed it.

The tallest man of whom there is authenticated measurements was Funnam of Scotland, who was eleven feet and six inches in height.

Japan has been afflicted by fewer internal revolutions than any other nation, the existing government having held unbroken sway for 2,500 years.

The only clothing materials used in Madagascar are silk and rofa cloth. The latter is spun from a fiber taken from a native plant and is seldom exported.

The brain of man is most highly convoluted of that of any animal in the world. The lower the animal in the scale of intelligence, the smoother the brain.

There were 2,143 disinterments in the city of Philadelphia last year, which causes a cynical Chicagoan to remark that the people wanted to get into a livelier graveyard.

Sir John Lubbock is authority for the statement that a single bee, with all its industry, energy and innumerable journeys will not collect more than a single teaspoonful of honey during a season.

The agriculturists of France have declared that, after many experiments, it has been found that the grafting of American grape vines with French cuttings does not yield satisfactory results.

A German text-book quotes the following warning, example of a mixed metaphor: "The modest violet of faith blooms most brilliantly when the hammer strokes of fate have evoked from it bright sparks on the anvil of the heart."

THIS OLD COUNTRY.

Good times or bad times, we're with this country still—
With her on the mountain top, or sliding down the hill!
Don't care how corn's a sellin'—if cotton's high or low,
This old country, brethren, is the best one that we know!
Good times or bad times, we're with this country still—
Every time we feel her shake, we have a friendly chill!
Don't care how things is goin'—nor how the tempests blow,
This here old country, brethren, is the best one that we know!
—Atlanta Constitution.

MARY VERNER'S ROMANCE.



HEAVY curtains of darkness were swiftly enveloping the Great White canyon. Mary Verner pulled down the little window of the postoffice of which she was the mistress, swept the contents of the narrow counter into a drawer, which she locked, then, pinning a broad-leaved hat above the brown curls that clustered about her brow, she passed out of her log cabin into the fresh, sweet, evening air.

As she reached the low fence which ran before her house a hurried footstep sounded through the gathering gloom, and a man's voice said:

"Is that you, Mary, my girl? You look little more than a ghost under the shadow of those bushes."

The girl—young and slender and graceful as a fawn—ran out into the lonely road.

"You've kept your promise, dear—est, and come to see me," she cried, as she threw herself into the arms of her lover.

Reuben Halse kissed the red lips so frankly offered him before he spoke.

"Yes, Mary, I've kept my promise, but I've come to say 'good-by'."

"Good-by—good-by? You're going away? You're going to leave me—your sweetheart—your wife that is to be?" She clasped her arms closely about him and trembled like a leaf.

"My dear little girl, don't cry—don't grieve. You've been my sweetheart, faithful and true, but we can never marry."

The strong man's voice broke and died into silence.

"Go on; tell me the worst," sobbed the girl in his arms.

"Listen, dear. You know that lately things have gone wrong with me. The bit of money I'd saved for our wedding in the fall was stolen, and then the cabin I'd built for you down by the Blue Pools was burnt. Still there was the farm stock and your little purse of savings left, but the drought has killed the stock and—oh, Mary, how can I tell you?"

Mary drew apart from her lover and steadied her trembling form against the garden fence.

"Some one has robbed you of the money I gave you. Oh! my poor boy—!" She stretched forth her pitying hands toward the man before her, who only bowed his head and shuffled his feet in the thick white dust.

"Tell me, Reuben, tell me how it happened. Ah, surely you are not thinking I shall blame you for such a misfortune," and once more she crept to his side.

But Reuben thrust her from him.

"'Twas no misfortune; 'twas a crime. Four little savings, those few coins you've starved and scraped to keep, lie there."

He pointed with his lean, brown hand down the canyon to where, amidst a dense mass of foliage, a few lights twinkled.

Mary staggered.

"Down there? At Ffolliott's?"

"Aye, lass—at Ffolliott's! I lost it all at faro last night."

For a moment no sound but the evening breeze whispering among the creepers and bushes and the harsh note of a night bird broke the silence. Then a woman's voice, tender and low and full of tears, murmured; "Rube, dear Rube, I forgive you."

Reuben Halse flung his arms above his head and gave a little cry.

"Don't, Mary, don't! I rather you would strike me!"

The stars twinkled their diamond eyes on the man and girl as they said farewell. For Reuben had settled to leave the canyon that night.

"Bill Redfern, One-Eyed Sammy and Joe the Portuguese are going, too. We're all broke, and may as well starve out there," and he waved his hand toward the wide forest land of Arizona, "as in this canyon here. Don't sob so, my girl, you'll break my heart. I'm not worth a tear from your pretty eyes or a choke in your white throat. But, Mary, you might pray for me sometimes, and when you're married to a good chap as don't go to Ffolliott's and neglect his farm for the tables and the bar, think of me, who loved you, but was not worthy to have you."

One kiss on her brow, then a clatter of galloping hoofs, and Mary Verner was free to go back into her log cabin and sob out her heart till the dawn.

Reuben Halse and his companion had left the Great White canyon for a

week. Mary's cheeks, never very full of color, had grown pale and heavy, and blue lines beneath her large eyes told of sleepless nights and many tears.

Yet, Paul Harding—"Beauty" Paul, as he was called in the canyon—thought he had never seen Mary so lovely, as he clattered up to the door of the postoffice one morning, and asked the young postmistress if there was anything for him.

He watched, with his handsome dark eyes, her small white fingers go through the letters lying on the counter before her.

But she finally shook her head.

"Nothing for you to-day."

Yet Paul seemed loath to go. He pulled his long, tawny mustache, jingled his spurred boots upon the floor, and continued to stare through the pigeon-hole window at the girl, as she ditted about her usual business.

"Anything I can do for you?" she asked him presently.

"No," Paul said slowly, taking in every detail of the girl's pretty figure, clad in a cotton frock of gentian blue. "But might I speak to you one minute—privately?"

"You can say what you've got to say where you are."

He stared silently, first at his boots, and as his eyes wandered up they lit on the snowy shelves of bright and simple utensils and shining saucepans which lined the walls.

"How different you keep your place from what a man's shanty is—"

But she stayed his compliments.

"You live down by the Blue Pools, don't you?"

"Yes, next to Reuben Halse till his place was burnt out and he came into my shanty. I saw Rube three days back."

"You saw Rube?" Mary clasped her hands above her heart.

"Yes. He and his chums passed through Long Tom's ranch. I've been out there this two months past helping him brand and count the cattle. Rube told me that you and he had parted and the reason why. He asked me to look after you a bit. You see, we'd been good pals, and I'd like to do him a turn when he's gone under. You will let me look after you now and again, won't you, for Rube's sake?"

The handsome cowboy, straight as a dart, tall and strong as a giant, clad in the picturesquely rough clothes of his calling, bent like a reed before the tiny blue-clad figure of the post-mistress, who laid a slender white hand in his great palm and lifted her violet eyes to his dark ones.

"Surely, Paul Harding, for Rube's sake, you may look after me when I can't look after myself."

With that soft glance burning in his brain and those gentle words pulsing in his ears, "Beauty" Paul swung himself into his peaked saddle and sent his horse full speed down the hill to Ffolliott's saloon.

It was for Rube's sake that the following Sunday Paul dressed himself in his best, brought a little two-wheeled cart, gay with bells and bright colors, to Mary's door and asked her to drive out with him.

The day was fair, and "Beauty" Paul amused her with stories of Rube, and when they came to an end he told her of his own home, in the heart of a green county in England. He made her laugh with his tales of college life, and shudder with his description of the campaign in Egypt, which he had gone through. Only he did not tell her how he, an English gentleman and a gallant officer, came to be loafing and drinking and gambling away his days and his health in the Great White canyon. Paul Harding—degraded as he was, and lacking in reverence for women—at least had too much respect for the little post-mistress to tell her that black page in his life.

The day was an entire success, but it left a bitter after-taste in Mary's mouth when she heard the next morning that Paul had spent the night at Ffolliott's, drinking and brawling till dawn.

The next Sunday Mary shut herself within her log cabin, and neither the blue sky nor the gay cart and smartly caparisoned horse nor "Beauty" Paul himself could wheedle her out. She would not be seen, she said sternly, with one of Ffolliott's lot. She, however, relented and forgave him on his promise to amend for her sake.

As weeks and months went by, and the green of the canyon changed to red and gold, Paul found that, if he was to "look after" Mary, he had to give up the saloon.

And, indeed, for a space, Ffolliott's knew him not; till one October morning his allowance—the money which bought his family freedom from his disgraceful presence—arrived from England. For the next week Ffolliott's was a pandemonium, with the "Beauty" as presiding demon.

Mary heard of it and refused to speak to or look at him. Then it was that he flung himself before her one day, and prayed her to save him from that from which he was powerless to save himself—from drink and dice and bad companions. And she did what other good women have done before her and will do again. She placed her hand in his and, with her heart full of Rube Halse, she promised to marry Paul—for his soul's sake.

All through that long, bitter winter she held to her promise. At Christmas he broke her control, and she did not speak to him for days, but she ended by forgiving. When he was with Mary he vowed not to set foot in Ffolliott's again, never to taste another drop of whisky, nor look at a card. But once beyond the sound of her low voice, the touch of her small hand, and his resolutions melted like the winter snows.

The eve of their marriage day arrived and with it Paul's allowance from England. The occasion and the opportunity suggested a carouse and Paul informed the "boys" he would

be standing treat at Ffolliott's that night for the last time. The bar was soon crowded, for the "Beauty" was just the song-singer, yarn-teller, whisky-drinking scamp who would be popular among the wild crew, especially as he stood treat so long as the bartender would stand him.

Paul was full of liquor—he had drunk Mary's health with every man in the place—and he was also full of luck for once in a way. A pile of gold lay before him on the table and he was just proposing another round in Mary's honor, when Bill Redfern strode in and was greeted with a shout of "Halloo, Bill, you back! What luck, pard?"

"Luck, my lads! I leave luck to fools and deadbeats. I've been working and, thank God, I've worked for something. I've put my sweat and muscle into the ground and I've struck ore! None of your dust or pockets, but a vein as broad as an ox's back and as long as a river, and so I've come back with Rube—"

Paul looked up with a start. His eyes flashed and he seemed to grow sober in a moment as the situation presented itself. Here was he drunk in a gambling hell on the eve of his marriage with Mary and Rube had come back.

"What did you say?" he muttered.

"I said Rube and I had come back. But don't let me disturb the game."

"The game is up!" cried Paul with an oath as he struck the table and made the money jingle.

"Had bad luck, eh?" said Bill. "Sorry for you."

"Keep your sorrow to yourself and your partner, Reuben Halse."

"Come, come," said Bill, good humoredly, have a drink; I'm standing treat, and as to Rube, here's his health and Mary's!"

"I'm standing treat!" shouted Paul, springing up. "Have a drink with me!" And with this he flung his liquor in Bill's face and made a rush at him.

A pistol flashed, a pale blue puff of smoke died in the hot air, and "Beauty" Paul lay stone dead on Ffolliott's floor.

Some of them went up to the post-office to break the news to Mary. There was a light in the window, and by it they saw Rube and she sitting talking. Quietly, and with bowed heads, they left the cottage and returned to Ffolliott's without fulfilling their mission.

Next day a rough-and-ready jury, having reconsidered all the circumstances of the case and with due appreciation of Bill Redfern's well known prowess as a dead shot, decided that Paul had courted on purpose a certain death, and they returned a verdict of "suicide while of unsound mind."—Chicago Times.

WISE WORDS.

A rogue is a roundabout fool.—Coleridge.

Rank and riches are chains of gold, but still chains.—Ruffini.

Of all virtues, justice is the best; valor without it is a pest.—Waller.

In the meanest hut is a romance, if you but knew the hearts there.—Van Ense.

Clear writers, like clear fountains, do not seem so deep as they are.—Lander.

What is birth to a man if it be a stain to his dead ancestors to have left such an offspring.—Sir P. Sidney.

There is as much responsibility in imparting your own secrets as in keeping those of your neighbor.—Darley.

Enough; here is a world of love; no more we ask to know; the hand will guide thy ways above that shaped thy task below.—O. W. Holmes.

Gloom and sadness are poison to us, the origin of hysterics, which is a disease of the imagination caused by vexation and supported by fear.—Sevigne.

Men perished in winter winds till one smote fire from flintstones coldly hiding what they held, the red spark treasured from the kindling sun.—Edwin Arnold.

Perhaps some habitant of far-off star, born to the heritage of loftier powers, although we cannot scan his glowing world, yet surveys ours.—M. E. W. Sherwood.

Not by appointment do we meet delight or joy; they heed not our expectancy; but 'round some corner of the street of life, they on a sudden greet us with a smile.—Gerald Massey.

Should one tell you that a mountain had changed its place, you are at liberty to doubt it; but if any one tells you that a man has changed his character, do not believe it.—Machamet.

I join behavior with learning, because it is almost as necessary; and they should always go together for their mutual advantage. Mere learning without good breeding is pedantry, and good breeding without learning is but frivolous; whereas, learning adds solidity to good breeding, and good breeding gives charms and graces to learning.—Chesterfield.

Difficult Railway Building.

The Siberian railway has now been opened to Omsk, 2200 miles from St. Petersburg, and it is possible to go from one place to the other in four and a half days. In building part of the line the men had often to carry their food with them, and sometimes had to be lowered in baskets in order to prepare the track. In draining a bog sixty miles wide, both engineers and men had for some time to live in huts built on piles, which could be approached only in boats. Mosquitoes were so plentiful that the men had to wear masks, of which 4000 were bought for the purpose.—Literary Digest.

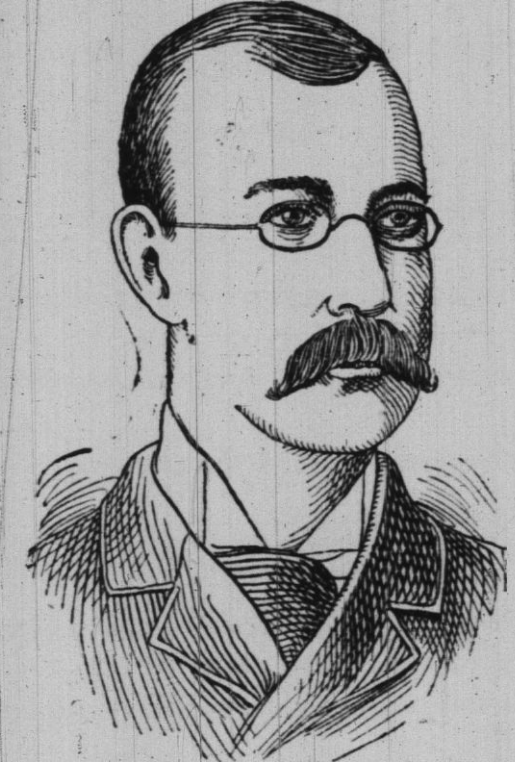
TWO NEW GOVERNORS.

EXECUTIVES ELECT OF COLORADO AND CONNECTICUT.

The Man who Beat Waite is Said to Be a Model Public Servant—Coffin Who Surprised the Electors in the Nutmeg State.



THERE WILL BE plenty of fresh timber among the new governors to be inaugurated in January. The state of Colorado, one of those in which the populists were beaten, will place Albert W. McIntire in the gubernatorial chair on Jan. 15 to succeed Gov. Waite. The governor-elect has a good working record behind him say his partisans. His public record is one term as county judge of Conejos county, and one term as district judge. His private record is said to be one long chain of public enterprises. Mr. McIntire was born in Pittsburg, Pa., forty-one years ago, and is of Scotch and Irish parentage. He graduated from Yale in 1875, and



was admitted to the bar in the east. He came to Denver next year and in 1890 went southwest, and helped to build up the San Luis valley. He there made such a study of water rights among San Luis farmers that when in later years he was nominated for the position of county judge, no one was named to run against him. It 1890 Gov. Routt appointed him judge of the Twelfth judicial district. Mr. McIntire has a home ranch which is a model in every particular.

Perhaps no more surprising victories were attained in any state than in that of Connecticut, where, with only one or two exceptions, the entire republican ticket was elected. It will be remembered that the election laws of Connecticut are unique, in that it requires a majority of the entire votes cast to elect its governor. This peculiar method has frequently necessitated an election by the legislature. Vincent O. Coffin, who will take the gubernatorial chair, Jan. 9, is the first republican governor elected by the people in about fifteen years. Mr. Coffin, who succeeds Gov. Luzon P. Morris, democrat, is a native of New York state, and was born at Mansfield, Dutchess county, June 30, 1836. It was his marriage to Miss Coe of Middletown in 1859 that caused his removal to Connecticut. Mr. Coffin has twice been mayor of Middletown, and twice state senator for Twenty-second dis-



trict, having been elected in a strong democratic district. He is a highly respected member of society, and is president of the Middlesex assurance company.

Used the Bible for a Weapon.

William Cantwell of Springfield, Ohio, formerly an inmate of an asylum, went crazy at a prayer meeting the other evening at Daleville, Ohio. In giving his experience he became excited, and, rushing to the pulpit, jumped upon the stand where the Bible lay, and, gesticulating wildly, began yelling at the top of his voice. Finally, while the people were hurrying from the church, he picked up the Bible and hit the sexton, who was trying to extinguish the lights. Some one threw a piece of coal, hitting him on the head. The insane man jumped down and was finally caught and taken to London and placed in jail.

This Cat Has Three Eyes.

A cat with three eyes is owned by the Jenkins family of Leesville, Ohio. Two of the eyes are in the usual places, but the third is behind the left ear. The animal is an excellent mouser and can watch before and behind.

GEORGE W. REA.

Death of One of the Most Noted Trappers of His Time.

George W. Rea, who died recently at Blackfoot, Idaho, aged 85 years, was once the greatest hunter and trapper that ever lived in Pennsylvania. Forty years ago game got too scarce for him in the Pennsylvania woods, and he went to the Rocky Mountains, where long ago he got to be one of the famous hunters on the wide and wild ranges of the great west. He turned his hand to Indian hunting as well. His courage, bravery and skill in woodcraft attracted the attention of Col. Miner Roberts, chief engineer of the Northern Pacific railway, when the first survey for that road was made through the trackless regions of the northwest and Rea was made the guide for the engineering party. When he wanted to go out and stock up the camps with game, Capt. Ball, who had charge of the soldiers guarding the workmen against the Indians, provided him with military escort. While the soldiers watched for Indians, Rea got the elk, antelope, bear, or whatever game he was after, as fast as the soldiers could skin them.

LEPROSY IN DAKOTA.

The Dreaded Disease Breaks Out in a Swedish Community.

A case of Asiatic leprosy has been discovered in the western part of Grand Forks county, North Dakota. The victim is Jens Olsen, a Swedish boy 17 years old, an orphan, who has been cared for by an uncle. When the doctor discovered the disease the uncle turned the boy out of doors. The county commissioner took him to the hospital, but the waiters, cooks and employes refused to remain, although assured that the disease was not contagious or infectious. The commissioner finally had a small cabin built for him on a farm, and he will be kept there alone.

GEORGE H. NOONAN.

First Republican Congressman Ever Chosen in Texas.

George H. Noonan, who has just been elected to congress from the Twelfth Congressional district of Texas, is the first republican elected to congress from the Lone Star state since the days of reconstruction. Judge Noonan is a notable man in many respects. He was born in the town of Caldwell, N. J., in 1828, and went to Texas in 1851 and settled at Castroville, a town west of San Antonio. He was a Unionist during the war, and had many exciting experiences with his Confederate neighbors. He has served continuously for thirty years as



district judge, and is regarded as a very able jurist. He is a brother of ex-Mayor Noonan of St. Louis.

Emperor's Electric Carriage.

Electricity is being curiously applied to a new carriage just built for the German emperor. It is provided with electric lamps, which contain small accumulators. One is placed on the breast of each horse, also on the point of the pole of the carriage; at the sides and at the rear of the vehicle. Thus distributed they will make the route at night as bright as at noonday for a distance of about fifty paces from the equipage, while the vehicle itself, with its occupants, will remain in perfect darkness.

Daughter of a Bishop.

Bishop Potter's right hand man, his reliable secretary and often sage counselor, is his daughter Sarah. Like the energetic children of an energetic father, the daughters of the bishop of New York have all adopted matrimony



MISS SARAH POTTER.

or some special line of philanthropic work with almost masculine vigor and efficiency. Miss Sarah chose the task of helping her father, and to be of actual assistance she learned both stenography and typewriting. There are appointed hours for her in her father's office, where she takes correspondence and visitors in hand with all the capabilities of an expert office woman whose living depends upon the work.

The Women Know Best.

Much comment has been caused by the official reports of the United States and Canadian governments, in which are presented the evidences of the superior strength, purity and wholesomeness of the Royal Baking Powder. It is true that the good housewife looks upon commendations of the Royal Baking Powder from scientists and official sources such as these very much like "the gilding of refined gold." Her practical experience long since taught her in the most convincing way the great usefulness and superiority of the Royal article. A higher proof than this she does not want and cannot have. Yet it is pleasant for her to realize that the facts established by these great competitive tests, these scientific examinations made under direction of the Government, exactly parallel those she had before worked out in her own common-sense practical way.

It does not appear that any baking powder, when presented in competition with the Royal, either at the Government tests or before World's Fair juries, has ever received favor or award over the Royal or made an equal showing in purity, strength or wholesomeness.

Paid for a Joke.

An English writer tells the story of his first sixpence, which he earned by an unpremeditated joke. His father had been for twenty-seven years engaged in a suit in chancery, and had just gained his cause. The expenses of the suit, however, had swallowed up the entire estate, the residue being merely three shillings and sixpence. The writer says:

My father ranged the seven sixpences on our breakfast table. "My boy," said he, "see what comes of going to law in Great Britain! Your mother has told you that I have won my suit in chancery?"

"Yes, papa."

"Well, then, look! That is all I get of it," and he pointed grimly at the sixpences.

I opened wide my eyes. "All you get of the whole suit?" I echoed, with a puzzled air, convinced that a suit in chancery was composed, as other suits are, of a coat, waistcoat and trousers.

"Why, papa, those are only the buttons!"

It was this deplorable joke that earned me my sixpence, for my father, laughing, tossed me one across the table, and I rushed off with it like a dog pelted with a bone.

The Best Magazine and the Cheapest.

In the present increase of cheap magazines it is well to remember that those which retail at ten cents are sold at but a few cents above the cost of the paper and printing. Judged by mere bulk they contain hardly half the amount of reading matter that is found in the larger magazines, and however interesting they may be, the features that have made the American magazines, and especially "The Century," famous throughout the world, are not possible in these lower priced periodicals. Among these features are great historical and biographical works such as the "War Papers," upon which there was expended for text and illustration some \$200,000; the "Life of Lincoln," for the right to publish which in "The Century Magazine" the authors were paid \$50,000; the "Autobiography of Joseph Jefferson," etc. Paper and printing are only two of many items of cost which go into such a magazine as "The Century."

In a line with its other great enterprises The Century Co. is now beginning what is pronounced

"THE BEST LIFE OF NAPOLEON YET"

It is by Professor William M. Sloane, and is not a mere series of reproductions of prints and pictures, but a historical work of the first importance. Professor Sloane has been engaged upon it for years, much of the time having been spent by him in France, where he had access to the national archives; and all the recently discovered memoirs and reminiscences have been at his disposal. To illustrate this great history The Century Co. have made special arrangements with many modern artists for the exclusive reproduction of masterpieces of modern art relating to Napoleon, and in addition, there will be original drawings made directly for the magazine by a great number of French and American artists.

This is only one of many features for the coming year. In addition, such a magazine as "The Century" finds it possible in its paper, printing and general typographical excellence to preserve the best traditions of the art of book-making, and each number of the magazine, selling for thirty-five cents, contains well-printed and convenient form an amount of literary and art material which could not be secured in ordinary book form for less than five dollars. The highest standard of "The Century" in all its departments will be more than maintained during the coming year. Can you afford to be without such an educational influence in your household?

Too Nice for an Athlete.

A "dude," who had never earned his bread by the perspiration of his brow, went into a shop in Detroit, according to the Free Press, and stood wearily before the counter.

"I want to purchase a perspirer," he said in a ladylike voice, as the clerk came up.

"A what?" asked the clerk.

"A perspirer," repeated the customer; "one of those," he added, pointing to what he wanted.

"Oh," said the clerk, "you mean a sweater," and he sold him one at the regular price.

The production of iron in the United States in 1893 was 11,587,662 gross tons, against 16,296,666 tons in 1892, a decrease of 4,709,037 tons.

My Wife's Nerves

Are weak and she suffers terribly from nervousness, headache and loss of sleep. Such is the testimony of many a man. The poor, tired woman is suffering from impure and impoverished blood. Her food does not digest. She is living on her nerves, because her strength is gone. Her nerves and muscles

Need Strengthening

By the use of Hood's Sarsaparilla, which makes pure, rich blood, creates an appetite, and gives tone to all the organs of the body. This is not what we say, it is what Hood's Sarsaparilla does. "My wife began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla about three months ago. She has been in poor health for 15 years. Hood's is doing her good. Her appetite is better, she looks better and there has been improvement in every way." J. W. ROBERTSON, Greenfield, Tenn.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Be sure to get
HOOD'S
Cures

Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner Pills, assist digestion, prevent constipation.

"CALL HER DOUSCHKA"

SAID THE CZARINA WHEN MISS PICKENS WAS NAMED.

Romantic Story of the Daughter of Minister Pickens—Born in the Imperial Palace of the Romanoffs—Was a Court Pet.



HE RECENT death of the czar of Russia brings to mind the fact that he was intimately associated with one of the most remarkable diplomatic incidents connected with any country. It was the part played in great na-

tional affairs by an infant—an American infant—and the only alien ever born in the imperial palace of Russia. In 1856 Francis W. Pickens, the brilliant young senator from South Carolina, married Miss Louise Holcomb, then the most beautiful and cultivated, graceful and popular woman in Washington society. She was a Texan, of an old Virginia family of wealth, and had received the highest culture then thought necessary for a woman, attending the leading institutions in this country and Europe. She was the favorite of President Buchanan, and he appointed young Pickens minister to St. Petersburg in 1857. Mrs. Pickens created a sensation immediately on her arrival at the court of the Romanoffs by her grace, brilliancy, easy and amiable manners, and her artless, democratic lack of conventionality. It was a surprise to the assembled courtiers of Europe to see a woman throw aside that social caste which binds a Russian in social bonds closer than those that hold a Hindoo, and yet be petted and encouraged in this by the empress and emperor. She completely won the hearts and close friendship of Empress Maria and Alexander II. In 1868, just before the birth of the daughter of Minister and Mrs. Pickens, the empress and emperor insisted that the American minister make his home in the imperial palace with the Czarowitz Nicholas. And the empress exacted a promise that she should be god-mother to the child and should have the privilege of giving it one of its names, and that it should be called and known by the name she gave it. When a beautiful, golden-haired, hazel-eyed little girl opened her eyes for the first time in this world they were dazzled by all the splendor that gleams and glares in an eastern palace, and her ears were first saluted by a salvo of artillery and the distant boom of cannons and by the blare of trumpets, for a national salute had been ordered fired and the imperial band ordered to play in honor of the occasion. Never before nor since had such honor been paid to an alien child. And when the day for the christening came there was anxiety in the hearts of mother and father, for, in addition to the names they were to bestow on their little girl, was to be one yet unknown to them and by which they had agreed to call the child. The ceremony took place in the Imperial chapel and was performed by the Metropolitan of the Greek church—the first ceremony of the kind in that chapel for a foreigner. At the impressive moment when the bishop took the dimpled and smiling young southerner in his arms and asked, "Please name this child?" Mr. Pickens gave the names by which she was to be christened and then turned to the empress. All was hushed and amid the solemn silence the empress said in a clear and distinct voice:

"Her name shall be 'Douschka.' There was a murmur of admiration and pleasure from all present, and the young mother turned with tearful eyes toward the empress, and the latter astonished all of the assembled royalty by pulling the head of the minister's wife down, placing an arm around her neck and kissing her. 'Douschka,' means 'Sweet Little Darling.' It was the personal friendship and influence of Minister Pickens and his wife (mostly the latter) that brought about those close and amicable relations between the United States and Russia, the liberality of which astonished all the world, and which have been main-



DOUSCHKA PICKENS AT 22.

tained to this day. And little 'Douschka' was in no small way responsible for a large part of this friendly influence. Around her infant neck was hung a richly bejeweled miniature of the czar and czarina, which she sacredly kept until her death. The czar at the time of her birth occupied the imperial palace with his brother, and was a careless, free-hearted, truthful youth, who never dreamed of becoming the czar. Many was the romp he had with Douschka. And when she married Dr. Dugas of Augusta, Ga., some years ago he sent her a massive, richly carved silver set and a portrait of his father,

with a most loving letter of congratulation. In 1860, at the same election that made Mr. Lincoln president of the United States, Minister Pickens was elected governor of South Carolina. He hastened to resign his diplomatic office and return home, with his wife and daughter, to assume the governor's office in the state of his ancestors. And when the message was sent in reply to an inquiry from Gen. T. G. Beauregard to fire on Fort Sumter, it is said that the fingers of 3-year-old Douschka pressed the button that sent the fatal reply. Thus were her infantile ears, that had been first saluted by the splendid boom of peaceful cannon in honor of her birth, startled in her own country by the roar of cannon that should be the signal guns for a civil war whose like had never been in the world, and the echoes of whose shots would not cease to reverberate in the corridors of time for a thousand years.

The City of Odessa.

Odessa, which is frequently described as the Liverpool of Russia, and which in point of trade and prosperity ranks as the most important city of the empire, has just been celebrating the centennial anniversary of its foundation. Built on territory ceded to Russia by Turkey in 1793, the foundations of the present city were laid in 1794, and when, at the beginning of the century, the French emigre, the Duc de Richieu, arrived upon the scene to assume his duties as governor-general—a post to which he had been appointed by Emperor Alexander—there were only 400 houses and about 6,000 inhabitants in the place. To-day the population is over 500,000, of whom no less than 150,000 are Hebrews, and there is no city in the empire more bountifully endowed with magnificent public buildings, or where the inhabitants are possessed of greater wealth, mostly amassed by commerce.

About Mrs. "Fred" Vanderbilt.

Mrs. Frederick Vanderbilt, or "Mrs. Fred," as she is endearingly termed by her intimates, is the prettiest of the Vanderbilts. She is also the youngest. She is tall and slender, with pretty blonde hair and blue eyes. She has beautiful hands, of which she takes very great care, wearing gloves upon all possible occasions. Although she entertains elegantly, it is not frequently that she gives dinners, teas or receptions. There is one entertainment which she instituted a few years ago at Newport which always takes place when August comes round. It



MRS. "FRED" VANDERBILT is the reception to Mrs. Bottoms and the King's Daughters. Most of Mrs. Vanderbilt's charities are done so quietly and unostentatiously that the outside world knows little about them.

Flew Into the Pan.

A big turkey gobbler escaped from one of the down town groceries in Anderson, Ind., the other night, and roosted on a two-story residence. The next morning he flew down and hit the big ten-by-ten foot plate glass in the Hotel Anderson front center. He went through like a flash, leaving a hole which, by after measurement, showed that it was not large enough for his body to pass through. It was a clean cut—as though a bullet had passed through—and the glass was not cracked in any other place. Strange to say that while the glass was a third of an inch thick, the gobbler was not in the least injured. Local scientists are unable to solve the mystery.

A Bullet in His Head Thirty Years.

The case of George Sackett, of Adair county, Iowa, a veteran in the civil war, from whose head Dr. Sampson, removed a minie ball Thursday, is an exceptional one. For thirty years he carried in his head a minie ball weighing nearly an ounce. The exact location of the ball was never known until the day of the removal. It never bothered Sackett, until recently, when an abscess formed in the nasal passage and the discharge from the nose became irritating. This enabled the doctor to locate the ball in the fleshy part of the head back of the eye near the nasal passage. The operation performed was successful and Sackett experienced no serious results.

About Stuttering.

It is safe to say that out of every 1,000 children in the Boston schools, seven stutter or stammer. Of all boys in schools, 1.12 per cent are stutters, while only .42 per cent of all girls stutter. This is in accord with observations of European experts, who say that three or four times as many boys as girls stutter habitually.

Wants the Whipping Post.

Commodore Elbridge T. Gerry addressed the final session of the convention of the humane societies in favor of introducing the whipping post into the State of New York, to be used especially in the punishment of those who are cruel to children.

Awkward.

During the progress of the search expedition in the Sinaitic desert for Prof. E. H. Palmer, who, with his two English companions, was basely murdered by native tribes, a strict watch was kept about the camp at night to avoid a surprise from the treacherous Arabs. The search party consisted of three Englishmen and their escort, composed mainly of Bedouins. The author of "Man-Hunting in the Desert" relates an incident connected with the night guard.

One of our number, being little inclined to sleep, strayed somewhat away from the camp into the moonlight, when he was suddenly approached by one of the Bedouin sentries, who, bringing his Remington rifle to his shoulder, presented the muzzle at our friend, and shouted some challenge in Arabic. The victim of this display of vigilance grasped the situation, and at once realized his danger. Not a word of Arabic could he recall, and the fellow was liable to shoot the next instant.

"Here, you fellow! Don't be a fool! Don't shoot!" the Englishman shouted. The Bedouin understood not a word of this, but remained motionless, finger to trigger, the moon plainly revealing the precision of his aim.

The situation was awkward; our friend felt anything but comfortable as he stood facing that ugly-looking muzzle, not daring to retreat or advance. Racking his brain for an Arabic word, he at last succeeded in producing the sentence:

"Ana Ingiliz"—in pigeon Arabic. "No Englishman."

To his infinite relief, the guard lowered his rifle with the ejaculation, "Wa-ha Kawadja," which our friend construed as a permit to pass on.

Bound to Save Him.

Exceptions prove the rule, and the wrong conclusion which a dog may reach from wrong premises may be the best proof that the possessor's reasoning power. The following story shows plainly that the dog in the case lacked information, but not the faculty of reasoning.

When the Gloucester lifeboat was launched in 1867, it was deemed necessary for two men to throw themselves into the deep sea in order to show the great utility of cork jackets in keeping the upper part of their bodies above water.

Amongst the thousand of spectators who were watching the men floating about was a Newfoundland dog, who became much excited at what he, no doubt, considered to be the perilous condition of the men.

The dog ran hither and thither, barking furiously, and in his best and most emphatic canine language trying his very best to prevail upon some one in that large multitude of human beings to go to the men's assistance.

Finding no one to go, splash into the water went the dog, and swam directly to the men, one of whom he caught by the sleeve, with the intention of helping him out of the danger.

A struggle ensued; the man tried to shake the dog off, but it was of no avail. The dog would not give up his hold, and finally two men in a small boat were obliged to go to the rescue.

A Cranberry Bog.

The men, women, and children of Cape Cod earn considerable money every autumn by picking cranberries in the bogs. A large portion of the cape is bog land, which was practically worthless a few years ago. Thousands of acres have been reclaimed, and extensive cranberry bogs have been constructed at a cost of from \$250 to \$300 an acre.

There is now a cranberry belt extending along the north shore of Buzzards Bay and the southern part of Cape Cod. This region has become one of the greatest cranberry-growing districts of the world.

The cranberry-growers make great preparations for the small army of people which must be housed and fed during the picking season. The accommodations are rather rude and primitive. Some of the pickers live in board cabins, but most of them dwell in tents. It is a curious and novel sight to see several hundred pickers in camp about the swamps.

The cranberry-pickers are out in the bogs soon after day-break and they remain as long as they can see a berry. In large cranberry bogs, where several hundred people are at work, the pickers are divided into companies, each company consisting of 120 persons. They are in charge of a "boss," who keeps account of the amount each picker gathers during the day.

How Screws Are Made.

The process of making a screw is very interesting. The rough large wire in big coils is, by drawing through a hole smaller than itself, made the size needed. Then it goes into a machine that at one movement cuts it in a proper length and makes a head on it. Then it is put into sawdust and "rattled" and thus brightened. Then the head is shaved down smoothly to the proper size, and the neck put in at the same time. After "rattling" again in sawdust, the thread is cut by another machine, and after another rattling, and thorough drying, the screws are assorted by hand the fingers of those who did this move almost literally like lightning, crossed by weight and packed for shipping. That which renders it possible for machines to do all this is a little thing that looks like and open and shuts like a goose's bill, which picks up a screw at a time, carries it where needed, holds it until grasped by something else, and returns for another. This is about the most wonderful piece of automatic skill and usefulness I have ever seen, and it has done its distinctive work at the rate of thirty-one screws a minute, although this rate is only experimental as yet; ninety-three gross per day, however, has been the regular work of one machine.—Utica Herald.



"Taking a Pull on the River."

Highest of all in leavening strength.—Latest U. S. Gov. Food Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Economy requires that in every receipt calling for baking powder the Royal shall be used. It will go further and make the food lighter, sweeter, of finer flavor, more digestible and wholesome.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., NEW YORK.

PEARLS IN FAVOR.

Paris Women of Fashion Declare That These Are the Mode.

The leaders of fashion in Paris have declared that pearls shall be the most fashionable of all ornaments this winter. Strings of fine pearls will be twisted in and out among the coils of the hair, a happy revival of the styles in vogue in the days of Louis Quinze, when the ladies of France wore their hair powdered and decked with pearls. The use of pearls will not be confined to the hair, however, for they will be worn in every kind of a necklace, from a single bow to a wide collar made of rows of pearls caught together with a diamond clasp at intervals around the neck.

A long, slender chain of pearls is another fancy, and this is worn twice around the throat, forming a kind of necklace. It falls in graceful loops to the waist, and is caught at one side of the corsage by a jeweled pin.

For those who can not afford the genuine article there are surprisingly good reproductions of the most costly pearls. Art has improved on the old-fashioned imitation, which never varied in color from the waxy whiteness, and now the changing tints are brought out in all the exquisite colorings of the real gem.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, ss.

LUCAS COUNTY.
FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & CO., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

A. W. GLEASON,
Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills, 25c.

At a Pinch.

There was to be a wedding in a little country church, says Harper's Magazine, and the "contracting pair," who had many friends, were in doubt as to whether there would be room for them all. Accordingly the young man called upon the sexton.

"How many will the church seat?" he inquired.

The sexton was silent for a minute or two, evidently engaged in a mental calculation.

"We'll, br'd'narily," he said, "it'll seat 'bout 300; but if some'll sit with their legs hangin' over the organ loft, I guess it'll seat 310."

Low Rate Excursions to the West.

On Dec. 4 and 18, 1894, the Northwestern line will sell home-seekers' excursion tickets from stations in Illinois and Iowa to points in Nebraska, Wyoming and Black Hills district of South Dakota at very low rates for the round trip; tickets good for return passage at any time within twenty days from date of sale. For tickets and detailed information apply to agents Chicago & Northwestern railway.

The Law and Engagement Rings.

An important decision has just been pronounced in Vermont as to engagement rings. A young man sued to recover one that he had given to a young woman who, after accepting the ring, repudiated the engagement. The judge decided that it must be returned or else that the recipient must fulfill the conditions under which it was presented. The English courts some years ago decided that an engagement ring is not recoverable under any circumstances.

Going to California?

The Burlington route is the only railway running "personally conducted" excursions via Denver to Colorado Springs, Salt Lake, Ogden, Sacramento, San Francisco, Stockton, Merced, Fresno, Bakersfield and Los Angeles at the lowest rates. Pullman tourist sleeping car through without change.

Leave Chicago every Wednesday. Write or call on T. A. Grady, excursion manager, 211 Clark street, Chicago.

The art of brickmaking has advanced more during the last few years than any other industry.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth.

Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething.

Holland is the land of flatness, wind-mills, dykes, canals and cheese.

More than 4,000,000 dogs are eaten by Chinamen every year.

"Hanson's Magic Corn Salve."

Warranted to cure or money refunded. Ask your druggist for it. Price 15 cents.

New Hampshire mills turn out 300,000 yards of cotton cloth daily.

Cole's Cough Balm.

Is the oldest and best. It will break up a cold quicker than anything else. It is always reliable. Try it.

Crowded New York, with 11,000 factories, is like a hive of industry.

Only a trial of Piso's Cure for Consumption is needed to convince you that it is a good remedy for Coughs, Asthma and Bronchitis.

There are 57,000 women engaged in farming in the United States.

The Modern Mother

Has found that her little ones are improved more by the pleasant laxative, Syrup of Figs, when in need of the laxative effect of a gentle remedy than by any other, and that it is more acceptable to them. Children enjoy it and it benefits them. The true remedy, Syrup of Figs, is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only.

He Hadn't Anything to Say.

A small New York girl, who is only 7 years old, one day last week gave tit for tat in a very neat way. She was trudging to school, carrying her lunch-box in a little covered basket, when a schoolmate, a boy of 9, overtook her. He must have been in rather a bad humor, for his very first remark was:

"Say, I wouldn't carry my lunch in a fish basket, any way."

The little miss turned and looked at him. He had his sandwiches and cake in a tin box, under his arm.

"Well," she said, quickly, "I wouldn't carry mine in a bait box." And the boy had nothing to say.

"Body Rested, Mind at Ease." That is what it is when traveling on the fast trains of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway; besides there is no chance to "kick," for the accommodations are up to date, the trains keep moving right along and get there on time. These lines thoroughly cover the territory between Chicago, La Crosse, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Aberdeen, Mitchell, Sioux Falls, Sioux City, Yankton, Council Bluffs, Omaha, and Northern Michigan. All the principal cities and towns in that territory are reached by the "St. Paul" lines, connecting at St. Paul, Council Bluffs and Omaha with all lines for points in the far west. Write to Geo. H. Heafford, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill., for one of their new map time tables and a brochure giving a description of the new Compartment Sleeping Cars. Tickets furnished by any coupon ticket agent in the United States and Canada. The dining cars in the world are run on the solid vestibuled, electric lighted and steam heated trains of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway.

Last year Australia and the Argentine Republic exported 3,873,011 pounds of frozen meat to Europe.

THE BUSINESS MAN'S LUNCH.

Hard Work and Indigestion go Hand in Hand.

Concentrated thought, continued in, robs the stomach of necessary blood, and this is also true of hard physical labor. When a five horse-power engine is made to do ten horse-power work something is going to break. Very often the hard-working man coming from the field or the office will "bolt" his food in a few minutes which will take hours to digest. Then too, many foods are about as useful in the stomach as a keg of nails would be taken fire under a boiler. The ill-used stomach refuses to do its work without the proper stimulus which it gets from the blood and nerves. The nerves are weak and "ready to break," because they do not get the nourishment they require from the blood, finally the ill-used brain is morbidly wide awake when the overworked man attempts to find rest in bed.

The application of common sense in the treatment of the stomach and the whole system brings to the busy man the full enjoyment of life and healthy digestion when he takes Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets to relieve a bilious stomach or after a too hearty meal, and Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery to purify, enrich and vitalize the blood. The "Pellets" are tiny sugar-coated pills made of highly concentrated vegetable ingredients which relieve the stomach of all offending matters easily and thoroughly. They need only be taken for a short time to cure the biliousness, constipation and slothfulness, or torpor, of the liver; then the "Medical Discovery" should be taken in teaspoonful doses to increase the blood and enrich it. It has a peculiar effect upon the lining membranes of the stomach and bowels, toning up and strengthening them for all time. The whole system feels the effect of the pure blood coursing through the body and the nerves are vitalized and strengthened, not deadened, or put to sleep, as the so-called celery compounds and nerve mixtures do—but refreshed and fed on the food they need for health. If you suffer from indigestion, dyspepsia, nervousness, and any of the ills which come from impure blood and disordered stomach, you can cure yourself with Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery which can be obtained at any drug store in the country.

W. N. U. CHICAGO, VOL. IX, NO. 50. When Answering Advertisements, Kindly Mention this Paper.

"COLCHESTER" SPADING BOOT.

BEST IN MARKET. BEST IN FIT. BEST IN WEARING QUALITY. The outer or tap sole extends the whole length down to the heel, protecting the boot in digging and in other hard work. ASK YOUR DEALER FOR THEM and don't be put off with inferior goods.

COLCHESTER RUBBER CO.

WALTER BAKER & CO.

The Largest Manufacturers of PURE, HIGH GRADE COCOAS AND CHOCOLATES. On this Continent, have received HIGHEST AWARDS from the great Industrial and Food EXPOSITIONS in Europe and America.

Unlike the Dutch Process, no Alkalies or other Chemicals or Dyes are used in any of their preparations. Their delicious BREAKFAST COCOA is absolutely pure and soluble, and costs less than one cent a cup.

SOLD BY GROCERS EVERYWHERE. WALTER BAKER & CO., DORCHESTER, MASS.

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

Cures Bright's Disease, Diabetes and Torpid Liver. \$1.00 per bottle.

It is the medicine above all others for catarrh, and is worth its weight in gold. I can use Ely's Cream Balm with safety and it does all that is claimed for it.—B. W. Sperry, Hartford, Conn.

ELY'S CREAM BALM

Opens and cleanses the Nasal Passages, Allays Pain and Inflammation, Heals the Sores, Protects the Membrane from Colds, Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell. The Balm is quickly absorbed and gives relief at once.

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents, at druggists or by mail. ELY MEDICINE CO., 56 Warren Street, New York.

LINEAL CLOTH REVERSIBLE

The "LINEAL" are the Best and Most Economical collars and cuffs worn; they are made of fine cloth, both sides finished alike, and being reversible, one collar is equal to two of any other kind. They fit well, wear well and look well. A box of Ten Collars or Five Pairs of Cuffs for Twenty-Five Cents.

A Sample Collar and Pair of Cuffs by mail for Six Cents. Name, style and size. Address: REVERSIBLE CLOTH COMPANY.

77 Franklin St., New York & 1211 Kilby St., Boston.

EVERY HOME-SEEKER

Should read the pamphlet recently published by the Passenger Department of the Illinois Central Railroad, entitled:

"Southern Home-Seekers Guide for 1894."

It contains over 40 excellent letters from Northern farmers now located in the South, and other authentic and valuable information. For a Free Copy, address the undersigned at Manchester, N. H.

J. F. MERRY, Assistant General Passenger Agent.

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Have cured thousands of cases. Cure cases pronounced hopeless by best physicians. From first symptoms disappear; in ten days at least two-thirds all symptoms removed. Send for free book testimonials of miraculous cures. Ten day trial sent free by mail. If you order trial send 10c in stamps to pay postage. DR. H. H. GREEN & SONS, Atlanta, Ga. If you order trial return this advertisement to us.

W. L. DOUGLAS \$3 SHOE

IS THE BEST. NO SQUEAKING. \$5. CORDOVAN, FRENCH & GEMMELED CALF. \$4.35 FINE CALF. KANGAROO. \$3.85 POLICE, 3 SOLES. \$2.95 \$2. WORKINGMEN'S EXTRA FINE. \$2.15 BOYS' SCHOOL SHOES. \$1.75 LADIES'. \$1.25 BEST KATAGOLA. 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 profits. Our shoes equal custom work in style, easy fitting and wearing qualities. We have them sold everywhere at lower prices than the value given than any other make. Take no substitute. If your dealer cannot supply you, we can.

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ARE YOU THINKING OF STARTING ONE?

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W. S. MORGAN, Sec. National Reform Press Association.

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Successfully Prosecutes Claims. Late Principal Examiner at Pension Bureau. 3 yrs. in last war adjudicating claims atty. since.

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Best Cure for Coughs, Croup, Whooping Cough, Asthma, etc. In time. Sold by druggists.

ST. JACOBS OIL for RHEUMATISM

The perfect cure for Rheumatism.

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Published Every Saturday at
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—BY—
M. T. LAMEY, Editor and Publisher.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE: \$1.00
per Year in Advance.

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

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1894.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

E. J. & E. RY. TIME TABLE.

GOING NORTH.	STATIONS.	GOING SOUTH.
4:30 pm ar.	Waukegan dep.	7:00 am
4:40 pm	Rondout	8:30 am
5:55 pm	Leitholt	8:50 am
2:45 pm	Diamond Lake	9:12 am
2:35 pm	Gilmer	9:25 am
2:25 pm	Lake Zurich	10:05 am
1:40 pm	Barrington	10:30 am
1:10 pm	Clarks	10:55 am
12:45 pm	Spaulding	12:15 pm
11:27 am	Wayne	12:35 pm
11:15 am	Ingallton	12:45 pm
11:00 am	Turner	1:25 pm
10:40 am	Warrenhurst	2:00 pm
9:15 am	Frontenac	2:20 pm
8:50 am	Mormantown	2:45 pm
8:15 am	Walker	3:10 pm
7:50 am	Plainfield	3:35 pm
7:25 am	Coyne	3:55 pm
7:00 am	Bridge Junction	4:05 pm
5:50 am dep.	East Joliet ar.	4:15 pm

C. & N. W. R. R. TIME TABLE.

GOING SOUTH.	GOING NORTH.
6:10 a. m., except Sunday.	8:20 a. m., except Sunday.*
6:45 a. m., except Sunday.	9:13 a. m., except Sunday.
6:55 a. m., Sunday only.	10:30 a. m., daily.
7:00 a. m., except Sunday.	12:10 p. m., except Sunday.*
7:56 a. m., daily.	3:00 p. m., Saturday and Sunday
9:00 a. m., except Sunday.	5:02 p. m., except Sunday.
10:03 a. m., except Sunday.	6:09 p. m., except Sunday.
12:25 p. m., daily.	6:12 p. m., Sunday only.
3:08 p. m., except Sunday.	7:25 p. m., except Sunday.*
4:25 p. m., Sunday only.	7:55 p. m., daily.*
5:02 p. m., daily.	8:00 p. m., except Saturday.
8:30 p. m., Sunday only.	12:50 a. m., daily.*
8:35 p. m., Sunday only.	

How to Get Rich—My success is owing to my liberality in advertising. Bonner... Frequent and constant advertising brought me all I own. A. T. Stewart... Success depends upon a liberal patronage of printing offices. Astor... How can the world know a man has a good thing unless he advertises the possession of it? Vanderbilt... My son, deal only with men who advertise. You will never lose by it—Franklin. tf

Old People. Old people who require medicine to regulate the bowels and kidneys will find the true remedy in Electric Bitters. This medicine does not stimulate and contains no whisky nor other intoxicant but acts as a tonic and alternative. It acts mildly on the stomach and bowels, adding strength and giving tone to the organs, thereby aiding Nature in her performance of the functions. Electric Bitters is an excellent appetizer and aids digestion. Price 50 cents per bottle at A. L. Waller's Drug Store.

When you go away from home, or have friends visiting you, or you are going to give a party, musicale or reception, or when your church or society contemplates any proceeding, or when you sell, buy or change your residence or business, or your son or daughter is married, or when your neighbor gets a new baby, or in a word, if you know or hear of any item of interest to the public, bring or send it in, and the REVIEW will gladly publish it. tf

"Don't Tobacco-Spit or Smoke Your Life Away."

The truthful, startling title of a book about No-to-bac, the only harmless, guaranteed tobacco-habit cure. If you want to quit and can't, use No-to-bac. Braces up nicotineized nerves, eliminates nicotine poisons, makes weak men gain strength, weight and vigor. Positive cure or money refunded. Address The Stryker Remedy Co., Chicago, 45 Randolph street, New York, 10 Spruce street.

The Barrington Review is a bright and up to date newspaper. Its facilities in making it so are unsurpassed. Besides giving all the local news of Barrington and vicinity, the paper is like our Chicago dailies, containing the most important news of the world on the day it goes to press and placing it before its subscribers in the evening. The REVIEW also contains well written stories that will interest the ladies, the boys and the girls, also short sketches on the late war and scientific matters, etc. The REVIEW is well worth the price asked for it and no family should be without it in their homes. If you do not take the REVIEW, don't wait, but subscribe now and get all the news promptly every week. You can not find a better investment for the money. Subscription price \$1 per annum in advance. tf

Two Lives Saved.

Mrs. Phoebe Thomas of Junction City, Ill., was told by her doctors she had Consumption and that there was no hope for her, but two bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery completely cured her and she says it saved her life. Mr. Thomas Eggers, 135 Florida street, San Francisco, suffered from a dreadful cold, approaching Consumption, tried without result everything else then bought a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery, and in two weeks was cured. He is naturally thankful. It is such results, of which these are samples, that prove the wonderful efficacy of this medicine in Coughs and Colds. Free trial bottle at A. L. Waller's Drug Store. Regular size 50c and \$1.

RELSE, LEMKE COMPANY.

Department Store, Dundee, Ill.—Our
Second Annual December and
Holiday Sale—Continuing
Until Jan. 1.

We offer ladies' jackets, misses' and children's cloaks, men's and boys' overcoats, ready made suits for men and boys, dress goods, etc., at greatly reduced prices.

Cloak Department
Cloaks for all ages. Correct styles.
Good variety.

Ladies' Jackets, Sizes 32 to 42.
Former price, \$3.77 December price, \$3.39

433	3.48
457	3.68
509	3.98
575	4.63
700	5.48
867	6.78
1000	7.81
1200	9.39
1600	11.98
1825	13.39
2000	14.98

Children's and Misses' Cloaks.

Ranging in price from 98 cents to \$1.68, \$1.73, \$2.50, \$3.25, \$3.33, \$3.50, \$3.85, \$4.00, \$4.98, \$5.75, \$6.50 and up to \$8.00. We will allow 15 per cent discount from above prices during this sale. It will be to your interest to give this sale your early attention.

Overcoats for Men and Boys.

Correct styles, well made, perfect fitting, prices \$1.38, \$2.00, \$2.50, \$2.98, \$3.50, \$3.98, \$5.00, \$7.00, \$8.00, \$11.00, \$14.00, \$15.00, \$16.33 and \$18.00.

10 Per Cent Discount

will be allowed on all overcoats during our December sale. Take advantage of the reduction. The benefit is yours. The same discount will be allowed on fur overcoats during this sale. Two hundred men's, boys' and children's suits at 10 per cent discount.

Dress Goods Department.

Our entire stock of dress goods at unheard of prices. Great variety of weaves and shades. Note the prices, be your own judge.

17 to 19 cent goods, December price 13 1/2 cents

20 to 40 cent goods, December price 19 cents

35 to 40 cent goods, December price 27 cents

50 to 55 cent goods, December price 39 cents

60 to 70 cent goods, December price 49 cents

80 to 85 cent goods, December price 67 cents

90 cent to \$1 goods, December price 79 cents

All departments now filled with new holiday goods. If you care to save money and get the best assortment attend this sale. Our prices on all goods are the lowest; we never allow ourselves undersold, but in many cases undersell. We handle only first class goods in every department; our guarantee goes with every article we sell and cheerfully refund money for all goods not satisfactory. Your time and money will be well spent if you trade with us. We guarantee to save you more than your railroad fare should you wish to come by rail. All goods delivered promptly free of charge in Dundee and Carpentersville, and to all trains. Remember the time of this great sale and don't forget to attend. REESE, LEMKE CO., R. L. B. Opera House Block, Dundee, Illinois.

The Knights of the Maccabees elected officers Tuesday evening as follows: Commander, E. H. Sott; lieutenant commander, Silas Robertson; record keeper, J. M. Thrasher; finance keeper, C. P. Hawley; chaplain, Rev. R. Bailey; sergeant, Prof. F. E. Smith; master at arms, Arthur Jayne; first master of the guards, M. A. Bennett; second master of the guards, Fred Keelling; sentinel, H. Roloff; picket, John Sbrocchi.

Ladies' furs at A. W. Meyer & Co.'s.

Mrs. T. Suhr visited Mrs. Schmale at Chicago, Friday and Saturday.

Mrs. James Catlow of Cary was here last week.

Rev. Gross of Freemansburg, Pa., preached at the Salem church, Sunday.

Mr. George Mengerson of Chicago visited at the home of Mr. Charles Peters, last week.

Toys at A. W. Meyer & Co.

Rev. Theo. Suhr attended the general conference at Naperville last week.

Mrs. Stewart Miller of Carpentersville visited among friends here Sunday.

Mr. George Schafer returned to Fairfield, Minn., Monday. Mr. Schafer expects to move here in the spring.

Dr. Chester Dodge of Chicago spent Sunday with his mother.

Large assortment of holiday books at A. W. Meyer & Co.'s. Special prices made to Sunday school teachers.

Rev. Ream of the M. E. church will give a series of sermons beginning Sunday evening to the young men. Everybody is invited to attend.

Mrs. Wm. Jayne of Nunda visited her sister, Mrs. E. W. Cannon, Saturday.

Mr. Charles Richardson of Chicago visited with a number of his friends here this week.

Christmas candies at A. W. Meyer & Co.'s. Special prices made on large quantities.

Rev. and Mrs. Meier visited Mrs. Meier's sister at Elgin, Sunday.

A surprise party was tendered Miss Nellie Lines Saturday evening by a number of her friends. Refreshments were served and a most enjoyable evening was spent by those present.

The teachers' meeting of the M. E. Sunday school will hereafter be held at the M. E. parsonage, Friday evening of each week.

Holiday goods at A. W. Meyer & Co.

Mrs. C. A. Wheeler has recovered from her sickness.

The Modern Woodmen elect officers at their next regular meeting, Tuesday evening. All members are requested to be present. Arrangements are being made for public installation in January.

Don't fail to call and see our stock of heavy and light bob sleighs, swell body and portland cutters. Our prices are right down and we have the assortment to select from. Schwemm Bros. tf

Silk Handkerchiefs by Mail.

One hundred and fifty dozen silk handkerchiefs on sale at C. F. Hall Co., Dundee, Ill. Entire stock of an importer at one half price.

Ladies' handkerchiefs at 8, 10, 15, 18, 19 and 25 cents. Send 3 cent stamps and 2 cents extra for postage for each handkerchief. Address C. F. Hall Co., Dundee, Ill.

AN OPEN LETTER.

TO OUR PATRONS:—As it is our intention to do away with bookkeeping we have decided to sell only for CASH or on CREDIT COUPON system on and after Jan. 1st, 1905.

Thanking you for past favors and trusting that you will continue to favor us with your valuable patronage. We ask to retain,

Very truly yours,

B. H. SOTT & SON.

P. S.—REMEMBER we give a DISCOUNT OF FIVE PER CENT for CASH. 3t

The Diamond Garment Cutter company's school is growing rapidly the class being increased by six members during the last week. It looks as though we would have a larger increase this week. We expect to have some dresses made before the holidays, then the ladies of Barrington can see that we have not overdrawn our statements which are as follows: That we can take a girl who has not had any experience whatever in dressmaking and in from one week to a month have her cut, fit and make any garment worn. We cut any tight waist that is cut by any chart or model, including the straight side back. Then we give you twenty-five times as much more. Our system, not like a chart or model, is always in style. It is good for twenty years, we are the only company that publish a magazine in connection with their system. Every lady is cordially invited to call at our rooms in Mrs. J. Freeman's residence, two blocks west of school house, and see what we are doing.

THE DIAMOND GARMENT CUTTER CO. Mr. and Mrs. Garbisch of Palatine spent Sunday at the home of H. Gieske.

Bertha, wife of Mr. Robert Nightengale, died last Friday morning at the home of her father, Mr. Sawyer, at Carpentersville, Ill. Mrs. Nightengale has been ill for over a year and the past several months has been confined to her bed. The funeral was held at the house Sunday at 1 o'clock and the remains were brought here for burial Sunday and were interred in Evergreen cemetery. Mrs. Nightengale's school days were spent in Barrington at the home of Mr. S. Kingsley. She leaves a husband and a little girl 15 months old.

Go to John C. Dobler's for bottled goods for family use.

Messrs. Alfred and Robert Markhoff of Elgin were visitors here last Monday afternoon.

Call and see the large stock of the latest styles in hats and bonnets at Miss Dena Bauman's millinery store.

The Knights of the Maccabees give a social in their hall Friday evening of this week.

Large assortment of toilet sets at A. W. Meyer & Co.'s.

Mr. Edward Heinenderger of Chicago spent Sunday with his parents.

Have you seen those dolls at A. W. Meyer & Co.'s?

Mr. W. H. Selleck is at his home in Janesville sick with diphtheria. He is much better now.

Miss Dena Bauman has a nice line of feathers, plumes, ribbons, etc. Give her a call.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Renick of Woodstock visited at the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Hennings Sunday.

Twenty-two and one half pounds of granulated sugar for \$1 at Stott's.

The dance given by the Barrington Social club Friday evening was a grand success. There were forty couples in attendance.

Call and see those fancy stand lamps at A. W. Meyer & Co.'s.

Who was that party that was lost Thanksgiving?

Mr. Thos. McCredie of Wisconsin was here Sunday.

The Misses Laura and Mary Frye spent Tuesday at Nunda.

If you want nice white bread buy your flour at Stott's. Only 95 cents per sack.

Misses Lizzie and Evelyn Davlin of Wauconda were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. William H. Snyder, Saturday and Sunday.

A large variety of Japanese boxes at A. W. Meyer & Co.

Mr. Davey has accepted the position of conductor on the last Barrington train and will soon move here. He will reside in Mr. Henry Miller's new house.

Regular 50 cent Japan tea only 40 cents at Stott's.

Mr. John Bennett, a former resident of this place, visited with old acquaintances here last week and attended the party Friday evening.

Go to John C. Dobler for the best five cent cigar in town.

Miss Rogers of Chicago spent a few days last week with her sister, Mrs. E. W. Shipman.

Remember it takes only \$2.25 to buy a pair of all wool felt boots and best overs at Stott's.

Miss Dollie Bennett of Chicago was here Sunday visiting with relatives.

Fifty cents buys a boys' silk plush cap at Stott's. Regular price, 75 cents.

The finest stock of jewelry at Thrasher's, the jeweler.

Mr. Frank Burlingham of Nebraska arrived here this week. His father is dangerously sick.

Albums and fancy plush goods at A. W. Meyer & Co.'s.

The Woman's Relief Corps had an election of officers for the ensuing year at their regular meeting held this week.

Solid gold set rings for \$1.50 at Thrasher's.

Mr. Earnest Stillwell of Geneva, Ill., has joined the Garment cutter force here.

Mrs. C. C. Henning and daughter, Miss Martha, spent Sunday at Palatine.

Mr. August Meyer spent Monday with Mr. George Schmidt at Cary.

Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Vernilya spent Sunday at Nunda.

Try A. M. Meyer & Co.'s fancy patent flour. Guaranteed.

Mr. Fred Jarow of Welcome, Minn., is here on business this week.

Mr. Fred Pomeroy has sold his farm to Mr. Henry Hobein; consideration \$85 per acre.

The Diamond Garment Cutter company are opening a school at Cary, and are meeting with very good success.

Call and see those pretty dinner sets at A. W. Meyer & Co.'s.

Mr. John C. Dobler spent Tuesday in Elgin and attended the K. of P. meeting there in the evening.

Do you want anything in the line of bill heads, note heads, envelopes, business and invitation cards, or auction bills. In fact anything in the printing line. If so, call at the REVIEW office and get your work done neatly and promptly at reasonable prices. (tf)

Don't fail to look over my stock of custom made fur coats and get prices before buying elsewhere.

H. WALTER, the tailor.

Where to Buy Glass.

We have just received another large consignment of No. 1 window glass and are prepared to supply the trade with glass in any size.

We are also agents for American and French plate glass, embossed ground, cut and colored leaded glass in designs.

As we buy direct from the manufacturers, we are prepared to fill orders on short notice and make prices that can not be beat.

We cut glass to any size.

J. D. LAMEY & CO.

Boys' silk plush caps only 50 cents at Stott's. Regular price, 75 cents.

Do You Want to Rent?

We have the renting of dwellings in different localities of Barrington. If you wish to rent call at the REVIEW office and see what we have for you. 4t

The following is a list of unclaimed letters in the postoffice at Barrington, Ill., Dec. 3, 1894:

Rev. Austin Alquire.
Mrs. Ed Cammack.
Chicago Portrait Co.
John P. Allen.
Gerhart Birkman.
John Groff.
Dick Holle.
Dave Haus.
Theo. Shennig.
Jerry Snyder.
Simon Smith.
Godfrey Waltz.
Mrs. Edith L. Wright.
M. B. McIntosh, P. M.

We Want the News.

Don't forget to tell us when your friends come to see you. If it is too much trouble to come to our office, drop us a line on a postal card; or, better still, just put your items in our news box attached to William Howarth's store. tf

Cord Wood for Sale.

For Sale—Fifty cords No. 1 dry, second growth cord wood. Will deliver to any place in the village of Barrington for \$4.50 per cord, or \$3.50 per cord in the woods.

Address U. Fricke, Barrington, Ill., or leave orders with J. D. Lamey & Co. 4t

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by A. L. Waller.

FOR RENT.—Farm of 135 acres three miles northeast of Barrington. Enter can take possession March 1, 1895. For particulars inquire of

MRS. M. REAGAN, Barrington, Ill. 4t

A NEW FRENCH TIRE.

Intended to Replace the Pneumatic Tire—Made With Compartments.

A new bicycle tire has just been devised by M. M. Gerard, city engineer of Bordeaux and Picon, which is intended to do away with the defects of all other tires. It consists in substance of a thin rubber tube whose inner surface is intersected by rubber disks perpendicular to it and placed close to one another; disks and surface are all moulded in one piece. The disks are thicker at the circumference than at the center, to prevent the tube from sinking into the interstices between supports, and they are made eccentric so as to distribute the resisting power of the surface without increasing the weight of the tire. They divide the tire into a very large number of air chambers, perfectly independent of one another, so that if one is pierced the others are not affected. These add to the elasticity of the tire, and do not need to be filled with compressed air. The motion is as easy as that of the best pneumatic tires, while the accidents to which pneumatic tires are subject are done away with.

The tire can be applied at once to all rims for solid or hollow tires. For pneumatic tire machines some slight but inexpensive modification of the rim will be necessary.

F. L. WATERMAN,

Dealer in

Fancy Groceries,

Fruits, Vegetables and Bakery Goods, Tobacco, Cigars, Nuts and Confectionery.

ICE CREAM AND OYSTERS IN SEASON.

Barrington. ILL.

J. D. LAMEY & CO.,

Manufacturers' Agents and Dealers in...



Foreign & Domestic Cements
Dundee and Chicago Brick
Pressed Brick
Fire Brick and Clay
Plastering Hair
Marble Dust, Stucco

Joliet Stone, Drain Tile, Salt, Etc.
AMERICAN AND FRENCH WINDOW GLASS.



White Lead
Zinc
Oils
Colors
Varnishes
Brushes
Etc.

Floor Paints
House Paints
Buggy Paints
Barn
and
Roof Paints
Etc.

We are headquarters for Masons', Painters' and Builders' Supplies, which we have in stock in large quantities for prompt shipment and delivery. Our facilities for shipping car load lots are unsurpassed, having direct track connection with C. & N. W. and E. J. & E. railways, and as we make shipments of car load lots a feature of our business, we are prepared to name prices to any point and would be pleased to figure on any material in our line. All orders given prompt attention.

J. D. LAMEY & CO.,
BARRINGTON, ILL.

Look Look Look Holiday Bargains in Cutlery

A fine two-bladed boys' knife, worth 25c, now only 15c
A larger two-bladed boys' knife, worth 30c, now 20c
One bladed gents' knives, warranted, worth 35c, now 25c
Two bladed gents' knife, worth 40c, now 25c
A good two-bladed, warranted, worth 50c now only 35c
A good two-bladed, brass bound, finely finished knife worth 60c now cut to 40c
An excellent two-bladed brass bound stag handled, silver bolstered knife worth 75c, now 50c
Have you seen our warranted Magnetic Razor? It is a dandy. Price only \$1.25.
Come early and get a pick of these bargains.

H. D. A. GREBE, Barrington, Ill.
Keep your eye on this space next week.

Instead

Of writing letters to your friends
subscribe for an extra copy of

Your Home. Paper.

To be mailed them each week.
They will get all the news, and
you will save time and postage.

Try it.