

BARRINGTON REVIEW.

VOL. 9. NO. 49.

BARRINGTON, ILL., SATURDAY, APRIL 20, 1895.

\$1.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

BARRINGTON.

CHURCH NOTICES.

ST. ANN'S CATHOLIC—Rev. J. P. Coney, Pastor. Services every alternate Sunday at 8 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 SALER—Rev. F. Suhr, pastor. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sabbath school at 12:15 a. m.
METHODIST EPISCOPAL—Rev. T. E. Ram, 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 Friday at 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

SOCIETY NOTICES.

LOUNSBURY LODGE No. 761, A. F. and A. M.—Meets at their hall the second and fourth Saturdays of each month. L. A. Powers, W. M.; C. H. Kendall, S. W.; A. L. Robertson, J. W.; A. T. Uitsch, Sec.; C. B. Otis, Treas.; J. M. Tarascher, S. D.; J. P. Brown, J. D.; A. Gleason, Tyler; J. W. Dacy, S. S.; Wm. Young, J. S.; Robert Bailey, Chaplain; E. W. Shipman, Marshal.

BARRINGTON CAMP No. 89, Modern Woodmen of America, meets at their hall the first and third Tuesday evenings of each month. E. E. Smith, W. C.; J. M. Tarascher, E. B.; John Robertson, B.; M. T. Lamey, Clerk; E. H. Smith, Sec.; Wm. Antholiz, Watchman; H. P. Ask w; Seetry; L. A. Pow r; John Hays; and Fred B. Hoffer, Managers; C. H. Kerish, Physician.

BARRINGTON TEXT, No. 7, K. O. T. M.—Meets in their hall the second and fourth Tuesdays of each month. T. H. Crest, P. C.; E. H. Smith, Sec.; Wm. Antholiz, L. C.; E. E. Smith, S. J. M. Tarascher, R. K.; Rev. Robert Bailey, Chap.; C. P. Hawley, P. K.; Arthur Javie M. A.; M. A. Bennett, Ist M. G.; Fred Koehing, 2d M. G.; H. Roloff, S.; John Strochi, P.

BARRINGTON POST No. 275, G. A. R. Department of Ill.—Meets every second Friday of the month at 8 o'clock. Officers: C. H. Smith, Com.; W. C. H. Smith, V. C.; Wm. Humphrey, J. V. C.; A. Gleason, Q. M.; C. Bogart, Ch. dain; A. S. Henderson, O. D.; L. Kraus, O. G.; H. R. Huter, Sergt.

W. R. C. No. 85. Meets at G. A. R. Hall the second and fourth Wednesdays of each month. Mrs. Emily Hawley, Pres.; Mrs. Lucy Townsend, Ist V. P.; Mrs. Arietta Sizer, J. V. C.; Miss Robt. Brockway, Treas.; Mrs. Kate Runyan, Chaplain; Mrs. Emma Wool, Conductor; Mrs. Julia Robertson, Guard.

VILLAGE OFFICERS.

P. E. Hawley.....President
H. C. P. Sandman, John Robertson, H. T. Abbott, John Collier, Wm. Gruman,
John Hays.....Treasurer
Miles T. Lamey.....Village Clerk
A. L. Robertson.....Village Attorney
G. D. Cutting.....Village Auditor

SCHOOL DIRECTORS.

P. E. Hawley.....President
A. W. Meyer.....President
L. A. Powers.....Clerk

THE BARRINGTON BANK OF SANDMAN & CO., Barrington, Illinois.

A general banking business transacted. Interest allowed on time deposits. First-class commercial paper for sale.
JOHN ROBERTSON, Prest.
A. L. ROBERTSON, Cashier.
JOHN C. PLAGGE, V. ce-Prest.
H. C. P. SANDMAN.

MILES T. LAMEY, Notary Public and Fire Insurance Agent.

Collections Given Prompt Attention.

BARRINGTON, ILL. M. C. MCINTOSH,

Estate and Commercial Lawyer
Residence, BARRINGTON, ILL.

OFFICE, Room 32
95 Washington st., - CHICAGO.

HENRY BUTZOW,

BAKERY

-AND-

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.

CASH BARGAINS.

AT CASH BOUGHT PRICES AT
THE DUNDEE CASH STORE
OF C. F. HALL CO.

The Best Inducements Ever Offered to
Cash Buyers and Stock Largest
and Most Complete.

For weeks we have been almost constantly in the market, looking for bargains for an appreciative and cash buying public. That we have been successful the following price list will give you ample proof. During the winter months we have made many important changes in the store, in the cloak department, millinery, clothing and small wares. We will try briefly to enumerate the various advantages connected with buying from us, and take them by departments.

OUR MILLINERY DEPARTMENT.
Our millinery department, in charge of Miss Macomber, who has so successfully conducted it for seven seasons, offers a much larger and more attractive display than ever before. We exhibit only recent styles in all popular shapes at popular prices. We will make prices lower than in the past, but adhere strictly to first-class work. Please note that we offer 500 pieces, silk, satin and gros-grain ribbon in number 9, 12, 16 and 22 at 8 cents per yard. An elegant line of fine French flowers, which are arranged on our center tables, at 5, 8, 15, 19 and 25 cents—less than half value. You should see our line.

DRESS GOODS.
The recent decline in general merchandise has been very great and we have been prompt to meet it. Tariff changes have made henriettas, all wool, heretofore 50 cents, now 39 cents; those heretofore 75 cents, now 59 cents; those heretofore \$1.10, now 75 cents. We carry a complete line of these goods. Please note excellent values in dress goods at 9, 12, 15, 19 and 25 cents, which we guarantee fully one-third less than credit rates. Special purchases in broadcloths at 59, 69 and 79 cents; standard gingham 4 and 5 cents a yard; sheetings, full weight, 4 cents; sheetings, extra fine, 5 cents. There will be an early advance in all this line of merchandise, and we recommend liberal purchases. We desire to call special attention to our stock of table linens, white goods, crapes and outing flannels, of which our stock is most complete.

PRICES ON STAPLE NOTIONS AND HOUSEHOLD.

Windsor ties, all silk, 3 cents; lead pencils, 4 cents a dozen; Windsor ties, 5 cents; most complete line of gent's ties in any section at 19 and 25 cents—half value; elastic web 4 cents a yard; fancy hair pins 1 cent each; shelf paper, 3 cents; fancy toilet soap 1 cent cake. Children's heavy ribbed hose, seamless, fast black, 10 cents; boys' double heels, double toes, double knees, best made, 25 cents a pair. Complete line, big bargains.

LADIES' AND GENTS' HANDKERCHIEFS.
Special offerings this week in ladies' handkerchiefs, imported stock, at 1, 2, 3, 5, 8, 10, and 15 cents; elegant embroidered silk handkerchiefs at 10 cents each.

LADIES' CAPES AND JACKETS.
To this department of our business we have given additional space with stationary racks, and offer unquestionable values which cannot be obtained elsewhere. We have ladies', children's and misses' garments in all the leading and popular styles. Please note the prices and remember that we have the merchandise in quantities at the price named. Ladies' jackets and capes at 69, 79, 89, 98 cents, \$1.29, \$1.48, \$1.69, \$1.98 and up to \$7.98; children's jackets at 49, 69, 89, 98 cents, \$1.48, \$1.69, \$1.98 and \$2.29. A large proportion of the garments showed could not be produced at double the cost, and a fortunate chance only enables us to make these exceedingly low prices. We recommend every purchase.

BOYS' KNEE PANTS.
We purchased on Monday last the entire stock of odds and ends of a leading house who manufacture this line of goods. We offer 1,000 pairs of boys' knee pants at much less than the cost of material, viz: 25, 33, 39 and 49 cents. The cloth alone worth more than the prices named.

MEN'S AND BOYS' CLOTHING.
Knee pants suits at 98 cents, \$1.29, \$1.69 and \$1.98. Special offerings in confirmation suits at \$5.00, \$6.00, \$7.25 and \$8.25—worth fully one-third more. Our spring stock of men's suits is complete and prices as heretofore lower than the lowest.

MEN'S PANTS AND BOYS' LONG PANTS.

We have just purchased of a western manufacturer their entire line of fine and medium weight grade pants, and are enabled to offer more goods and better values than heretofore. The goods are of the best and should be seen to be appreciated. Please note the prices: Men's working pants at 50, 59, 75 and 98 cents, worth fully one-third to one-half more. Fine dress pants at \$1.48, \$1.69, \$1.98, \$2.48, and \$2.75, worth \$2.48 and \$6 a pair. You know the name of the manufacturer, but he won't let us call his name, but he will take Hall's cash and Hall's offers.

SHOES.
For weeks, and in fact, for months, our aim has been to secure bargains in shoes for all ages. The upper tendency in leather, strikes among the shoemakers, all seem to indicate: what has been realized, viz: An advance of 20 per cent in boots and shoes. We know we are better equipped than we have ever been in the past and will guarantee to sell you shoes one-third cheaper than the average dealer buys them. We sell only absolutely solid goods and our reputation has gone abroad in the land for the best values in shoes. Please note the prices: In-

fants' shoes, 15, 19, 25, 33, 39 and 49 cents; children's shoes, 5 to 8, absolutely solid, 59 cents; children's shoes, foxed, 8½ to 11½, tipped, 69 cents; misses' shoes, 12 to 2, as fine as you could desire, 87 cents; ladies' shoes, kid-tipped, foxed in various kinds, 98 cents; men's fine shoes, \$1.29, \$1.48 and \$1.98; ladies' Oxford ties at 29, 39, 50, 69, 79, and 98 cents; men's calf boots, sizes 6 and 7 only, at 98 cents a pair. The largest stock of shoes in Northern Illinois, outside the great cities.

GROCERIES.
We are as usual well-supplied with a complete stock of groceries and offer best flour 30 cents, candy 6 cents a pound; choice tea at 15, 19 and 25 cents a pound; coffee 15 cents a pound and values in everything.

TO CUSTOMERS FROM ABROAD.
We extend to our customers and courtesies of the past, and will make a visit to us not only pleasant but profitable. Merchandise in large variety, prices lower than the lowest, practically everything under one roof, railroad fares paid, teams cared for; if you can suggest any greater inducements to get you to us we would esteem it a favor. We have yet to know of any one coming and going away dissatisfied. Our store is 60x150 feet and will hold you all. Come and see us. Yours truly,
C. F. HALL CO.

Dundee, Ill.

BASEBALL SEASON OPENS.

First Game of the Season Played Yesterday—The Results.

The national league baseball season of 1895 opened yesterday. The winning teams were the Chicago over the St. Louis Browns, the Philadelphia over the champion Baltimore, the Brooklyn over the New York Giants, the Cincinnati over the Cleveland, and the tail-end Louisville over the Pittsburgh. The Boston and Washingtons did not play. Their initial game will be at Boston to-day. The attendance at all the games was unusually large. In several cities the mayors made speeches. Following are the scores of the games played:

At St. Louis.....	0 1 1 0 0 3 0 2-7
Chicago.....	1 0 2 0 4 0 0 3-10
At Louisville.....	1 0 0 0 2 6 2 0-11
Pittsburg.....	1 0 0 0 1 0 0 0-2
At Baltimore.....	0 0 0 0 0 0 0 2-5
Philadelphia.....	0 0 0 1 5 0 0 0-6
Baltimore.....	0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0-6
At Cincinnati.....	1 0 1 3 0 1 4 0-16
Cincinnati.....	1 0 0 0 0 3 1 3-9
At New York.....	2 0 1 0 0 0 3 1-7
New York.....	0 0 0 0 2 0 0 2-4

Two games are scheduled by National league clubs to-day, as follows: Washington at Boston; Pittsburgh at Louisville.

NOT TO ARBITRATE.

Great Britain Rejects Nicaragua's Counter Proposition.

London, April 19.—The following reply was sent yesterday by the British government to Nicaragua's answer to Britain's ultimatum:

London, April 19.—To the foreign minister of Nicaragua at Managua: I have had the honor to receive your excellency's telegram of the 11th inst. My note was delivered to Senor Barrios on the 26th of February with the request that a copy be forwarded to your excellency by the mail of March 22. Her majesty's government cannot be responsible for the delay in your receiving it.

Your counter proposal has been considered and I regret it cannot be accepted. Her majesty's government cannot admit there is any doubt as to the rights of the British subjects and must adhere to the demand in my previous note.

BIG FIRE IN PHILADELPHIA.

Many Dwelling-Houses Destroyed and Flames Hard to Control.

Philadelphia, Pa., April 19.—The building No. 210 North Front street was discovered to be on fire at 1:20 o'clock this morning and the flames spread to seven dwelling houses in the rear, all of which were destroyed. The fire then extended to No. 218, occupied by William J. Dreydople, soap manufacturer, and another at No. 204, occupied by M. R. Roche, tea merchant.

The rear portion of Dreydople's soap factory was completely burned. Here the firemen succeeded in confining the flames. At 2:45 o'clock the fire was practically under control. Three firemen were buried under falling walls, but they were quickly dug out and hurried to the hospital, where it was found they were badly hurt.

Conservative estimates place the loss at \$500,000. The amount of insurance could not be learned.

Kills Detroit Street Railway Bill.

Lansing, Mich., April 19.—The house devoted yesterday to arguments on the bill granting the new Detroit Street railway the right to use the Citizens' company's tracks with the half-mile limit. The bill failed by a vote of 51 to 40, and by a tie vote a motion to reconsider was lost, thus in the opinion of a majority, burying it beyond resurrection. The liquor traffic committee has endeavored to secure relief for the retail dealers by favorably reporting bill passed by the house. The report leaves the tax at \$500, but makes it optional with the councils of cities and villages to say whether saloons shall be opened or closed New Year's, Washington's birthday, Fourth of July, and Labor Day. The substitute also makes the year begin July 1.

Peace Union Celebrates.

Philadelphia, Pa., April 19.—The Universal Peace union celebrated "Peace day in America" yesterday. Resolutions were adopted that the 18th day of April be regarded as an annual Peace day for America and that greetings be sent to toher republics.

TWELVE MILLS FAIL.

MINNESOTA AND NORTH DAKOTA MILLS GO UNDER.

Milling Association Makes an Assignment with \$700,000 Assets and \$400,000 Liabilities—Other Business Institutions Forced to the Wall.

Grand Forks, N. D., April 19.—The North Dakota Milling association of this city, owning and operating twelve flouring mills in North Dakota and northern Minnesota, made an assignment yesterday afternoon to William F. Honey of Park River, N. D., as assignee for North Dakota, and A. D. Stephens of Crookston, Minn., as assignee for Minnesota. The officers of the association are: President, Hugh Thompson, Crookston, Minn.; vice-president, John M. Turner, Grand Forks; secretary and treasurer, George F. Honey, Grand Forks. It is said the assignment was caused by an attachment levied upon the association for \$9,000 by the Mandan Roller Mill company, to secure the payment of a note given for that sum by the association, through General Manager Turner. Other debts amounting to \$25,000 are pressing, of which \$20,000 is open accounts and \$5,000 due the First National bank of Mandan. Approximately the assets are \$700,000; liabilities, \$400,000. This association is organized under the laws of New Jersey. It owns and operates mills at Mandan, Bismarck, Casselton, Mayville, Park River, Northwood, Minto, Milton and Grand Forks, N. D., and at Moorehead, Crookston and Fisher, Minn. The attachment filed yesterday and mismanagement are causes of the assignment. The assignee will continue the general offices in this city until the affairs of the association are closed up.

INSURANCE COMPANY ASSIGNS.

Assets Are Small—Risks Outstanding Amount to About \$200,000.

Denver, Col., April 19.—The American Mutual Fire association of Denver made an assignment yesterday naming its secretary, S. S. Griawold, as assignee. No statement was filed. The secretary estimates the assets at \$4,000, on which he does not expect to realize \$1,000. Risks outstanding are thought to be about \$200,000. The company was organized in 1893, but the losses in 1894, amounting to \$5,000, crippled the finances and when the commissioner refused to issue a certificate there was a rush made to secure the return of the company and no new business was attempted, the directors realizing that they could do nothing further.

Economy Woollen Mills Go Under.

Philadelphia, Pa., April 19.—Sevill, Schofield & Co., proprietors of the Economy woollen mills at Manayunk, made an assignment yesterday and gave a judgment, \$437,188, to James Dobson, as trustee. The failure is for about \$350,000. This is the second time within three years that the firm has been in difficulty. About 1,200 persons are thrown out of employment by the failure.

Supposedly Rich Man Fails.

Canal Fulton, O., April 19.—C. W. Robinson, a supposedly very rich man, assigned yesterday. Assets, \$60,000; liabilities, \$120,000.

Small Assignment at Elkhora, Ind.

Elkhora, Ind., April 19.—J. H. Crim, proprietor of the New York store, assigned yesterday to M. N. Moore. Assets, \$30,000; liabilities, \$25,000.

Judge Declares the Trial Off.

Lancaster, Pa., April 19.—The trial of E. K. Smith, the 80-year-old banker of Columbia, on the charge of embezzling \$32,500 was postponed yesterday. One of his attorneys moved that the panel of jurors be quashed on the ground that it had been illegally drawn. On a showing Judge Brubaker regarded the point well taken and declared the trial off.

Wisconsin Historical Society.

Madison, Wis., April 19.—The Wisconsin assembly concurred in the bill to appropriate \$180,000 to erect a building on the university grounds for the State Historical society. The educational qualification resolution was postponed until April 24. Both houses will go to Springfield next Wednesday to visit the Illinois legislature.

It is a fact—that carpets were never sold before at the present low prices (call and see our new spring patterns and get prices. A. W. MEYER & CO.

A Noted Doctor

Once said "most women lose their freshness and good looks much earlier in life than necessary because of inattention to nature's requirements. Because of their peculiar habits all should make a practice of using some simple laxative."

There is no laxative so simple, so pleasant to take and yet so potent as Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. Get a 10 cent bottle (10 doses 10 cents) of A. L. Waller.

Those who never read the advertisements in their newspapers miss more than they presume. Jonathan Ken-

Trespassing.

Most remedies trespass upon your time and pocket book. After using a dozen bottles with little or no relief you are discouraged. If you want sure relief from constipation, indigestion and biliousness try Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. A 10-cent bottle (10 doses 10 cents) will indicate what it is able of doing for you. For sale by A. L. Waller.

A. W. MEYER & CO., WALL PAPER SALE.

WE open the spring trade by purchasing the largest and most complete stock of Wall Paper ever brought in town, including the latest patterns, the newest styles and the latest novelties in the Wall Paper line. The immense quantity of Wall Paper we purchased this spring enabled us to buy at greatly reduced prices, and we have marked our prices so low on the same that we defy competition.

We are selling Wall Paper for kitchens and bedrooms at 4, 5, 6, 6½, 7 and 7½ Cents Per Roll.

Pretty dining-room papers at 7½, 8, 9, 10 and 12½ Cents Per Roll.

Handsome patterns for parlors at 12 1-2, 15, 17 1-2, 20, 22 1-2 and 25 cents a Roll.

IT WILL be to your advantage to make your selections early.

CARPETS AND RUGS.

We are selling Carpets and Rugs cheaper than ever—even lower than the wholesale price paid by us last year. Extra Super we are now selling at 28, 30, 35 and 40 cents a yard. Ingrain Wood Filling at 40, 43, 45, 47 and 48 cents a yard. Ingrain All Wool, 45, 48, 50, 53, 55 and 58 cents a yard.

LACE CURTAINS.

We have a nice assortment of special patterns in lace curtains at 90 cents a pair, upwards.

WINDOW SHADES.

We make to order and furnish shades any size desired in width and length, and in almost any color. We sell only a superior quality of goods in every department.

A. W. MEYER & CO., BARRINGTON.

Place your Insurance in one of the following Companies represented by MILES T. LAMEY at Barrington, Ill.:

London and Lancashire of England.
Fire Association of Philadelphia.
Norwich Union of England.
Phoenix of Hartford.
German American of New York.

All losses promptly and satisfactorily adjusted. Insurance placed on dwellings, farm property, commercial buildings, household furniture and stocks at reasonable rates.

MILES T. LAMEY, Resident Agent,
BARRINGTON, ILL.

CHOICE + MEATS THE NEW MEAT MARKET

R. BURTON

IS THE PLACE FOR THE BEST

Fresh and Salt Meats,

VEGETABLES,

FISH AND OYSTERS.

Armour's Celebrated Hams, Sausages, Etc.

A TRIAL WILL CONVINCE YOU + Open Sundays Until 9 a. m.

R. BURTON, Barrington, Ill.

WOMEN OF ATLANTA.

LADIES WHO WILL SHINE AT THE EXPOSITION.

The Board of Lady Managers bids fair to rival the Famous Body of the World's Columbian Exposition—Some Portraits.

(Atlanta Correspondence.)

WHILE the enterprise and energy of the men of Atlanta has been accorded that large measure of praise which they so justly merited in inaugurating the great Cotton States and International Exposition, the progressive and patriotic work of the women of Atlanta can never be spoken of in terms higher than their labor and success deserve. At the first conception of the big project they came forward and asked of the exposition directors that an appropriation be made for the women's department, and the answer was that if they would raise \$5,000 themselves the company would give them an appropriation of \$10,000 to supplement their efforts in getting up a creditable display in their department. They went to work after the manner of women, heart and soul, and by dint of untiring diligence and various money-making schemes they have raised the snug sum of \$13,000. The directors promptly came forward with their \$10,000, which gives the women \$23,000 in cash to begin with. When the directors appointed five ladies to act as chairmen of committees, Mrs. Joseph Thompson was unanimously selected as president, which responsible position she has filled most admirably.



MRS. DR. WM. FELTON.

discharging all her duties to the satisfaction and gratification of all concerned. It was decided that the building could be erected at a cost of \$15,000, but such has been the demand for space that the management has been forced to increase the size, which will necessitate the expenditure of at least \$30,000, and then an annex will be required to accommodate the exhibitors and their interesting exhibits. One of the most serious mistakes, however, that has been made was in the decision of the board of lady managers to withdraw their offers of cash prizes and to substitute medal awards instead, which has already brought forth numerous expressions of dissatisfaction on the part of proposed exhibitors who do not feel justified in going to the trouble and expense of getting up fine exhibits of their handiwork with only the hope of winning a medal as compensation for time and trouble. The offering of cash prizes would bring out some of the most unique exhibits ever displayed at any exposition in the line of products of the skill and ingenuity, not only of cultured women, but of those industrious housewives from the "cracker" element so famous in Georgia tradition. There are a thousand and one things of that sort that seem small in themselves, but of surpassing interest to visitors from other sections who have been made familiar in song and story with the wonders of crackerdom and the native ingenuity of the women who fed and clothed the armies of the confederacy for four years while envied by hostile fleets and armies and shut out from all intercommunication with the rest of the world.

It is intended to construct the women's building on an absolutely fire-proof plan, so as to protect the invaluable lace, jewelry, paintings and costly fabrics that will enter into that wonderfully interesting exhibit of woman's handiwork. It is fortunate that these enterprising lady managers have not sufficient means at present to carry out the original design of offering adequate and attractive prizes such as to excite more competition among the women of the state and bring out a full display of the many things that would add so largely to the attractiveness of the great display, which will



MRS. DR. HUGH HAGAN.

be one of the most interesting features of the entire exposition. Mrs. Joseph Thompson is naturally the most conspicuous woman in the state just now. She has long been recognized as a noted belle and beauty, and a woman of sparkling wit and great tact. She is in person tall, supple, with scintillating brown eyes and golden brown hair. Besides possessing many personal charms she is wealthy and resides half the year at Brookwood, the beautiful suburban home of her husband, who is one of the foremost

business men in the South. Brookwood is a flower farm, and an enchanting romantic place on the Peachtree street, where fine stock is bred. During the winter Mrs. Thompson resides at the Kimball house, where she has a beautiful suite of rooms. Her husband is also a large stockholder in the Kimball. In no wise has the president of the women's board disappointed anyone, for, although very young, she is an unusually good business manager, and knows exactly how to adjust conditions for the good of her work.

Next in order is Mrs. Hugh Hagan, wife of a very prominent physician of this city. She is chairman of the ways and means committee, and has done some remarkably energetic work already in the interest of the board. She is a handsome woman, and belongs to one of Georgia's most illustrious families, being a niece of the late General Thomas R. R. Cobb, and a first cousin of Mrs. Hoke Smith.

Mrs. William H. Felton is a woman known all over the United States for her brains and accomplishments. She is chairman of the executive committee. It remains with her to say that no other woman in the south was ever invited to a seat in the state senate with the president of the senate. She has for years been foremost as a politician and writer of ability.

Mrs. J. K. Ohi is chairman of the press committee. Her work will be to make pleasant headquarters for all visiting newspaper women who visit the exposition, and to keep in touch with the writers on the great dailies. As "Maud Andrews" Mrs. Ohi has been identified with the Atlanta Constitution for five or six years, and has done some excellent newspaper work. Personally she is attractive and interesting.

Mrs. Louie Gordon is representative-at-large, and is on many of the committees. She is as well known at the north as in the south, and is popular with the entire press and all of society. Mrs. William Hemphill is the wife of ex-Mayor Hemphill. She is at the head of the professional women's department, and will introduce to Atlanta and her visitors all the brainy women of the United States, who will assemble here in congress.

Mrs. A. B. Steel is secretary of the women's board. She is the wife of a prominent financier, and was a noted belle as Miss Kitty Wadley. She infuses much energy and inspiration in her unselfish work and is one of the most affable and pleasant women of the board.

Mrs. W. C. Lanier, the first vice-president, is the wife of one of the wealthiest and most influential bankers of West Point, Ga. She is a stirring, able woman and has already contributed much energy of thought and time to the great enterprise.



MRS. LOUIE GORDON.

The grounds for the exposition are situated in a most charming locality and are reached by a pleasant drive through the most fashionable streets of the city. The women's building will command a picturesque site and will be easy of access from the main entrances to the grounds. Mrs. Duncan Joy of St. Louis has been selected sub-chairman of the fine arts, sculpture and loans. The women of New York are doing some splendid work and will send more exhibits of interest and beauty than any other state. The visiting board is made up of such well known women as Mrs. Grover Cleveland, chairman, and Mrs. Potter Palmer, vice-chairman; Mrs. H. N. Higginbotham, Lady Aberdeen, Mrs. Adlai

Stevenson, Mrs. Roger A. Pryor, Miss Frances Willard and Mrs. Fitzhugh Lee, Mrs. Hoke Smith, Mrs. Rufus Bullock, Mrs. E. P. Howell, Mrs. Charles F. Crisp and Mrs. H. W. Grady.

The Daughters of the Revolution were invited by the chairman of the congress to read patriotic papers on the 18th and 19th of October. Mrs. Foster, the president-general and board of officers are to elect the speakers.

Mrs. Jennie June Croly of New York is chairman to co-operate with the chairman of congresses to elect readers from the state of New York during the exposition.

Notable women from the council of women will be invited. Lady Somerset, Lady Aberdeen, Miss Willard and others are to read papers on philanthropy, industry, education and temperance. Many celebrated and clever women, thoroughly in sympathy with any work helpful and interesting to women will be invited to read papers.

The Newsboy Declined to Sell.

A newsboy thought he was being tried as to his honesty the other day. While standing at his usual place, says the New York Tribune, a gentleman stepped up to him, and, buying newspapers for cents, offered a \$5 bill in payment. The chap took the bill and began to scrutinize his customer—or, as the little fellows put it, "size him up"—from top to bottom. After a long look he returned the money, and, taking back his papers, the youngster severely criticised the man for offering him so much money for something which costs only a few cents. The man went away grumbling. The boy afterward gave his opinion of the man in these few words: "That's one of those ducks that wants to see if yez is honest. I can tell them fellows the moment I see 'em. I never sell papers to such blokes."

Bringing a Debtor to Time.

To extract a debt of \$13 which was still owed on a safe by a Shenandoah merchant, the salesman changed the locks and refused to tell him the combination.—The debt was immediately paid.—Philadelphia Record.

CAMP FIRE STORIES.

GOOD SHORT SKETCHES FOR OLD WARRIORS.

The Brave Often Escape in the Hour of Danger—Horrible Fire Episode—Lincoln and Hamlin—First Skirmish of the Thirty-ninth Ohio.



It has often happened that the bravest men escape in the hour of peril. I shall never forget a bright morning in June, 1863. We were in the valley of Virginia. The sun had sunk the night before, looking down with his last glance on a scene of strife. He rose again in beauty. The Eastern sky was glowing with his presence. The slumbering world awoke. The leaves were dripping wet with pearly dew. The clover blossomed in the fields through which we marched. The scene was one of peace on earth. But the demon of strife came down on it. I saw the column advancing. Braver men never faced death. First, a single rifle shot was heard; another, and yet another. The whole forest, into which the troops had entered, was on fire. The cannon thundered forth its voice. Men were falling by the score. One figure I distinctly saw in advance. He rode a chestnut colored horse. The horse was a warrior as well as the rider. I admired the rider in time of peace. He was my friend. I had never before seen him in battle. The leaves of the trees rolled down over his shoulders as though touched by a heavy frost. Ten thousand bullets cut the branches and leaves from the trees about his head. The rider was calm, and quietly led on his troops. Many fell to rise no more till God's trumpet calls them forth. But still the rider held his place. He seemed to be clad in invisible armor. Last year some of us who had been in that battle met together. What strange questions were asked. I asked him how it came that he escaped death in the place he was, and he replied: "A soldier is never so safe as when he is at the front, in the line of duty." Another asked: "Oh, Gen. Kiefer, what became of the sorrel horse?" The general answered him minutely, telling of the horse's life. I liked that soldier. He cared for beasts as well as men.—W. T. Meloy, D. D., in the United Presbyterian.

Our First Skirmish.

When the three-months' boys were called, the Thirty-ninth Ohio was in the field, and like all fresh soldiers, were eager for a fight. We were encamped in Virginia. Our pickets had been posted, and at less than a signal we would be in arms. We were in hostile quarters; the Confederates might make their appearance at any time, which we were in hopes would be the case, so we could show them what was in us, and send them away with something to think about. After we had been in camp several days, we retired one night, and were dreaming of our happy homes and how the old folks would open their arms when we returned home covered with glory. Our dreams were abruptly broken by a signal to be up and in arms. Every man jumped as though shot from a cannon, and in less time than I can tell it we had formed a line and were ready for any command. Silently and cautiously we moved out, ready to fire if any of the Johnnies showed themselves. After moving several paces in the direction pointed out by the sentinel, we saw a Johnnie loom up in the darkness quite distinctly, and before the command could be given a dozen guns sent their contents into the peaceful figure dressed in a "boiled shirt" leaning against a tree. We could see him tremble, sway back and forth, but he held his ground, and did not even change his position. Another volley was sent with no better effect. So eager were we that a long, lank fellow stubbed his toe and fell headlong toward the supposed enemy, and in another moment was in the rear. Discouraged, we determined to wait till morning, and just as the sun was peeping over the Virginia hills, an investigation was made, and to our horror we found that we had shot the poor man out of his shirt, for there hung a reliable old shirt that one of the boys had hung up after the evening's wash. This was my first engagement. I served the three months and the following three years, but I never felt braver than on that particular night.

Indiana's Monument.

Indiana is building a "soldiers' monument." It has been at the work for a number of years. The movement was originally started by the G. A. R., and the monument was intended to commemorate the work of Indiana during the war of the rebellion. It was so stated in the act of the legislature making an appropriation to the object. By some means, after the work of erection had progressed for a year or two, some one connected with its management concluded to extend its scope, and work in a few features of the Mexican war. It was decided that somebody's statue should be added to the group of figures, to especially represent the state in the war on our southern neighbor, and now the legislature is wrangling over whose statue it shall be. Some want Governor Whitcombe and some the late General Mansson. Whitcombe was governor at the time, and Mansson played a subordinate and minor part in that drama. Indiana furnished two brigadier generals during the Mexican war, both by the name of Lane, both of whom afterward became distinguished in civil life. One was a senator from Oregon, and the other from Kansas. Henry S. Lane, who afterwards became governor of Indiana and represented the state in the United States senate, was also a conspicuous officer in the Mexican war. General Mansson served creditably in the late war, and might well be taken as a fitting representative of Indiana's soldiery in that struggle, but to set up claims for him for services in the earlier war is by many characterized as a little ludicrous. Whitcombe is worthy of honor for his eminent services to the state in a civil capacity, but to connect him with any war borders strongly on the humorous.—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

Dark Days of 1864.

In the memory of men who lived in Washington during the month of July and August, 1864, those days will appear to be the darkest of the many dark days through which passed the friends and lovers of the federal union. The earlier years of the war, it is true, had been full of grief, despondency and even agony; but the darkness that settled upon us in the summer of 1864 was the more difficult to be endured because of its unexpectedness. The hopes so buoyantly entertained by our people when Grant opened his campaign in Virginia had been dashed. No joyful tidings came from the army now; a deadly calm prevailed where so lately resounded the shouts of victory. In every department of the government there was a manifest feeling of discouragement. In the field of national politics confusion reigned.

When congress adjourned on July 4, with the Wade-Davis construction bill still unsigned, the turmoil inside of the union republican party was something terrific, and when, a month later, the consternation of the republican leaders was very great. Early's invasion of Maryland and dash upon Washington, which caused a good deal of panic in the country generally, occurred about the middle of July. Right on the heels of this event came the president's call for five hundred thousand men, which was issued July 18, and the placing of a new two million loan, which dropped upon the people about the same time.

Nor was the military situation any more cheerful. The awful fighting in the Wilderness and at Cold Harbor had fairly startled the country by the enormous loss of life sustained by the army of the Potomac, apparently without any corresponding gain of position. The failure of the Petersburg mine July 30 was another addition to the burden carried in the hearts of patriotic Americans. Chase's resignation and the mudslide which Horace Greeley had succeeded in creating by his futile mission to the rebel emissaries at Niagara Falls, had so worried the people that nobody appeared to know what was in the air—a compromise in the interest of peace or a more vigorous prosecution of the war.

Lincoln and Hamlin.

I had hoped to see Mr. Hamlin renominated, and had anxiously given Mr. Lincoln many opportunities to say whether he preferred the renomination of the Vice-President; but he was craftily and rigidly non-committal, knowing, as he did, what was in my mind concerning Mr. Hamlin. He would refer to the matter only in the vaguest phrase, as "Mr. Hamlin is a very good man," or "You, being a New Englander, would naturally like to see Mr. Hamlin renominated; and you are quite right," and so on. By this time Lincoln's renomination was an absolute certainty, and he cheerfully conceded that point without any false modesty. But he could not be induced to express any opinion on the subject of the selection of a candidate for Vice-President. He did go so far as to say that he hoped that the convention would declare in favor of the constitutional amendment abolishing slavery as one of the articles of the party faith. But beyond that, nothing. I may say here that when I returned from the convention I made a verbal report to the President, and entertained him with an account of some of its doings of which he had not previously heard; and he was then willing to admit that he would have been gratified if Mr. Hamlin had been renominated. But he said: "Some of our folks (referring, as I believed, to Republican leaders) had expressed the opinion that it would be wise to take a War Democrat as candidate for Vice-President, and that, if possible, a border-state man should be the nominee." Mr. Lincoln appeared to be satisfied with the result, saying, "Andy Johnson, I think, is a good man." Nevertheless, I have always been confident that Lincoln, left to himself, would have chosen that of the old ticket of 1860—Lincoln and Hamlin—should be placed in the field. It is reasonable to suppose that he had resolved to leave the convention entirely free in its choice of a candidate for the second place on the ticket.—From "Two War-Time Conventions," by Noah Brooks, in the Century.

Horrible Fire Episode.

Among the saddest memories of the fight at Chancellorsville is the Chancellorsville House. It was a large, two-story house, with a double veranda extending along the entire front. A good share of it had been converted into a temporary hospital for the reception of wounded soldiers. I had taken the names of those brought here. Some had entrusted me with messages to their relatives and friends. I remember giving some paper covered novels I had been reading to a wounded captain of the regular army, the lower part of whose right leg had been shattered by a piece of shell. "It will kill me, I know," he said, with a wan smile; for his leg had just been amputated, "to hear the groans of my wounded and dying comrades; but a good book will fill up the interval very nicely." It was not very long afterward that the fiery fusillade from the enemy's guns set fire to the building. The belief at the time was that the enemy knew that it had been extemporized into a hospital. Be that as it may, many of our brave and helpless wounded soldiers met there a horrible and excruciating death.—New York Herald.

He Wanted a Drink.

Men have been known to steal in order to get a drink of whisky, but when a man will jump overboard from a boat and swim 200 yards in water as cold as that of Puget sound in order to get a drink he must indeed have a taste for liquor. Such a case happened at Seattle a few days ago. A man had just been signed as a sailor by the captain of the bark Arkwright for Australia, and he wanted to go ashore to get a drink. The captain refused, and the man deliberately leaped over the side of the boat into the bay and swam ashore, a distance of about 200 yards. The captain gave up all hope of ever seeing the man again, but he showed up in about an hour, none the worse for his plunge. He got not one drink, but several.

Now Buckles Have Lost Favor.

After having been told that buckles for neck wear were necessities, buckles are rapidly vanishing, and the latest fad is to have the broad stiff bow worn with the collar look as though the buckle had been forgotten or lost.

LIZARDS IN SINGAPORE.

The Cold, Clammy Creatures Get Into the Bedrooms.

There are lizards in Singapore; large, scamping, suddenly-dropping things, of all sorts of colors. You see them on the walls of your hotel in the sunshine, and admire them. At evening, sitting with a fan and iced drinks, one suddenly falls on you, and it is colder than your toddy. How can any organism, bred in this seething spot, be so cold?

You go to bed, you and your wife. Each has a canopied couch, rods remote from the other, for sleeping apartments are ample. You stretch out on a light mattress, over which is one sheet. For upper covering pull up the darkness and draw up the mosquito nets. There is no need of a sheet over you any more than there is for a warming pan.

The night orchestra, strange sounds of tropic insects and trees and airs outside, finally lulls you asleep. Presently—plunk! and then a scampering of some nimble-clawed thing on the floor near your bed. My lady, over at the other side of the vast waste of chamber, squeals: "A mouse!"

"Mouse be —!" The dash remains unspoken, but you assure her that it couldn't be mice. "Mice don't fall from the ceiling like a lump of mud. It's only the lizards!"

This cheerful information elicits no squeal. With mice out of the question, what woman would not be brave? There is a hush in the distant couch, a silence too still for sleep. You know your partner lies over yonder listening hard for more lizards. Presently there are more little dull thuds. The lizards seem to be falling in several places. They seem to be chasing each other or some venomous prey, or possibly making away with your shoes. When one is lagged out in inky darkness, in the midst of a lizard carnival, is a little hard on the nerves. Ah, something is pulling at the canopy of your bed, as if a young kitten were trying to climb it!

There comes a very subdued voice from the distant corner: "This is awful. Won't you get up and strike a light?"

"And step on the bloomin' cold beasts with my bare feet! You try it; you're nearer the matches than I?"

"But we can't lie here like this. Call somebody!"

And one of the omnipresent "boys," who seems to have been on guard at the threshold, comes softly in. "The lizards will not hurt you, lady. They catch the mosquitoes and spiders. Sometimes they get under the nets on the bed; but don't you mind." Reassuring very; but madame was ready for one tropic dawn hours before it came.

THE FISHING ROD.

There is Nothing Like the Old Stick We Used to Use.

A rod to the angler is what the gun is to the huntsman or the ax to the woodsman. The angler can fish with a "polo" cut from the alders fringing the stream; the huntsman can shoot with the bow and flint-headed arrow used by the American aborigines, and the woodsman can cut with the ax of the "stone age," but the success of the user of these primitive implements and the pleasure experienced in the use thereof will be in a degree as far from perfection as the rude tools employed.

Who invented or first used the fishing rod is a problem not yet solved, states the American Angler. If the inventor's name had been handed down to posterity he would have been sainted centuries ago by the unanimous vote of an eminently respectable and cultivated minority of men who have treasured and wielded this pleasure-giving scepter.

While fishing and fishers are often mentioned in both sacred and profane history of ancient days, there is little, if anything, to be found relating to rods. Even Isaac Walton writes but little concerning them. In his fifth day discourse with Venator he gives instructions for painting the rods.

"Which must be in oil; you must first make a size with a glue and water boiled together until the glue be dissolved and the size of a lye color; then strike your size upon the wood with a bristle, or a brush, or pencil, while it is hot. That being quite dry, take white lead, and a little red lead, and a little coal black, so much as altogether will make an ash color; grind these together with linseed oil; let it be thick, and lay it thin upon the rod with brush or pencil; this will do for any color to be upon the wood."

In the fourth day talk, in which he treats of fly-fishing, he says:

"First let your rod be light and very gentle; I take the best to be in two pieces."

While I am unable to give an authority for it, I have no doubt Walton meant by the words "very gentle," pliant or limber. The first master of the art thus in one line, gives us the three most important qualities of a fly rod.

The Same Old Game.

"What are you busy with now, Greathed?"

"I've organized a society for the reformation of society."

"The reformation of society? That's rather a stupendous undertaking. Isn't it?"

"We hope to be able to do something."

"But it will take money."

"Yes, but we expect to raise at least \$10,000 a year from philanthropic people."

"Ten thousand dollars won't go far in such an undertaking."

"It will be enough. There are only three of us in it. That gives a salary of \$3,000 a year apiece and leaves a thousand for office expenses and reformation."—N. Y. Press.

JAPANESE SOLDIERS' BIBLES.

How They Were Introduced and What the Officers Think of Them.

When it became evident that the contest between Japan and China would result in the defeat of the latter, strong hopes were expressed that the subjugation of the Chinese and the overthrow of their empire would open the gates to the introduction of civilization, and with it Christianity, into that heretofore practically impenetrable country. It does not seem now that this will be the case, as the prospect is that the Chinese empire will remain intact, and its people will be allowed to maintain their old exclusiveness; but in Japan, on the other hand, the war seems to be having a most unexpected effect in advancing the spread of Christianity among the mikado's subjects. It was noted in the news dispatches some time ago, that several native Christian ministers had been commissioned as chaplains in the army, and recent letters from missionaries in Japan tell of a remarkable distribution of Bibles among the soldiers. It began in a very informal way. Rev. Mr. Loomis, visiting the rendezvous at Hiroshima, thought he saw an opportunity to do some work among the soldiers, and accordingly, one Sunday, filled a basket with copies of one of the gospels and rode about the city in his mikricksha, offering one to every soldier he met. Most of them were accepted, not only with the habitual Japanese politeness but with evident pleasure, for the Japanese soldier, like all of his countrymen, is fond of reading, and anything that would beguile the tedium of barrack life was welcome. More than 1,000 books were thus distributed in the course of an hour and a half, and in three days more than 4,000 portions of the Bible had been placed in the hands of the troops. Not only this, but with the assistance of one of the assistant secretaries to the cabinet, who is a Christian, 2,000 volumes were sent to the fleet, where they were distributed by a Christian officer.

LUCKY TO BE AN AMERICAN.

William Giles Kitchen Claims an Estate Under the Statutes.

William Giles Kitchen has reason to congratulate himself on the fact that he is an American citizen. He filed a bill for partition in the superior court of Chicago the other day in which he sets up the claim that on account of his citizenship he is the only heir at law of Mrs. Sarah Smith, his aunt, who died on the 18th of March, leaving an estate of between \$20,000 and \$30,000. The deceased was the widow of Thomas M. Smith, who died about a year ago, leaving a will in which he gave all his estate to a wife during her lifetime and at her death the property, which consists of Chicago real estate, was to be sold and the proceeds divided among various relatives, most of them in England. John Rostorn of Manchester, England, and Samuel Rostorn of Crewe, were to receive \$3,000 each, and Joseph, Charles, Jane and Eleanor Nickol of Lancashire, England, were to have \$1,000 each. Shortly after the death of her husband Mrs. Smith filed in the probate court a renunciation of her claims to a life estate under the will and elected to take, under the laws of this state, half of the estate after the payment of all claims against it. The balance was to go to the heirs at law. Before this arrangement had been carried out Mrs. Smith died without leaving a will, and the complainant now claims all the estate for the reason that he is the only one of the heirs who is a citizen of this country and capable of inheriting real estate under the laws of Illinois. The estate is held in trust by the Northern Trust company, which owns a half interest in the property, and Kitchen asks that it be sold by order of court and the proceeds divided. Under the will of Smith, Kitchen was a beneficiary to the extent of \$1,000 only.

Grip in Paris.

A French newspaper, in an article on the grip, says there is hardly a family in Paris which has not suffered.

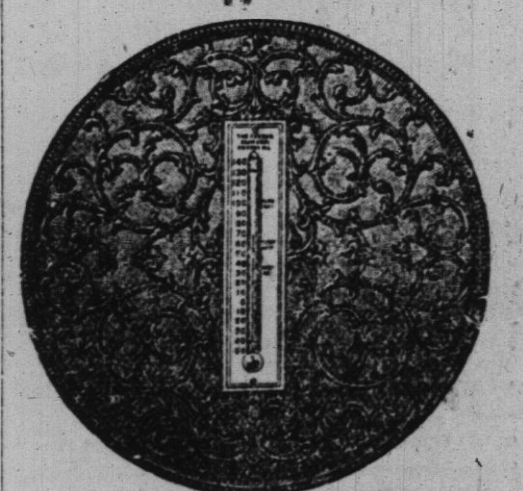
Pneumatic Boots.

The pneumatic principle has been applied to boots. The air tubes lie between the upper and lower soles and give a springy movement to the foot calculated to reduce friction with the ground and to alleviate fatigue.

Champagne and Gout.

One of the latest medical theories is that champagne is responsible for much of the prevailing rheumatism and gout.

The Powers Automatic Temperature Regulator.



Automatically Controls Any Heating Apparatus. Maintains a Uniform Temperature Without Any Attention to the Dampers.

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RAILROADS.

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

GOING NORTH. STATIONS. GOING SOUTH.	
4:30 pm ar. Waukegan dep. 7:00 am	
4:00 pm. Rondout. 6:30 am	
2:55 pm. Leithton. 8:50 am	
2:45 pm. Diamond Lake. 8:57 am	
2:35 pm. Gilmer. 9:12 am	
2:25 pm. Lake Zurich. 10:05 am	
1:40 pm. Barrington. 10:36 am	
1:10 pm. Clark. 10:55 am	
12:45 pm. Spaulding. 12:15 pm	
11:57 am. Wayne. 12:35 pm	
11:15 am. Ingallton. 12:45 pm	
11:00 am. Turner. 1:25 pm	
10:00 am. Warrenhurst. 2:00 pm	
9:15 am. Frontenac. 2:20 pm	
8:50 am. Mornantown. 2:45 pm	
8:15 am. Walker. 3:10 pm	
7:50 am. Plainfield. 3:35 pm	
7:28 am. Coyne. 3:55 pm	
7:00 am. Bridge Junction. 4:05 pm	
6:50 am dep. East Joliet. ar. 4:15 pm	

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

GOING SOUTH.	
8:10 a. m., except Sunday.	
6:45 a. m., except Sunday.	
6:55 a. m., Sunday only.	
7:30 a. m., except Sunday.	
7:56 a. m., daily.	
9:00 a. m., except Sunday.	
10:03 a. m., except Sunday.	
12:25 p. m., daily.	
8:08 p. m., except Sunday.	
4:25 p. m., Sunday only.	
4:40 p. m., daily.	
8:14 p. m., Sunday only.	
8:50 p. m., Sunday only.	
GOING NORTH.	
8:30 a. m., except Sunday.*	
9:13 a. m., except Sunday.	
10:30 a. m., daily.	
12:10 p. m., except Sunday.*	
3:00 p. m., Saturday and Sunday only.*	
5:02 p. m., except Sunday.	
6:09 p. m., except Sunday.	
6:12 p. m., Sunday only.	
7:23 p. m., except Sunday.*	
7:53 p. m., daily.*	
8:00 p. m., except Saturday.	
12:30 a. m., daily.*	
*To Barrington only.	

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The truthful, startling title of a book about No-to-bac, the only harmless, guaranteed tobacco-nib 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.

Book at druggists, or mailed free. Address The Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago, 45 Randolph street, New York, 10 Spruce street.

Free Pills.

Send your address to H. E. Bucklen & Co., Chicago, and get a free sample box of Dr. King's New Life Pills. A trial will convince you of their merits. These pills are easy in action and are particularly effective in the cure of Constipation and Sick Headache. For Malaria and Liver troubles they have been proved invaluable. They are guaranteed to be perfectly free from every deleterious substance and to be purely vegetable. They do not weaken by their action, but by giving tone to stomach and bowels greatly invigorate the system. Regular size 25 cents per box. Sold by A. L. Waller, Druggist.

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.

Flat for Rent.

For Rent.—A flat consisting of five rooms over A. W. Meyer & Co.'s store. For particulars call on A. W. Meyer.

It May Do as Much for You.

Mr. Fred Miller of Irving, Ill., writes that he had a severe kidney trouble for many years, with severe pains in his back and also that his bladder was affected. He tried many so called kidney cures but without any good result. About a year ago he began use of Electric Bitters and found relief at once. Electric Bitters is especially adapted to cure of all kidney and liver troubles and often gives almost instant relief. One trial will prove our statement. Price only 50 cents for large bottle. At A. L. Waller's drug store.

Our better halves say they could not keep house without Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It is used in more than half the homes in Leeds—Sims Bros., Leeds, Iowa. This shows the esteem in which that remedy is held where it has been sold for years and is well known. Mothers have learned that there is nothing so good for colds, croup and whooping cough, that it cures these ailments quickly and permanently, and that it is pleasant and safe for children to take. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by A. L. Waller, druggist.

son of Bolan, Worth county, Iowa, who had been troubled with rheumatism in his back, arms and shoulders read an item in his paper about how a prominent German citizen of Fort Madison had been cured. He procured the same medicine, and to use his own words: "It cured me right up." He also says: "A neighbor and his wife were both sick in bed with rheumatism. Their boy was over to my house and said they were so bad he had to do the cooking. I told him of Chamberlain's Pain Balm and how it had cured me. He got a bottle and it cured them up in a week. 50-cent bottles for sale by A. L. Waller, druggist.

It will be an agreeable surprise to persons subject to attacks of bilious colic to learn that prompt relief may be had by taking Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. In many instances the attack may be prevented by taking this remedy as soon as the first symptoms of the disease appear. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by A. L. Waller, druggist.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

The event of the season will be the entertainment and temperance lecture next Thursday evening at the Baptist church. A rare treat is in store for those who have not heard the eloquent Mrs. L. M. Lake, and anyone who has had the pleasure of hearing her will gladly avail themselves of the opportunity of again listening to the gifted orator and advocate of temperance. Mrs. Lake was one of the prominent speakers of the temperance congress at the World's Fair. The musical part of the program will be an attraction in itself. Miss Edna M. Crawford, the charming soprano of the Chicago Musical college, will sing. There will also be music and recitations by the best local talent. Lovers of high class entertainment, and all interested in the temperance cause cannot afford to miss this event.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Brasel spent Sunday at Avondale.

Mr. Wm. Doran spent Sunday with his mother.

Mrs. A. T. Ultsch spent Sunday with her parents at Palatine.

Mrs. Clute, who has been quite sick is improving.

The W. R. C. meet Wednesday evening, April 24. Important business will be transacted.

Mrs. Hicks of Boston visited with her son, Mr. C. A. Wheeler Sunday.

Clarence Sizer has secured a position in Chicago.

If you want the latest improved sewing machine that is up to date, buy the Standard, sold by A. W. Meyer & Co.

Eight new members were received in the M. E. church Easter Sunday, and there were five baptisms. Mrs. M. C. McIntosh was received by letter. Mrs. Meier, Misses Alice Meier and Gertrude Meyer were received in full membership. Mr. Heise, Wilbur Hamden, Mrs. Smith, Misses Sally Baker, and Laura Wilmer were baptized.

Miss Rube Nimsgeorn of Fairfield visited Barrington friends last week.

Miss Anna Krahn spent Easter at home.

You can buy the best shuttle sewing machine made for \$25 cash at A. W. Meyer & Co.'s.

Saturday evening, April 29, there will be a school election at the school house for the purpose of electing a president, and six members of the school board. This is an election that should be of interest to every voter in Union District No. 10. Don't forget to vote.

Rev. T. E. Ream returned home Saturday after a visit with relatives in the vicinity of Elgin.

Men's plow shoes at \$1, \$1.15 and \$1.25 a pair at A. W. Meyer & Co.'s.

We are in receipt of a magazine entitled "Art in Dress," which is presented with compliments by Messrs. Thorne & Mead, the leading clothiers of gives many illustrations of the correct things in men's wear.

Rev. T. E. Ream will preach from the topic: "God's Veto in Human Affairs," next Sunday evening.

For ladies' stylish shoes that will fit your feet and are easy to wear, the place to find them is at A. W. Meyer & Co.'s.

An entertainment and temperance lecture will be given at the Baptist church, Barrington, Ill., Thursday evening, April 25. The people of Barrington and vicinity will have the opportunity of hearing Mrs. L. M. Lake of St. Louis, who is an eloquent speaker and a well-known advocate of temperance. The feature of the entertainment will be the singing of Miss Edna M. Crawford, the charming soprano of the Chicago Musical college, assisted by the best local talent. Tickets are now on sale. An admission of 25 cents will be charged.

Mrs. Pacholy of Chicago is visiting her daughter, Mrs. John Meier.

Mrs. James Kitson is visiting relatives in Chicago.

Mr. John Doffner of Chicago spent Sunday in Barrington.

Parties from Elgin were here this week trying to buy Mr. John C. Dobler's saloon stock.

If you want to save money buy your spring capes and jackets at A. W. Meyer & Co.'s, \$2 up.

The village election Tuesday passed off very quietly. Much interest was shown in the election, however, 201 ballots being cast, which is the largest vote ever cast in the history of the village. The only opposition on the ticket was for village trustee. The vote for trustees stood as follows: Wm. Peters received 181 votes, John Robertson 183, F. G. Willmarth, 116, H. C. P. Sandman 82, F. H. Hawley was elected president of the board and Miles T. Lamey clerk.

The quarterly conference will be held at the M. E. church Saturday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. George Johnson of Chicago spent a few days last week with his father, Mr. G. W. Johnson.

Mrs. Thos. Dolan, Miss Margaret Lamey and others attended the funeral of Mrs. Crowley at Woodstock Wednesday.

The Thursday club met at the home of Mrs. John Robertson last week.

The children's singing class of the Catholic church presented Mrs. Thos. Fitz Simmons with a handsome brass and onyx table as an Easter gift, in appreciation of musical instruction received during the past year. Karl Volker made a bright presentation speech.

There will be a humorous recitation given at the entertainment next Thursday evening.

A. L. Mullen, editor of the Wauconda Leader was in town Wednesday.

John Jackson (colored) died Saturday morning at the Cook county hospital from the effects of an accident which occurred just one week before. Mr. Jackson was well known in this vicinity and was respected by all. He will be missed.

Do not fail to hear Miss Crawford, the charming concert singer, at the Baptist church next Thursday evening.

It only requires a trial to convince you that A. W. Meyer & Co.'s Fancy Patent Flour is the best and cheapest to buy.

Fred Bennett of Woodstock was here on business Saturday.

Alabastine in five-pound packages is sold at J. D. Lamey & Co.'s. It is the correct thing to use to kalsomine your walls, if you desire a nice finish. Anyone can use it.

Mrs. C. B. Otis, Flora Lines, Luella Austin and Miss Maude Otis attended services at one of the Catholic churches in Chicago Easter Sunday.

Big drop in prices of men's and boy's hats at A. W. Meyer & Co.'s.

Easter Sunday was celebrated in a fitting manner by Calvary Commandery

Knights Templar of Woodstock. Very beautiful and impressive ceremonies were given at the opera house, after which 125 in uniform, with ladies, repaired to the dining hall of the Hotel Woodstock, where was served a royal feast. The following is the menu:

Roast chicken, sliced ham, cold lamb, sliced tongue, oysters stewed and raw, salads, assorted cakes, assorted fruit, pickles, eggs, ice cream, lemon sherbert, green radishes, apple jelly, rolls, tea, coffee, milk.

It seems hardly possible, but nevertheless it is true, that on an average every fifty-fifth person you meet wears W. L. Douglas shoes. Did you ever realize what an immense undertaking it is to supply one article of wearing apparel to over one million people?

Aaster Sunday was observed at the several different churches in our city in an appropriate manner. The churches were beautifully decorated with flowers and presented an inviting appearance. The program of singing at St. Anne's Catholic church was as follows:

Gloria from twelfth mass. Mozart Organ.

Soprano Solo—"Today He's Risen" Mrs. Thos. Fitz Simmons

Chorus—"Lead Kindly Light" Children's Singing Class

Solo. Master Willie Kirby

Soprano Solo—"Ave Maria"—Günod Mrs. Thos. Fitz Simmons

Those who witnessed the service at the Salem Evangelical church speak of it as being very interesting. The parts were well carried out forenoon and evening. As the program was very long it is impossible to give it complete report of space. The collection amounted to \$23.52. At the M. E. church and Baptist church there was interesting services which were largely attended.

FREDERICK HAGER DEAD.

Frederick Hager, an old and respected citizen died at the home of his son, Wm. Hager, Tuesday, April 16, after a long illness, aged 65 years. Mr. Hager was born at Lanze, Prussia, Germany, April 29, 1827. He came to America in the spring of 1852, and was married to Miss Victoria Kaiser in 1855. He entered in the service of the U. S. A. Oct. 5, 1864, in Co. C, Second Regiment, Illinois Light Artillery and was honorably discharged Aug. 15, 1865. He was a charter member of Barrington Post No. 275, G. A. R., which was organized June 16, 1883. The funeral took place at the house Thursday afternoon, Rev. Robert Bailey officiating. His remains were interred in Evergreen cemetery.

Rev. Suhr has been reappointed pastor of the Salem Evangelical church for another year.

J. D. Lamey & Co. have sold more than 50 gallons of floor paint within thirty days. It is the best made and for this reason everyone wants it.

Tuesday evening Miss Lydia Robertson and Mr. John Colton gave a party to the members of their Sunday school class, at the home of Mrs. Colton. Refreshments were served and a very enjoyable time was had by the young folks.

The Easter exercises at the Baptist church were appreciated by a large audience. Great credit should be given those who took part in the program, especially the little folks.

Dr. Filkins is making preparations to move to Woodstock.

Rev. R. Bailey will speak on "Druidism," or the religion of the early Britons next Sunday evening, April 21. Mr. Jones will sing some ancient druidical songs in the Welsh language. All are cordially invited to attend.

Miss Emma Rohlfmeier and Mr. John Westphal were married Thursday. The Review extends its best wishes to the newly married couple.

We are always pleased to receive items for the Review. Please send them in before 9 o'clock Thursday morning, or drop them in the Review box.

Cosbie Zimmerman was a visitor here Sunday.

Several members of the Masonic order from Palatine attended lodge here Saturday evening.

Mr. Dennis Maloney spent Wednesday at the home of Mr. Wm. Donegan. He will make his home at South Chicago hereafter.

Mrs. D. Koeppe, who has been visiting with Mr. George Stiefenhofer returned to her home in Logansport, Ind., Thursday.

TREATING IRON.

An Improved Method in the Process of Casting the Metal.

An improved method of treating iron in the process of casting by M. Von Riet, as described in La Revue Industrielle, consists primarily in giving the impurities time to separate from the melted iron before it runs into the mould, the plan being to set on top of the flask a sort of little bath tub, lined with some refractory substance, and presenting three cylindrical hollows of different sizes, communicating with each other by tangential channels. Now, the iron is poured from the ladle into the larger hollow, where it whirls around for a time and then escapes into the second basin, where it revolves in the opposite direction; from this it reaches the third compartment, which has a hole in the bottom, and, as this hole is set over the pouring hole in the flask the iron then runs out into the large end of the tub it is seen to whirl around until the surface is covered with the larger particles of impurity, which collect near the middle, the centrifugal force developed by the whirling serving to separate the purer and more liquid iron from the light and spongy scoriae, very much as cream is separated from milk by a centrifugal churn. By the tangential channel the purer iron passes into the second division, where the same process is repeated, the scoriae, which are now in fine particles, collecting in the middle, while the liquid metal keeps to the outside; third canal, also tangential, leads this twice purified iron to the third compartment, from which it runs into the mould. On cooling, the first division of the bath tub is found to contain the large lumps of cinder, while the second compartment has a spongy mass of impurity, in the shape of an inverted cone, the base of which occupies the whole area of the compartment, the pure metal having escaped around the sides below. Castings made from iron thus purified are said to be extremely sound and solid.

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FRANCIS WILSON'S STORY.

The One He Told Before the Curtain to a Chicago Audience.

In the face of the strongest opposition imaginable Francis Wilson and his company of merry comic opera comedians began an engagement at the Chicago opera house recently. He made two speeches, after the first and after the final acts, in each of which he expressed his gratitude for the flattering reception. At first, he said he regarded it as a dangerous thing for an actor to make speeches—(laughter)—and advised his auditors to wait and see if the opera, the company and he deserved the compliment. That they thought it was deserved was evident from the loud demands for another "try" after the performance had ended. Then Mr. Wilson told a funny story about a darkey who drove a traveling man from a country railway station to the hotel in the town. The two got to talking.

"What is your name?" asked the traveler.

"Gawge Wash'n'ton, sah."

"H'm! It seems to me I've heard that name before."

"Deed, man, I specs yo' has. Why, ah's bin a drivin' in dis yere town fode de las twenty years."

Mr. Wilson compared himself with "Gawge Wash'n'ton." He had been coming here for many seasons and it was reasonable to expect a modicum of recognition; but he did not, considering the fact that the choicest of musical treats was to have been enjoyed elsewhere, look for so superb a reception.

"I should be ungrateful if I did not express my warmest thanks," he concluded, "and I do most sincerely thank you."

NEW WOMAN FOR SURE.

Insulting Chappie She Struck Thought She Was Very New Indeed.

Pedestrians who happened to be in the neighborhood of Hotel Stanton the other evening at about theater time were treated to an interesting sight. A well-dressed man about 30 years old with a boutonniere and walking stick—a veritable chappy—stood near the entrance, idly puffing a cigarette. Two well-dressed women approached. The cigarette was cast aside, a cravat was straightened, gloves were smoothed out, a hat was properly adjusted, and chappy started after the two ladies. In a moment he was at their side with his silk hat in his hand and with a low bow, evidently trying to induce the ladies to accept his escort. Not a word could be heard, but suddenly a dainty hand and arm shot out at the silk hat, and away it flew toward the middle of Broad street. Upon that the ladies hurriedly proceeded and chappy recovered his demolished hat amid the jeers of those who witnessed the occurrence. The man did not evidently relish this display of the new woman spirit, and hastily walked away in the opposite direction.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

The Dead Sea Drying Up.

The Dead sea of today is a little body of sluggish, dark, greasy, water, gathered at the bottom of the deepest depression of the earth's surface—a hollow 1,300 feet below the level of the Mediterranean. A recent scientific expedition has proven, however, that at one time its surface was on a level with that of the Mediterranean, and its area more than twenty times what it is at present. In what the geologists call the "glacial period" the Jordan was an arm of the Dead Sea and was more than 1,000 feet in depth.

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Graduate of Chicago Veterinary College.

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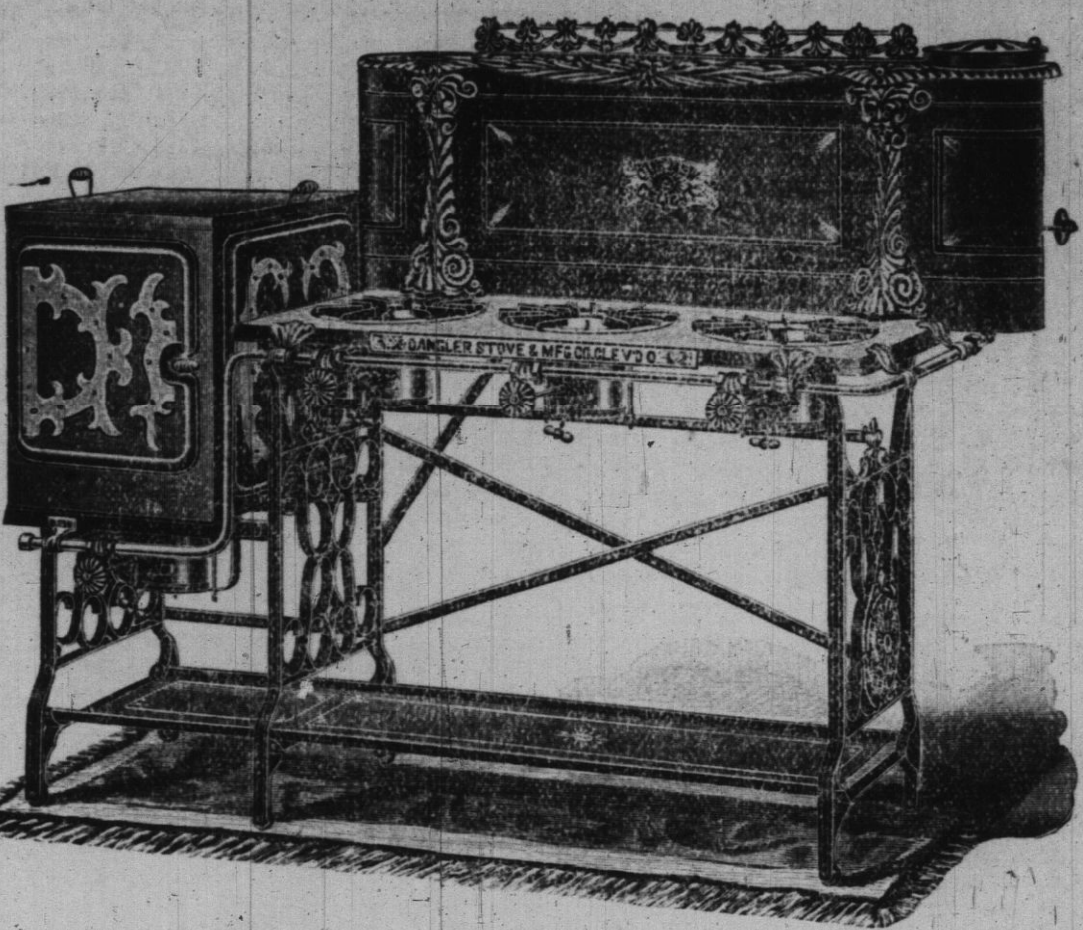
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RAPACIOUS BIRDS.

APPEARANCE OF SOME OF THE HAWKS AND OWLS.

Misconceptions of the Farmer as to the Depredations of the Poultry Yard—The Great Horned Owl and His Home—Chicken Hawk.

The rapacious bird has ever aroused unusual interest in the minds of those who admire courage, daring and freedom. The Raptorial are well known to the farmer, who usually regards them as the enemies of the poultry yard, and seeks to destroy the birds of this order whenever he meets them. Recent investigations concerning the food of the birds of this group, however, reveal the fact very conclusively that they are active friends of the farmer, says the St. Louis Globe Democrat, being of immense utility in destroying small destructive rodents and other vermin, and the wise agriculturist should submit to the occasional loss of a chicken to retain the services of an ally which destroys a class of foes which can be reached by no other agency. The larger hawks, or true buzzards, which sail over the barn yard and create a panic among the fowls, and are consequently persecuted by the well-meaning, but misled, farmer, seldom capture a chicken, because their approach is always heralded by the commotion among the brood and the fowls have time to run to cover. The smaller hawks, or falcons, which are the real enemies and successful raiders of the poultry yard, dashing swiftly into the flock before their approach is noticed and catching up the most promising of the chicks, escape in safety, and are rarely detected, much less caught, while the lazy red tailed hawk, which comes sailing along at that juncture, receives the maledictions of the farmer and his wife. The larger so-called "chicken hawks" are not the real depredators of the poultry yards, being classed either in the beneficial or else in the neutral groups by the thorough and systematic researchers of the department of agriculture. The guilty parties are the little "chicken hawks," described as Cooper's hawk, the sharp shinned hawk, and other less common species. The owls have also heretofore been placed in the category of enemies of agriculture, and have shared the persecution falling to the lot of the Raptorial, but the examination previously cited showed that only the larger owls have a taste for poultry, and that the little screech owl, the long eared owl and the short eared owl, are valuable assistants of the farmer in the destruction of noxious insects and vermin. The great horned owl is easily identified by his size and the prominent "ear tufts" or plumicorns projecting vertically from the sides of his head, marks which give the face of these owls a feline appearance and which render the name "cat owl" quite appropriate. None of the Raptorial is more powerful and fiercer than this species, and the housewife is often filled with dismay when she visits her open poultry roost in the morning and witnesses the scene of destruction following the raid of this strongly armed forest baron. In its destruction of small noxious rodents, however, it allies itself on the side of the farmer, and has been ranked with the class of rapacious birds whose evil deeds are balanced or atoned for by their goodly deeds.

In our excursion through the denser woods we are pretty certain to meet the common barred owl. It can easily be distinguished from the previous species by its lack of the ear tufts so prominent in the features of the horned owl, and also by its gray plumage barred with the darker. Its eyes are surrounded by large disks of radiating feathers, and for this reason it is known among rural people as the "big eyed owl." Like the horned owl, this species sees well in the day time, and both, doubtless, take their prey frequently when they are popularly thought to be sleeping in their retreats, but the barred owl goes abroad voluntarily by day less than does the former.

The resident hawks are prominent features of the landscape on the opening days of spring, when the first genial days of March tempt the lover of nature to stroll out along the roadside. Over in an adjoining field a farmer is hauling away the shocks of corn which have been allowed to stand during the winter. In the field is a large cottonwood tree, and perched on one of the lower branches we discern the familiar form of the "chicken hawk," a species which few would recognize under its book name of red shouldered buzzard. As we stop to observe its actions, it flies from its place with low flight, and hovers for a moment over the spot where the shock had lately stood, and then, regardless of the farmer's proximity, it drops to the ground, immediately rising with a small object in its claws which we identify as a field mouse, a pest of the farm. In pursuit of their prey the hawks forget much of their wariness, and frequently enter the charmed circle of danger, though the farmer is unarmed and sees that the bird is rendering him important service.

Soon another form glides into the range of our observation and alights on a lower limb of the tree not far away, a form whose movements and trimness suggest the name of hawk, and immediately we recognize the arrival of a Cooper's hawk. He had just been on a foraging expedition, and unwittingly stopped with his quarry within the range of the light gun we brought with us. As he drops at the report, we notice that his victim is grasped in his sharp claws, and on picking him up we see that he has killed a robin for his breakfast. The head of the robin has been pulled from the body, and the back of the victim presents a scratched appearance, otherwise the robin is not disfigured. We admire the bluish cast of the plumage of the upper parts, from which feature of its description this species is often called the "little blue hawk," and also the "blue chicken hawk." The latter title is well deserved by this agile and dexterous representative of his species, for it is very successful in its raids on the chicken yards, besides destroying pigeons, quails, and other game birds, though it deserves some credit for the vermin it likewise destroys. This is the most injurious of the hawks, and it should receive small mercy from any who have it in their power to arrest it in its destructive career. It is most commonly observed in the fall, when the weaker

birds are seeking their southern homes, at which time it follows the migrating hordes and feasts royally at the expense of the song birds of the gardens and roadsides.

SLOW TO WARM UP.

English Hospitality Genial When the Stranger is Accepted.

English hospitality is proverbial, but it is a hospitality peculiar to itself, whose ways are past finding out: it is a hospitality which the stranger must get used to as best he can before feeling quite at his ease, says a writer in Harper's Bazar. Most countries have a manner of their own, which is apt to be chilling only because it is strange, but England feels especially chilly at the first encounter. There are innumerable little things which act like a cold douche, but are not meant to be so at all, and are not particularly noticed after the first two or three experiences. An American is genial and communicative from the very start; is at ease himself and puts his guest at ease; an Irishman's open-hearted cordiality, which puts his whole house and all his possessions at his guest's disposal, is like a summer sun; but it takes an Englishman an appreciable time to warm up, and during that time a sensitive visitor suffers the tortures of the arctic regions. I have met with little but the most cordial hospitality since I have been in London, a hospitality which I shall remember all my life with a feeling of hearty affection for England; but I have never yet been able to enter a thoroughly English household without an introductory mauvais quart d'heure of lively discomfort. I have called on Americans and Irish people who have made England their home, but never with that first cold chill which strikes one on meeting the thorough-going Briton on his native heath and hearth. The English have no idea of how to make a stranger feel less a stranger; you are dimly conscious all the time that you are a stranger vainly trying to get into harmony with your surroundings; you never forget it, and nothing is clearer to your mind than the fact that they never forget it either, they don't mean anything by it, but they simply have not that rare and happy faculty of making you feel "at home" which Americans possess in such perfection. You are strongly conscious of being thoroughly "sized up" and measured by the yardsticks of the British Isles; if your dimensions are not a perfect fit, so much the worse for you. But the ice once broken, few are so charming and delightful in their homes as the English. Once inside the outer husk of coldness, and all is warm and genial as the first spring sunshine; you have passed your examination and been accepted. It is as if they kept up their defenses and remained "on guard" in a friend-or-enemy sort of way until they find you are quite harmless; then they raise their portcullis—a very spiky one it is, too—and let you in—that is, if you belong to nice people. If you are not one of the elect according to the English elective system, you fall of free grace and are a lost soul for ever more. A great deal of what seems coldness on their part is in reality the very general lack of enthusiasm or heartiness in their voices. There is very little of our so-called see-you, or do-come-again-as-often-as-you-can manner, which makes a caller feel that his visit has been welcome, and has given enough pleasure to make a renewal of it desired.

THE GRAVE OF FRITZ EMMET.

It Lies Unmarked in the Cemetery Near Where He Lived.

It is but a short distance from the quaint, old structure Fritz Emmet reared upon one of Albany's many hills, and which is now the home of Senator Hill, to the rural cemetery where Fritz lies in an unmarked grave. It is more than three years since Fritz died, and when on earth people actually threw money at him, so eager were they to testify their delight for his mimicry and his madcap jollity on the stage, says the New York World. His grave is in an unfrequented portion of the cemetery, away out in the new ground, back of where lies the late Thurlow Weed. His is the one grave in that portion of the cemetery, and the surroundings are bleak and bare compared with the willows, the trees and the flowers of other parts of the grounds. But the ground around the grave is strewn with decayed posies, hastily snatched by fair hands from corsages and tossed upon the grave where lies the man who was imitable in his characterizations of humble German life. "You'd surely be surprised," said John McKinney, assistant to the cemetery keeper, Andrew McFarland, "were you to watch the antics and goings on of all the people that ask to have the grave of Emmet pointed out to them. Some of 'em make me feel a bit queer; and one young lady went on the other day that I had all I could do to keep from weeping. Her melancholy and her anguish were so real that there was no getting away without tears. More people ask to be shown the grave of Emmet than that of any other in the cemetery, and there are some distinguished personages interred here. President Arthur, for instance, and the murderer, Carlyle Harris."

Gen. Booth Says We're Good. Gen. Booth finds "there is not the same vulgarity in the United States as in Europe," that "the people are better educated," that "they are a nation of professors of religion, a nation of members of churches." It is true that "he has not had time to go below the surface," but too much stress, says the Westminster Gazette, need not be laid upon this and other little reservations.

The Usual Hall Closet.

Every entrance hall should be provided with a closet of considerable depth and width. This is available to hold the multifarious wraps, overcoats and umbrellas which are required in a family, but which are not particularly slightly left in evidence in the hall itself, and yet should be close at hand when needed.

A CINNAMON DRUNK.

WORSE THAN A DEBAUCH ON RED WHISKY.

Throws Men Into a Condition Bordering on Madness—No Control Over the Mind or Voice Once Under the Influence.

"Did you ever see a man on a cinnamon drunk?" said L. J. Cartwright, a Tennessee lumberman, to a writer in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. "If you should witness a case you would never want to see another. A few months ago I had three young men getting out pipe staves down in the Tennessee mountains and they concluded to have a little toot on pay day. They went to a nearby town, but failed to get the needed article. In fact they could get nothing whatever of a stimulating nature but essence of cinnamon. This essence comes in little fifteen-cent vials and is, of course, put up for flavoring. The boys bought a couple of dozens of these vials and began drinking the essence straight. When they got back to camp they were in a very bad fix. They were noisy and violent and reeled and staggered about helplessly. One of the boys, a quiet, modest fellow, who was never known to make any sort of a demonstration, danced and sang like a wild man. They all yelled like demons and acted like so many lunatics on a tear. It was a shocking sight. They were pale as death, and their eyes were set like a cat's eyes. To move their slight they moved their heads. They had no control over their minds or voices. They were deathly sick, but their stomachs could not throw off the horrible dose they had taken, and thus for three hours the young men raved and danced and suffered. How they suffered no words can tell. It took them three days to get over it. When they got straightened up again they said the one experiment was enough—no more cinnamon drunks for them. I think they meant it. My experience is, and I have been investigating the subject a good many years, that the best and safest indulgence, if a man feels like stirring up his latent powers a little, is good straight whisky. There is no substitute for it that can create as many grateful emotions, and as much to a fellow's feelings of importance, with as little discomfort in after effects. I have tried every indulgence known to cater to the world over, and I take good Tennessee mountain dew every time, when I take anything."

THE THREE GRACES.

A Trio of Beautiful Women Delight the Holders of Back seats.

Three ladies walked down the center aisle of the National theater Monday night, says a Washington paper. They wore hats—hats of a florid style of architecture and covered with luxuriant vegetation. Strong men shuddered and grew pale with anxiety as to where these hats would locate themselves, and as the ladies slowly moved to the front the feelings of the audience verged upon the stormy and tumultuous. At last they were seated well down toward the orchestra, and at least one hundred persons, those directly in the line of sight, turned wan and ghastly with despair. In a moment, however, nimble fingers were at work, and before the watchers could gulp down their first wild anguish the hats disappeared and three sleek, shapely and inoffensive heads appeared in front of them. So the fashion has reached Washington. We have among us, then, the pioneers of the propaganda of mercy, consideration and gentleness. A new standard of morality has been erected. Women are showing their thoughtless sisters how to be kind as well as beautiful, gentle as well as fair, how to bless as well as adorn the world. Here is a fashion which recognizes humanity, a manifestation of female loveliness that makes allowance for the comfort of others. It is a new philosophy, a gospel of sweetness and light cannot the superior set make common cause in this? Why, if they must have their hats whereby to paralyze the wretched and fill the aisles with pageantry as they come and go—why cannot they at least follow the divine example we have chronicled and uncover when they take their seats?

IS STAGE KISS GENUINE?

It May Be Where the Divine Sarah Is One Party to It.

Vienna and Berlin are in a small ferment over the stage kissing developed by the jealous husband of an actress who made his wife give up her role because it required too much kissing of the handsome hero. The profession in both cities has been elaborately interviewed on the subject, the papers reporting their opinions pro and con. The agitation has spread to England, and authentic pronouncements from Miss Terry, Mrs. Campbell and the rest are expected. Meanwhile a little anecdote about Sarah Bernhardt may throw some light on the matter, or at least demonstrate that there are kisses and kisses on the stage as well as off. This emotional actress was recently performing in a new play, and at the close of the last act she had to rush upon the stage, kneel down by the side of her dead lover, who had been shot by the villain, and passionately kiss his forehead. It is said that French noblemen, poets, authors and artists wrote to her, offering to serve as the corpse, and she, not wishing to offend anyone, had a fresh person every night. The news of the scheme got abroad, to the vast advantage of the box office.

John the Baptist and His Griddle. Kate and Reed are two little New Orleans folks who are just big enough to begin to study the Sunday school lesson by themselves. One morning Kate was struggling through the third chapter of Matthew, while Reed, with his knees drawn up, his chin resting on them and his hat on the back of his head, listened intently. "And the John same had his raiment of camel's hair and aleathern girdle around his loins, and his meat was locusts and wild honey," spelled Kate, slowly and with difficulty. "Kate," said Reed, suddenly, "what did he want with that griddle?" "Don't know," said Kate. After thinking like a steam engine for a minute Reed's face brightened all over, and he burst out: "I know; he wanted it to fry his locusts on!"

SHE WAS STILL NAN SMITH.

Ten Years Had Changed the Town, But His Love was Waiting.

He had been away from his home town for years and years. Which means, in this instance, ten years, and he had gone away because pretty Nannie Smith hadn't asked him to stay. Men do that sometimes.

Now he had come again, says the Detroit Free Press, and as he wandered about the old place there was almost pain in his heart to note the changes time had wrought. Everything was new, and it made him homesick to wander about seeking the things of his childhood and boyhood days and finding them not.

But he found Nannie Smith and went to her as a tired child goes to its mother. She was kinder than of yore and she was really glad to see him. And he? Well, she was ten years older, but she was still as if it had been but yesterday since he had told her goodbye.

"I fancy," she said to him as they sat on the broad piazza of her home that evening and looked over toward the hills beyond the town, "that you feel quite a stranger within our gates?"

"Yes," he said sadly. "I could scarcely have believed it. I had not experienced it. Ten years is not eternity, either."

"No, but times change more than eternity."

"It surely does in this instance. Everything is changed."

"Not everything, almost everything," she corrected him.

"Not everything, almost everything," said, quite hopelessly.

"There's one thing that hasn't changed, John," she said, in such a tone and he looked up at her curiously. "Tell me what it is," he asked eagerly. "I want to see it."

"You can't see it very well, John," she smiled, "because it is my name."

Ten years had been a long time for John to wait, but she made him wait a month longer, and when he came back to his native town again Nannie Smith's name underwent a change also, but it didn't seem to sadden John as the other changes had done.

THE PRICKLY YUCCA.

An Interesting Tree Which Grows in the Mojave Desert.

The grotesque trees which thickly dot the Mojave desert never fail to elicit exclamations of wonder and curiosity from the travelers who view them for the first time, says the Overland Monthly. They seem like strange freaks of nature, instead of distinct species of plants. The trunks of the old trees will be found woody, but porous and light in texture and weight, to all outward appearances they are as dead as the proverbial door nail, but at the extremity of each branch will be seen a tuft of rigid green leaves, drawing sustenance from the apparently decaying parent stalk. In the springtime a short stem is projected from the center of each tuft, bearing lateral branches, from which delicate, whitish-green, cup-shaped flowers are pendant; they diffuse an odor that is not altogether pleasant, and as spring advances these blossoms merge into a wrinkled, elongated fruit, green in color, that is not palatable, for it becomes dry and spongy as it matures. When ripe it falls to the ground, and the thin, flat seeds are borne hither and thither. Sometimes a gale overturns one of these giants, and the ubiquitous tramp, his conscience smiting him for the railroad ties he has consumed, endeavors to broil his chicken and make his coffee over a fire made from the rough gray wood. His efforts fail, for nature did not design this tree for firewood. This grotesque tree is the Yucca brevifolia, and though it is found only in southern California and Arizona, there are several varieties of tree yucca which resemble it in structural formation.

CALIFORNIA'S CLIMATE.

One of Its Peculiarities Is that Natural Ice Is Practically Unknown.

The New York Times calls attention to the fact that, while Florida lies between the parallels of 25 and 31 degrees north latitude, every part of California is in a higher latitude, the southern boundary being the thirty-second parallel and the state extending as far north as the forty-second degree, and yet all along the coast the weather this winter has been milder than in Florida, which lies nearer the equator than the most southerly portion of southern California. It must be that the great Pacific ocean, with the temperature of its waters modified by the great Kuro Sirro, or Japanese gulf stream, is responsible for the mildness of the climate of the coast. In the interior, particularly in the mountain regions of the state, there is a great deal of snow and cold weather, but not along the coast, and it is remarkable to see how far the mild coast climate extends eastward and inland, says the San Francisco Examiner. Not until the warm wave from the ocean is met and countered by the chill of the snow-cold Sierras is there a degree of cold experienced which is in any respect worth considering.

WAS BLINDNESS A BLIND?

A Blind Boy Who Saw in the Dark How to Steal.

Animals of the cat tribe are supposed to be able to see as well in the dark as in daylight. There are a few human beings who have their eyesight so peculiarly affected or diseased that, while they can see perfectly well in the dark, they cannot distinguish anything either in day or artificial light. I was made aware of this extraordinary disease, as the doctors call it, by a series of petty thefts in the boarding-house in which I lived for several years. Money, jewelry, or anything else that happened to be left loose for a few minutes after nightfall could never be found. Finally a little blind boy, who was the general pet of the house, was caught rifling a boarder's pockets in the dark. The gentleman had returned home from a long trip and after undressing had put on a bath robe and gone out of his room to bathe. When he returned it was quite dark, and as he lit the gas he was surprised to see the blind boy picking his pockets. The boy became helpless immediately in the light and confessed the theft, with much simulated contrition. No one suspected that the helpless little man, who could hardly get across the room in the daylight, could see perfectly in the dark.

VETERANS' CORNER.

SOME SKETCHES FOR GRAND ARMY CAMPFIRES.

Bring On the Flag—U. S. Grant II for West Point—Soldiers and Paupers—One of History's Lifs—An Ignorant Enemy.



the Grand Army.

RING ON THE good old flag, my boys; unfurl it to the breeze, We'll defend it, as we've done before, onland and on the seas; And those who dare to pull it down, whoever they may be, Will find a foe in the Grand Army.

CHORUS.

Hurrah! hurrah! Let us shout with jubilee, Hurrah! hurrah! Let our motto ever be, To keep well guarded on our line, from mountain to the sea, Our Flag, our Rights, and Peace of Country.

It's true, my boys, our locks have changed, since sixty-one and five, But he who now insults our flag, will find us still alive, Noblatant howling anarchist by threats will ever drive The boys in blue, the Grand Army.

CHORUS—Hurrah! etc., etc.

U. S. Grant II for West Point.

Toward the latter part of April, 1885, Gen. Grant, while sick and weak at his home, No. 3 East Sixty-sixth street, lay watching the portrait of a baby face. The face was that of U. S. Grant II. The little fellow, although then less than 3 years old, was a great pet of the ex-President, who was particularly pleased at his reflective habit even at that tender age. He had previously urged his son to have the boy trained for military life, and have him graduate from West Point as they both had done. Col. Grant said he would do all he could to have that wish carried into effect, but as the boy would not be 17, the age for entering West Point, until 1899 he begged the general not to worry about the matter any more at that time.

"Bring me writing materials," said the sick man. Then with much care and evident difficulty he addressed a letter to the President of the United States from that time, briefly asking that his grandson, U. S. Grant, be appointed to a cadetship in the Military Academy. Shortly afterward Gen. Tecumseh Sherman called to see him, and he got Sherman to indorse the application. Then it was handed to Col. Grant to take care of, with some remark by Sherman, in his good natured way, that the writer and indorser might together have influence enough to secure a West Point cadetship. Col. Fred Grant said to a New York Commercial Advertiser reporter: "I hope to have the pleasure of presenting that letter in the white house within the next five years and I further hope it will have the effect of securing the appointment, for the lad is full of military ardor, and, although he does not say much, being something like his grandfather in that respect, he is earnestly looking forward to the time when he shall be admitted." The colonel said the letter was short and formal. There was nothing in it except the request as stated. He has it carefully put away with other papers left by the general, and, of course, does not wish to publish the exact phraseology until it has been read by the President who will be elected in 1896. It was with some reluctance that Mrs. Col. Grant parted even temporarily with the 1895 photograph from which the Commercial Advertiser's picture is made. While feeling proud of her boy, she did not care to extol him, preferring to leave that to others. U. S. Grant II was born in Chicago July 4, 1882. As a baby he had a great fondness for toy soldiers, and this fact did not escape the notice of the old general. He now has an army of 2,000 tin warriors with which he occasionally amuses himself. He went to school in Vienna while he colonel was minister to Austria from 1889 to 1893. There he acquired not only a knowledge of high and low German, but also became conversant with the numerous dialects, and can talk to a German in his patois, no matter from what part of the fatherland he may come.

Soldiers and Paupers.

A few days ago, an old man sat in the Jersey City station of the Pennsylvania railroad, waiting to take a West Shore train for Albany. His face was bronzed, careworn; and his movements were slow and rheumatic. The thumb of the right hand had deserted and left its place conspicuously destitute. His clothes were shabby, worn, and threadbare; but they were of the United States blue. A little conversation with him revealed the fact that for several years he had been a private in the regular army, and had passed most of that time upon the plains, among the mountains, and against the Indians of the west; had tried to do his duty as well as the limitations of human nature would permit; had finally been discharged for inability; was now unable to work; and living as best he could. "Do you get a pension from the government?" "Yes; I have \$4 a month; but it doesn't go very far."

"Have you any relatives?" "Only a sister and brother-in-law. They're out of work now, and can't do much for me."

"Did you ever try to get into a 'Soldiers' Home'?"

"Yes; but all the Soldiers' Homes in New York state are full, and there's no room for me till some of the other fellows die, they say. I've just been to Newark, to see if I couldn't get into the 'Home' there; but they tell me I must first live in New Jersey three years."

So here was one of the defenders of our lives and homes, too old and feeble to camp or fight any more on his way back to Albany, to tell his destitute sister that the government had no shelter for him, and he must continue to jog along on his \$4 a month—jog along into the poor house, if the benevolent grave does not receive him first, and this is the way that the rich, proud, powerful United States of America takes care of her soldiers. In their

our age. Can a republic afford to be thus ungrateful? Whoever sees a stitch of army blue in the alms house sees a blot on the American flag that will not wash out. Whoever sees a retired soldier suffering and does nothing to relieve him is no true citizen, and does not deserve the protection of citizenship.—Everywhere.

An Ignorant Enemy.

Down in Tennessee, in 1862, the Indiana field artillery lay encamped, and lack of action made affairs monotonous. One day relief came in the shape of a backwoods confederate with an old wagon loaded with watermelons. The driver pulled up at our camp and wanted to sell his melons to us; but we had no money. Instead, we had what we told him were sutler's checks. We had just-drawn new clothes the day before, and the tags from them were all the checks we had. With these we bought the entire load of melons. As soon as the marketer had sold out he started for town, rejoicing over the big haul he had made from the Yanks. But he did not go very far until someone told him that the checks were bogus. Soon we saw him coming back driving at a furious pace, his face darker than a thundercloud. He took in the camp with one sweep of his eye, sprang from the wagon and started for us on the double-quick. He raved and cursed as only a full-fledged southerner could, and went to the captain, to be informed that the Yanks sometimes used ropes to settle accounts. Just then a man came out of a tent with a rope with a noose already made, and the man-made a dash for his wagon, with one hundred yelling soldiers in pursuit. He passed the picket line playing his whip right and left, and never visited our camp again.

Paid a Quarter for Harrison's Nickel.

Gen. Harrison was a passenger on a crowded North Pennsylvania street car a few days since. The day was a disagreeable one, or Mr. Harrison would have been walking. As the general entered the car a man rose and politely offered his seat to the distinguished passenger. Mr. Harrison looked at the man, and no doubt his observing eye noticed that the man was tired and that he carried a lunch basket, indicating that he was on his way from a day's work.

"Keep your seat sir," said Mr. Harrison, bowing politely. The man took his seat, and Mr. Harrison took hold of a strap.

With a manner of importance the conductor stepped forward to collect the general's fare. Mr. Harrison handed forth a nickel, and the conductor returned to the platform with it in his hand.

"I'll give you a quarter for that nickel," said a stranger on the platform.

"It's yours," replied the conductor, and then he continued: "Mr. Harrison is just a citizen, like the rest of us."

"Yes," replied the stranger, as he pocketed the nickel and gave the conductor a quarter, "but he has done a little bit more in the world than the rest of us." And the conductor answered: "That's right."—Indianapolis Journal.

First Taste of War.

Of Gen. Carr, who has just died in New York state, they used to tell an amusing story about Troy, his old home. Carr left Troy to go to the war in command of the Second regiment. The story is that the first engagement the young colonel figured in was at Big Bethel. His regiment had halted for rest and refreshment in a pleasant dale. They had not then tasted war. It happened that the rebels were in ambush in the immediate neighborhood of the resting place of the brave Trojans, and from a safe hiding place opened fire upon them. Carr instantly put spurs to his horse and rode up to a group of officers. Excitement and bewilderment were apparent upon his handsome face as he approached the party. "They are firing upon my regiment!" he shouted. "My God! now, what is to be done?"

Widows of Revolutionary War.

On June 30, 1894, the date of the last report of the commissioner of pensions, there were still nine living widows of soldiers of the American Revolution on the rolls. The names of these relics of the soldiers of the great war of independence, together with their ages and postoffice addresses, are as follows: Mary Brown, 80, Knoxville, Tenn.; Nancy Cloud, 81, Chum, Va.; Esther Damon, 80, Plymouth, Vt.; Nancy Jones, 80, Jonesboro, Tenn.; Rebecca Mayo, 81, Newbern, Va.; Patty Richardson, 83, East Bethel, Vt.; Sena Turner, 85, Manchester, N. Y.; Mary Snead, 78, Picklesley, Va.; Nancy Weatherman, 84, Lindback, Tenn.

Czar and Colonel.

Upon his accession to the throne the emperor of Russia was appointed colonel-in-chief of the Royal Scots Greys. While dressing for dinner an enthusiastic subaltern communicated the information to his soldier servant.

"Donald," he said, "have you heard that the new emperor of Russia has been appointed 'colonel of the regiment'?"

"Indeed, sir!" replied Donald. "It is a vera proof thing."

Then after a pause, he inquired: "Beg pardon, sir, but will he be able to keep both places?"—Tit-Bits.

A Great Victory.

In the battle of Marengo 58,000 men participated, and of that number 13,600 were killed or wounded, about 22 per cent. Napoleon thought Marengo his greatest victory. He always kept throughout life the uniform he wore on that day.

Provinces of China.

The Chinese empire is divided into eighteen grand provinces, representing an average area each of 243,000 square miles. The German empire contains 211,900 square miles, the French republics, 240,000 and the British Isles 121,000.

Gray Horses the Best.

The Russian war office has decided to use henceforth exclusively gray horses for military purposes, the reason given for the innovation being that animals of this color have been found by experience to be stronger and more enduring than the brown ones now used.

The Fourth Congregational church, Hartford, Conn., has decided to build a new edifice on the institutional church idea.

A WAR ECHO.

EVERY HONORABLE VETERAN DESERVES HIS PENSION.

And the Lone Limb Is Not the Only Reason for a Government Reward Either.

(From the Journal, Lewiston, Me.) Samuel R. Jordan has just given the Journal an account of his life, which in view of his extremely hard lot for the past few years is of great interest.

"I am 48 years old and have always lived in New Portland. I enlisted in the army in 1862 as a private in Company A, Twenty-eighth Maine Volunteers. My army experience injured my health to some extent, although I worked at blacksmithing some part of the time, when suddenly, several years ago, I was prostrated with what able physicians pronounced Locomotor Ataxia. At first I could get around somewhat, yet the disease progressed quite rapidly until I had hardly any feeling in my legs and feet, they felt like sticks of wood, and I grew so much worse that I could not move for three years without help, as my neighbors and friends could testify. I employed several physicians in my vicinity, and elsewhere, and they all told me that medicines would not help me, that they could do nothing to effect a cure and that in time I should become entirely helpless. I became discouraged. I was a great care to my wife and friends. Shortly after I met an old army comrade, Mr. A. L. Parlin, a resident of Madison, Me., and he incidentally mentioned how he had tried Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for a severe case of rheumatism and a spinal and malarial trouble, that he had suffered with consequent of his army life, and had been greatly benefited by their use. By his earnest recommendation I was induced to try the pills. After taking them for a time I began to feel prickly sensations in my legs and a return of strength so I could move them a little. After a few weeks I began to feel a marked improvement in my condition. I soon was enabled to walk around a little with the help of crutches. After taking for some time I can now walk without crutches, my general health is much improved and I have regained my old-time vigor. I can walk about and enjoy life once more, for which I feel very thankful, and this happy result is due to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People were first compounded as a prescription and used as such in general practice by an eminent physician. So great was the efficacy that it was deemed wise to place them within the reach of all. They are now manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold in boxes (never in loose form by the dozen or hundred, and the public are cautioned against numerous imitations sold in this shape) at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Med. Co.

Fortunes on Their Heads.
In many instances Dutch women carry their entire fortunes on their heads. Females in very humble circumstances frequently wear headgears worth \$250 and more. They are most costly headdresses, many of which were made in the seventeenth century, and under no circumstances can their owners be induced to part with them.

The Smallest Watch.
The smallest watch in the world has just been completed by some Bombay jewelers. It is not larger than a two-anna bit, and has the most perfect jeweled lever movement, and a fully-compensated chronometer balance.

Canoes made in Canada are now shipped direct to England, where much clumsier craft called canoes are now in general use.—Ex.

HIGHEST AWARD WORLD'S FAIR. IMPERIAL GRANUM

IS THE
FOOD BEST SUITED TO ALL
WEAK CONDITIONS, DIGESTIVE ORGANS
FOR
Dyspeptic, Delicate, Infirm and
AGED PERSONS

THE SAFEST FOOD IN
THE SICK ROOM FOR
INVALIDS

AND CONVALESCENTS.
PURE
DELICIOUS,
NOURISHING

FOR NURSING MOTHERS, INFANTS, AND
CHILDREN

THE
IMPERIAL GRANUM
IS SOLD BY
DRUGGISTS.

JOHN CARLE & SONS, NEW YORK.

PENSION JOHN W. MORRIS,
Washington, D. C.
Successfully Prosecutes Claims.
Late Principal Examiner U. S. Pension Bureau
5 yrs. in last war 15 adjudicating claims sixty wins

**EAT
FRIENDS
OATS**

ALWAYS THE BEST
Made Exclusively from
Superior KILN DRIED Selected
IOWA WHITE OATS
SOLD ONLY in 2 lb. pks.

Since 1890 Turkey has bought 700,000 improved rifles and 200,000,000 cartridges made of smokeless powder are stored in different parts of the country.

WITH A COMMENDABLE AIM.

A New Society in the Interest of Morality and Refinement.

Baltimore women have organized for the purpose of discountenancing plays of an immoral tendency. "The society as a whole will not boycott any particular play which may be considered improper," said one of its organizers to an Evening Sun writer; "the members simply promise to weigh carefully in their own minds whether they honestly ought to attend the performance of any play which is generally considered immoral, or whether they ought to encourage bad conduct among people on the stage by going to see stars whose general reputation is that of being immoral persons. Any other course, any vote against a particular play by the society would, if made public, very likely have a result directly opposite to the purpose of the society by sending hundreds of people to see the play. The elevation of the morality of the stage will also be aimed at more directly by a series of fortnightly meetings in the height of the theatrical season. At these gatherings papers on the drama—critical, historical and otherwise—will be read and discussed, and distinguished actors and actresses, whose moral characters is not questioned, will be invited to meet the members of the society and to present their views on the drama and stage. The morality of current plays can also be talked over at such meetings. Whether the society will be restricted to ladies or whether it will also include men, is one of the questions not yet decided. It would be a rather loose organization of large membership, because its objects will be better accomplished with large numbers." The idea of such an organization started with Mrs. Christine Ladd Franklin, the wife of Prof. Fabian Franklin of the Johns Hopkins university, and a member of the Woman's Literary club and the Arundell club. It first occurred to her during a discussion of "Tribby" at an afternoon tea. From the morality of Du Maurier's novel, the discussion drifted to the morality of Ibsen and current dramatists, and it was then that Mrs. Franklin proposed the new society.

ONE LETTER LEFT OUT.

"Bowl" Complaint an Excuse for an Actor's Inability to Appear.

In the early "stock" days of Washington, before the starring system was in vogue, it often happened that some bibulous member of the company sought a release of sorrow in a flowing bowl, says the Washington Post. Salaries had not reached that fabulous outline which now prevails, and the ghost did not always talk, and therefore there was always more or less sorrow to be appeased in the popular taprooms about town where the "profession" congregated. It happened on one occasion that a too liberal indulgence had rendered hors de combat one of the leading members of the company, who is still a prominent and popular actor to-day. It was not the first time that he had been discovered in a helpless condition just as the curtain was about to go up, but he was cast for a leading part on this particular night and there was great excitement on the stage. It was decided to substitute another bill, and the question now turned on the nature of the explanation to be made to the waiting audience.

"Announce that Mr. Brown has had a sudden attack of cholera morbus or bowel complaint," said the distressed manager of the theater to the stage manager.

This worthy was a heavy-voiced individual, with a strong Dublin accent, and a Celtic temperament which inclined to the humorous. He made his way before the curtain, bowed, and in his deep, rolling voice addressed the audience as follows:

"Ladies and Gentlemen: I regret to announce that the management is obliged to change the bill to-night, owing to Mr. Brown, who has had a severe attack of bowl complaint."

The audience caught the spirit of the joke, and amid general laughter, settled down to the enjoyment of the performance.

The Stranger.

There is a pompous little actor whom Miss May Irwin despises with as much intensity as a person of her good-natured disposition is capable. For obvious reasons the object of her aversion shall be called Jones. Ada Lewis, the "tough girl," who well knows the condition of affairs, in a spirit of fun said one day: "Oh, I saw your friend Jones in Broadway this afternoon." "You must have microscopic eyes," answered Miss Irwin. "He is always with a tall man. I never see one without the other. I wonder who the stranger is?" "Balaam, perhaps," laconically observed Miss Irwin.—Argonaut.

Enjoying Her Cry.

I have at a moving play sat next to a young lady whose pocket handkerchief was at work vigorously throughout half an act. At the dropping of the curtain she scarcely smile for a minute or two. But when speech returned to her, what do you think her first words were? Simply these: "I am so enjoying it all." And yet she was a tender-hearted, sympathetic girl, who would have fainted with horror in the presence of a newly stuck pig.—All the Year Round.

Music and a Fool.

The music made by a Salvation Army band in a London street was not appreciated by a gentleman who lived in a house near by. He sent a request for the band to stop. It was unheeded and the gentleman cut his throat.

Bookkeeping in Yale.

The faculty have decided to establish a course of bookkeeping in the Yale law school, and have engaged an expert accountant as instructor. This is an entirely new feature in law school instruction.

Jug and Jag.

A Wichita preacher said that there is a girl in that town who refused to go down street with a jug in the morning and in the evening she went down street with a jag.

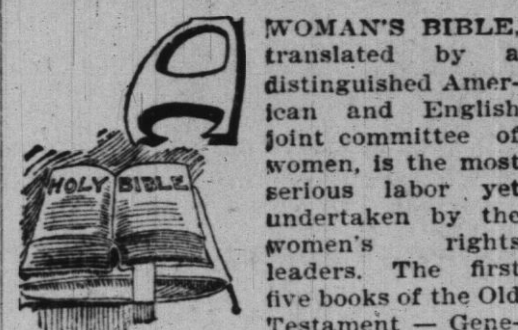
Preparing for War.

Since 1890 Turkey has bought 700,000 improved rifles and 200,000,000 cartridges made of smokeless powder are stored in different parts of the country.

A WOMAN'S BIBLE.

MAN IS NOT THE MASTER THEY SAY.

A Committee of Notable Women Now at Work Endeavoring to Prove the Equality of the Sexes by an Interpretation of the Holy Book.



WOMAN'S BIBLE, translated by a distinguished American and English joint committee of women, is the most serious labor yet undertaken by the women's rights leaders. The first five books of the Old Testament—Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers, Deuteronomy—have already been carefully studied, and the position of woman in the Bible has been fixed with precision. Six years ago this work began. It has for some time past been suspected that a revision of certain portions of the scriptures would show that woman had not been fairly dealt with by Biblical students. The main question to be determined was whether there was any real basis in the Bible for the assertion that man was the master. The work of the new committee of women has, they claim, already progressed far enough to show that the scriptures do not proclaim the superiority of man. The members of the Revision committee find on every hand abundant evidence of the absolute equality of the sexes. The venerable leader of this committee is Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton of New York, who is now 80 years of age. With Mrs. Stan-



ELIZABETH CADY STANTON.

ton have been associated Miss Frances Willard and Lady Henry Somerset, Mrs. Mary Livermore, the Rev. Olympia Hanaford, Sarah A. Underwood, Frances Ellen Burr, Helen Gardner, and Miss Frances Lord of London.

Perhaps the clearest narrative of the work and aims of the revisionists is best told in the words of Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton. She said recently: "Yes, I will cheerfully tell you whatever I can as to the method of work on the Woman's Bible and its inception. Where did the idea originate? Years ago in my own head. I have always been a careful student of the Bible since I went into woman's work and found that the worst foe we had was the mistranslation of the Bible, which took away the self-respect of woman and made her a slave to man. As the years went by I saw clearly that this must be combated. Women are politic by nature. They prefer to temporize, and so that course was followed. Men have never touched questions concerning women. With all the learned professors and scholars who have been engaged in revising the Bible none have touched women. They have argued over man and the inanimate, but they have left woman just where she was in the beginning of the translations. There were hopes that in the last revision of the New Testament justice might at last be done woman and her equality with man clearly brought out, but they did nothing and still kept woman in a position that has taken away from her her self-respect. If man will not correct errors in translation which reflect on woman then women must do it. Six years ago I saw plainly that it must be the final blow to be struck before woman could stand on the plane of equality with man. At that time Miss Frances Lord came from England and remained two months with me at my country home in Tenny, N. J. In those two months we went through the entire Bible to find out what proportion of it woman constituted. We found we appeared in the King James version in only one-eleventh part.—This proportion was somewhat of a surprise to me. I had always hesitated because it seemed such a herculean task to attempt to revise the entire Bible. But when we found women filled but such a small part of the Bible, I decided that the work could be done. I did not intend to attack any doctrines, creeds, or beliefs, simply the false position women in the Bible had been left through man's neglect. Miss Lord and I then took up the Pentateuch and commenced upon it. To carry out the plan of revision a committee of English and American women was then formed. Among them

were many famous names—Mrs. Mary Livermore, the Rev. Olympia Brown, the Rev. Phoebe Hanaford, and Sarah A. Underwood, who was editor of the Open Court, and with her husband, editor of the Index. John Bright's sister, who has since died, was another famous woman who was to have assisted. Frances Ellen Burr, now of the Hartford Times, and Helen Gardner, were others. Mrs. Lord and I went through the Pentateuch, and next year while in London, assisted by my daughter, Mrs. Blatch, I continued with the same five books, in which are many of the most important mistranslated passages most frequently quoted to establish the inferiority of women. The other members of the committee, it must be confessed, did not carry on the work with much zest. There was some feeling that women were not ready then to bear the responsibility of the movement. I was president of the National Suffrage organization, and many women dreaded the effect of my leading such a work. Others urged that it was necessary to gain the support of religious denominations for the general emancipation of women, while any serious attacks based on the revision of the Bible would interfere with many avenues then opening to her where she might earn her living. During the fifty years since I went before the legislature of New York to urge the rights of women I have seen that the greatest trouble was that women believed themselves cursed of God, that they are the origin of sin, and that maternity is a condition of slavery. If they could only be brought to see that instead of that they were represented in the godhead at the creation, that woman was created in the image of the motherhood, then they might regain their self-respect. This, it seemed to me, could only be accomplished by a revision of the Bible. And while the work proceeded only slowly the ultimate neces-

Royal Baking Powder

Highest of all in leavening strength —Latest U. S. Government Food Report. Absolutely Pure

The Grand Zitiaticus.

Secretary Morton, in speaking as to the proposed annexation of Cuba, recalls that thirty or forty years ago when a popular movement for attaching Cuba to the United States was instituted in this country a secret organization known as the Sons of Malta sprang into existence for the purpose of inculcating the annexation idea. The organization was more of a joke than anything else, with its "Grand Zitiaticus" and other officers with picturesque titles. Secretary Morton was one of the hundreds of thousands who joined this society, being tossed in a blanket and subjected to other extraordinary ceremonies of initiation. Notwithstanding the frivolous purpose and methods of the Knights of Malta, they multiplied at an amazing rate and raised several hundred thousand dollars for charitable purposes.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.
W. & T. ALEX. Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. W. L. DINGMAN, KINMAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.
Hall's Family Pills, 25c.

Chauncey Depew has the length, range, agility and depth of the graceful greyhound; to let loose on him the savage dogs of war is no better than cruelty to animals.—Ex.

The Evolution
Of medicinal agents is gradually relegating the old-time herbs, pills, draughts and vegetable extracts to the rear and bringing into general use the pleasant and effective liquid laxative, Syrup of Figs. To get the true remedy see that it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., only. For sale by all leading druggists.

It will be droll to find great private corporations running schools for money getting solemnly up and professing to be eleemosynary institutions.—Chicago Tribune.

\$40 buys a good Top Buggy, with Leather Quarter Top. The Chicago Scale Co. are the only ones who can sell at this price, they furnish their customers a thousand articles at less than the usual prices paid by dealers. It will pay to secure their catalogue which they send free on application. This company is perfectly reliable and they make a specialty of supplying the wants of farmers.

Phoebe Cousins says that James G. Fair expressed a longing for her and a thousand kisses. Couldn't she have compromised on nine hundred and fifty?—New York World.

For twenty years folks all over the world have cured rheumatism, neuralgia, and all other pains and aches by using St. Jacobs Oil. There must be something in it, for you couldn't fool all the people for so many years.

\$2,000 SAVED.

Mrs. Robert Sampson is a most highly respected lady of Rogers Park, Ill. She had Neuralgia and Rheumatism for 20 years.
Schrage's \$1,000,000 Rheumatic Cure made a new woman of her and Mrs. Della Benner also of Rogers Park. They say it saved them over \$2,000 in doctors' bills. Guaranteed absolutely the best remedy in the world for Gout, Rheumatism and Neuralgia. PURE, SURE. Never fails. \$1.50 a bottle. Once used, never without it. 14 hospitals use it now. Write to-day. Most druggists or grocers. Swanson R. C. Co., 167 Dearborn Street, Chicago.

ELY'S Cream Balm has completely cured me of catarrh when everything else failed. Many acquaintances have used it with excellent results.
—Alfred W. Stevens, Caldwell, Ohio.

CATARRH

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 BROTHERS, 56 Warren St., New York.

Metal Wheels for your Wagons

Any size you want, 20 to 54 inches high. Tires 8 to 10 inches wide. Hubs to any axle. Saves cost many times in a year. For hauling grain, fodder, manure, hops, etc. No rusting of tires. Cat's free. Address Empire Mfg. Co., P. O. Box 33, Quincy, Ill.

PER SQUARE \$1.75 Iron Roofing

We are selling Galvanized Corrugated Iron Roofing from World's Fair Buildings at above price. We have on hand only best kind of Lumber and other Building Material.

CHICAGO HOUSE WRECKING CO.

3005 S. HALSTED ST. (Six blocks north Union Stock Yards).

The SCALPER

Manchester, England, has voted through its town council \$1,000,000 for a technical school.

A Chicago woman has become insane from novel-reading. This "Tribby" habit is really serious.—Ex.

Coe's Cough Balm
Is the oldest and best. It will break up a Cold quicker than anything else. It is always reliable. Try it.

Rents are said to be somewhat lower now, but it isn't every tramp who can afford to own a pair of suspenders.—Ex.

"Hanson's Magic Corn Salve."
Warranted to cure or money refunded. Ask your druggist for it. Price 15 cents.

Queenie Foote of Fort Wayne has joined the Order of Maccabees. She is 46 years old and only thirty-seven inches high.—Ex.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth.
Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for Children Teething.

An Osage Indian who tried his first feather bed at Stillwater, the other day, cut a hole in the ticking and crawled in among the feathers.—Ex.

I can recommend Pilo's Cure for Consumption to sufferers from Asthma.—E. A. TOWNSEND, Ft. Howard, Wis., May 4, '96.

The Kendals are going back to Europe with another large and satisfactory invoice of American dollars.—Kansas City Journal.



The Door of Life.
The fear of pain and the dangers of parturition fill many a woman's breast with dismay. There is no reason why childbirth should be fraught with danger and distress. It is a natural function, and should be performed in a natural way without undue suffering. Nature never intended that women should be tortured in this way.

Taken during gestation Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription robs childbirth of its dangers to both mother and child, by preparing the system for delivery, thereby shortening labor, lessening pain and abbreviating the period of confinement.

**DR. KILMER'S SWAMP
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CURE.**
At Druggists, 50c. & 67c. Advice & Pamphlet free.
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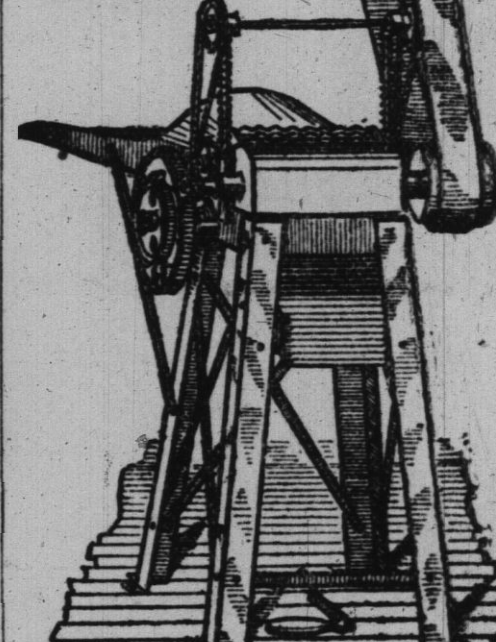
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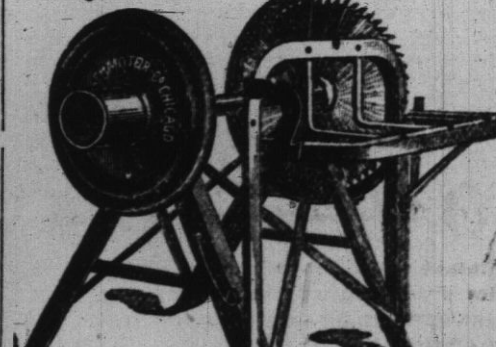
For twenty years folks all over the world have cured rheumatism, neuralgia, and all other pains and aches by using St. Jacobs Oil. There must be something in it, for you couldn't fool all the people for so many years.

The Aermotor all Steel Food Cutter Worth

\$40 FOR \$10



We will furnish this food cutter, one only in each town not later than July 1, 1905, for \$10.00 cash, and deliver it to your neighbors and acquaintances of the order known personally by him to be reliable and delivered in their localities who need and are likely to buy something in our line this year. After July 1st money paid on this offer will be returned to sender and no attention will be paid to inquiries or letters concerning this offer. It is literally new and never used. The food cutter is delivered f. o. b. Chicago. If shipped from branch houses back freight will follow.



This all steel frame and new which we put out at only \$22.50, is just the one we need. AERMOTOR CO., Chicago.

LINENE

The "LINENE" 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 and order to REV. J. A. McMillan, 211 Hubbard Court, Chicago.

NERVE FOOD

Send for a package of the famous and delicious NERVE FOOD. Dr. J. A. McMillan, 211 Hubbard Court, Chicago.

A FATAL ACT.

(By Laurana W. Sheldon.)



turned a little, so that the clear, dark profile stood out boldly against the light, while her beautiful eyes were fixed in a dreamy reverie upon a vine that clambered above the sash.

She wore a riding habit that made the proud, voluptuous figure even more majestic and commanding. In one gloved hand she held her riding whip, and in the other there was a square of white, so like one of his own monogrammed envelopes that Cecil found himself wondering vaguely about it long after the picture had vanished from his vision. For Mabel was awaiting him at the edge of the drive, and quite naturally he could not carry long to admire his cousin's loveliness.

Five minutes after the two equestrians passed outside the library window, Mabel, her fair hair floating in the wind, and Cecil, with his proud eyes fixed upon her face, but neither of them thought to even glance at the dark-eyed girl who watched them jealously from the window.

"That is always the way," Jessie Geoffrey whispered bitterly to herself after they had passed. "He has neither ears nor eyes for me when Mabel Denison is with him."

She bit her lips angrily, but the effort was too late to stop her tears. Laying her proud head down upon the table she cried for a moment as if her heart would break. Then, as if made desperate by a sudden thought, she sat erect, and laying the envelope that she held upon the table, began, by much laborious effort, to write a name upon it.

To have seen her one would have thought her an indifferent scribe, but when she finished she scrutinized it carefully, and the smile that lighted her eager face betokened a genuine satisfaction.

Ten minutes later she was speeding down the drive, spurring her favorite "Black Tom" with unusual vigor, and causing that spirited brute to toss his head in a series of resentful gestures.

Just at a turn in the drive she passed the lovers. They were riding side by side, Cecil half leaning from his saddle as he bent to whisper in Mabel's ear, but with an extra cut of the whip upon "Black Tom's" side Jessie passed them like an arrow, while she turned with a strangely joyous laugh and shouted out a word of greeting.

But this last sharp cut had been too much for the spirited brute that she was now riding. With a bound he sprang from his rider's hand and fled like mad along the road.

"Quick, Cecil, catch him or she will be killed!" Mabel cried frantically, as together they started in a mad pursuit of the flying horse.

On they raced, Cecil gradually gaining on the maddened brute, while Mabel, fearless, but more poorly mounted, urged her own horse to its utmost speed.

Cecil had reached "Black Tom" by half a length and was just shouting to Jessie to hold on a moment longer, when, as if the very sound of his voice had added to her terror, the poor girl suddenly let go her hold and was thrown headfirst to the beaten ground.

"Black Tom" rushed on like the very spirit of vengeance, but Cecil, springing from his steed, bent horror stricken above the fallen girl.

"She is dead, I fear," he said solemnly, as Mabel's bay, reeking with sweat, came swiftly to his side. "I will carry



"MABEL, DARLING," HE CRIED, her into this good man's house and see what can be done," he said gratefully, as an honest farmer who had seen her fall came with rapid strides across the road.

Together they carried her into the house, while Mabel dismounted from her horse to mount Cecil's better one, preparatory to hastening for a physician. As she led the animal to a convenient stone her eye was attracted to a letter lying close beside the road.

Whether Cecil or Jessie had dropped it she did not know, but the men were disappearing with their burden inside the farmer's door, and she must hurry away to the village if she meant to save the young girl's life. She picked up the envelope and thrust it in her pocket. Whose ever it was it was of no consequence now, and a moment more she was flying like the wind on her errand of love and pity.

For Mabel had often longed for Jessie's love. She was attracted to the stately girl as the weak are always attracted toward the strong. They were equally beautiful in face and form, yet of such distinctly opposite types that in Mabel's gentle mind, at least, all thought of jealousy was impossible. More than that, Jessie was Cecil's cousin, and what less could a fiancée desire than the friendship and affection of her lover's family.

But Jessie had always refused her advances. Not by any angry words, but by a quiet, frigid manner that quite consoled the young girl's warmer nature. She could never exactly understand it, for she did not know of Jessie's love of Cecil. She had never even suspected it, and as for Cecil, if he ever dreamed of such a thing, his own de-

votion to another had made him half indifferent to his cousin.

It was only after a physician had been sent to the injured girl and Mabel had turned her horse's head toward Jessie's home to apprise them of what had happened that she thought again of the unmailed letter. She was passing the postoffice at the time, and checking her horse, she drew it from her pocket.

"Why, it's for me, and in Cecil's handwriting," she exclaimed in surprise as she glanced at the inscription. "How strange that he did not give it to me himself instead of carrying it all the morning in his pocket."

Then she blushed happily as she thought what the letter would probably tell, and for a moment even Jessie's awful fate seemed to fade before her pleasure. She whipped up her horse and started on. "No need to mail a letter to myself," she whispered laughingly, as she unhesitatingly broke the seal.

The message was short, so short that the fair girl almost reeled in her saddle as she glanced it over and fully realized its awful purport.

Could it be true that Cecil did not love her and had taken this manner of saying so rather than a more manly method of communication?

Yes, the words were plain and unmistakable, and he had furthermore added insult to injury by saying "It was consideration for her love of him that had made him neglect this painful duty."

Like one suddenly turned to stone she rode silently on her errand. Jessie's fate was enviable to her now in the misery of the present moment. She read the note again and again, until the cruel words seemed burned into her brain, and the sweet and sad experiences of the hour melted into one horrible nightmare that was fast driving her to a state of frenzy.

She reached the house, and saw Jessie's parents standing happily on the porch, but her heart was too full of its own bitterness to feel more than an apathetic sympathy for their coming sorrow.

Almost mechanically she told them of the young girl's fall, and then leaving the horse she gathered her skirts about her and started alone in bitter agony for a quiet hour in the neighboring woods.

On and on she walked, while her brain was busy with its sudden revelation. Oh, how she had loved and trusted Cecil, and now to find that he had only been making a farce of what to her was life's sacred drama.

To think of him was agony itself, and so, with an almost passive effort, she tried to think again of Jessie.

Was she dead and free from all this life of pain? If so, she envied her now with all her heart, for life, that an hour ago was bright and beautiful, seemed hardly worth the living.

She was nearing the border of a tiny pond, and the water, lying so cool and motionless, seemed to thrill her brain with a sudden purpose. She tossed her cap upon the bank, and bending, bathed her head in the placid water.

But a fever such as hers could not be silenced by mere touch of water. It was the bitterness of a blighted love, that was scorching her brain and throbbing madly in her pulses. To be pitied by him—to be scorned by him, and worst of all, to live without him! The thought was more than she could bear in the first hour of her bitter sorrow.

In an instant she had formed her plan and yielded to the water's invitation.

Hastily scribbling a few words on her card, she tucked it into her riding cap and laid it, with her whip and purse, in a conspicuous place upon the bank; then, without glancing either to right or left, she sprang fearlessly into the quiet water.

At that very instant the sound of Cecil's voice came suddenly to her ears.

"Mabel! Mabel darling," he cried as he dashed madly along the narrow path, and without a moment's thought, sprang boldly to her rescue.

"Don't try to explain, dearest," he said tenderly, as he laid her, a moment later, all dripping wet upon the bank. "I know exactly what you have suffered, but, oh, Mabel, your suffering, fearful as it was, could not in any way compare with the misery of my dying cousin." There was a solemn shadow in his face, that even his darling's danger had failed to lift or alter. He bent suddenly and kissed the trembling lips. Then, catching the look of pity in the tearful eyes, he added, sadly: "Yes, Jessie is dead, the poor, dear girl, but before she died she insisted upon telling how she had loved me all these many years, and how bitterly she had felt toward you since learning how I loved you. We begged her not to talk, but she pleaded over and over again that I would try to find a letter she had dropped before you could by any means obtain it. It seems," he added, with a heavy sigh, "I was too late to save you pain, but, oh, Mabel, should we not rejoice that I was not too late to save your life and restore the sunshine to our future?"

But Mabel's tears burst out afresh. "Mine was the greater sin," she said penitently. "Poor Jessie only wronged herself, while I wronged both myself and you by yielding to a moment's weakness."

"SHE IS A DISTINCT TYPE."

How the Baltimore Girl Differs Favorably from Those of Others

The Baltimore girl is a type of herself. She doesn't read the newspapers, is not much at joining societies, has no mission to reconstruct the universe, is a delightful conversationalist, has great equanimity and amiability of disposition, has no fads, and is not bothering her pretty head about Emerson, Howells, Ibsen, or any of the Boston idols, but when it comes to shedding the radiance of beauty, kindly ways, and winsome fascinations on everything and everybody about her, she is equal to an aurora borealis. When it comes to power and influence with the men, she is equal to a dynamo, from an electrical point of view. She is not after any "rights," because she has the privileges of a princess. The men all adore her, and while the Boston girl is construing Browning's Baltimore girl is peeling peaches or arranging strawberries and cream for her best young man, who is coming to tea, or perhaps she is down in the kitchen with her pretty sleeves rolled up, giving the finishing touches to the preparation of terrapin, or the roasting of a canvasback duck.

India ink is made in Japan from the soot obtained by burning the shells of an oily nut.

HER OLD FOSSIL.

HERE WAS SO much talk about Prof. Chesney before he arrived that Larry declared herself sick of the subject.

Larry was the only one of the family who had not met him and with her usual perversity made up her mind not to like him. He was learned in mathematics, which only scored against him in her eyes.

"The calculating power alone should seem to be the least of human qualities," she quoted, her small nose in the air. "There is something wrong about a man whom everybody likes. My prophetic soul tells me I shall not take to him, at least."

The Wednesday professor was expected. Larry went for a long walk. She met Ned Erskine and Harry Winthrop, two young artists with whom she was good friends, and enjoyed herself very much, getting in barely in time to dress for dinner.

When she slipped into her place and there was a reproach in her mother's voice as she said, "My third daughter, Larinda, Professor Chesney."

If there was anything that her third daughter hated, it was being addressed by her baptismal name. With a pout of her red under lip she bowed hastily and was not until she had disposed of her soup that she looked at her opposite neighbor.

A tall, thin man with brown hair and a short brown beard and mustache, thickly streaked with grey, a large, dome like forehead and near sighted gray eyes that looked kindly at her through his spectacles.

He was a little surprised at the hostile expression in the brilliant brown eyes, which surprise deepened into astonishment when, in answer to a low voiced remark, the young lady replied also in a low tone, but so distinctly that he heard every word:

"I think he is an old fossil."

Notwithstanding this, several times during the meal his eyes strayed to the white robed figure, the bent, shining brown head, and once, the midst of a remark from Augusta, he turned quickly to listen to a peal of merry laughter from Larry.

Several of her friends came in during the evening and she devoted herself to their entertainment, completely ignoring the professor. When she kept up this behavior for nearly a week it attracted the attention of her family as well as that of the visitor and when gentle hints were scorned Larry was severely reprimanded.

"You are positively unlaughable," said Mrs. Austin, "and I insist upon at least civility. He must think you are an ill-mannered child."

"I dare say I do seem a child to his advanced years," saucily answered Larry.

"You are exceedingly impertinent," answered Mrs. Austin, who was now very angry. "I insist upon your being polite to Prof. Chesney and doing your share toward entertaining him or I shall certainly complain of you to your father. Leave the room, miss."

A little ashamed and wholly angry, Larry whisked out of the room almost into the professor's arms, with such force as to rather stagger him.

With a hasty "Excuse me!" she sped along the corridor and up the stairs, while the "estimable gentleman" stood and looked after her.

"An old fossil!" he murmured, with a slight smile, stroking his beard.

Shortly after this, to the surprise of all, Larry suddenly changed her tactics and at dinner one day addressed the professor. He answered courteously and very readily joined in the argument between herself and Jim. Her remarks were bright and amusing, if somewhat crude, and the brown eyes and changeable face were very attractive. In the evening she played and sang for him and was as bright and bewitching as the heart of man could desire, much to the surprise of some and the annoyance of others of her family.

"She means mischief," thought Jim uneasily. "Are you beginning to succumb to the professor's charm?" he whispered. "You know, I gave you a week."

"I am thinking of getting up a collection of fossils," she answered, with a mocking laugh, "and this is too fine a specimen to lose. Don't you dare interfere."

"Poor wretch," rejoined Jim. "He has my sympathy."

Unable to account for the change in Larry's manner, the professor nevertheless found her very agreeable and though never neglecting any one else it soon became evident that she was the attraction. The other two reluctantly gave way to her and it was she who went with him to picture galleries and lectures and concerts, who was the life of the theater and opera parties—saucy, witty, charming.

With all his gravity and erudition, it was plain that he admired this ill-regulated young woman. He had never before been thrown closely into companionship with such a creature. He admired her beauty, her dainty costumes, even her girlish extravagance of speech and her saucy disregard of his opinion, pleased him better than Augusta's unvarying politeness or Gertrude's cleverness. His eyes followed her every movement, a wistful light in them some times that touched Jim.

Larry was curled up in a deep window sill, overlooking the park, basking in the sun, for she was a veritable Persian in her love of sunlight, when Prof. Chesney came into the room. He leaned against the side of the window, looking at the picture she made in her quaint puffed and furbelowed gown, the sun light falling on her brown head.

Larry looked up, nodded with a smile that showed her small white teeth and settled back in her original position, waiting for him to speak. And so he did after a while, but not as she expected.

"I am going away to-morrow, Miss Larry," he said. "My pleasant visit has come to an end, all too soon."

"To-morrow!" echoed the girl, sitting up straight. "I am very sorry you are going."

And much to her own surprise she realized that this remark was perfectly sincere.

"I am glad to hear you say that," said the professor, trying to keep his voice steady. "It makes it a little easier to say something that is in my heart."

Then he told his story in warm, eager words, very unlike his usual calm ones

—words that stirred Larry strangely. There was a queer expression on her pale face as she stood before him.

"Prof. Chesney," she said with quivering lips, "I am not worth the love you have offered me. You'll realize that when I tell you that I have only been pleasant and civil to you all these weeks, not for any liking for you, but to—to plague the others."

Thoroughly ashamed, she bent her head, unable to meet his eyes.

"You mean that you have deliberately played a part all these weeks? You whom I thought so frank and true? How could you do it? Then you have not the slightest love for me in your heart—that, I suppose, is out of the question?"

There was a hurt, shocked tone in his voice that touched Larry keenly.

"I don't love you," she answered, "but I shall be very grateful if, after what I have told you, you will let me be your friend."

She put out her hands and moved a step nearer to him, but to her mortification her extended hands remained untouched.

"I did not ask for your friendship," he said, unsteadily, "and just at present I want only what I ask for. By and by I may be able to appreciate your offer. I shall try, but you've taught me to forget, Larry; one I'm not likely to forget. Perhaps I ought to have known better, but—with a break in his voice—"I'm not used to women, I'm only an old fossil after all."

And without another word he left her. Up in her room Larry was still more surprised to find a bit of crying necessary. She could not account for the unhappy feeling that took possession of her as she reviewed the past weeks and realized that the kindly, pleasant companionship she had accepted so heedlessly was at an end.

"I suppose he'll hate me now forever," she thought between her sobs, "but how could I say I love him when I didn't?"

Then she sobbed all the harder.

The professor left the next afternoon while Larry was out.

A box of white roses lay on the table addressed to her, a card attached, on which was written, "From your friend, Roger Chesney." That was all but she guessed dimly what an effort it cost him to write it.

With trembling fingers she made three parts of the flowers and gave them to her mother and sisters.

"I don't want them," she said proudly, in answer to her mother's remonstrance. "I was only civil to him to please you all."

Jim noticed that the brilliant eyes were full of tears, and that she took the card away with her.

"It must be a relief to you to have him gone," he said as they stood for a moment in the hall. "Association with such a serious man must have been a trial to you."

He was unprepared for the way she flamed out at him.

"Such a trial as makes me more willing to accept the statement that man is made after God's own image and possesses some God-like attributes. Now go!"

And he did, a lurking smile under his mustache and a most emphatic "By Jove!" upon his lips.

One bright morning early in June Jim opened the door of Mrs. Austin's sitting room. Larry was there alone. She had an industrious fit on her and with the sleeves of her blue morning dress, turned back, displaying two prettily rounded arms, feather duster in hand, she was whisking the dust off some rare pieces of old china.

"Larry, here is an old friend of yours," Jim announced. "Treat him well, for he sails for Egypt to-morrow, never to return. I'll be back in a minute."

He vanished, and there inside the closed door stood Prof. Chesney, thinner, grayer, but with the old kindly smile on his lips that she remembered so well. Started out of her self-possession, Larry stood with her duster suspended over gran'ma's 100-year-old tea pot.

"I sail for Egypt to-morrow," said the professor, taking a few steps into the room, "and I may never return. Won't you wish me godspeed, Larry?"

Crash went gran'ma's priceless tea pot in a dozen pieces on the polished floor and the next thing Larry knew she was crying.

The professor approached her.

"Are you crying because I am going away or because you have broken the tea pot?" asked the visitor.

"Both!" cried Larry with a convulsive sob, which was smothered in the

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Crash went gran'ma's priceless tea pot in a dozen pieces on the polished floor and the next thing Larry knew she was crying.

The professor approached her.

"Are you crying because I am going away or because you have broken the tea pot?" asked the visitor.

"Both!" cried Larry with a convulsive sob, which was smother