

# BARRINGTON REVIEW.

VOL. 10. NO. 1.

BARRINGTON, ILL., SATURDAY, MAY 18, 1895.

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Rubber Boots.

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

THEODOR H. SCHUTT,  
Barrington, Ill.

## REPUBLIC WILL FALL.

DISQUIETING RUMORS IN RE-  
GARD TO HAWAII.

Ex-Archbishop-General Ashford of the  
Islands Says the Monarchy Must Be  
Restored Before Quiet Can Be Secured  
—Afraid of Japan.

San Francisco, Cal., May 17.—Colonel  
Ashford of Hawaii, who arrived here  
yesterday on the steamer Australia, said:

"There is a perfect reign of terror in  
the islands. Informers are everywhere.  
People dare not speak in their own  
houses. There is everywhere a feeling  
of uncertainty, doubt and impending  
danger and ruin. Those who favored an-  
nexation have made up their minds that  
it is impossible. Thurston has gone back  
and it is publicly said that he is going  
to propose the restoration of a monar-  
chy, with Kalulani on the throne. A  
republic seems an impossibility, such a  
large part of the population are incap-  
able of governing themselves. What  
they are talking of now and want first  
is some sort of protectorate of the United  
States. They are afraid of Japan and  
want some protection against any other  
foreign interference. I am not a royalist  
in principle, but under all the con-  
siderations existing down there I think  
it is the only thing. A monarchy would  
unite all the natives and be respected  
by all foreign powers."

Julius A. Palmer, who went to the  
Hawaiian islands to investigate the  
state of affairs there as special corre-  
spondent of a New York paper, believes  
that there will be soon a crisis there  
and that the end can only be the restor-  
ation of the monarchical form of govern-  
ment. He says there never will be har-  
mony until the monarchy is restored  
and Princess Kalulani placed upon the  
throne. In giving his reasons for this  
belief he said:

"There are three main points of dan-  
ger to the government. The first is that  
Secretary Gresham has decided that  
Bowler is not an American citizen and  
another is that Great Britain has de-  
cided that Rickard and Walker are  
British subjects. The greatest fear of  
the Hawaiian government is Japan. The  
authorities are making arrangements  
to get in 5,000 Chinese coolies and to  
send away as many Japanese. The gov-  
ernment, when the Japanese coolies  
came in, gave an understanding that if  
Japan would supply coolies they would  
be employed. Now Japan will probably  
hold that this understanding is being  
violated.

"The third danger to the government  
party is in its own people. The democ-  
racy, or the American league, is taking  
umbrage at the new importation of  
Chinese. The loyalty of the natives to  
monarchy was never so strong as it is  
now and it was the basis of the union  
of all parties in past years and there  
will be no harmony until that monar-  
chy is restored in the person of  
Princess Kalulani and that would make  
peace at once."

## ILLINOIS GRAND ARMY.

Conservative Resolutions Regarding  
Confederate Monument.

Bloomington, Ill., May 17.—The en-  
campment of the Grand Army, depart-  
ment of Illinois, is nearing its end. Yes-  
terday was devoted to a business  
session. The resolutions adopted are,  
as was predicted, of a mild and digni-  
fied character. That referring to the  
administration and Secretary Hoke  
Smith is especially so. The pension  
matter is left entirely to the national  
encampment. The resolutions in regard  
to the dedication of the Confederate  
monument say that while the Grand  
Army of Illinois cannot deny the right  
of the individual to take part in the  
dedication of the monument, the organ-  
ization deprecates the fact that May 30,  
the national holiday consecrated to the  
heroic dead of the union army, has been  
chosen for such a purpose, and further,  
had any other day than Decoration day  
been selected, the department of Illinois  
would have taken no notice of the af-  
fair. Cairo was unanimously chosen as  
the place for holding the next encamp-  
ment.

Mrs. Flo J. Miller was unanimously  
re-elected president of the woman's re-  
lief corps. Mrs. Henry P. Thiel, of  
Chicago, was elected senior vice-presi-  
dent. Mrs. Emma Weaver, of Spring-  
field, was elected state president of the  
ladies' aid society. Mrs. Arthur Quin-  
ton, of Chicago, is the new state presi-  
dent of the ladies of the Grand Army.

## Labor Inquiry Begun.

Washington, May 17.—Commissioner  
of Labor Wright has begun two very  
important investigations under special  
acts of congress. The first is as to the  
effect of machinery upon labor, time  
and cost of production. It will be very  
exhaustive and will cover all classes of  
fabrics and agricultural products. The  
second investigation will deal with the  
economic phases of women's work. It  
will probably be a year or more before  
any results are given to the public.

## Senator Hill Denies It.

New York, May 17.—In regard to the  
statement that Senator David B. Hill  
has written a letter to be read before  
the Illinois democratic state conven-  
tion next month advocating the free  
coinage of silver, Senator Hill said to-  
day: "I have not written a letter on the  
silver question within three years."

## Unveil Emma Willard Statue.

Troy, N. Y., May 17.—Russell Sage  
hall was dedicated yesterday afternoon  
and the statue of Emma Willard, the  
founder of the Troy Female Seminary,  
was unveiled. At least 20,000 persons  
were present. Chauncey M. Depew  
made an eloquent address.

## ILLINOIS LEGISLATURE.

House Adopts Resolution for Adjourn-  
ment June 14.

Springfield, Ill., May 17.—Mr. Hunter  
raised objection to the approval of the  
journal in the Senate yesterday, be-  
cause it contained the statement in the  
committee's report that pleuro-pneu-  
monia existed among slop-fed cattle in  
the State. If approved, he said, great  
damage would be done to the State.  
The journal was approved, but Mr.  
Morrison stated that the committee  
had agreed that the objectionable  
words in the report should be ex-  
punged. Bills were passed as follows:  
Mr. Hunt's bill to revise the law in re-  
lation to the suppression and prevention  
of contagious and infectious diseases  
among domestic animals; Mr. Leeper's,  
to prevent extortion by lenders of  
money secured by chattel mortgages;  
Senator Hunt's bill, to establish a  
Northern Illinois State Normal School,  
and Senator Craig's bill, to establish  
an Eastern Illinois Normal School, re-  
ported with amendments by a message  
from the House, were both concurred  
in by the Senate. The joint resolution  
for sine die adjournment June 14, which  
was reported in the same message,  
went over under the rules. Mr. Aspin-  
wall's pool-selling bill was postponed  
for two weeks. Mr. Littler's revenue  
bill was made a special order for 2  
o'clock next Wednesday. Mr. Littler's  
anti-trust bill, third reading, on a mo-  
tion was also made a special order for  
Tuesday. Mr. Berry introduced the re-  
port of the committee appointed to visit  
educational institutions. The report,  
which speaks of the visit to the State  
University, recommends improvements  
in regard to several buildings there.  
It was adopted.

In the House Mr. Berry, in accom-  
paniment with the action of the Republi-  
can caucus Wednesday, offered a resolu-  
tion providing for sine die adjournment  
of the two houses on June 14. Mr. Ferns  
moved to amend by making the date  
May 31. The amendment was laid on  
the table and Mr. Berry's resolution  
was adopted. The motion to reconsider  
the vote by which the train-robbing  
bill failed to pass was made a special  
order for next Wednesday. The fol-  
lowing House bills were passed: Mr.  
Snyder's, providing that every person  
seeking a mine manager's certificate,  
besides passing a satisfactory examina-  
tion, shall have served four years as a  
practical coal miner; Mr. McLaughlin's,  
for the examination of fire bosses and  
hoisting engineers at coal mines. Senate  
bill appropriating \$65,400 for the  
erection of monuments to mark the  
positions occupied by Illinois volun-  
teers in the battle of Chickamauga.  
Lookout Mountain and Missionary  
Ridge, was passed.

## DR. RUSSELL BOOTH.

Anti-Briggs Man Elected Moderator by  
Presbyterians.

Pittsburg, Pa., May 17.—Rev. Dr. Robert  
Russell Booth, of New York, a  
strong anti-Briggs man, was yesterday  
elected moderator of the general as-  
sembly of the Presbyterian church. There  
were two other candidates, Rev. Dr.  
Page, of Leavenworth, Kan., and Rev.  
R. M. Adams, of Minnesota. The vote  
stood: Booth, 300; Page, 105; and Ad-  
ams, 83.

The retiring moderator, Rev. Samuel  
A. Mutchmore, D. D., LL. D., of Phila-  
delphia, delivered his annual sermon in  
the morning. His subject was the labor,  
sentiment and signal services of the  
Presbyterian church. The first order  
of the day to-day is the presentation of  
the report of the assembly committee  
on conference with theological seminaries.  
This is one of the most important  
questions to come before the assembly,  
and the report of the committee on Sun-  
day observance will also be presented.  
A unique feature of the sessions of the  
general assembly of the two leading  
branches of the Presbyterian church is  
that both bodies will discuss the ques-  
tion of control of the theological seminaries  
conducted under their auspices. A big  
fight is expected on this question.

## Work of Michigan Legislature.

Lansing, Mich., May 17.—A big fight  
came up in the house yesterday over the  
bill appropriating \$60,000 for special im-  
provements at the Michigan university.  
The amount in the original budget had  
been reduced from \$192,000. When the  
vote was finally reached it was defeat-  
ed, 43 to 44, but the vote was recon-  
sidered and the bill tabled and the fight  
will be renewed. A measure providing  
for an interchangeable mileage ticket  
system over all Michigan railroads was  
passed. It provides for the issue of  
1,000 mile books good upon any road,  
not only for the purchaser, but for any  
member of his family. There is some  
question of its constitutionality. The  
senate passed a bill providing for the  
recovery of premiums paid to so-called  
"graveyard" insurance companies and  
a bill prohibiting political fusion upon  
all nominations for offices down to con-  
stable, and in committee of the whole  
agreed to the Barnard bill providing  
for a reduction of the membership of  
the house from 100 to 64, and to the bill  
appropriating \$25,000 for the removal  
of the homeopathic department at the  
University to Detroit.

## Colombia Makes a Claim.

Colon, Colombia, May 17.—The Re-  
public of Colombia is preparing to set  
forth its claim to the Mosquito terri-  
tory of Nicaragua over which Great  
Britain recently relinquished its protec-  
torate. It is asserted the claims of Co-  
lombia antedate those of Great Britain.

## Minnesota Bank Closes.

Redwood Fall, Minn., May 17.—The  
Citizens' bank has closed its doors with  
assets of \$150,000 and liabilities of \$100,-  
000. Recently there was a reorganization  
and assessments on the stock. Some of  
the holders refused to pay, hence the suspension.

## FIRE ON THE NEGROES

MORE BLOODSHED THREAT-  
ENED AT NEW ORLEANS.

White Cotton Handlers Cause Trouble—  
Pittsburg Coal Operators Declare  
Themselves—The Trouble on the Great  
Northern.

New Orleans, La., May 17.—Another  
outbreak between white and negro cot-  
ton handlers on the levee occurred yes-  
terday at Gretna. About 11 o'clock sev-  
eral gangs of negro longshoremen ap-  
peared on the Gretna wharf prepared to  
load the steamship Orion. Small  
crowds of white men gathered around  
the ship just as the negroes arrived. In  
an attempt to avert trouble the foreman  
of the negroes was shot, but not seri-  
ously injured.

## Must Bring Out All the Men.

Pittsburg, Pa., May 17.—The Associat-  
ed Coal Operators of the Pittsburg dis-  
trict said to a committee of the miners'  
convention, which conferred with them  
on the wage question:

"We will pay 60 cents a ton for min-  
ing coal. We cannot pay more while  
mines in this district are being operat-  
ed at less than that rate. Bring out the  
men now digging coal for 55 cents so we  
can compete with their product and we  
will pay you 60 cents a ton." A deter-  
mined effort will now be made to bring  
out all the men. The striking miners  
profess to have assurances of financial  
aid from Illinois, Indiana and Ohio. The  
striking miners have determined to estab-  
lish camps at the mines and prevent work if  
possible.

## The Great Northern Trouble.

St. Paul, Minn., May 17.—It is said  
President Debs of the A. R. U. is on his  
way to the Northwest to look into the  
discharge of three St. Cloud dispatch-  
ers by the Great Northern because of  
their prominence in the union. It is  
alleged the St. Cloud Union has in-  
voked the presence of some leading  
officer of the general body, so the mat-  
ter may receive full attention and the  
position of the union be clearly defined.

## Wisconsin Child Labor.

Ashland, Wis., May 17.—Ethelbert  
Stewart, special agent of the United  
States Bureau of Labor, in his report  
on Wisconsin labor statistics says there  
is more child labor in proportion to  
manufacturing institutions in Wiscon-  
sin than in any other State, and as re-  
gards wages, hours, etc. Wisconsin is  
worse off than in any other State ex-  
cept Pennsylvania.

## Peoria Wants Headquarters.

Peoria, Ill., May 17.—The grand officers  
of the Order of Railway Telegraphers  
are in this city, which is an active  
candidate for the permanent headquar-  
ters of the organization. The fight has  
narrowed down to Peoria and Terre  
Haute.

## Carnegie's Rivals Increase Wages.

Pittsburg, Pa., May 17.—Jones &  
Laughlin, proprietors of the American  
iron works, have granted their em-  
ployees a 10 per cent increase in wages.  
The firm employs about 4,000 men, and  
are the greatest rivals of the Carnegie  
Steel company in the manufacture of  
structural iron.

## Out of Work and Starving.

Topeka, Kas., May 17.—The coal min-  
ers and their families at Scranton,  
twenty miles south of Topeka, in the  
adjoining County of Osage, are suffer-  
ing for the necessities of life because  
they cannot get work.

## ABOUT BEHRING SEA.

State Department Worried Over Possible  
Complications.

Washington, May 17.—Hawaii and the  
Bering Sea seal fisheries are now claim-  
ing urgent attention from the state de-  
partment, and Great Britain figures ex-  
tensively in both cases. The change of  
power made by the latter power in re-  
gard to the protection of seals has  
placed the administration in an awk-  
ward predicament; and to prevent, if  
possible, further grave complication the  
United States revenue cutter Commode  
Perry was hurried out from Mare  
Island, Cal., Wednesday night on an  
important mission. It will make all  
haste possible in order to reach Bering  
Sea in time to prevent the fleet of Amer-  
ican cutters which are now heading for  
the sealing grounds, from seizing any  
armed vessels, as is the present inten-  
tion. Upon the fleetness of the Perry  
may depend the warding off of trouble  
with England. The latter government  
has practically decreed that any inter-  
ference with armed sealing vessels fly-  
ing the British flag will meet with re-  
tallation in the shape of claims for  
heavy damages, and the Perry's sudden  
departure for the North is to prevent this.

## British Soldiers Stricken.

Halifax, N. S., May 17.—Word which  
has come from St. Lucia, West Indies,  
announcing that an epidemic of yellow  
fever has broken out there among the  
British artillerymen gives rise to the  
expectation among military men here  
that the Halifax batteries of royal ar-  
tillery will be sent there to take the  
places of the affected troops, who will  
be invalided to England as soon as pos-  
sible. A dispatch from St. Lucia states  
that thirty soldiers have died.

## Nicaraguan Indemnity Paid.

London, May 18.—The Times says  
that the indemnity from Nicaragua for  
the expulsion of Pro-Consul Hatch and  
for outrages on other British subjects  
was paid to Great Britain yesterday  
through the London Bank of Central  
America.

## 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 pur-  
chased 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 12½, 15, 17½-2  
20, 22½ 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 ad-  
justed. Insurance placed on dwellings,  
farm property, commercial buildings, house-  
hold furniture and stocks at reasonable  
rates.

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

## Clothing! Clothing!

OUR LARGE STOCK OF SPRING  
AND SUMMER

## Ready Made Clothing

CAN NOT BE SURPASSED in Price or Quality. We are sell-  
ing MEN'S READY MADE SUITS at \$6.50 and upwards.  
Suits made to order in the latest styles. A new line Spring  
and Summer Samples to select from.

## Cleaning, Dyeing and Repairing

Given prompt attention. Give us a call and we will save you  
money.

## H. WALTER, the Tailor,

OPPOSITE THE DEPOT.

BARRINGTON, ILL.



WOMAN AND HUMOR.

MANY FAIR WRITERS POSSESS THE GIFT.

Harriet Beecher Stowe the First of Her Sex to Inaugurate It in "Topsy"—Satire of the "Widow Bedott Papers"—Gail Hamilton's Wit.

(Special Correspondence.)

HARRIET Beecher Stowe was one of the very first American woman to pay tribute to humor. Her offering was Topsy, that woolly headed classic, who has been translated into more languages than any other character of fiction. It was Topsy who said: "I wasn't born. I grew." Topsy will never die. Topsy is invincible. Fanny Fern was another pioneer in this field. Her familiar, confidential style is now obsolete. But her crisp, tart utterances remain as vital today as in their first youth. It was she who said: "The silliest man who ever lived has known enough when he said his prayers to thank God he was not born a woman."

Close upon the heels of Mrs. Stowe's and Fanny Fern's debut came that of Mrs. Witcher, the author of the inimitable "Widow Bedott Papers." In defiance to the times, which decreed that women should be silent citizens, this extravagant satire upon the provincial busybody was published anonymously. Only accidentally did it leak out that the author was the wife of a well known minister in Elmira. It was Wil-



CHARLES EGBERT CRADDOCK.

ow Bedott who said: "Why want I there? Cause I don't sociate with such company as the coons. I want invited, to be sure—she'd as soon a-thought of invitin' the gov-nur as me."

Then there was the sparkling wit of Phoebe Cary. Her fun bubbled up in verse, covering the wide range from keen-edged satire to such rollicking nonsense as her rhyming tirade upon a detected article of food, which ends with the couplet:

"It is what I hate the man who eats I's poor, cold, cussed pickled beets."

Gail Hamilton's epoch of popularity may serve her as a connecting link between the times which evolved the first-mentioned group of witty women and those of more modern writers. Miss Dodge's name is seldom seen in current literature. But in the old days she was caustic. She was breezy. She was original. She was as biting to the mental senses as red pepper is to the physical. It was she who said in her sermons to the clergy: "Grace and greenbacks are the two horns of the altar." And, "if ever I am on speaking terms with Joseph I mean to ask him why it was that during the twenty odd years of his prison and palace life he never communicated with his father."

For a score of years Josiah Allen has been entertaining large audiences. In his name, and Betsey Bobbitt's, Marietta Holley has done some excellent work of the broader sort. The spontaneity of the earlier books is missing in the later ones, but still Josiah remains the laughing gas of the masses. It was he who insisted that a certain poem was as long as "Paradise Lost"—not that he had read Milton's masterpiece, but he had "hefted it."

In the first days of the "No Name Series" burst into prominence the author of "The Colonel's Opera Cloak." It was she who created Pomp, that absurdly amusing pivot, around which the shiftest St. John family revolved. Upon this negro servant fell every household duty, domestic or moral, from cooking and delivering the family ward-



OCTAVE THANET.

robe from pawn to administering the parting benediction upon the heroine bride: "An' now go forth an' take y'u place among de nations ob de 'arth, an' flourish like a green-balse tree. Amen." Early in the '60s Charles Egbert Craddock sent forth her Tennessee Mountain folk to sow smiles broadcast. A pure, deep, irresistible humor runs through every volume of Miss Murfree's dramatic, and often equally pathetic, work.

Sarah Orne Jewett, Rose Terry Cooke, and Louise Alcott, among New England's women writers, have all made appreciated offerings to humor.

As has also Octave Thanet, in a great variety of tales of the west and south. Florence Courtney Baylor's contribu-

tion has been the brilliant and satirical "On Both Sides."

In the same category and in the foremost ranks of women humorists the world ever stands Sarah Jeannette Duncan. In "The Adventures of a Memsahib" she gives us, among other delicious scenes, the woman traveler shaking her parasol at an approaching tiger and calling "Shoo." In "A Social Departure" we have the interview with the Japanese reporter and his subsequent translation to the victors of the printed interview which contained such startling news as: "Miss Younger-Rady measuring ten stone and wearing six shoes and a half."

Among the more recent story writers who have made us laugh more than they have made us cry, though they have done both, are Mary Wilkins and Ruth McEnery Stuart. Miss Wilkins' whimsical New England creations take varied forms, but we find her quiet, delicate sense of the ludicrous often satisfied with the obstinate old man character who figures in "Pembroke," "The Revolt of Mother," "In Gentian," "A Christmas Jenny," and many other of her delightful stories.

Mrs. Stuart's is more robust. The middle-aged father's monologue over his first son is the most subtle and altogether charming of her amusing work. To the attending physician this simple parent in rhapsody says of the half-hour old baby on his lap: "He's sleep—an' waked up—an' yawned—an' sneezed—an' wunked—an' sniffed—'bout me sayin' a word. Opened an' shet his little fist, once, like ez ef he craved to shake hands, howdy. He cert'n'y does perform 'is functions wonderful."

Eva Wilder McGlasson has interwoven much that is delightfully funny with the scurrier tints of her stories. A "Monument to Corder" is likewise a monument to humor.

The writings of Kate Douglas Wiggin are filled with humorous touches. What could be more deliciously mirth-provoking, for example, than the struggles of the immortal Ruggles to catch and hold company manners on that great dinner party day in "The Bird's Carol"? "Timothy's Quest," too, abounds in bits of fun and pathos that are equally irresistible.

Agnes Repplier, the essayist, in reviewing a languishing branch of literature, must have been a boon to the reading public, even if she had not achieved so clever a resuscitation. Miss Repplier is beyond question one of the wittiest women of her day. In "Economic Economy" she says: "Beyond a rational and healthy impulse to save on others, rather than on ourselves, few of us can boast of much enlightenment in the matter, and even our one unerring guide is, in a measure, neutralized by the consistent determination of others to exert their own saving powers on us."

Among our humorous verse writers we find many women prominent. A few of those who have been most noticeably popular in this field are Madeleine Bridges, Bessie Chandler, Louise Imogene Guiney, and Helen Gray Cone. When a collection was made of lighter American verse a few years ago so severe a culling as Mr. Howells declared that the work of the women, clever as it all was, surpassed that of the men.

With newspaper women, wit seems epidemic. It would be impossible to mention all who have won laurels in rivaling the census report. But some names that swing most persistently



AGNES REPLIER.

through the memory are: That brilliant critic of the Pacific slope, Betsey B., who was and is no more, her successor, Geraldine Bonner, Helen Follett of Chicago, Lillie Hamilton French, Helen Watterson, Louise Betts Edwards, Elizabeth Jordan, and Haryot Holt Cohoon.

I have attempted to deal with the witty American woman only on her literary side. When we consider what she has done in the same direction on the stage and with her pencil we feel inclined to ridicule the men who aver that "women have no sense of humor." To be sure, they may not laugh at every male joke. But that is only because they haven't time. They are too busy making better ones of their own.

The Audubon House.

Audubon was born in Louisiana, on the 4th of May, 1780. His father, a Frenchman, settled in Louisiana, but afterwards purchased a farm near the present village of Natchez, on Perklen creek, not far from Philadelphia. This farm, young Audubon inherited about 1798, and here he was thereafter whenever he was "at home." He remained pretty steadily here for twelve years, clerking for a company which was operating a lead mine near there. Meehan's Monthly tells us that the old house is still standing, as is the neighboring house from which Audubon had his wife. It is said to have been a strong love match. In 1810 he started off on his great hunt for birds, removing his wife and children to Henderson, Ohio. In 1836 he went to London, where his great work on American birds was published.

This in Connecticut.

The leading railroad in Connecticut has applied to the legislature to prohibit the construction of electric roads between towns now connected by steam lines. A table is submitted showing that the suburban traffic of the steam roads in some cases has been almost entirely lost. The points urged are that the legitimate business rights of the old roads are disregarded and that the electric roads are infringing on the general highways belonging to the public.

CORNER OF ODDITIES.

RECENT HAPPENINGS OF UNUSUAL OCCURRENCE.

Boa Constrictor Breaks Loose from a Circus—Cast Her Bread Upon the Waters and the Promise of the Good Book Was at Last Fulfilled.



ONE NEW THAT indeed she is tender, And dainty and small and sweet, This newest of all new women, Who softly sits at my feet. I know that nor sweetness nor softness Is found in the New Woman's ways. But this little woman is newer Than the newest of all the craze.

Boa Constrictor at Large.

The boa constrictor which escaped from George W. Hall's circus train the night before last at West Sixth-street and West Chicago avenue during a wreck, is still at large, says a Chicago special. All day yesterday a party composed of three policemen and a number of circus officers and a contingent of small boys was searching the railroad yards from end to end, peering into every possible place of concealment. As dusk came on last night the missing serpent was still unfound. The officers of the police station at West Lake and Forty-third streets, the loneliest station in the city, found the incident a relieving topic of conversation during the day. They were told by the circus people that the serpent was a pet, and they need have no fear of it. It is highly probable that it has remained in one place since its escape, on account of timidity due to the strangeness of the surroundings. No one can be found who has seen it. The circus train still lies in the Northwestern yards. The condition of Mrs. Hall, who was hurt during the collision, is said to be much improved.

Cast Her Bread Upon the Waters.

Lawyer J. B. Graeff, of Tamaqua, has just located the heir to a large fortune bequeathed by James Gallagher, of California. The lucky legatee is Mrs. Manus O'Donnell, who kept a boarding-house at Tamaqua many years ago, but is at present living with her grandchildren on Ogden street, Girardville. There were no blood ties existing between the deceased and Mrs. O'Donnell, and she was greatly astonished when apprised of her good fortune. The circumstances surrounding the case are quite romantic. Twenty-five years ago James Gallagher, then a young man, arrived in Tamaqua and engaged board with Mrs. O'Donnell. Shortly after he was stricken with typhoid pneumonia and was prostrated for several weeks. The landlady during that time gave him every attention, treating him as she would her son. The young man was very grateful, and before leaving promised to make good the debt if ever it lay in his power. Mrs. O'Donnell left Tamaqua a few years later, and never heard from him until notified by the lawyer that she inherited his fortune, which amounts to \$250,000. Lawyer Graeff received the papers several weeks ago. She is an aged lady, and has been living with her daughter, Mrs. John Kehoe, at Girardville, for the past fifteen years.

Marvelous Recovery of Reason.

A World's Fair tragedy was recalled at Duluth last week by the receipt of a telegram from Marinette, Wis., stating that Miss Mary Powell, who became insane while riding in the Ferris wheel, had given signs of returning to her right mind. During the World's fair Miss Powell was a school teacher from Milwaukee, and during her vacation took a trip to the fair. The Ferris wheel fascinated her and she undertook the trip. Before the circuit had been completed the passengers noticed that she was acting in a strange manner, and when the platform was reached she was raving maniac, so violent that force was necessary to restrain her. The unfortunate lady was taken from the grounds to a hotel and physicians called and for a time it was supposed that the patient would recover in a short time. She grew rapidly worse and was finally removed to the home of her parents in Beaver, where she remained until taken to Marinette. The telegram received states that the lady now recognizes those around her and is no longer violent.

Wife as a White Capper.

When Anthony Beck, wealthy farmer living five miles west of Lebanon, Ind., stepped out of his door the other morning he found a bundle of switches and a white cap notice. The latter in terms more forcible than polite informed him that he would receive a visit from the whitecaps unless he treated his family better and mended his ways generally. He immediately secured the bloodhounds used in tracking the desperado, Jeff Powell, recently, but the attempt to trail his wife was fruitless. Mr. Beck has had trouble recently with his wife, whom he married about a year ago, and he is inclined to think that she knows something about the affair. He is wealthy, and says he will spend every dollar he has in trying to find the offender.

Girl's Marvelous Escape from Death.

Cassius Smithly and Miss Lucy Van Buskirk, of Hoagland, Ind., while out riding the other morning in a single carriage were struck by a freight train on the Pennsylvania road. The horse was killed and the carriage demolished. Mr. Smithly was hurled sixty-five feet through the air and alighted on his head in a swamp. He struck a rock and portions of the skull were forced into the brain. His neck was broken and he died instantly. His companion was hurled within a few feet of where he alighted. She, however, landed feet first and escaped without a scratch.

Together in Death.

The eccentric wishes of Katie Kolb, who, with her sweetheart, Louis Frank, committed suicide at St. Louis recently, were carried out in detail in the funeral arrangements. According to her expressed wish, six young women dressed in white and with their hair adorned with white tea roses and fern leaves acted as pallbearers for Miss Kolb. Six young men acted as pallbearers for Frank. There was but one cortege, the hearse bearing the remains

of young Frank being immediately followed by another bearing Miss Kolb's remains, the mourners coming after. Both were placed in one grave, as they had requested, and a former sweetheart of the dead girl's named Gottlieb Lillie placed a flower in her right hand, in compliance with her special request. The crowd that followed the double funeral was large and motley. The religious services, by an evangelical preacher, were simple.

One Prayed the Other Cursed.

Curses called down from heaven and prayers of thankfulness for vengeance satisfied, were commingled in Judge Stein's court-room yesterday afternoon, when a jury declared that Silverio Borelli must die for killing Dominick Parento. When the verdict was read the woman who had been made a widow by Borelli fell upon her knees, and, surrounded by sympathizing country women, also on their knees, thanked God that a just verdict had been rendered. She closed her prayer with these words: "Dominick, you are avenged. May your spirit rest in peace. Poor Dominick, you were killed for nothing. Now your murderer shall die—yes, die, die on the gallows!"

Borelli's wife was also present. She wept and almost fainted when the verdict was read. Then she heard the Parento woman's prayer and became a fury. Curses fell from her lips in a torrent. She cursed the judge, she cursed the jury, she cursed the state's attorney and all the witnesses for the prosecution, even the spectators. All forms of punishment imaginable by a wild, fury stimulated brain were called down upon the heads of this woman's fancied enemies and when her vocabulary of curses was spent she tossed her arms and screamed and hurled fierce Italian maledictions.—Chicago Times-Herald.

A Night Among the Coffins.

Albion, Mich., Special: When Mr. Killian of the Killian Furniture & Undertaking company, unlocked the door of the apartment in which are kept his exhibition of fine caskets and coffins he was startled by the apparition of a tiny dark-eyed girl not more than 6 years of age stepping out from the rather dismal array. Somewhat startled, he was amazed upon questioning her to find that the child had passed the night among the coffins. "How did you get here?" he asked. "Oh," answered the child, "I came up last night and you locked the door after awhile." "Were you not afraid?" "It was kind of lonesome." "Where did you sleep?" "Oh, I didn't sleep any. I just walked around past 'em all night." Mr. Killian took her down stairs and opened the street door for her and she slipped away as gay as a lark. Evidently her night among the ghastly reminders of the final sleep had not affected her spirits. Inquiries were made by Mr. Killian of Mayor Knickerbocker and the night watchman whether search had been instituted for a young child during the night, but no one seemed to know anything about her.

A Boy on a Drunk.

Captain Rehm of the Attrill (Chicago) street police station is trying to discover the identity of a saloonkeeper who sold liquor to a 6-year-old boy. The boy was found in a drunken stupor lying in a ditch and but for the appearance of a policeman he would have been drowned. The boy was found by Officer Dalton in a ditch half filled with water at Elston and Diversey avenues. The ditch is an out of the way place and it was only by chance that the officer happened that way. The boy was almost entirely covered with mud and water and only his childish face was in sight when the officer made the discovery. The eyes were closed and the face splashed with mud. Officer Dalton at first thought he had discovered evidence of a crime. He lifted the limp form out of the mud and water and carried it to a neighboring house. There it was found that the boy was still alive and suffering no worse injury than intoxication and a thorough chilling. It was 4 o'clock when the boy was taken to the station and laid in a warm cot. Inquiry failed to reveal the identity of the boy and he was still in a stupor at midnight.

Dogs Discriminated Against.

Kane county's board of supervisors evidently thinks it is enough for the taxpayers of the county to care for the human indigents within its borders, says an Elgin, Ill., special. It objects to furnishing the wherewith in the way of nourishment to keep life in the bodies of the canines that go to make up the living throngs in the homes of the poor. At its meeting yesterday the board voted to give no more assistance to poor families owning a dog. Incidentally the county printer was let a job, as a special batch of affidavits were ordered printed on which applicants for relief will be required to certify that a live dog is not one of their possessions.

Singing and Collection Drowned.

A new order of service was recently introduced in the First M. E. Church, the largest church in Owosso, Mich. The choir has heretofore sung an anthem while the collection was being taken up, but the official board has ordered that no singing shall hereafter divert the minds of the worshippers from the collection. The new order went into effect, and the divorce of singing and collection swelled the amount received in the baskets.

Mud from the Sky.

The entire Southwest, including Southern Kansas, Oklahoma, and the Panhandle of Texas, was recently afflicted with a terrible sand and rain storm. At places in Oklahoma there was a shower of mud and in Western Oklahoma and the Panhandle Egyptian darkness prevailed. Crops were badly damaged, wires prostrated, and much other damage accomplished. Electric flashes pierced the inky darkness with terrible rapidity and seemed to charge everything with its element.

Eventful Trip Through the Air.

Ferdinand Schwant, a workman from the new city hall at Milwaukee, fell from the sixth floor last week and passed through the roof covering an elevating engine. The roof was composed of two-inch planking, but the board on which he stood and Schwant fell astride the engine, breaking off the steam gauge and filling the shanty with steam which scalded and almost suffocated James H. Kent, who was in charge of it. Schwant was dragged out in an unconscious condition, but revived sufficiently to walk to an emergency hospital ambulance.

THE SERIS INDIANS.

FIERCE TRIBE OF REDS IN THE SOUTHWEST.

The Most Primitive Members of the Human Family in America—Cannibalism Said to Prevail Among Them—Dr. McGee's Visit to Them.

(Special Correspondence.)

MANY ACCOUNTS have been published, all more or less incorrect, in regard to the life and character of those little known and much dreaded Indians, the Seris. They have been described as cannibals and it has been said that many of their other customs were as horrible as eating human flesh. Until last year nothing had been learned about them except what could be obtained from the confused reports of frightened Mexicans, which information had no scientific value at all. Last autumn Prof. McGee of the Government Bureau of Ethnology, who probably knows more about the American Indian than any one else, made an expedition with a photographer into the very heart of the Seris' country and brought back a valuable collection, now in the National Museum, together with much information and several hundred photographs which give an idea of the mode of life and characteristics of this remarkable tribe.

The real stronghold of the Seris is Tiburon Island, in the Gulf of California, but they are also found on a strip along the coast extending as far north as the Papago country. Into this strip

of land no expedition from the east has gone, except that of Prof. McGee, which has not been attended by some fatality. The Seris are held in such dread by the Mexican vaqueros, and even the authorities of Sonora county, that unless a large party is formed no white man ever goes into their country. The Indians are so primitive in their characteristics that in their relations with the white man and the near-by Papagos they are as beasts. They look upon any person who is not of their tribe as an enemy and so cruel and vindictive, so cunning and treacherous are they that even the Papagos will not venture into their country unless in sufficient numbers to withstand an attack. An example of the terror which they inspire in the Mexican authorities is had in the experience of an expedition which was sent out against them after the killing of two Americans, Robinson and one of his companions of the San Francisco Examiner, last year. After this murder it was thought by the Mexican authorities that international complications might arise unless they made some attempt to punish the tribe. The whole number of the Seris Indians has been reduced to about 300, only seventy-five of whom are warriors. The Mexicans sent out a greatly superior force with the avowed determination to wipe the Seris off the face of the earth. One body of men was to go by land and another by water and the two were to co-operate. Whether the Mexican courage oozed out at their finger tips on the near approach to the Seris' country or whether for some other cause, the expedition never reached their destination. The one going by land reported that they had not seen any Seris Indians and the other did not leave their boats.

It was with the greatest difficulty, therefore, that Prof. McGee succeeded in getting permission from the Sonora authorities to go into the Seris country.



SERIS CHILD.

They have not passed the stone age. Most of their life is out on a desert, and few of their settlements are in the shade of trees. Their houses are built of brush to about the height of a man's head. So little contact have they had with the outside world that they have no useful arts at all, with the exception of pottery and basket making. The Seris are a nation of runners, being built with long, thin, sinewy legs, and big chests like grayhounds. Instead of turning their attention toward the manufacture of weapons of the chase, they have given it more to the foot. When they go out hunting they are so quick that they can catch antelopes with their hands. They also catch jack rabbits in this way, and the method they have in these hunts shows more of instinct than ingenuity. Three of them walk out together, until they start a rabbit. A rabbit always begins to run at an angle from the course taken by its hunters. One of the Indians will start running rapidly in a course behind and parallel to that taken by the rabbit. Another Indian will start running at an angle of ninety degrees; the third Indian stands still. The first Indian, when the time is propitious, shows himself, and the rabbit starts off at a right angle toward the second man. The second man then shows himself and the rabbit is driven back. By repeating this performance the triangle is made smaller, and finally, after the rabbit is bewildered and exhausted, he is very easily captured. One could hardly believe some of the stories of their swiftness of foot unless one saw some of these chases after wild animals. In their manners and habits they are as nearly like beasts as it is possible for men built in human form to be. They are filthy beyond description, and maintain an apparent indifference to everything and everybody about them. I could not ascertain the truth of the report as to their cannibalism, but it is my belief that it is incorrect.

Telephones in Honolulu.

Each family of standing in Honolulu keeps a telephone, for which the charge is \$40 a year. The invitations to all social functions are sent by telephone. This is not only a saving to the hostess in the matter of cards and postage, but it also obviates the necessity of the physical labor that attaches to such work. Some houses have a dozen telephones scattered about the different rooms, so that the family may communicate with friends without having to leave their chairs.



CANDALERIA, THE SERIS BELLE.

but he finally prevailed upon the prefect, who supplied him with soldiers in civilian's clothes. "To give an idea of the character of this people," said Prof. McGee, "I had better give a history of one year's explorations in their country. The first expedition of the recent ones was that of Carl Brennenman, the German naturalist, who went to Tiburon Island and was never again heard of. Robinson and Logan, two newspaper men with two companions, followed him shortly. Logan returned, but Robinson and one other of the party were murdered. My expedition followed this, but it was unattended by a mishap. I heard subsequently of a party of prospectors who started out with seven men and came



## FOR YOUNG AMERICA.

INTERESTING READING FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

"What Shall the Story Be?"—The Company You Keep—Every Wrong Leaves a Scar—Ignorance of the Bible—A Stumbling Block.



**HAT SHALL THE story be, Golden Hair?**  
A fairy tale of a maiden fair?  
Of giants and ogres and dangers past?  
Till she happily wed with the prince at last?

"What will your story be, Golden Hair?  
Will you and the prince make a happy pair?  
Or sorrow and trouble, like giants of old,  
Stand in your path till your tale be told?"

"Whatever your story be, Golden Hair,  
Keep duty and truth in your loving care;  
So may it be written, when you are gone,  
'All that she could do, that hath she done.'"  
—C. A. C. in Harper's Young Folks.

**The Company You Keep.**  
A person is known by the company he keeps, and frequently—as the humorist puts it—by the company he keeps out of.

Be careful in choosing your associates. Never make friends—acquaintances would perhaps be the better word—with those whose language, habits, or general conduct you would be ashamed to see and hear in your own home. If you do, you are sure to be the sufferer. The person of low tastes and conduct is much less likely to be benefited by your superior ways than you are to be degraded to his level. Such, unfortunately, is the law of nature. Let fall a drop of milk into a pail of water. It is lost in a moment. But let fall a drop of black ink into this same water and its presence will soon be noticeable. A rotten apple will finally taint a whole barrel full of sound fruit, but who would think of putting a good apple into a barrel of decayed fruit for the purpose of making them sound again? This doesn't mean that virtue has no leavening influence, but simply that it is easier to go down hill than up. So don't keep questionable company. If you cannot find the right kind of associates, the kind who will make you better and nobler, be sufficient unto yourself. Live with your books and the worthies of all time, who are so willing to give you through their pages a friendship greater and benignant than that of kings. The world will surely judge you by the company you keep. "Tell me with whom you associate," said Goethe, "and I will tell you who you are. If I know what your business is, I know what can be made of you."  
—Voice.

### Every Wrong Act Leaves a Scar.

My boyhood home was not far south of the great chain of North American lakes, says J. B. DeMotte. Our fuel was poles cut from a neighboring tamarack swamp. It was my business, after they had been brought to our yard, to saw them to proper length for the stoves. They were long and slick and hard to hold. One morning, when I was in a hurry to be off fishing, they seemed to be especially aggravating. Getting the saw fast, I jerked about until finally I plunged the teeth some distance into one of my feet, making an ugly gash. My father saw the exhibition of my temper, but said nothing until I had finished my work and my passion had subsided. Then he called me to him.  
"John," said he, very kindly, "I wish you would get the hammer."  
"Yes, sir."  
"Now a nail and a piece of pine board."  
"Here they are."  
"Will you drive the nail into the board?"  
It was done.  
"Please pull it out again."  
"That's easy."  
"Now, John," and my father's voice dropped to a lower, sadder key, "pull out the nail hole."  
Ah! boys and girls, every wrong act leaves a scar. Even if the board were a living tree, yea, a living soul, the scars remain.

### Our Nation's Stumbling Block.

Religious Herald: The great cause of divorces is the liberty of remarriage after divorce. We say without the slightest hesitation that this is the most threatening evil of American life. Over 40,000 divorces were granted in this country in 1934, not one in ten of which would have been granted had there not been the liberty of marrying again. It seems unjust to compel an innocent man or woman to remain unmarried after divorce, but we are convinced that this is the teaching of the word of God, and that its observance would prevent the great majority of divorce cases. It is better that there should now and then be a case of such suffering than that the laws of God be broken and society be endangered by taking away the safeguards of marriage.

### Tiny Republics of the World.

A quaint little republic came to light only recently when the citizens of Andorra boldly threw off the yoke of tribute to the French. 'Tis true it was only the sum of \$200 which they refused to pay; but their action was sufficient to recall from obscurity for a moment the Lilliputian realm nestling on the heights of the Pyrenees. The vale of Andorra measures less than eighteen miles in either direction, but it is the home of one of the oldest republics in the world, the constitution of which is four years older than England's Magna Charta. The Andorrese number in all but 10,000 souls, and these and their ancestors have lived for one hundred years in the heart of Europe without having written one word of its history.

But Andorra is only one of a score of tiny republics—miniature nations, some of which are only to be found marked on navigator's charts. Tavun-rola, for instance, is the smallest republic on the face of the globe. It occupies a small island off the northeast coast of Sardinia, and comprises fifty-five peo-

ple. It enjoys, however, the distinction of equal suffrage. Then there are Goust, Franceville and San Marino, all smaller than Andorra. Truly one-half of the world knows not the other half.  
—Philadelphia Record.

### Ignorance of the Bible.

A college president had this experience: He met, for the first time, a new freshman class to start them in their Bible lessons for the term. As a preliminary, that he might know something of their advancement, "I want to know," he said, "how many of you young gentlemen have read the Bible through?"

There were perhaps forty young fellows before him, six of them being sons of preachers. Imagine his surprise when it was found that not one had read the Bible through. Five had read the New Testament; one had reached Proverbs in an attempt to read it all. Few of them had gone through the Pentateuch. All were ignorant of the Prophets. Not one could tell so much as the names of the books. Suppose our college people—why not our pastors and Sunday school teachers, also—test their classes? They might be surprised; also learn something.  
—Bishop Haygood.

### A Lighthouse Lesson.

A friend told us that he was visiting a lighthouse lately, and he said to the keeper: "Are you not afraid to live here? It is a dreadful place to be constantly in."  
"No," replied the man, "I am not afraid; we never think of ourselves here."  
"Never think of yourselves! How is that?"

"We know that we are perfectly safe, and only think of having our lamps brightly burning and keeping the reflectors clear, so that those in danger may be saved."  
That is what Christians ought to do: They are safe in a house built on a rock which cannot be moved by the wildest storm; and, in a spirit of holy unselfishness, they should let their light gleam across the dark waters of sin, that they who are imperiled may be guided into the harbors of eternal safety.—The Quiver.

**Quick Wit.**  
The jester attached to the court of Peter the Great of Russia was remarkable for his ingenuity in extricating himself and others from trouble. A cousin of his, on one occasion, had fallen under the czar's displeasure and was about to be executed. The jester presented himself at court to petition for a reprieve. On seeing him enter the chamber of state, and divining his errand, the monarch shouted to him:

"It's of no use coming here; I swear that I will not grant you what you are going to ask."  
Quick as thought the fool dropped on his knees and exclaimed: "I beseech your imperial highness to put that scamp of a cousin of mine to death."  
Peter, thus caught in his own trap, had no choice but to laugh and send a pardon to the offender.

**An Answer to Prayer.**  
One day a little son of Rev. T. Y. Gardner of Ohio was playing with some other little boys who had a cart. They wanted a dog to draw the cart. He said, "Papa says we must pray for what we want." He knelt down and said, "O Lord, send us a dog to draw our cart."

Pretty soon a big one came along that frightened them, and they began to cry. A second time he knelt, saying, "O Lord, we don't want a bulldog."  
Many a grown person would be disagreeably surprised to see some of their prayers answered.

### Cheap Mirrors.

A new application of cellulose has been found in the manufacture of unbreakable mirrors. Cotton stuffs, treated with nitric acid and camphor, give splendid smooth surfaces, which can be easily silvered over and then covered with a very thin layer of transparent cellulose. It is said that excellent and very durable mirrors are obtained in this way, and it is promised that we shall soon have cheap curved mirrors for astronomical instruments. If so they will be useful in condensing the rays of the sun, and in serving many other purposes.

### A Source of Revenue.

Stamp collection has become such a universal mania now that it is reported on good authorities that many of the smaller countries constantly change their stamps and make new issues, in order to derive a handsome income from stamp collectors. Every new issue is in immediate demand, and the government sells thousands of dollars' worth at once. Many of the South American republics are said to derive handsome incomes from this source.

### A Slight Misapprehension.

Some people seem to be rather unfamiliar with the Bible, as the following anecdote goes to prove:  
The teacher of a grammar school was hearing a class in that study. She read the sentence, "The wicked flee when no man pursueth," and sent a boy to the blackboard to diagram it. He looked at her in an uncomprehending way, and then wrote, "The wicked flee! Will no man pursue it!"

### Exactly.

As Grandma was getting Teddy ready for church she told him he must be able to tell her the text after he came home. The minister preached from, "Quit you like men, be strong."

After reaching home his grandmother said, "Well, Teddy, you can't remember the text."  
"Oh, yes, I can, grandma," replied Teddy. "It was 'Quit your fooling and be men.'"

### Champagne—Its Use.

A prominent clergyman of the Presbyterian church, while attending a reception at the home of a wealthy merchant, was asked if he would take champagne.  
Turning a griefed face upon his host he replied, "It has been said, 'give champagne to your real friends and real pain to your sham friends'; but I confess it gives me real pain to be offered champagne in the house of a real friend."

The sting of a bee, when compared with the point of a fine needle under a powerful microscope, is hardly discernible. The point of the needle appears to be about an inch in diameter.

## ABOUT MRS. CRAIGIE.

SHE MADE THE NAME OF JOHN OLIVER HOBBS FAMILIAR.

Personality of a Rare Character Among the Characters of Fiction—She Is an American Though Born in London.



**RS. CRAIGIE,** who is making the name of "John Oliver Hobbs" famous in fiction, is a very young woman—almost a mere girl—shy, tiny and extremely pretty. She is English so far as place of birth is concerned; but in descent and, to some extent in temperament she is thoroughly American.

Her father, John Morgan Richards, is one of the wealthiest wholesale chemists in London. Mr. Richards—Welsh by descent—is an American of Americans and belongs to that peculiarly charming type—the quiet, refined and cultured American gentleman. This is a type which is as yet but little known among us, writes T. P. O'Connor from London. We know the American millionaire who consorts with our royalties and marries his daughters to our dukes. We know the keen, pushing and smart American man of business, and we know the somewhat loud-voiced and over-hurried American tourist. But that delightful and entirely unique type of American gentleman, with a family of long descent and of university education, is as yet but a rare phenomenon among us. Mr. Richards can go back to a period anterior to the revolution in the history of his family's settlement in America. In the days of warfare his people were soldiers; but in quieter times they went into the church. No fewer than four generations of them have been in the church; one of them, the great-grand-

ness has almost disappeared in her larger experiences of London life and she acts the part of a hostess with ease and readiness, and, as she lives with her parents, and has to organize those gargantuan evenings to which I have alluded, her task is not always quite easy. I have alluded to her tendency to pietism. In her it has taken a somewhat different form from that of her parents. The family was originally Presbyterian, but Mr. and Mrs. Richards are regular attendants at Dr. Parker's City Temple, while the daughter only a few years ago, became a member of the Catholic church. Mrs. Craigie was married when she was little more than a girl and her affections are bound up in a charming little boy.

It is certainly a somewhat uneasy sign of our times that a girl of this kind—brought up in wealth and opulent surroundings, free from the sordid and meaner cares of life, and reared in an atmosphere heavy laden with love—should take the saddened and almost cynical view of human life which is to be found in her works. No human being's conversation could give one less the idea of a nature soured, malignant or even superficially cynical. She never speaks unkindly of any human being; and she enjoys social, literary and dramatic gatherings; she is tireless in the giving and organizing of charity. But she suffers from the malady of her age; she has had some painful disillusion, and above all things—she sees straight and she sees clear.

Some surprise may be felt that a woman who has hitherto devoted her pen exclusively to the novel and the drama should be interested in the same profound studies as have engaged Mr. Balfour. But Mrs. Craigie has gone through a most thorough scheme of self culture. A Scotchman in America once made the remark to me that the only educated men in America were women. Mrs. Craigie confesses the paradox. She studied the piano with Walter Macfarren; for two years she worked at classics and philosophy with Prof. Alfred Goodwin at the University College, London, and she had for years private tutors in every subject she cared to take up. Known to the public as a writer of fiction—which, to some extent,



MRS. CRAIGIE.

father of Mrs. Craigie, founded the first theological seminary in New York, and held the chair of theology up to the time of his death. The Fields, who have figured so brilliantly in so many departments of American life—in law, with Judge Field of the Supreme court, and David Dudley Field; in enterprise, with Cyrus Field of the American cable—are cousins of Mr. Richards.

Mrs. Richards is even more typically American. Restless, energetic, imaginative and lavishly hospitable, her spacious home in that series of rather gaunt castles near Hyde park called Lancaster Gate is a place where you will meet some of the most distinguished of London's social types. A child of Quaker pedigree, she is devoted, spiritualistic and inexhaustibly good natured, and her enthusiasms range from Dr. Parker of the "City Temple to the Duchess of Teck and the Princess Christian. Indeed, it is one of the peculiarities of this staunch American republican that she is on terms not merely of intimacy, but of affectionate friendship with several members of the royal family, that they often make her home theirs during their visits to London and in hours of trial and sorrow they have sought consolation from her generous heart.

Probably you will meet at the home of the Richards a larger and more interesting collection of London's celebrities than in almost any house in London. It is characteristic of both the host and hostess that sometimes their dinner parties consist of forty or fifty guests, and these guests represent every section of London celebrities, the literary predominating, then the journalistic, artistic and now and then the theatrical.

Mrs. Craigie is a somewhat curious outcome of such surroundings, but everybody studying the character of her parents can see where she has derived the qualities that go to make up her genius. In person she is slight, just about the middle height and singularly frail in bearing and impression. Her face is very pretty as I have said. The features although strongly marked are delicate and intensely feminine. Her eyes especially attract your attention, for they are large, open and beautiful in color and shape, and with their keenness and brilliancy tenderness is the predominant expression. She moves through a room with a singular softness and grace of motion. Her physique is almost an inch in diameter.

is of the world worldly—she is really one of the deepest read, most serious and most widely cultured women of her time.

Her output of work at the present has been very small. She has her hours every morning, during which nobody is allowed to enter her room; and, although she thus works steadily and regularly, she craves infinitely more than she publishes. Thus it is that, in spite of the startling success of "Some Emotions and a Moral," she has since written only three stories.

Perhaps the most triumphant moment of her life was on that memorable afternoon at Daly's theater when one of the most remarkable audiences that could be found assembled to see that little play, "Journeys End in Love's Meetings." The cast was Ellen Terry, Forbes Robertson, and William Terris. The play, though taken from the French, was absolutely original so far as the dialogue was concerned, and contained all those qualities—quick observation, delicate satire, and dramatic point—which are to be found in all the conversations of "John Oliver Hobbs." The success of the little play was never doubted, and went without the least show of weariness or uncertainty from the first moment.

It is a curious revelation of unexpected contradictions and of the resources of human character that this pitiless, scornful portrayal of the follies and frivolities of human life should be in her heart of hearts so gravely and persistently conservative. It is, perhaps, this union of serious purpose and profound thought with a keen humor which gives to Mrs. Craigie's expressive face its lights, its shadows, and its infinite charms.

### "First Catch Your Hare."

Frederick Yates, the comedian, father of Edmund Yates, introduced the phrase "first catch your hare." Among other characters he represented was that of Mrs. Glasse. In this he appeared as a frumpish old lady, ostensibly reading out of a well-thumbed cookery book the following words, written expressly for him by Thomas Hood: "Ahem! Hare. First catch your hare! Then do him till he's done!"

All officers in the Austro-Hungarian cavalry must hereafter learn telegraphy.

## RISE LIKE TRUTH.

THE KEELY MOTOR READY TO START.

The Long-Abused Scientist About to Demonstrate His Claim that He Has Harnessed the Interatomic Ether—Report of a Visitor.



**HAT MANY INTELLIGENT** men have full faith in the ultimate success of Mr. Keely and his system of producing power and motion, there can be no doubt. Mr. Keely has been enabled to keep steadily at work upon his experiments and he and his adherents believe that he is about to demonstrate to the world the truth of all his claims. A gentleman who has been connected with Mr. Keely's interests from the first, and who has never doubted Mr. Keely's ability or success, visited the workrooms last week. He writes as follows:

"Nothing is so misunderstood as to the real facts as are Mr. Keely's inventions. Three-fourths of the statements made by the public press during the last few years have been entirely at variance with the real facts. Mr. Keely has always objected heretofore to having anything said of his work until the proper time came.

"Not till I can produce a mercantile engine, one that will do practical work, will scientists and the people generally believe in my discoveries," we have often heard him say.

"Mr. Boyd Elliott, the eminent mechanical engineer, says in a letter now in my possession:

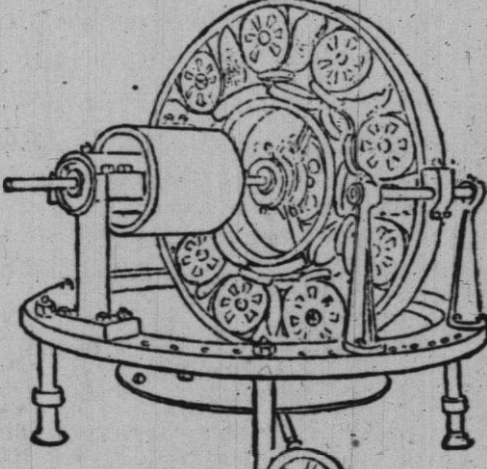
"I have seen the etheric liberator of Mr. Keely. I believe he has six times the value in his shops to-day that Mr. Edison has, and in answer to a letter he wrote: 'At first I thought I would reply to some of the critics (against Mr. Keely's work), but I have concluded that the game is not worth the powder. Let them scribble away. We shall enjoy the fun when these fellows are compelled to compare the new engine with their predictions of it. I have already enjoyed several such victories, and hope before long to lead some of these prophets around and rub their noses into this sensitive conviction.' Mr. Elliott was a friend of the great English scientist, J. Tyndall.

"Mr. Tyndall, in an article headed 'Atoms, Molecules, and Ether Waves,' published just before his death in Lanchester's Magazine, is said by Keely's friends to have struck upon the very foundation stone (if we may use the term) of Mr. Keely's discoveries, which gives the beginning, as it were, of his discoveries in vibratory power, etc., but, while Mr. Tyndall was still groping after the truth, Mr. Keely had found it, and has already produced several engines, every successive one of which has been an improvement upon the other, until the present one, now about to be given to the world, will show how grand the system is upon which he has labored so long. Mr. Tyndall in the article above referred to says:

"The union of bodies in fixed and multiple proportions constitutes the basis of modern atomic theory. We cannot form water but by using two volumes of hydrogen and one of oxygen invariably. A group of atoms drawn and held together by what chemists term affinity, is called a molecule. The ultimate parts of all compound bodies are molecules. When water is converted into steam, the distances between the molecules are greatly augmented, but the molecules themselves continue intact. We must not, however, picture the constituent atoms of any molecule as held so rigidly together as to render intestine motion impossible. The interlocked atoms have still liberty of vibration which may, under certain circumstances, become so intense as to shake the molecule asunder. Most molecules, probably all, are wrecked by vibratory motion. The constituent atoms of molecules can vibrate to and fro millions of millions of times in a second.

"Further atoms of different molecules are held together with varying degrees of tightness; they are timed, as it were, to notes of varying pitch—the same as what occurs when a piano is opened and sung into. The waves of sound select the strings which respectively respond to them, each string constituting itself thereby a new center of motion." Mr. Tyndall then refers to how vibrations are increased or accelerated by sound, and how great is the power of vibration when stimulated.

"We have given a few of the expressions of Mr. Tyndall as to the power of vibratory action, wherein he treats and confirms the very things which certain



THE MOTOR.

scientists, who have never seen Mr. Keely's experiments, have stated cannot be true. We will now give Mr. Keely's words on vibrations as to their power, etc. He says:

"Vibration is a difficult thing to define. If we speak of it theoretically, the scientific men of the world cannot fully explain it. Vibrations may be increased by sound. As regards atomic vibration, if I were to assert that I could make a machine which, by a certain process, could create a disturbance of equilibrium so as to produce a pressure or fifty tons to the square inch, persons would be dumfounded. Yet such is the case with the machine now in my laboratory. The process involved in etheric liberation is the same as if familiarly witnessed in the liberation of gases from water, water being known as the highest specific gravity. The liberation of the ether in my machine furnishes simply the medium, and that is used as introductory of the disturbance of the

equilibrium which gives the initiatory impulse.

"It is well known that by means of a mechanical impulse innumerable vibrations can be produced per second, and these vibrations I claim can be produced by what I call the theory of interatomic ether acting upon molecular construction. In my machine the force is in the vacuum, because the power which is to be liberated is greater than the power behind it. In my machine I have two forces at work, the negative vibration and the positive vibration. I could not operate my engine if it were not for both of these agencies. The books treat of metallic vibration. This same vibratory motion is present in wood, air, plaster, and everything else. Mechanical impulse can be given to molecular structure. I claim that I produce the molecular vibrations by means of the ether which is liberated by my machine. Vibration is a force, not the effect of force."

"We visited Mr. Keely's laboratory last week and had an interview with him. He said, after showing us the coming mercantile engine which is now almost set up:

"I am, as far as proving to the world the integrity of my vibratory system, about through with my work. My provisional engine (from which the coming 300-horse-power engine is modelled) was a perfect one in every respect, and the big one will be a more mechanical structure, and which combines within itself all of my system. I know scientists and all others will be pleased with its running, its power, etc., and all done with a costless force."

### SOLUBLE GLASS.

How It Is Utilized in France for Bleaching Linen.

According to M. Gelsenheimer, in the Comptes Rendus, an entirely new departure has lately been made in France in the application of soluble glass to the bleaching of linen. In explanation of this it is stated that, to insure the complete bleaching process, the process arose of increasing the causticity of the lye and prolonging the time of boiling, to the injury of the fabric though improving the color; and though the production of yellowish or brownish patches on the linen is usually attributed to impurities in the chemical, it is chiefly due to the presence in the water of calcium and magnesium salts, which are precipitated on the fabrics and act as mordants, fixing the yellowish coloring matter of the lye—an effect preventable by adding to the water a mixture of sodium carbonate and soluble glass. Calcium and magnesium silicates are thus precipitated in a flocculent form which settles rapidly, does not adhere to the fabric, and becomes granular and pulverulent on boiling; and, thus purified, only a very small quantity of caustic alkali is necessary, the greater part of the saponification being effected by means of the less injurious alkali carbonate. A convenient form in which to have the soluble glass for this purpose is said to be obtainable by adding from ten to twenty per cent of anhydrous sodium carbonate to a saturated solution of the soluble glass.

### MME. ACIANA.

Her Threatened Visit to This Country Has Caused Some Alarm.

Aciana, whoever she may be, has stirred up an American theatrical pub-



MME. ACIANA.

lication to a high pitch. The paper says:

"Aciana is well known in Vienna. She is also well known in Berlin and other gay cities of Europe. She is on the stage, but she cannot act. She appears in comic opera, though she cannot sing. She has, however, the faculty of getting into the good graces of wealthy men, who do not mind making a star of her, so long as they are kept in the background. Aciana announced some weeks ago to the correspondent of an American paper that she was coming to this country to sing in German opera. The manager whose name was linked with her statement says he would not bring her over if she would play for nothing. There is evidently a misunderstanding somewhere."

### Statistics on Consumption.

Of the total number of deaths the percentage traceable to consumption in the several states and territories is as follows: Alabama, 9.6; Arizona, 6.1; Arkansas, 6.4; California, 15.6; Colorado, 8.2; Connecticut, 15.1; Dakota, 8.3; Delaware, 16.1; District of Columbia, 18.9; Florida, 8.3; Georgia, 7.9; Idaho, 6.8; Illinois, 10.3; Indiana, 12.6; Iowa, 9.9; Kansas, 7.3; Kentucky, 15.7; Louisiana, 10.4; Maine, 19.2; Maryland, 14.0; Massachusetts, 15.7; Michigan, 13.2; Minnesota, 9.3; Mississippi, 8.8; Missouri, 9.8; Montana, 5.6; Nebraska, 8.6; Nevada, 6.3; New Hampshire, 5.6; New Jersey, 8.9; New Mexico, 2.4; New York, 8.1; North Carolina, 9.5; Ohio, 13.8; Oregon, 12.1; Pennsylvania, 12.6; Rhode Island, 14.6; South Carolina, 9.8; Tennessee, 14.5; Texas, 6.5; Utah, 2.8; Vermont, 16.1; Virginia, 12.2; Washington, 13.2; West Virginia, 13.0; Wisconsin, 10.4; Wyoming, 2.6; Average, 12.0.

### Florida for Sport.

A few men from Boston and New York go down to Florida and the West Indies every winter and pay their way wholly or in part by shooting birds of bright plumage. Sometimes three or four buy a schooner and make the journey under sail, managing the boat for the main part themselves. Others go down by steamer to Florida, build their own boat, and explore the rivers in the southern part of the peninsula.

There are springs of fresh water in the Persian Gulf that furnish supplies to vessels.



## BARRINGTON REVIEW.

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per Year in Advance.

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Ill., as second-class matter.

### 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	
2:20 pm. . . . . Lake Zurich. . . . . 10:05 am	
1:40 pm. . . . . Barrington. . . . . 10:30 am	
1:10 pm. . . . . Clark. . . . . 10:55 am	
12:45 pm. . . . . Spaulding. . . . . 12:15 pm	
11:27 am. . . . . Wayne. . . . . 12:35 pm	
11:15 am. . . . . Ingallton. . . . . 12:45 pm	
11:00 am. . . . . Turner. . . . . 1:25 pm	
10:00 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	
7:25 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.	
6:10 a. m., except Sunday.	
6:45 a. m., except Sunday.	
6:55 a. m., Sunday only.	
7:00 a. m., except Sunday.	
7:55 a. m., daily.	
8:00 a. m., except Sunday.	
10:03 a. m., except Sunday.	
12:25 p. m., daily.	
3:08 p. m., except Sunday.	
4:25 p. m., Sunday only.	
4:45 p. m., daily.	
8:44 p. m., Sunday only.	
8:50 p. m., Sunday only.	
GOING NORTH.	
6:20 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.	
6:08 p. m., except Sunday.	
6:13 p. m., Sunday only.	
7:25 p. m., except Sunday.	
7:55 p. m., daily.	
8:00 p. m., except Saturday.	
12:50 a. m., daily.	
*To Barrington only.	

### CHURCH NOTICES.

DR. ARN'S CATHOLIC—Rev. J. F. Caney, Pastor. Services every alternate Sunday at 9 o'clock a. m.  
GERMAN EVANGELICAL ST. PAUL'S—Rev. E. Rahn, pastor. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. Sabbath school at 9:30 a. m.  
BAPTIST—Rev. Robert Bailey, pastor. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath school at 9 a. m.  
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 SALON—Rev. T. Suhr, pastor. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sabbath school at 9:15 a. m.  
METHODIST EPISCOPAL—Rev. T. E. Ream, pastor. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath school at 12 m. Children's services at 3 p. m. Bible study Friday at 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

### SOCIETY NOTICES.

LOUNSBURY LODGE No. 731, A. F. & 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. Thrasher, S. D.; J. P. Brown, J. D.; A. Giverson, Tyler; J. W. Dacy, S. J.; Wm. Yocum, 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. F. E. Smith, V. C.; J. M. Thrasher, E. R.; John Robertson, B.; M. T. Lamey, Clerk; E. H. Sodi, Exhort; Wm. Anholitz, Watchman; H. P. Askew, Sentry; L. A. Powers, John Hatje and Fred Beinhoff, Managers; C. H. Kendall, Physician.  
BARRINGTON TENT, No. 79, K. O. T. M.—Meets in their hall the second and fourth Tuesdays of each month. T. H. Crest, P. C.; E. H. Sodi, C.; Silas Robertson, L. C.; F. E. Smith, S.; J. M. Thrasher, R. K.; Rev. Robert Bailey, Chap.; C. P. Hawley, F. K.; Arthur Jayne, M. A.; M. A. Bennett, Ist M. G.; Fred Koelling, 2d M. G.; H. Roloff, S. G.; John Broccoli, P.  
BARRINGTON POST No. 275, G. A. R. Department of Ill.—Meets every second Friday of the month at their hall. Charles Senn, Com.; G. W. Johnson, S. V. C.; Wm. Humphrey, J. V. C.; A. Gleason, Q. M.; C. Bogart, Chaplain; A. S. Henderson, O. D.; L. Krahn, O. G.; H. Reuter, 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, 2d V. P.; Mrs. Arietta Sizer, J. V. C.; Miss Robie 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 Colles, Wm. Gruman, John Hatje, . . . . . Trustees  
Miles T. Lamey, . . . . . Village Clerk  
A. L. Robertson, . . . . . Treasurer  
C. D. Cutting, . . . . . Village Attorney  
A. Sandman, . . . . . Street Commissioner

### SCHOOL DIRECTORS.

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

### Tender Steaks. Tender Roasts.

## R. BURTON, MEAT MARKET.

Is the place to get all kinds of choice fresh meats at lowest prices, quality considered.

Best Sausage, Salt and Smoked Meats.

FISH AND OYSTERS IN SEASON.

BARRINGTON, ILLINOIS

## LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

Mr. Fred Brasel is quite sick and unable to attend to his duties as switchman. Mr. Charles Boyce is filling his position at present.  
Mr. and Mrs. J. Alexander of Palatine visited with their daughter, Mrs. Silas Robertson, Tuesday.  
Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wool attended the funeral of Mrs. Jane Price at Gilmer Friday of last week.  
Ladies' spring capes at \$2, \$2.50, \$2.75 and \$3 at A. W. Meyer & Co.'s. Call and see them.  
Mrs. Eva Tuttle visited with relatives at Palatine Sunday.  
Mr. and Mrs. Gothard visited with Mrs. E. H. Nelson Tuesday.  
Mrs. C. B. Otis spent Saturday visiting with friends at Elgin.

### Are You Going to Paint?

If you intend to do any painting this year now is the time, while we can quote you D. B. Shipman's Strictly Pure White Lead, Heath & Milligan's Strictly Pure White Lead or St. Louis (Red Seal) Strictly Pure White Lead for \$6 per hundred. Take your choice. J. D. Lamey & Co.

Mr. Fred Wiseman has bought the house occupied by Mr. A. K. Townsend. Consideration, \$4,650. He expects to move to Barrington about Oct. 1.

If you want bargains in gingham, lawns and spring dress goods, go to A. W. Meyer & Co.

Miss Cora Davlin of Wauconda was the guest of Mrs. W. H. Snyder Wednesday.  
Mrs. C. M. Vermilya visited at Nunda Sunday.

### How About Being Shod?

Notwithstanding the advance in shoe leather, additional cost of labor, etc., no advance in shown at C. F. Hall's, Dundee. He is a bargain giver in shoes and you ought to get the benefit. Notice: Infants' shoes, 16, 19, 25, 35 and 44 cents; children's shoes, 49, 59 and 69 cents; absolutely solid; children's fine fancy foxed shoes, tipped, 8 to 11½, 59 cents; 12 to 2, 87 cents; women's shoes, 98 cents, \$1.29 and \$1.48—\$3 shoes \$1.98; men's shoes, 98 cents, \$1.26 and \$1.48—worth up to \$3. Tan shoes in endless variety. Women's Oxfords at 29, 39, 59, 69, 79, 87 and 98 cents. See Hall, Dundee.

The party given by the Barrington Social club Friday evening was not very largely attended. A very pleasant time was had by those present, however.

Mrs. William Peters is at South Chicago caring for her oldest son, who is quite sick.

A large line of ladies' and children's silk mitts from 20 cents up at A. W. Meyer & Co.'s.

It is expected that a number of ladies will be here in the near future for the purpose of organizing a W. C. T. U. in Barrington. In such a good cause, and one so much needed in our village, every lady should show her willingness in assisting and supporting them in their efforts.

### A Remnant Sale.

It was a big lot, more than the average dealer could use, but C. F. Hall, Dundee, made the offer and got the merchandise, and it is now on sale. To get goods at 8 cents worth 15 cents, goods at 7 cents worth 12 cents, goods at 4 cents worth 6 cents, in fact that proportion holds good through the entire lot of 10,000 yards. They are summer goods in lengths of from 4 to 10 yards. Just the thing for you, the babies and the older ones. You will like 'em.

A. W. Meyer & Co.'s fancy patent flour is the best and cheapest, 95 cents a sack.

The frost Tuesday morning did considerable damage to fruit and vegetables. Many farmers will have to plant their corn again, as it has been entirely frozen off.

### A Shake Up.

Shaking down high prices, getting down low prices, getting big values before the people, buying goods less, selling goods less, is the business of C. F. Hall, Dundee. This time it is a big lot of gent's balbriggan underwear at 25 cents. Children's ribbed underwear at 10 cents with sleeves, without sleeves, 3 cents; all sizes. In ladies' summer underwear we carry most extraordinary values at 5, 8, 10, 15, 19, 25 and 29 cents. The qualities couldn't stand a third more in price, but it isn't Hall's way.

Regular meeting of the Woman's Relief Corps Wednesday evening, May 22. All are requested to be present.

An alumni was organized here Friday evening. The following officers were elected: President, Miss Isabel Domic; vice-president, Miss Maude Otis; secretary, Miss Effelyn Rimyan; treasurer, Mr. Glen Hawley.

### The Proper Cape in Dress Fabrics.

As usual we all look to C. F. Hall, Dundee, to introduce the novelties of the season, and you will not be disappointed. How about satines at 7½, 11 and 12 cents. They'd bring 10, 15 and 20 cents, but it isn't Hall's way. New things called Tussah silk, but absolutely all cotton, 8 yards to a dress, 15 cents a yard. You'd think it was silk—so smooth and glossy a fly would slip up on it. Fifteen different patterns in colorings to please the damsel of 16 summers or one of more mature age—the less said about ages in this matter the better. It is needless to say the stock is ample in everything in cotton fabrics for summer wear.

Don't fail to paper your house now while you can buy paper at wholesale prices at A. W. Meyer & Co.'s.

Mr. Fred Brasel, Jr., moved his household goods to Des Plaines Wednesday. Mr. Brasel has been promoted and is now baggageman on one of the Des Plaines accommodations.

### Increasing in Popularity.

The popularity of C. F. Hall's Dundee Cash Store is constantly increasing, as evidenced by active business and prices lower than the lowest. Something new there all the time. This week new goods in all departments. Summer goods suitable for the present hot spell, cool comfort, moderate prices and bargains for everybody. You always get these at C. F. Hall's, Dundee.

Mrs. G. W. Johnson is quite sick at present writing.

Mrs. Nellie Maguire died at her home in Barrington, Thursday, May 9. The funeral services were held in St. Anne's Catholic church, Saturday morning, Rev. J. F. Clancy officiating. Her remains were taken to Chicago for burial in Calvary.

### Called Out.

The weather did it and the straw hats for all ages are found at C. F. Hall's, Dundee, with prices at 5, 10, 15, 19, 22, 25, 35 and 48 cents. We can all wear straw hats—some of the brims are large enough for a fan, making a happy combination.

Charles Hutchinson spent Monday with his brother Alonzo, in the city.  
Mr. Fred Brasel, Sr., who is very ill at his home with asthma, was a trifle better last Thursday.

Buy your varnishes, hard oils, etc., of J. D. Lamey & Co.

The Barrington Social club gave a party at Stott's hall last Friday evening. In spite of the bad weather a good-sized crowd was in attendance and a very pleasant time was enjoyed by all. There is talk of having another party in the near future.

### Warm Prices.

These prices of course come from C. F. Hall, Dundee. No one quotes such prices as he does and backs them up with proper merchandise. Please notice: Standard blue prints, 4 cents; best shirting prints, 3½ cents; heavy sheeting, 4 cents; wash silks, 33 cents; best gingham, 5 cents.

Dr. Olcott and family, of Chicago, visited Mr. F. A. Cady this week.

Miss Esther and George Elvidge visited with Mr. F. Weiseman and family last Sunday.

Mr. A. Hanson, who has been on the sick list, is now able to be around.

There is nothing that makes a more beautiful wall finish than Alabastine. It is already prepared in a number of handsome colors and is mixed and applied to the walls as you would whitewash. Sold by J. D. Lamey & Co.

Messrs. A. W. Meyer and Henry Boehmer have purchased ten lots in the Applebee subdivision of the village of Barrington.

### Popular Methods Always a Drawing Card.

You ought to go to C. F. Hall's, Dundee, if you are a cash buyer, and you cannot afford to be otherwise. You'll find your neighbor there, for values are the attractive features. Two things stand out prominently, viz: Underbuying—always underselling. If you are from Wauconda, Nunda, Huntley, Gilbert Station, Algonquin, Elgin, Barrington or Cary Station, nine chances to ten you'll find your neighbors there in full force and exclaim, "Well, what are you here for?" and the answer will be, "For the same reason that you are: Hall's bargains brought us here." And did it ever strike you how liberal Hall is with his trade? Pays railroad fare from within a radius of 20 miles, free bus to and from depot—all if you trade \$5. Every inducement and every effort is made to get the far off trade not naturally coming to Dundee, for the home trade takes care of itself. If you come with your own team and ask for it, your team is cared for free of charge. You can't afford to stay away from Hall's, Dundee. It's a big store—lots of breathing room, lots of goods, lots of clerks, lots of willingness to do the best we can for you, our aim being to make you a permanent customer.

The subject of Rev. T. E. Ream's sermon Sunday evening will be "Our Neighbors."

A pound social was given at the home of Rev. and Mrs. Bailey Friday evening, and was well attended.

### Millinery Department.

As the season advances, C. F. Hall, Dundee, naturally reduces prices, made possible by large purchases in large lots for cash only. All silk ribbon, Nos. 12 and 16, all colors, 8 cents a yard. No one does it but Hall, Dundee. Our millinery business has nearly doubled this season, which is the best evidence that our prices are right and styles correct. Additional help has been added and we are prepared to take care of all orders.

Misses Effie Runyan and M. Dunkley attended the Sunday school convention held at Elgin this week.

J. D. Lamey & Co. have just received 5,000 pounds of strictly pure white lead, which they will sell at \$6 per 100. White lead will surely advance in price and now is the time to buy.

### Readable Matter.

We might have said eatable matter, for they are found at C. F. Hall's, Dundee. We say four 90 cents; elegant coffee, 15 cents; wild cherry phosphate, 15 cents, sample free; 8 bars of soap for 25 cents; novelties in glassware with baking powder, worth double, always on hand. Butter, lard, lard compound, butterine, bananas, nuts; candy, 6 cents a pound; oranges, lemons—these are all fancy goods, but the prices are not fancy. Drop in for luck. Change your methods and get rich by buying our merchandise of C. F. Hall, Dundee. What few millionaires we have in the community commenced life by buying of him.

Two extra police were put on duty last Thursday (elcus day).

Buy your mixed paints of J. D. Lamey & Co. The best is the cheapest.

William Dawson spent Sunday with his parents.

Mr. Frank Richardson and son, of Chicago, were visitors here Sunday.

Mr. Fred Weiseman has sold his Cook county property in our village. Mr. N. Stenger having bought one part of it and a lady by the name of Mrs. Bently buying the balance. Mr. Stenger will erect a residence on his lot.

### Capes on the Rack.

This time they are novelties, and of course, C. F. Hall, Dundee, introducing them, some of them have traveled, may have seen the wilds of Nebraska and the fertile valleys of Kansas, in fact, they were traveling men's samples, not a whit the worse for their journeyings, but the prices, oh my! They cost originally from \$3.50 to \$10.50 at wholesale—some are silk lined throughout—but we shall commerce them in price and sell at 98 cents, \$1.29, \$1.58, \$2.29, \$2.69, \$3.69, \$3.98, \$4.98, \$5.69, \$6.66 and \$7.98. We

## NEW STYLE 1895 GASOLINE STOVE.

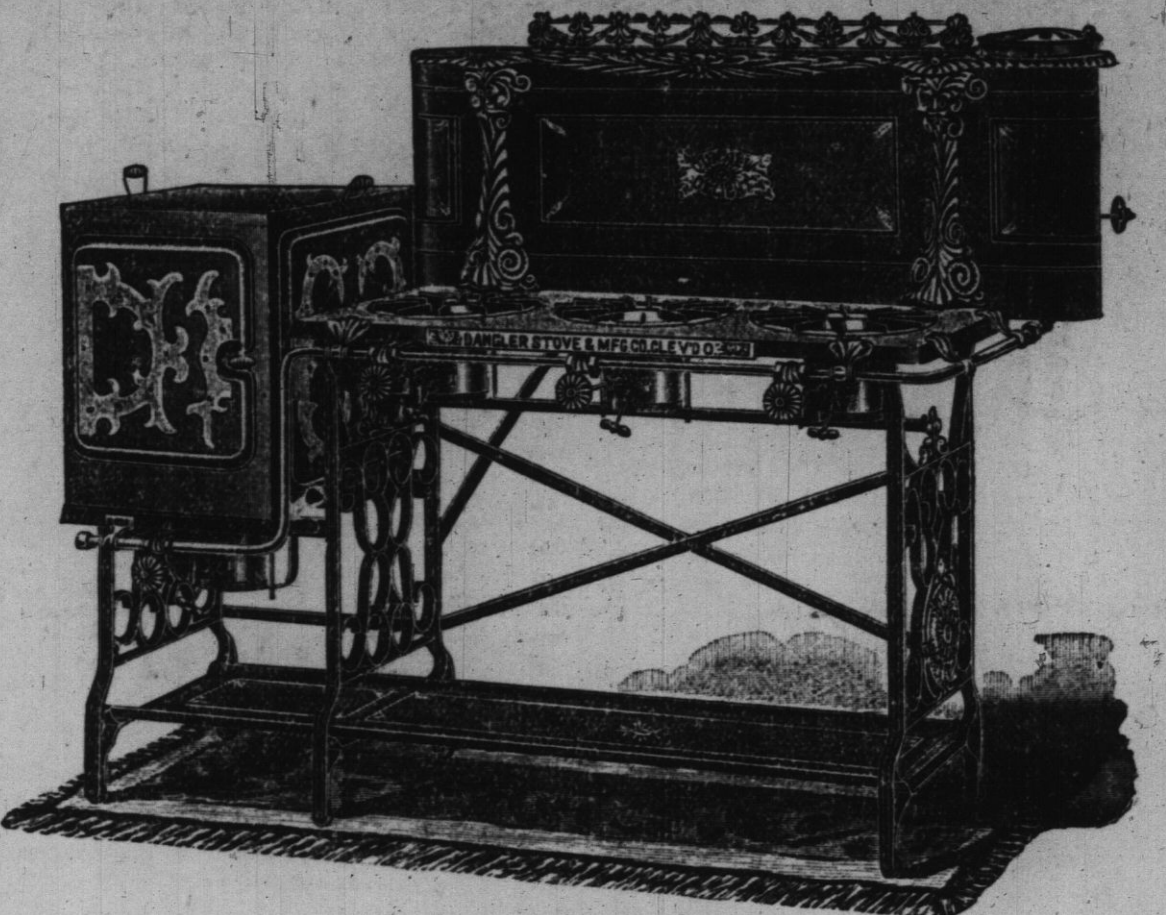
### COMBINATION OF

## Generator and Process Burners.

This stove has a removable tank and is the most economical stove on the market. Call and see them.

No Trouble to Show Our Stock.

H. D. A. GREBE,  
BARRINGTON.



MISS DENA BAUMAN.

## MILLINERY

The latest and newest styles in millinery goods, velvets, feathers, etc., etc., can always be found here at reasonable prices.

New Goods Constantly Arriving.

Come and Examine My Stock

MISS DENA BAUMAN.

BARRINGTON, ILL.

Men's Tans, Patent Leather,  
Kangaroo or Calf, Plain or  
Tip, Square or  
Pointed  
Toe.

Boys' Button Lace or Congress,  
Plain or Tip, Square  
or Pointed Toe.

Women's Square and Pointed  
Plain or Tip  
Toe.

Tip Toe.  
Heel, Plain or  
Blacks, Heel or Spring  
Misses' and Children's Tans or

Come in and see our stock. We have the largest and best assortment of Shoes at Lowest Prices. Yours truly,

## B. H. SODT & SON.

A man generally leaves no stone unturned when he goes out in the fields looking for bait.

We expect other people to change their opinions, while we tenaciously cling to our own.

When a man's mind is unsettled, it frequently happens that his bills are in the same condition.

When the peace of Europe is rent will be a good time for somebody to put a watch on the seat of war.

### Knights of the Maccabees.

The state commander writes us from Lincoln, Neb., as follows: "After trying other medicines for what seemed to be a very obstinate cough in our two children, we tried Dr. King's New Discovery, and at the end of two days the cough entirely left them. We will not be without it hereafter, as our experience proves that it cures where all other remedies fail."—Signed F. W. Stevens, State Com.—Why not give this great medicine a trial, as it is guaranteed and trial bottles are free at A. L. Waller's drug store. Regular size, 50 cents and \$1.00.

### 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.

### 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.

### ECONOMICAL

Mothers, your attention is called to Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin as the simplest, most pleasant to take, and at the same time most potent and economical remedy you can give the children to regulate the bowels and relieve from all manner of stomach troubles. It regulates. Try a 10c bottle, 10 doses for 10 cents (for children 20 doses for 10 cents) at A. L. Waller's.

### GOOD, BETTER, BEST.

1st dose good, 2nd dose better, the 3rd dose you will find the best remedy on earth and nothing ever again will take the place of Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin for constipation, indigestion and biliousness. Get a trial bottle 10 doses 10 cents, large size 50 cents and \$1.00 of A. L. Waller.

### Becklen's Arnica Salve.

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

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

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

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE.  
Two stores—flats above—suitable for saloon and restaurant. Lot 50x125 feet. Will sell on easy terms—cheap for cash—or exchange for clear vacant property. For information inquire second flat, No. 567 Kenwood place, Chicago (South side). (2t)

### IT IS EXPENSIVE

To experiment with all advertised remedies at \$1.00 per bottle. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, that great remedy for constipation, indigestion, etc., is now put out in 10c bottles (it speaks for itself as well in a small as in a large quantity). Try a 10c bottle (10 doses 10 cents) at A. L. Waller's.



## THE SAME OLD FIGHT.

WITH A NEW BEAR AND A NEW NAME.

A Recent Special to the New York Sun Tells how Capt. Reynolds Fought the Death with a Rocky Mountain Bear.



section. Last Monday week he killed a silver-tip bear in Tensleep canon after a fight in which he escaped almost by miracle.

"I came up from Paint Rock," said he, "and struck the canon at its mouth, a little above the old W. P. ranch. It was about 8 o'clock in the morning, and the weather was pretty cold. There was a heavy snow on the ground; and presently I found where a bear had come down from the Big Horn mountains, through a gorge in the side of the rock, and entered the canon. I followed the trail rapidly, expecting every minute to come upon the animal, yet it was nearly two hours before I caught sight of it. I hastened my steps, fearing it might get into the underbrush and escape; but when I came up I found it standing near a small pine tree, growling savagely. I knew then that I had no child's play ahead of me. Some years ago, Phil Vidal, one of the best hunters in our western country, and myself were partners in the hunting and trapping business, and we deliberately turned our heels on a bear that we had tracked to a pile of rocks on Big Horn mountains because we realized that in a fight with it one of us would be killed. My experience is that few of the bears inhabiting the Rocky mountain ranges will show fight unless wounded, and when they exhibit a tendency to retreat. In my case I could not do this, for I had been walking fast and came suddenly upon the animal. I had a Winchester rifle and carried a knife in my hip pocket. I raised my rifle and fired at the bear.

"The charge struck the animal in the shoulder, but did nothing more than enrage it, and it sprang for me. It stepped back a few paces and I fired a second time, the ball entering the head of the bear, but not checking its advance. It rushed at me with distended jaw. I struck it with all my strength over the head with the butt of my gun, which was shivered to pieces, and apparently had no effect on the bear.

"I drew my knife while I held the barrel of the gun in my right hand, and as the bear with a growl of rage sprang on me, I thrust the gun barrel into its mouth and plunged the knife into its right side. Then followed a desperate tussle, for the bear knocked the gun barrel out of my hand, and fastening his paws upon my shoulders threw me backward on the snow. Twice we turned over, my desperate struggles overcoming even the strength of the pain-maddened animal. I managed to escape from the grasp of the bear and scrambled to my feet, but I had lost my knife in the scuffle, and my face and hands were lacerated and my clothes torn into ribbons and blood covered, for the bear was bleeding from the wound in the side. The snow for some paces was asplashed with blood.

"My one thought now was to escape, and I backed away from the bear, who slowly advanced toward me with its mouth distended and its eyes glowing like live coals. As the animal advanced I retreated, keeping my eyes fixed upon him and shouting loudly for help, hoping to attract the attention of any hunter who might chance to be in that portion of the canon. Unfortunately in my retreat my heel came in contact with a rock, and I fell backward into a bunch of sage brush.

"Before I could get up the bear rushed on me again, and as I felt its sharp claws enter my shoulders I began to feel that my time had come. The fall hurt me, and the weight of the bear nearly crushed the breath from my body. But as I fell I caught hold of a piece of sage brush, and with that for a weapon I made a desperate fight for my life, striking the bear repeatedly over the head, and thus preventing the animal from seizing either of my arms and crushing them in his jaws. The blows I dealt caused the bear to loosen his hold and rise upon his haunches with a howl of pain. I struggled to my feet and tried to get away, but the bear struck at me and one of his claws fastened itself in my coat, holding me to the spot. Again we had a tussle, the bear striving to fasten both its claws in my shoulders, and I making every effort to prevent him doing so.

"He was growing weaker and weaker from the loss of blood, which was streaming from the wound I had made in his side, and it is to this fact that I attribute my escape. For some moments we struggled, the bear rising, and falling each time with more difficulty. I felt myself growing faint, and by an effort I tore myself loose from the bear, staggered a few paces, and dropped unconsciously on the snow.

"I suppose I remained insensible for half an hour. The snow falling in my face restored me. I tried to get up, but could not do so for some minutes. At length I rose and looked around and saw the bear lying dead only a few paces from me.

"A few minutes later I heard the voices of some hunters who were on the cliffs overlooking the canon. I shouted to them. They proved to be Roe Arent and some other men from the W.-P. ranch. They gave me all the aid necessary, and in an hour or less time they had me at the ranch. I was suffering more from exhaustion than any serious injury, and by the following day I was able to be out.

"The bear was one of the largest that has been killed in the Big Horn mountain regions for years. Two years ago a hunter named Slavin killed one nearly as large on Powder river. As a rule bears are scarce in Northern Wyoming, and it is seldom that a hunter runs across one."

### THE MERE MONEY-GETTER.

Theodore Roosevelt Writes Most Forcefully of the Man of Fortune.

There is not in the world a more ignoble character than the mere money-getting American, insensible to every duty, regardless of every principle, bent only on amassing a fortune and putting his fortune to the basest uses—whether these uses be to speculate in stocks and wreck railroads himself, or to allow his son to lead a life of foolish and expensive idleness and gross debauchery, or to purchase some scoundrel of high social position, foreign or native, for his daughter, writes Theodore Roosevelt in the Forum. Such a man is only the more dangerous if he occasionally does some deed like founding a college or endowing a church, which makes those good people who are also foolish forget his real iniquity.

These men are equally careless of the workingmen, whom they oppress, and of the state, whose existence they imperil. There are not very many of them, but there is a very great number of men who approach more or less closely to the type, and just in so far as they do so approach they are curses to the country. The man who is content to let politics go from bad to worse, jesting at the corruption of politicians, the man who is content to see the maladministration of justice without an immediate and resolute effort to reform it, is shirking his duty and is preparing the way for infinite woe in the future.

Hard, brutal indifference to the right, and an equally brutal shortsightedness as to the inevitable results of corruption and injustice, are baleful beyond measure; and yet they are characteristic of a great many Americans who consider themselves perfectly respectable, and who are considered thriving, prosperous men by their easy-going fellow citizens.

### FOREIGN FLASHES.

"The New Boy" has completed its first year and been performed for the 427th time at the London Vaudeville.

A man who is hypnotized and kept asleep for a week in full view of the public is one of the attractions at the London Royal Aquarium.

Captain Paul Boyton, who was correspondent in a recent divorce suit in London, was found guilty and ordered to pay £750 to the injured husband.

In future no man under 5 feet 4 will be admitted into the British infantry unless he is under twenty, in which case 5 feet 3½ will pass. The minimum chest measurement will be 32½ inches.

Bull fighting has received its quietus in France. The Court de Cassation, to which the cases that arose last summer were submitted, has decided that a bull is a domestic animal and cannot be lawfully tortured.

An international congress for the protection of infancy will be held at Bordeaux next August. Besides the moral, legal and physical sides of the subject, it will discuss the decline of parental authority and its delegation into other hands.

Loie Fuller is to appear soon in Paris in a new tragic pantomime by Armand Silvestre, called "Salome." She will dance five times in dances entirely different from her former performances; one, the religious dance, is said to be an absolutely novel curiosity.

Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria, says Le Figaro, intends to change the order of succession established by the pragmatic sanction of 1723, by which Maria Theresa became queen and to have the crown transferred to his only grandson, the child of his youngest daughter, Valerie, and the Archduke Francis Salvator.

The British museum has an ancient weight, a unique object in the shape of a bit of green diorite, about four inches high, carved in Mesopotamia, in the year 605 B. C. It has a long inscription in Assyrian, which sets forth that it was made in the time of Nebuchadnezzar II., and the exact copy of the legal weight. It is somewhat conical, with a flat bottom.

### GEMS OF THOUGHT.

A man that studieth revenge keepeth his own wounds green, which otherwise would heal and do well.—Lord Bacon.

A man cannot possess anything that is better than a good woman, nor anything that is worse than a bad one.—Simond.

If thou canst not obtain a kindness which thou desirest, put a good face on it, show no discontent nor surliness; an hour may come when they request may be granted.—Fuller.

To neglect God all our lives and know that we neglect him, to offend God voluntarily, and know that we offend him, casting our hopes on the peace which we trust to make at parting, is no other than a rebellious presumption, and even a contemptuous laughing to scorn and deriding of God, his laws and precepts.—Sir W. Raleigh.

Malice sucks up the greatest part of her own venom and poisons herself. Vice leaves repentance in the soul, like an ulcer in the flesh, which is always scratching and lacerating itself; for reason effects all other griefs and sorrows, but it begets that of repentance, which is so much the more grievous by reason it springs within, as the cold or hot fevers are more sharp than those that only strike upon the outward skin.—Montaigne.

## PAUL JONES' CAREER.

HE WAS THE FIRST TO HOIST THE AMERICAN FLAG.

He Had a Peculiarly Fascinating Way with Sailors—A Tireless Letter-Writer and an Inditer of Verses to Women—A Noble Commander.

Miss Molly Elliot Seawell has a sketch of John Paul Jones in the Century in which she brings out many new facts concerning the great American naval commander. Concerning his early career, before the capture of the Serapis, Miss Seawell writes: On December 28, 1775, was made the beginning of the American navy; and from this point the true history of Paul Jones begins. He was then 28 years old, of the middle height, his figure slight, but graceful, and of "a dashing and officer-like appearance." His complexion was dark and weather-beaten; his black eyes were expressive, but melancholy. His manners were easy and dignified with the great, but he was without doubt fascinating to women. He often fancied himself in love, and, like Washington, sometimes even wrote bad verses to ladies; but it is unlikely that any woman ever had the real mastery of his heart. He was deterred by the greatness of "the Fair," as he called them when they pleased him, and made love to very great ladies quite as boldly as when with the wretched Bon Homme Richard he laid aboard the stout Serapis. He had a peculiarly persuasive way with sailors as with women; and if he wished to enlist a sailor would walk up and down the pier with him by the hour, and he never failed to get his man. He was a tireless letter writer, and when Paul Jones wrote as Paul Jones spoke nothing could exceed the force and simplicity of his style. But he was subject to attacks of the literary devil, and his productions then were intolerably fine. He wrote and spoke French respectably, and his handwriting, grammar and spelling are all much above the average of his day. His first duty was as first lieutenant of the Alfred, Commodore Hopkins' flagship. On this vessel he hoisted for the first time the original flag of the revolution—the rattlesnake flag. In a letter to Robert Morris in 1783 Paul Jones says: "It was my fortune, as the senior of the first lieutenants, to hoist, myself, the Flag of America (I choose to do it with my own hands) the first time it was displayed. Though this was but a light circumstance, yet, I feel for it's Honor more than I think I could have felt had it not so happened." The services he was engaged in under Commodore Hopkins were far from brilliant. The commodore had a strong disinclination to go "in harm's way"—to use a favorite expression of Paul Jones—and within a year was dismissed the navy. Paul Jones' first command was little sloop of war, the Providence; and from a memorandum among his papers, in the handwriting of the secretary of the congress, we learn that his uniform was: "blue cloth with red lapels, slash cuffs, stand up collar, flat yellow buttons; blue breeches, red waistcoat with narrow lace." The uniform for the junior officers was also prescribed, and all were commanded to wear "blue breeches." The marine officers, however, were to wear "breeches edged with green, black garters and garters." Paul Jones' conduct during the cruise he made in the Providence, and afterward in command of a small squadron in 1776, won him great credit, especially with Washington. His employment was the conveying of men and stores from Rhode Island to Washington at New York. Long Island sound swarmed with the cruisers of Lord Howe's fleet, and Paul Jones' address in eluding them, especially the Cerberus frigate, which tracked him for weeks like a bloodhound, marked him as a man of great enterprise. His next cruise with a little squadron maintained his reputation, and from that on the requests of officers who wished to serve under him were frequent. Paul Jones' replies to these are quaint reading. He always protests a disinclination to "entice" officers away from other commanders, but never fails to note the good points of his own ship, and to give a forecast of his daring schemes very captivating to an ambitious young officer. There was great confusion in the tables of rank first adopted in the navy, and then proceeded in grievance that Paul Jones never ceased to protest against bitterly, until in 1781, many years afterward, he became, by the unanimous election of congress, the ranking officer of the American navy. By the personal carelessness of President Hancock, Paul Jones' original commission as captain—the first commission granted under "the United States"—was lost. When a new one was given him, he found, to his natural indignation, that thirteen of his juniors were ahead of him on the list of captains. How infuriating this was to a man as greedy of distinction as Paul Jones, may be imagined. He always spelled rank with a capital, and wrote of it as "Rank, which opens the door to Glory." He swore he would never serve under any of the men thus unjustly given precedence of him. Congress, while negligent in doing him justice, was wise enough, nevertheless, to give him always a separate command. It was determined to send him to Europe in the Ranger sloop of war, and in Europe to give him the finest command then at the disposal of the congress. This was a splendid frigate—the Indian—building at Amsterdam.

### PAPER FLOWERS.

A Man Who Found That There Was Too Many for His Comfort.

"Paper flowers are all right in their place," said a gentleman who boasts of the joy and comforts of married life to a Cincinnati Tribune reporter,—"Montaigne.

"but I'll be hanged if there isn't a limit even to paper flowers. My wife and daughter have got the craze, and they've got it bad. If I attempt to light the lamp I invariably set fire to a tangle of honeysuckle. If I go to the library I am frightened to death lest I break one of the branches of morning glories that hang like cobwebs in front of the glass. If I attempt to sit down, stand up, or walk, I am compelled to reconnoiter about and to indulge in all kinds of Fabian tactics before I can move. I did not object. They enjoyed it and I was satisfied. But Sunday the limit was reached; then my real anger was aroused. I have a small conservatory which is the joy and pride of my life. On Sunday one of my business friends came to see me, and I took him out to the trouble was. My wife and daughter had paper flowers in every nook and corner. Every plant in the place had a paper flower. That settled the matter. That night there was an extremely large bonfire in our yard."

### GOLDEN EGGS—MUSHROOMS.

Two Dishes Which Are Declared by an Expert to Be the Finest Works of Art. Mushrooms are treasures in the hands of inventive cooks who recognize that they afford possibilities beyond the delicious butter-basted grill or cunning mixture with kidneys or chicken. Mushrooms impart a subtle flavor and a richness to soups and stews, and they are invaluable as entrees. "Autolitus," in the Pall Mall Gazette, gives two dainty recipes worthy of adoption: "The reigning sultana in the mushroom's harem is," we are told, "the brilliant golden egg. Sweet symphonies in brown and gold are the dishes their union yields. Oeufs brouilles aux champignons—has not the very name a pretty sound? It is a delight best suited to the midday breakfast; a joyous course to follow the anchovy salad, the eel well smoked, or whatever dainty hors d'oeuvre may stimulate to further appetite. "The eggs, scrambled and rivaling the buttercup's rich gold, are laid delicately on crisp toast, and present a couch, soft as down, for a layer of mushrooms. Let Ruskin rave of Turner's sunsets, let the glory of the Venetians be favorite tug among art critics, but when did Turner, or Titian, or Tintoret invent a finer scheme of color than egg and mushroom thus combined for the greater happiness of the few? A silver dish or one of the rarest porcelain should be frame for a picture so perfect." And then again, "Creatures of infinite resource, eggs and mushrooms meet in cases to produce a new and distinct joy. The mushrooms, stewed in milk thickened with the yolks of raw eggs and bread crumbs, line the little fluted china cases; into each a fresh egg is broken, then more mushrooms and bread crumbs are spread gently above; a shallow pan, its bottom just covered with hot water, receives the cases, and ten minutes in the oven will complete a triumph which, once tasted, you may well remember all the days of your life."

### IN THE NAME OF FASHION.

Items About the Great Worth Establishment in Paris.

At the present time the Worth establishment employs about 1,200 persons. Between 6,000 and 7,000 dresses and 4,000 and 5,000 cloaks are turned out yearly. M. Jean Worth is the one who will now look to the technical part of the business. All models of the original Worth, who died recently, were made in black and white muslin, and then copied in the material and coloring which he thought best suited the design. One of his strokes of business was to buy up every yard of the finest and most fashionable silk he could secure at the end of each season. He would use it for linings the season following. His materials and textures were made especially for him. Manufacturers would submit samples; if they took his eye he would at once order a large amount and design costumes suitable to the material. Worth was a picturesque character. Born of obscure parents, he passed the early years of his life in pursuits quite unbecomingly to him. His father was a solicitor who lost quite a large fortune in speculation. At an early age young Worth was apprenticed to a printer, but the dirty ink did not suit him, and as soon as he could he got a position in London. He remained with a firm for seven years as an apprentice. He then went to Paris to study French fashions. He found it difficult to secure a situation, but finally convinced Mr. Gagelin of his ability, and remained with the firm for twelve years. He tried to get his employers to see that it would be a good stroke to sell material and then make it up themselves, but they would not entertain the idea. Finally they gave him consent to try the speculation himself. His first cloak sold for 3,000 francs and gained him a gold medal. This determined him to start in business for himself. He took the large rooms at No. 7 Rue de la Paix and commenced business by employing fifty hands. This was in 1858. He mounted the ladder of fame with lightning strides, till he reached the top round.

### African Dancers.

Gallini, in his "Travels in Africa," declares that the people of the west are exceedingly fond of dancing. He once tried to tire them out, but as long as he could raise his hand to his violin they continued to dance and he was forced to desist.

One of the lay delegates to the colored M. E. conference at Fayette, Mo., took with him to the place of meeting a crate with three chickens in it.

## THE PHANTOM



YOU MAY TALK about your orthodox ghost, who haunts ancient castles, walling and groaning, and carrying flaming lights from window to window for apparently no earthly, or rather unearthly, purpose save that of terrifying out of his wits some poor hind bearing home a bewildered brain after staying too late with 'John Barleycorn' in the village inn, but for something that has forever baffled me and made me often wonder whether I was dreaming or awake, commend me to what I saw, or thought I saw, the night before Balaklava, Oct. 25, 1854.

And my father threw himself back in his armchair before the fire in the smoking-room grate as he took a long whiff of a newly lighted cigar, and gazed dreamily into the flames that were crackling up the chimney.

The subject of conversation had drifted from the battlefields of yesterday in Abyssinia and Zululand to those of thirty years before, when the tall, heavy forms before us of my father and his old comrades in arms, Sir Langley Fetherstone and Col. Elmhurst, with their gray, bristling mustaches, their still erect gait, their unconsciously imperative style and their solemn and grave deportment, were as light as my own. Aubrey's, or Bob Fetherstone's, that night as we sat around listening to the stories of the hot days when our fathers were men as young as we.

"Hand me my memory, Aubrey," said my father, pointing to the huge cavalry saber that hung over the mantelpiece. The sword that had waved over the now iron-gray head, that then was chestnut, as its owner with a shout of defiance bore down upon the ranks of the Muscovites, on the wintry plains of the Crimea.

My father drew the sword from its scabbard and lovingly surveyed the glittering blade. "Old 'never-failed-me,'" he said. "Do you see that dint on its edge, Lang? Got that crossing the Alma off the helmet of a Russian cuirassier. I sent the blow through steel and skull together. There is another! Got that the 25th of October from the commander of the Cossacks, that charged the left flank of the 'heavies.' He struck at me. I parried; there's the mark."

"And then?" said Sir Langley. "I swept it around and caught him across the throat," answered my father abstractedly. "I saw his body afterward when it was turned over to his relatives, for he was a noble, a grand duke, I believe. The same angry frown was upon his handsome features as just before my steel entered his jugular. And here is another—but there! If I once got started telling anecdotes of every experience that old blade went through in my hands I would stay talking until morning. Put it up again, Vic. I love to handle it whenever I settle down to tell a story of the old days. It, as it were, inspires me, by bringing back the events of bygone years to my mind as if they had happened yesterday."

Seeing that we were all watching him in anticipation he again took some whiffs of his cigar and commenced: "It was the night before the never-to-be forgotten 25th of October. We were



ACCOMPANIED THE PHANTOMS. close to the Russian lines, our pickets being almost within hailing distance of the enemy.

"I was riding out to inspect the sentries stationed along the Grodno road. It was a wet, cold night, and I clasped my great coat close about me and spurred my charger along the muddy road. As I reached the side of the valley I drew him in quickly as I heard a distant rumble, like the moving of some parks of heavy ordnance at the extreme end. I listened. All was still again. An occasional stray shot from the outposts, a distant challenge of a sentry, a light here and there peering through the murky mist from the doomed city, and between it and us a large, uneven mass of something indistinguishable that marked out the Russian lines.

"I rode on. I arrived at the station of the sentry, and as I did so some smart firing broke out toward the rear. Our pickets were evidently being driven in, and I sent the sentry back to hasten up the supports. He never returned. I subsequently heard that he had gone on with the re-enforcements, he had been sent to summon, and been captured."

"I stayed cursing his delay for over half an hour. When I again heard the same rumbling noise I looked up the valley. All was dark, but the rumble seemed to be advancing at terrific pace. As it was coming from our lines, I thought it might be a night attack. Although, how cavalry could be of any service at such an hour, on such a night, I failed to see. But it is the soldier's duty to obey first, and to form his opinion afterward, and I eagerly awaited the oncoming of the force."

"A white streak appeared 200 feet away, the noise crashed upon me with full force, and in an instant I saw the charging ranks, and the wild, eager forms of the soldiers seated on their foaming, galloping steeds. Forms, did I say? Yes, forms only! Forms pale and shadowy. Horse and man; alike they came, icy breezes rushing with them as they swept by. My horse plunged and reared frantically. To save myself from being dismounted I sprang from his back into the snow, and, prancing and snorting, he made

off toward our lines, giving rise to the subsequent rumor of my death.

"As I turned I saw the form of Louis Nolan. He was sitting half round in his saddle, his sword hanging from his wrist, his forage cap in his hand, which he was waving exultingly. His face was partially turned from me toward the ranks, and not a word passed the open mouth, with the ashen hue on the lips, though I could see a blaze in the glistering eye. On they came, hussars, lancers, dragons, with all the pomp and glory and magnificence of war mingled with the mystery of the world unknown. There rode Maj. Halket. His proud, handsome face, set firmly and unflinchingly, his sword clinched in his hand, as it was found next day when they raised his body from the blood-soaked sod. Then came Lord Fitzgibbon. You knew him, Lang, and so did I, since as children we played together in the green woods of Mount Shannon. He was pointing a shadowy finger ahead, and his attitude was as if he was calling to his hussars following close behind. As he dashed by he recognized me, and a sad, oh, what a sad smile, flitted across the pallid face for an instant, as he tossed a last farewell to me, in his careless, boyish style, and disappeared into the mist. Next came Pigott, the Lovelace of the Seventeenth. The same serene light in those eyes that had broken many a maiden's heart in the drawing-rooms of Belgravia. And Hackett—Hackett of the Fifth—"the saint," as we of the First Royals used to call him, that upright, God-fearing, great-hearted man, whose name was called on the muster roll of heaven ere the sun set next day. His eyes were now fixed on the murky sky above, his face bore the calm, assured, expectant look that Jerome must have worn at the stake. He was galloping far in advance of his men, as if anxious to obtain his recompense. In a flash he disappeared into the dark.

"The gusts of icy winds accompanying the rush of the phantoms were now declining in their force, the rumbling noise that had risen to the roar of a tempest during their progress past was now quieting down. As the last line of charging horse passed from my sight I saw a shadowy lieutenant of the guards beside me. He pointed in the direction whither they had gone, a scornful smile on his spectral face. His hollow voice echoed tauntingly in my ear:

"So Maj. Hurst of the First Royals prefers discretion to valor because he belongs to the heavy, and not to the light brigade!"

"I aimed a blow at my traducer, but my hand only struck into the empty air.

"He laughed a mocking laugh, and again pointing down the valley, said 'Go!'

"The warm nose of my horse, who had returned, was pressing against my hand.

"I will show you that at least one of the 'heavies' can do as well as the men of the Light brigade!" I cried, jumping into the saddle and galloping off after the vanished cavalry. I felt like one bereft of his senses. I galloped on and on in the dark until I saw again the white streak approaching me in a contrary direction, and the rumbling echoed in the rear. A second and it burst upon my sight. But what a change! Horses riderless, terrified, wounded, maddened with excitement. Not a single form of a soldier passed. Riderless horses! Riderless horses! Riderless horses! Here and there opaque spots upon the shadowy saddles, showing where human blood had rushed down. I drew aside from the apparent stampede of ghostly steeds and waited. Then I saw another white streak approaching. It came nearer! It was upon me! The fur caps, the long riding coats, the leggings, the long lances, and, above all, the superb horsemanship displayed told me that they were the Cossacks of the czar. But their faces were rigid as the dead. Instead of their habitual yells, in victory or defeat, not a sound escaped from the tightly closed lips. As I gazed like a man walking in his sleep I saw one of the silent host bearing full upon me, his lance to rest, his cold, dead eyes holding me transfixed so that I could not move a limb. I felt my charger tremble beneath me, but he never made an effort to break away. A moment more and a pang shot through my heart. Then all seemed dark, save for an occasional star shooting by. The stars increased in number; then more and more, until they formed a disk like the full moon, and again was transfixed into a sun, whose intense light almost blinded me. I struggled to place my hands over my eyes, and as I did so I heard a voice above me say:

"He's coming to. My! but it was a close call."

"I opened my eyes. I was lying swathed in blankets in the tent of one of the boys of the Ninety-third. My limbs and body were tingling from recent friction, and five bearded faces were peering anxiously into my half-opened eyes.

"I recognized Heathcote. Poor Heathcote, that was afterward killed at Delhi, just after his being gazetted as colonel of his gallant corps.

"Why, old man," he said, joyfully, 'you were near saving the Russians a job! I found you lying stiff and stark near the Grodno road as our boys came along to help the Twenty-sixth drive back the attack on the outposts. We brought you here, and have had a big job getting you round. It's a wonder you are not minus toes and fingers, but there's only the tip of your ear frozen."

"And," added my father, touching the uneven upper surface of his left ear, 'there is the mark where the Russian frost bit me,' but the vision I saw that night is, in view of the events of the following day, far more indelibly implanted in my memory."

### Orion Rudyard Kipling.

A capital story is being told of Mr. Rudyard Kipling and little Miss Dorothy Drew, Mr. Gladstone's granddaughter. During the novelist's stay in Wiltshire this summer he met little Dorothy at a country house, and being very fond of children took her about the grounds and told her stories. After a time her mother, Mrs. Drew, fearing that Mr. Kipling must have had enough of the child's society, called her and said, "Now, Dorothy, I hope you have been a good child and not been wearying Mr. Kipling." "Oh, not a bit, mother," replied the little celebrity, "but you have no idea how Mr. Kipling has been wearying me."







## A PECULIAR CASE.

PHYSICIANS PUZZLED BY THE EXPERIENCE OF MRS. BOWEN.

The Episcopal Hospital Said She Had Consumption.

(From the Record, Philadelphia, Pa.) Last July the Episcopal hospital admitted a woman whose pale and emaciated face and racking cough proclaimed her the victim of consumption. She gave her name as Mrs. Wm. G. Bowen, residence, 1849 Meighan St., Philadelphia. The case was diagnosed and she was told plainly that she was in an advanced state of consumption. The examining physician even showed her the sunken place in her breast where the cavity in her lung was supposed to exist. She went home to her family, a broken, disheartened woman with death staring her in the face. That was the beginning of the story, the way as told by Mrs. Bowen, who no longer expects to die, to a reporter follows:

"The first symptoms of consumption came in the form of terrible sweats, night and day. From April until September I was constantly cold and kept wrapped up in blankets through the hottest weather. A terrible cough took possession of me, my breast was sore to the slightest touch, and my limbs were like cold clay. The hardest rubbing with the coarsest towel would not create the slightest flush, and the least exertion would exhaust me."

"I went to the hospital in July and they diagnosed my case as above stated. It was when the clouds were the darkest that the first glint of sunshine came. Mr. Sheldene, a friend, who lives around at 1849 Meighan St., said to me one day, 'Mrs. Bowen did you ever try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People? I had never heard of the medicine, but in my condition could not turn a deaf ear to anything that offered relief. It was after considerable thought and investigation that I concluded to discontinue all other medicine, including cod liver oil, and depend entirely upon Pink Pills. I began to take the pills, at first with but little encouragement. The first sign of improvement was a warmth and tingling sensation in my limbs. Finally the cough disappeared, my chest lost its soreness and I began to gain flesh until I was fifteen pounds heavier. All this I owe to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I cannot praise them too highly."

Mrs. Bowen is a kindly faced lady of middle age, a church member, well-known and highly esteemed. She looks today well and strong and it seems almost impossible that she was ever given up by eminent physicians as an incurable consumptive. Yet such is the case beyond all dispute.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are for sale by all druggists, or may be had by mail from Dr. Williams' Med. Co., Schenectady, N. Y., for 50c. per box, or six boxes for \$2.50.

## THOUGHT HE WAS VERY FUNNY

Illustration of How Two Young People Who Love Please Each Other.

The conduct of a pair of lovers in public is sometimes amusing, as their performances are supposed to be in private. I saw an engaged couple get on a street car the other afternoon. They had no idea that there was anything unusual in their bearing toward each other, and were perfectly unconscious of the fact that people observed the tender glances and fond words which they were exchanging. Both of their faces were beaming with the happiness of lovers, and every act was an unconscious confession of love. The young man was telling a story and the young lady was laughing immoderately at the end of almost every sentence. He was overcome with delight at the success of his story, and whole volumes of love and pride were shown in his eyes. They were completely wrapped up in their own happiness, and to the end of their journey on the car they never discovered that nearly everybody on the car had been interested in their doings and sayings.

## Railway Natural History in India.

A correspondent of The Times of India, who vouches for the truth of the story, tells how a lady traveling between Kurrachee and Multan with two tame squirrels was stopped at a station and told she must take a dog ticket for each squirrel, as squirrels were "dogs," and was further compelled to put them in the dog box. Railway natural history in India would seem from the above to differ from that taught on English railway lines, where according to the famous classification, "cats is dogs, and dogs is cats, and parrots likewise, but this yer tortois is a insect" and there ain't no charge.

Princess Beatrice, the youngest daughter of Queen Victoria, is her mother's favorite child. She has been the queen's constant companion for many years, and exercises great influence over her.

## ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR

**IMPERIAL GRANUM**  
IT IS  
★ THE BEST ★  
**FOOD**

FOR  
Dyspeptic, Delicate, Infirm and  
AGED PERSONS

★ JOHN CARLE & SONS, New York. ★

EAT  
**FRIENDS OATS**



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

## DUPUY AND CARNOT'S DEATH.

The Responsibility for the Assassination Laid at the Ex-Premier's Door

Jean de Bonnefont has published in the Paris Journal recently an article laying at ex-Premier Dupuy's door the responsibility for President Carnot's assassination. When Dupuy arrived in Lyons a few hours before the president, Bonnefont says, he told the prefect of police:

"No matter how many threatening letters you get for the president, do not give them to him. They would merely excite him."

At that time the premier had received directly and indirectly some 200 letters foretelling the murder of the president. He knew to a certainty, Bonnefont contends, that a plot against the president existed, yet as minister of the interior he had taken no unusual precautions.

"Is it true," asks Bonnefont, "that for two months before the assassination hundreds of warnings and menaces of an anarchist plot, which were addressed to Mme. Carnot, were suppressed unheeded? Is it true that the queen regent divisions the tortured one is treasurer of Spain sent a personal dispatch to Mme. Carnot, and that this dispatch warned her of the danger threatening the president? The queen regent is known to have asked later why the dispatch was not delivered. The premier's explanation was that the dispatch was withheld because he did not wish to frighten poor Mme. Carnot." Finally Bonnefont asks whether it is true that Mme. Carnot, the president's mother, never received this telegram:

"Watch over your son, madame, if you do not wish calamity to overtake him."

MAUCHERE.

## INTOXICATING MUSHROOMS.

Inhabitants of Northwestern Asia Used Them for Narcotic Effects.

The inhabitants of the northeastern part of Asia use a mushroom to promote intoxication. It is known as the fly-broom mushroom and is very abundant in Scotland. The fungus is regularly gathered in the hottest part of the year and is then hung up by a string in the air to dry. Some are dry before gathered and these are stated to be far more narcotic than those artificially preserved. Usually the fungus is rolled up like a bolus and taken without chewing, for, if masticated, it is said to disorder the stomach. One large or two small fungi produce what is looked upon as a pleasant state of intoxication for one day. The effect is the same as that produced on taking a quantity of spirits or wine except that it is delayed from one to two hours after the bolus has been swallowed. At first it produces very cheerful emotions of the mind; it renders some persons exceedingly active and is a stimulant to muscular exertion. Thus if a person affected by it wishes to step over a straw or a small stick it impels him to take a jump sufficient to clear a low hedge or the trunk of a tree; it keeps those fond of music perpetually singing.

## Mickey Dolan's Malady.

It was Paddy Kelly who walked into the sick room of Mickey Dolan, says the Montreal Star. Mickey lay there, pale, with his eyes closed, and heard Pat. exclaim: "Mickey, it's ill ye're looking. Fwat's the matter wid ye?" "Do ye know that spalpeen of Widdy O'Brien's second husband?" asked Mickey. "That I do." "He bet me a pound to a pint that I couldn't schwallower an egg widout breakin' the shell av it." "Did ye do it?" "I did." "Then fwat's allin' ye?" "It's down there," laying his hand on his stomach. "If I jump I'll break it and cut me stummick wid the shell. If I kape quiet, the thing'll hatch out, an' I'll have a Shanghai rooster clawin' me insides."

## A New Editress.

Miss Ella Hepworth Dixon is the editress of a new monthly magazine entitled "The Englishwoman," which is to be devoted exclusively to the interests of ladies. The opening number includes articles by several well-known writers on passing events and the topics of the hour and the numerous illustrations with which the magazine is adorned are worthy of all praise. Excellent papers on housekeeping, shopping, dress, and other feminine domestic matters find a place in this eminently readable latest addition to magazine literature.

## Her Father Was tieting in Form.

He pondered in silence for a moment. When the ornulu clock had measured a moment he spoke.

"Darling," he said, "do you think your father divines my purpose?"

The lovely girl did not ponder at all. She answered at once.

"Egbert," she whispered, "I think he suspects. For upward of a week now he has devoted an hour each afternoon practicing the drop kick with a bag of sand."—Detroit Tribune.

## She Had Her Doubts.

Miss Highkicker—Are these diamonds false?

"No, indeed, they are as true as my love for you," replied Johnnie Masher.

"Is that so? Then I guess I had better have them examined by an expert."

Quite a Surprise.

Smith—Li Hung, the Chinese envoy, must have been very much surprised when he was shot.

Jones—Yes, I don't think anything of the kind ever entered his head before.

An Exception to the Rule.

Bacon—Troubles never come singly.

Egbert—Oh, I don't know; I've seen a fellow with only one black eye.—Yonkers Statesman.

## JOHN TYLER'S SON.

PASSING HIS LAST DAYS IN POVERTY.

He Now Resides in a Dilapidated Brick Dwelling Within a Mile of the White House—A Daughter His Only Companion in Old Age

(Special Correspondence.)

CARCE A MILE away from the executive mansion, which was once his home, lives an old man, bent with years, and surrounded with the humblest gentility that shows to what straits he has been reduced. Once he helped in events that shaped our nation's history; he was intimate with such statesmen as Webster and Clay; the affairs of the young republic were in the grasp of his father's hand, and all the honors that came to the son of the chief magistrate were his—and now he is lying almost in "the valley of the shadow," unknown and forgotten by the people of the country which he served so faithfully and well. His home in Georgetown is scarcely finished at all, and on the bare floors and walls one sees the marks of poverty which is now his portion. Yet the proud old Virginian bears up like a gentleman of the royal blood and takes a delight in his prime.

The Tyler home in Georgetown is a neat brick, but it is so very clean and quiet and old-fashioned that it reminds one of the old-time country mansions in

Virginia; mansions with their big, dark parlors full of clumsy, horsehair furniture, the solemn portraits on the high walls and all the old ornaments that have passed down for generations. There is no one of his family with him except his daughter, who is a gentle little lady, with the refined manners that belong to another generation, and her whole life is nobly devoted to caring for her invalid father, who is always confined to his bed. He is a man with blue eyes, still bright, and snowy hair that falls softly about his high forehead. A clean white spread covered the bed and a towel was in his hands as if the nervous fingers longed to find amusement in toying with its fringe.

"So you want some of my recollections," he said, in a feeble, but pleased voice, as the visitor entered the room. "What shall it be? Of the days when Washington was little more than a country town, when the streets were of cobble, most of the houses of wood and the beautiful parks only barren wastes? Ah, that is a long time ago, and the electric light, the trolley cars, and the rush and whirl of modern life have changed the city I knew when a young man."

"Oh, yes, I knew Webster, and he was one of the finest-looking men I ever saw, with black hair, dark eyes and fine manners. He was a Whig, while my father was a democrat, but I have often heard father say that Webster gave him the least trouble of any man in his cabinet. At that time Clay in the senate was urging forward the bank bill. Clay was a brilliant orator, but not a profound man like Webster, and he labored under the impression that congress, in passing the sub-treasury bill, had repealed the old law of 1789, which had been passed by the First Congress, when all the revenues of the country amounted to only a few million dollars. Now, by the old law of 1789 the president was made personally responsible for the safe-keeping and disbursement of all government funds. During Van Buren's time the sub-treasury act was passed, and by its passage the old law of 1789 was thus repealed, which, according to Clay's reasoning, relieved the president from any further administration of the finances of the country. Under the 1789 law, the president was responsible for the dishonesty of any of his agents, and could be impeached for such acts, and as the revenues in father's time had grown so large, such a responsibility was a very dangerous and disagreeable one."

"This delicate question was submitted to Webster, who gave it serious and careful consideration. His reply was that: 'The law of 1789 being repealed by the sub-treasury act, the bank bill having been passed and repealing of the sub-treasury act, if the president thinks proper to veto the bank bill the effect would be to revive the old law of 1789, which places all revenues directly under the control of the president.'

"When I was my father's secretary, there was not then, as there is now, any salary attached to the position. And the day I left the White House I sold my watch to a friend for \$30 in order to raise much-needed funds to get away. During the Mexican war I raised and equipped a regiment at my own expense, and now all the pension that is allowed me is the sum of eight dollars a month."

"President Tyler vetoed the bank bill, the old law was revived and all the responsibility of the country's finances fell on his shoulders. As a result state banks throughout the union poured in their petitions to be appointed agents in the matter. I was then my father's secretary and every day some banker would come to me and offer me a big sum of money if I would secure from father their appointment as agents. I could have made a million in less than six months. One man, a director of a well-known bank in New York, came to me one day and after showing me his books said: 'I am willing to place fifty thousand to your credit as soon as you can secure this place for us.'

"Drawing back in disgust, I retorted (for this was only one of many such offers): 'I do really begin to think I am a scoundrel!' The man started back as if he had been shot and hastily apologized, saying that he had heard such things were managed that way at the capital. I replied by telling him to go back to New York and tell his friends that things were done that way here no longer."

"During the administration of Van Buren, in order to carry on the war against the Seminoles in Florida, every fort had been dismantled and dismantled from the Aroostook to the banks of the Rio Grande, in order to supply our troops with arms. As a consequence, during my father's term, it was necessary to re-arm the forts, and considerable contracts were made for the supply of new guns and making repairs. The contractors would often come to me and make a proposition similar to those made by the bankers, saying they would give me thousands, if I would secure the contracts for them. Then, besides, our ships had been left in ports to rot, and when father came in there was a whole navy to be rebuilt and equipped. Again, I had excellent opportunities for

making money out of dishonest men who came to bribe me, as if such were a common thing to be accepted by a gentleman. It was during my father's time that the ship Allegheny, which was built in Pittsburgh, was sent down the Mississippi to New Orleans, being the first man-of-war to sail upon the waters of that river."

"Stockton, the ship-builder, made the famous Princeton, on board of which occurred the awful accident in which many of my father's cabinet lost their lives. On February 20, 1844, Mr. Stockton brought the ship up the Potomac to Washington. A large party of us were on board when the trying of the guns began, there being most of the highest officials of the government present. A line of gentlemen were standing about the gun, and Mrs. Gilmore, wife of the Secretary of the Navy, was near the machine, which was on the point of being fired. At Mr. Gilmore's request, I took his wife down to the cabin below. Just as she was about to take her seat on the divan I heard a loud explosion, and immediately sold to the lady that something had exploded on deck."

"I ran up the steps to the deck and found that a piece of the base of the gun weighing about 15,000 pounds had burst off and flying down the line of gentlemen had struck them all in the groin and dismembered them. They lay upon the deck, a Union flag having been thrown over them, in accordance with naval regulations. My body servant, a negro boy about 23 years old, had been leaning against another gun, which was hit by the flying metal, and the jar killed him on the spot. I had been standing in the group, and had I not gone to escort Mrs. Gilmore below I would not be alive now to tell this tale. Mrs. Gilmore was perfectly devoted to her husband, and after his death was never seen to smile."

"It was during my father's administration that the first telegraph line was built, and the inventor, Morse, was personally known to me and I watched the progress of the experiment with great interest. There has always been a fable about the first message sent over the wires that stated some young lady forwarded the words, 'What wonders God hath wrought,' but such is not the fact. The first words ever flashed over the wires were a greeting from my father to Chief Justice Taney, who was in Baltimore and happened to be in the depot of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, where the message was received. He immediately sent a reply to the greeting."

"When I was my father's secretary, there was not then, as there is now, any salary attached to the position. And the day I left the White House I sold my watch to a friend for \$30 in order to raise much-needed funds to get away. During the Mexican war I raised and equipped a regiment at my own expense, and now all the pension that is allowed me is the sum of eight dollars a month."

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Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

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ABSOLUTELY PURE

HOW TO WALK.  
The Proper Length of a Step Twice the Length of the Foot.

A Delsarte teacher, who is peculiar in knowing something of Delsarte's system of expression, says that women can improve their walk without a teacher, though they can't learn about walking from print. The proper length of the step is twice the length of one foot, and it is measured from the hollow of one foot to the hollow of the other. Now, take a piece of tape and sew on it bits of flannel at intervals twice the length of one of your feet, stretch it across the longest room you have at your disposal and you are ready for practice. Maybe you don't know that each foot should cross the same line with each successive step? It should—that is very important, so now you must walk your tape and set one foot and then the other right over one of these bits of flannel, letting the flannel come just under the instep. Do this and turn your toes out well, and swing your leg from the thigh, and you are far on the road to a beautiful walk.

You Don't Have to Swear Off.  
Says the St. Louis Journal of Agriculture in an editorial about No-To-Bac, the famous tobacco habit curer. "We know of many cases cured by No-To-Bac: one, a prominent St. Louis architect, smoked and chewed for twenty years; two boxes cured him so that even the smell of tobacco makes him sick." No-To-Bac sold and guaranteed by Druggists everywhere. No cure no pay. Book free. Address Sterling Remedy Co., New York or Chicago.

A Chance for Investors.  
"I dare say," remarked Mr. Billtops, "that some time somebody will make a fortune by inventing something that will enable us to get a straight part in our hair the first time. Everybody knows that often, though we try and try again, the part still looks more like a zigzag streak of lightning than a straight part, and we lose much time in this way and sometimes we lose our temper. What a blessing the hair-part will be, a simple and inexpensive contrivance that will need to be passed over the head but once, giving a straight part every time!"

## New Dining Car Service.

It is a pleasure to note the addition of another important feature to the already competent train service of the Nickel Plate Road. The Dining Car service of this popular low rate line has recently been augmented, by which dinner will be served on train No. 6, leaving Chicago at 2 p. m. daily, and breakfast and dinner on train No. 2, leaving Chicago daily at 9:20 p. m. with direct connections for New York and Boston. Breakfast and dinner will be served on train No. 5, arriving in Chicago at 9:35 p. m. from New York and Boston. For full information regarding routes, rates, maps, folders, etc., address your nearest ticket agent or

J. Y. Calahan,  
General Agent, Chicago, Ill.

## Nergo Superstition.

Two negro musicians, one with a bongo, and the other with a guitar, paused before a store on Adams street, Chicago, which they thought to be a saloon, and after a time entered, expecting to be permitted to play a couple of tunes, and collect a few nickels. They turned almost white when they discovered they were in an undertaker's show room.

Removal of Ticket Office of the New York, Chicago & St. Louis Railroad.—(Nickel Plate Road).

On May 1st the Chicago city ticket office of the New York, Chicago & St. Louis R. R. (Nickel Plate Road) will be moved to 111 Adams street, opposite the post office.

J. Y. Calahan,  
General Agent.

## Marsh and Huckleberry.

The Broadway Baptist church, of Logansport, Ind., had a pastor by the name of Marsh, who recently resigned, and the church immediately appointed a new pastor, whose name is Huckleberry. As Indiana has localities where there are huckleberry marshes the above names of pastors seems somewhat of a coincidence.

## Half Rate.

June 11 the Missouri, Kansas & Texas railway company will sell tickets at one fare for the round trip to points in Texas, Lake Charles, La., and Eddy and Roswell, N. M., tickets good returning twenty days from date of sale. For further information address H. A. Cherrier, 316 Marquette Building, Chicago, Ill.

A new dining car service between Chicago and Buffalo via the Nickel Plate Road has recently been placed at the disposal of the traveling public, which will enable patrons of this favorite low rate line to obtain all meals on trains when traveling on through trains between Chicago, New York and Boston. For reservations of sleeping car space and further information see your local ticket agent or address J. Y. Calahan



## CHICAGO'S THEATERS.

### AMUSEMENT ATTRACTIONS FOR COMING WEEK.

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

**SCHILLER THEATER**—"Little Robinson Crusoe," the new musical burlesque that will be the special attraction at the Schiller is already attracting a good deal of attention. It will be the one positively new thing in the entire city. A bright and laughable story of "Crusoe" and right up to date has been especially written by that popular dramatic author, Harry B. Smith. The music, which is delightfully melodious, tuneful, and catchy, and bound to be popular, is by the well-known composer W. H. Batchelor, who is recognized as the leading composer of burlesque and extravaganza music. The cast will be a remarkable one and made up of the very best burlesque artists in the country. The one fact alone that the unequalled and popular favorite Eddie Foy will be the star comedian of the company would make "Little Robinson Crusoe" a big hit with the public. Then he is supported by a company which for artistic efficiency is superior to any ever created to give burlesque and extravaganza performances. Altogether it will be a great company and a great production, with specialty artists, pretty girls, a fine chorus, spectacular effects, and everything necessary to make "Little Robinson Crusoe" an immense success.

**CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE**—"Aladdin, Jr." will inaugurate the summer extravaganza season at the Chicago Opera House on Monday evening, May 20. Mr. Henderson established this custom of summer extravaganza productions in May, 1887, at the Chicago Opera House, and has followed the same course for nine successive summers. "Aladdin, Jr." which will be the opening extravaganza of the present season, is certainly the most elaborate and ambitious of any of Mr. Henderson's undertakings. Lavish in his expenditures, he has employed for the production of "Aladdin, Jr." the best talent obtainable in this country or abroad. Never in the history of the American stage has any production been accorded such unstinted praise. Mr. Henderson has, in addition to retaining all the old favorites of the American Extravaganza company, engaged a number of new people, who, it is safe to predict, will soon win their way to the popular hearts of the patrons of the Chicago Opera House. In addition to the extravaganza Mr. Henderson proposes to introduce from week to week the leading features of the New York and London vaudeville stage, thus making constant changes and adding to his already brilliant production. There will be no increase in prices.

**McVICKER'S THEATER**—"There is no absurdity in the assertion," says the Chicago Evening Journal of the 13th inst., "that the player's impersonation of James Shillinglaw in 'The Cotton King' last night at McVicker's theater was one of the most artistic and admirable exhibitions of the power to delineate character ever seen in Chicago. It is worthy of a place on the line in the gallery of memory beside Irving as Mathias in 'The Bells'."

The performance as a whole of "The Cotton King" is complete—every actor and actress in the cast does admirable work, and the stirring situations, incidents and thrilling escapes are marvelous. The production, as one, must also be commended, and has not been equaled in Chicago for mechanical effects. The scenery is magnificent. "The Cotton King" will remain at McVicker's indefinitely.

**HOOLEY'S**—"Hooley's" contained few empty seats when Mr. and Mrs. Kendall entered upon the final week of their engagement in a revival of A. W. Pinero's great drama, "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray." Since its last presentation in Chicago the Kendalls' company has undergone few changes, so the manner of the presentation remains almost identically the same as before. It is only necessary to add now that the effect of the Pinero drama upon last night's audience was as marked as before and that it seemed to be favorable.

**SAM T. JACK'S OPERA HOUSE**—Sam T. Jack, ever fully abreast of the times, has made a change at his opera house that cannot fail to attract widespread attention. Realizing the universal demand for "popular price" entertainments, he has reduced the tariff at the "home of burlesque," and 25 cents will now buy the best seat in the theater. The new plan was given a thorough trial during the past week, and proved exceedingly successful.

The Lilly Clay Colossal company is retained for the week beginning May 19. **FRANK HALL'S CASINO**—Nothing more enjoyable or entertaining could possibly be desired than the great bills of refined variety and vaudeville now being presented at Frank Hall's Casino. The several theaters in Chicago vie with each other in attractive features, but none can excel the management of this favorite house in the presentation of novelties. From morning till night the several places are thronged with delighted amusement seekers. Much interest is taken in the great collection of wax works, while the continuous stage performances are replete with musical and dramatic novelties.

**HOPKINS**—The dramatic stock company present that greatest of western dramas, "The Danites," commencing Sunday, May 19th, at noon and week days at 1 p. m. In addition there will be an unusually fine bill of attractions, including the best artists on the stage.

**Sleeve Like Stained Glass.**  
The Worth establishment of Paris has just created, for an American woman, a unique sleeve which represents a stained glass window. The different lights are marked out by raised piping of a contrasting color to the sleeves. The panels are exquisitely painted in rich, subdued colors. The owner of this remarkable production paid a large sum to have the model destroyed.

**Cash.**  
The merchant, when the market's tight and trade seems falling everywhere, selects a paper, if he's bright, and plants an advertisement there.

## LABRADOR SOCIETY.

### At One Mission Worshippers Are Called to Church with a Flag.

In winter Labrador is simply frozen out from the rest of the world. One "komitick," or dog-sled, mail reaches some of the more southerly settlements late in the spring. The Moravian missionaries at the Eskimo villages further north endeavor at least once a winter to visit by komitick the few scattered white settlers within a hundred miles or so of the missions. Sometimes the komitick is overtaken by a severe snow storm before shelter can be obtained. Then the missionary and his Eskimo driver dig a deep ditch down in the snow, and camp in the bottom. The gasses from the camp-fire prevent the snow from floating in, and the travelers are sheltered from the icy blasts. At Battle Harbor, Labrador, where there is a church (there are only two churches, I think, on the Labrador coast south of the Moravian missions), they have a public sewing machine, and one long winter when the kerosene oil supply became very low, the women gathered at the parsonage and did their sewing by the parsonage lamp. As the Battle Harbor mission is too poor to furnish the wee church with a bell, the rector signals the call to service with a flag. High among the rocks at Little Bay, Newfoundland, I saw two little churches. One of these had a small belfry perched on a still higher rock. The other's bell swung from a tall spar; and to ring it one was obliged to climb a ladder much like the shrouds of a vessel. The dog-sled is also the regular method of winter travelling over the frozen bays of Newfoundland; only it is drawn by Newfoundland dogs instead of by the half-wolfish Eskimo canines upon which the men of Labrador have to rely. The Eskimo dogs, with the equally savage mosquitoes, make life ashore a burden during summer in Labrador. A stick to beat off the dogs and a yell as a protection against the mosquitoes are absolutely necessary. It is a curious fact that the further north you go the more pestiferous the mosquitoes become. They are worse in Labrador than in New Jersey, and are still worse in Greenland than even in Labrador.—Gustav Kobbe in St. Nicholas.

### SCOTCH-IRISH IN AMERICA.

Andrew Jackson and Stonewall Jackson Two Notable Specimens.

The history of the Scotch-Irish in America is unfamiliar even in outline to some otherwise, well-informed people, says the New York World. No one can know American history, however, without knowing what the Scotch-Irish are and what they stand for. They were among the first to cross the mountains into Kentucky, Ohio, Indiana and other states of the old northwest territory presented to the union by Virginia. They led the advance to the Pacific, and in politics, as in pioneering they have known how to push to the front and stay there. Their stronghold has always been in the south. At first it was in the Virginia uplands and in North Carolina. Then it was transferred into Kentucky and Tennessee, where they had their strongest development. The men of this strain are apt to be radical. If they are religious at all they are almost sure to be Puritans. If flippancy were not so unbecoming in so serious a connection it might be said of them as of Longfellow's little girl—that "when they are good they are very, very good, and when they are bad they are horrid." When Andrew Jackson bet on horse races, attended cock fights, and fought duels, he represented one extreme of the character, as Stonewall Jackson did the other when he said a prayer before every act in his life and put off until Monday the reading of his sweetheart's letters which reached him on "the Lord's day." Perhaps there could be no better illustration of what the Scotch-Irishman means when raised to his highest power than is afforded by the two Jacksons. The Scotch-Irish of America are a breed that always has in it the possibilities of greatness. But if you know one of the family, beware how you quarrel with him, for he thinks all his own enemies are enemies of God and the human race.

**Played Poker and Prayed.**  
I have heard of an elderly Hebrew gentleman who was very fond of card playing and particularly of poker. One night his luck was especially bad, and he saw his money vanishing rapidly. So that at every hand that was dealt him he would raise his eye on high and pray, "Please, Lord, let me win." Then he would start in and lose a little more than before. He became so disgusted after numerous prayers and losses that he threw down his hand and left the room exclaiming, "I play no more poker." The game went on with the remaining players, and presently another man came in and took a hand. He wore a long black beard and hair to match, and he had most extraordinary luck. He won steadily, and after he had secured about all the money that the others had he threw off the wig and beard, disclosing the features of the praying loser, and shouted gleefully, "Aha, Lord! You didn't know me. Dot's de time I fool you."—San Francisco Bulletin.

### For the Benefit of the Heathen.

On a recent missionary Sunday at one of the largest Presbyterian churches in Philadelphia, the pastor preached on the distress of the heathen and the beneficent influence of Christianity. A practical business man was moved to place a dollar in the collection. After the service he waited around to speak to the pastor. When he had secured his attention, he said: "Pastor, I gave a dollar to the foreign mission this morning, but I was so impressed by your description of the condition of the heathen races that I would really like to have them get the benefit of that dollar." The pastor looked up inquiringly, and the man added: "Here is ten dollars to pay the expenses of getting the dollar over there."

## TRUE SNAKE STORY

### KILLING SIX-FOOT ROCKY MOUNTAIN RATTLESNAKE.

Three Men Attacked Him but He Made It Exciting for Them—Dog Died of the Poison in Fifteen Minutes—Feeding a Reluctant Rattlesnake.

From far-off San Diego comes this veracious story. The Californian who tells it says:

"There was a lively fight this week between a vicious old rattlesnake and three men out at the La Mesa reservoir. As the writer was descending the declivity on the west side of the rocky gorge in which the reservoir dam is being built he espied in the shade of an overhanging rock a huge brown coil, snugly established as if to enjoy a prolonged sleep. The diamond markings indicated that it was a Rocky mountain rattler, the most venomous of all rattlesnakes on the North American continent. The writer jumped back in terror from the death-dealing reptile. He had almost put his foot upon the snake. Fortunately its slumber was not disturbed. Assistant Engineer Hamilton Clark hastily summoned two laborers with long-handled shovels. The men surrounded the sleeping snake. One of the men jabbed the sharp edge of the iron shovel into the center of the diamond-marked mass. Two streaks of rattlesnake shot out. There was fury in it. The cruel shovel held the brown streaks from flying into the faces of the men, while the rattle buzzed furiously. Well did they know the meaning of that sound. The deadly head of the disturbed snake waved about viciously in an effort to strike the bodies of the human tormentors. The long handle of the shovel was struck again and again by the snake's deadly fangs until large drops of the venom discolored the hard wood. Here and there on the handle were tiny indentations made by the needle-pointed fangs. The powerful tail was wound tightly about the shovel handle for fully three feet. The man holding the shovel was careless. He thought the snake was too easy a victim. Suddenly the reptile gave a tremendous jerk and carried the shovel with it, leaving the laborer unprotected and much astonished. The second man with the shovel quickly pinned down the snake again, but not until it sunk its fangs into the thick boot of the third man. Luckily the leather protected the flesh from the snake's teeth. It absorbed the poison, else the man wearing the thick boot would soon have been a corpse. The danger of continuing the fight was apparent. The third man procured a long club. At the proper moment he struck the rattler's unprotected head and killed it. The reptile was over six feet long, the circumference of the body at the thickest part being nearly nine inches. It had fourteen rattles."

Having disposed of the first snake the San Diegoan recalls other yarns.

E. S. Babcock, manager of Hotel del Coronado, who returned recently from a week's hunting on the Santa Margarita ranch, brought back a rattlesnake measuring nine feet and five inches, with seventeen rattles. He writes: "My victim was wide awake enough to give a pack of hounds a lively tussle. One of the dogs, struck in the neck, died in just fifteen minutes. This instance of the extreme virulence of the poison of the rattlesnake indicates that when fresh from its winter slumber the rattler's venom is much stronger and quicker-acting than after a season of wakefulness, when the venom sacs have been emptied and replenished frequently."

Snakes, it appears, are extremely fastidious, every species being limited to one or two articles of diet and preferring to starve rather than eat anything else apparently quite as toothsome and suitable. Individual snakes, too, show strange prejudices in the matter of diet, so that it is necessary in every case to find out what the snake's peculiarities are before feeding him. Rather than lose a valuable specimen by starvation, however, keepers in zoological gardens now often use force, cramming food down the reptile's throat. This need be resorted to only occasionally, as a snake will live many weeks without food. This operation of feeding a snake is by no means easy, as it shows its distaste by squirming about and it is often necessary to restrain the movements of the body by inclosing it in a bag. With large boas, pythons, and anacondas, however, this will not do, and the keeper can accomplish his purpose only by a sort of wrestling match on the floor, the writhing folds of the excited reptiles being controlled with arms and legs altogether.

It is not generally known that many serpents produce a chemical substance of commercial value—namely, muric acid, which is secreted in a pure, solid state by the kidneys. This is salable to the manufacturing chemist for laboratory purposes, bringing sometimes as much as \$2.50 a pound.

### Extraordinary Smuggling.

The genius of the smuggler is a very remarkable thing. One of the most amusing stories of smugglers is that told by an Englishman, who imported into his own country a number of fine fat geese at the Christmas season, many years ago. One of them having excited the suspicions of the inspectors by its wonderful weight, was killed and opened, upon which it was discovered, says the Chronicle, that there was concealed within it a number of small dutiable articles. The rest of the flock having been similarly inspected, it was found that their owner had compelled the unhappy birds to swallow a large quantity of stuff upon which there was a heavy duty, and which would have all come in free had not the first goose excited the suspicion of those in charge.

Germany has 26,000 of the 51,000 breweries said to be in the world.

## Hypnotism and Crime.

It is possible that special legislation will have to be resorted to in the matter of the connection of hypnotism and crime. Two murder cases have brought a general belief in the necessity of importing medical experts or scientists into such questions. In Kansas recently a man, Gray, was convicted of murder for putting another man under hypnotic control to the extent of killing a neighbor. The verdict was set aside by the Supreme Court, but experts hold that it was sound. The Hayward-Ging case, at Minneapolis, is associated with the same sort of surroundings. In Bjornstrom, one of its most able men, Sweden has probably the best European authority on hypnotism. He says:

"But that persons can by positive suggestion be compelled to criminal actions is not all; by negative suggestions they can also be made to neglect their duties and to omit what they ought to do. Thus they can be prevented from writing their names and even be made to forget them, and to forget their duties; fears have even been expressed that marriage could in this way be prevented, if, for instance, by suggestion a rival compelled a bride to say 'nay' at the altar. It has been sufficiently proved that it is possible by hypnotism and suggestion to use others as willing tools for the execution of criminal actions of almost every kind. The danger of this is greatly increased, partly by the fact that the somnambulist upon awaking does not remember the contents of the suggestion nor who gave it, while at the same time it is irresistibly and faithfully performed at the appointed hour; and partly that there are persons, but fortunately those who have been hypnotized many times, who, even in an apparently entirely wakeful state, are susceptible to hypnotism."

Some European Nations have already passed laws restricting the practice of hypnotizing to medical men, and rigidly defining the conditions under which even they shall use it. M. Bjornstrom is of opinion that hypnotism is as dangerous as a deadly poison, and that the public should be guarded against its general use.—St. Louis Star-Sayings.

### Champion Knife Swapper.

The champion knife swapper lives in Gainesville, Ga. He is a little boy—the son of a preacher—and this is his record, as given by his father:

"That boy, not many months since, worried me till I bought him a knife. Like a boy he left it out one night and it got rusty. Then he lost interest in it and began at once to swap it off. Well, the little rascal has naturally a knack for trading, and sir, he took that rusty knife and with a little work on it and a good deal of talking he succeeded in exchanging it for two good knives. These knives in turn he traded for three knives, worked considerably on them, and got a cheap watch for the three. He kept trading till he had completed forty-seven different bargains, most of them in his favor. At the end of the forty-seventh trade he owned a shotgun, a hound puppy, two jack-knives, and sixty-five cents in money, besides other smaller trinkets too numerous to mention. There's nothing like it."—Atlanta Constitution.

### Queer Craze for Crime Mementoes.

Since the assassination of M. Carnot the craze for this who sold the dagger to the murderer has, it is said, been inundated with orders for weapons of similar pattern and size to that used on the fatal night at Lyons. The orders come from France and from abroad, somebody in Brussels having asked for three hundred daggers. During the month following the assassination the outler despatched over one thousand of these articles to various places, and he is on the road to realize a small fortune out of the extraordinary craze manifested by his customers, French and foreign. Some of these people intend to exhibit the blades in their shops or taverns, while others are collectors of curiosities, who want to possess some memento of a terrible crime.—Tit-Bits.

### A Pre-Glacial Elephant.

The naturalists of the Academy of Sciences rejoice in the possession of the lower jaw of a primitive Arctic elephant—a species that roamed over Siberia in great herds, but has been extinct since the glacial period. The jaw once belonged to a monstrous animal, much larger than the theoretical pre-glacial elephant constructed at the Academy and on exhibition. It contains two teeth, each over half a foot in length and very well preserved. The fossil was found by one of Captain Knowles's steam whaling vessels at Point Barrow, and was presented to the academy by Captain Knowles. It is on exhibition in the library of the academy and is attracting considerable attention.—San Francisco Examiner.

### Adobe Is Unburnt Brick.

Adobe is unburnt brick made from earth of a loamy character, containing about two-thirds fine sand, mixed thoroughly with clay. The loamy substance under the action of the sun becomes a hard, compact mass, without a crack, and is not washed or worn away by the action of rain. It is said that the houses built with these bricks are warmer in winter and cooler in summer than those constructed of the ordinary kind, and their durability is extraordinary, as evidenced by ancient ruins found in Arizona, New Mexico. In Santa Fe there are hundreds of houses built of this material.—New York Dispatch.

The only European country which has suffered depopulation in the present century is Ireland.

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When in this condition, I commenced using Dr. Miles' Restorative Nerve. In two days I began to improve and in one month's time I was cured, much to the surprise of all who knew of my condition. I have been in excellent health since and have recommended your remedies to many of my friends."

Louisville, Jan. 22, 1895. D. W. HILTON.

Dr. Miles' Nerve Restorer Health.

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