

BARRINGTON REVIEW.

VOL. II NO. 35.

SATURDAY, MARCH 28, 1891.

Price, \$1.00 Per Year Advance.

IRVING PARK.

4. O. O. F. - IRVING PARK LODGE, No. 100, I. O. O. F. meets every Tuesday evening, in Masonic Hall, Irving Park, at 8 o'clock. All brothers are cordially invited to visit us.

A. H. HILL & CO.
REAL ESTATE AND LOANS.
We make a specialty of Irving Park real estate, vacant and improved. We own a number of choice resident lots on the best streets in the Park, and are willing to sell at very low prices to good parties wishing to build.
Office, 155 & 157 Washington street, Chicago.
Residence, Park avenue, Irving Park.

BOOTS AND SHOES. Made and repaired. Irving Park Laundry, only first class work; goods collected and delivered. Irving Park News Stand, daily, weekly and monthly papers, at **BUSSETT'S**.

REFORMED CHURCH. - Rev. W. Hall Williamson, Pastor. Sunday school 12 m. B. M. Rice, Sup't. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Young People's Meeting, 7:30 p. m. Sunday at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday, at 8 p. m. All are welcome.

ST. JOHN'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH. - Services every Sunday, 10:30 a. m. Sunday school, 11:15 a. m. Rev. Archibald Bishop in charge.

M. E. CHURCH. - SUNDAY SERVICE: Class day school, 9:30 a. m.; Morning Service, 10:45 a. m.; Evening Service, 7:30 p. m. Wednesday, 8:30 p. m.

BAPTIST CHURCH. - Services in Masonic Hall, Rev. Joseph Baker, Pastor. B. M. Moore, Sup't. S. S. Preaching 10:30 a. m., 7:30 p. m. Sunday school, 9:30 a. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening, 8 p. m. All are welcome.

FRED S. HOLMES.
Linwood Hall, Irving Park
ICE CREAM.

CONFECTIONERY.
NOTIONS.
Weddings, Parties, Families, Church Societies, etc. supplied with Ice Cream, Confectionery, etc. Call and see Holmes before going to the city.

NOTES FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

Leser Van Ness is reported better this week.

Dr. Baker and family have moved to the Park.

Thos. Cushman's new residence is rapidly nearing completion.

The railroad company are distributing ties for the new tracks between Montrose and Chicago.

For Sale.—My house, barn and lot. Barn suitable to remodel into a house. Willis G. Hughes.

A new coal and lumber yard for Irving Park. The office was built beside the brick store this week.

The brick store is having a new roof, and otherwise being improved from the effects of the late fire.

The losses were promptly and satisfactorily adjusted and settled in the case of Court Irvin, No. 45, \$300.

WANTED.—A good, strong girl for general house work. Apply to Mrs. B. A. Lawrence, Norwood Park.

The regular Sunday services of the M. E. church will be held in Linwood Hall, until further notice is given.

The "Observation social" held for the benefit of the M. E. Church, at the residence of W. E. Cummings, on St. Charles avenue last Thursday evening, was well attended and was, generally speaking, a success.

The Easter Services tomorrow at St. John's Episcopal church will be held in the afternoon, the regular service at 4 o'clock, preceded at 3:30 by the Sunday School. Mr. Bowles will preach. All are cordially invited.

BAND ENTERTAINMENT.
The band have their programme out for their first entertainment, to take place in the new Club House on April 2nd. Everybody should attend and give the boys a helping hand, and otherwise encourage home talent. The following is the programme.

PART I.
Overture—Band Union, Southwell
Vocal Quartette—Sallors-Glee, Leslie
Minnie M. Thurston, Soprano, Ethel A. Holton, Alto, Wm. Thurston, Tenor, A. N. Hobart, Bass
Waltz—Forest Flower, Band, Feagans
Gipsy Chorus from the Bohemian Girl, Balfie
Band and Chorus
Instrumental Quartette—Calendula, Ripley
Frank Stokes, Solo, E. N. Newman, Solo
alto, E. H. Wionie, Baritone, C. J. Booth, Eb bass
Soprano Solo—Elliott, B. B. Arditt
Elliott, B. B. Arditt
Cornet Solo—Warriors Dream, McCook
J. A. Kane, Band Accompaniment
Tenor Solo—Love Thee, Cook
Geo. Roberts
Firemen's Polka—Band, Ripley
Vocal Duets—Nightingale and the Rose, Glover
Minnie E. Thurston, Soprano, Ethel A. Holton, Alto
Tuba Solo—The King of the Miller, Keller
F. D. Ladlow
Bass Solo—The King of the Miller, Keller
F. D. Ladlow
Gounod
Ballet
PART II.
Farce in one act, entitled "The Tramp Musicians."
Chas. Haas, First Clown, Alvin Signor
Basso Profundo Peterson, N. T. Perkins
William Take 'Em, Alvin Signor
or Basso Profundo Peterson, N. T. Perkins
Signor Basso Profundo Peterson, N. T. Perkins
Count Ten or Eleven, E. W. Freeman
Detective, E. W. Freeman
Mrs. Chas. Good-B. Nough, Miss Edith Merchant
Ann E. Rooney, Miss H. A. Hobart
Tickets 25 cents. Reserved seats 35 cents.

BOWMANVILLE.

There will be a Republican mass meeting at Brady's Hall next Saturday evening. All are invited. Good speakers will be in attendance.

Vick's Floral Guide for 1891.

No lover of a fine plant of Garden can afford to be without a copy. It is an elegant book of over 100 pages, 8 1/2 x 10 1/2 inches, beautiful colored illustrations of Garden Anemones, Hydrangeas and Potatoes. Instructions for planting, cultivating, etc. Full list of everything that can be desired in the way of Vegetable and Flower Seeds, Plants, Bulbs, etc. Also full particulars regarding the cash prices of \$1.00 and \$2.00. The novelties have been tested and found worthy of cultivation. We hope it will be our good luck to see the Nellie Lewis Carnation and taste the Grand Rapids Lettuce. It costs nothing because the 10 cents you send for it can be deducted from the first order forwarded. We advise our friends to secure a copy of James Vick, Seedman, Rochester, N. Y.

NORWOOD PARK.

AMERICAN EPISCOPAL CHURCH. - Services at 11 a. m. Sunday School at 12:30. Prayer Meeting Wednesday evening at 8 p. m. Rev. J. S. Joranson, Pastor. N. H. Bates, Supt. of Sunday school.

ST. ALBAN'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH. - Services at 11 a. m. Sunday School at 12:30. Prayer Meeting Wednesday evening at 8 p. m. Rev. G. K. Sucke, Pastor. N. H. Bates, Supt. of Sunday school.

GERMAN EVANGELICAL CHURCH. - Services at 11 a. m. Sunday School at 12:30. Prayer Meeting Wednesday evening at 8 p. m. Rev. G. K. Sucke, Pastor. N. H. Bates, Supt. of Sunday school.

BRACON LIGHT LODGE, F. & A. M. - B. Lawrence, W. M. J. P. G. Barnard, S. W. H. A. Van Harlingen, J. M. A. G. Low, Treas., J. Wainwright, Sec'y. C. J. DeBarard, S. D. E. B. Halladay, J. D. F. A. Rich, S. S. N. H. Bates, J. S.

VILLAGE OFFICERS. - C. J. DeBarard, F. A. Rich, B. A. Lawrence, J. H. Brown, J. B. Foot, Geo. Cody, Trustees. H. A. Donaldson, Clerk. F. M. Fox, Treasurer. D. M. Ball, Attorney. F. B. Norton, Supt. Water Works.

POST OFFICE. - H. A. Donaldson & Co.'s store. H. A. Donaldson, P. M. Mail arrives, 8:15 and 9:30 a. m., 6:15 p. m.; leaving at 7:41 and 9:30 a. m., 6:30 p. m.

NORWOOD PARK HALL COMPANY. - Meeting of Board of Directors first Saturday of each month at Hall. FRANK A. CLEVELAND, Pres. JACOB ECKERT, Treas. JAS. WALMSLEY, Sec'y.

The dancing class is a great success.

House for sale or rent. O. W. Flanders.

Mr. Chas. Eckert has moved into his new house.

The Political Pot is getting warmer and will soon be boiling.

Rev. Mr. Beach will preach at the Hall on Sunday evening.

The family of John Hinckley are quite ill, some seriously.

For Sale.—A good modern house in good location. O. W. Flanders.

Mrs. A. G. Low has so far recovered that he is able to be out again.

Parties are looking for choice lots upon which to build the coming season.

La Grippe is a persistent solicitor in our village and has many under control.

The Senate met this morning, all members present with the exception of the Sec'y.

Mr. B. L. Anderson has so far recovered that he is able to attend to business again.

Dr. Hughes is pressed with business attending the sick in this and adjoining towns.

Mr. Robert Orr was out Wednesday for the first time for several weeks, and is slowly improving.

For Rent.—A good 7 room house in complete order at a moderate rent. Inquire of O. W. Flanders.

Rev. Mr. Traveller, Sup't of Missions, preached to a large audience on Sunday evening, at the Hall.

WANTED.—A good, strong girl for general house work. Apply to Mrs. B. A. Lawrence, Norwood Park.

Parties in want of homes of their own can be accommodated on very favorable terms by communicating with the Station Agent.

Mrs. Winchell is somewhat improving and hopes are entertained that she may recover. The other members of the family are much better.

Result of votes for Village Clerk at primary on Tuesday evening, as follows: F. L. Cleveland, 6; Alex. Christopherson, 11; Ben Steingard, 22.

Services will be held in St. Alban's church on Good Friday evening at 8 o'clock and on Easter day at 5:15 p. m. Sunday School Festival on Easter day at 4:15 p. m. instead of 3 p. m. as announced on last Sunday.

A large and enthusiastic caucus was held by the Progressive Party on Tuesday evening, at the Hall, for the purpose of nominating candidates for the several offices, to be filled on the village Board at the coming election which will be held on Tuesday, March 21st, with the following result: For President of Board of Trustees, C. J. DeBarard; for Trustees, Otto Hoffmann, B. A. Lawrence, John G. McMillen, and for Village Clerk, Ben Steingard.

DUNNING.

Matthew Ferguson, a young man living at 118 West Jackson street, went to the county infirmary at Dunning yesterday to visit his brother, Terrence, who was admitted to the institution as a patient several weeks ago. To the young man's horror he was informed that Terrence was dead and that the body had been turned over to a medical college at 59 Third avenue. Matthew hurried to the Harrison Street Police Station, told his story, and then, in company with an officer, went to the college to claim the body. "I don't know," said Dr. Stewart, "whether we have your brother's body or not. If it is here it came to us in the regular distribution and the Dunning authorities are to blame, and you must look to them for redress. Even if it was here, we wouldn't give it to you to-night. Call around some time to-morrow and we'll see what can be done for you," and the doctor ushered his visitor out. Young Ferguson said last night that, although he was poor and had but little money, he was able to send his brother's body to Lockport, N. Y., where his relatives would see that it was decently interred. "I will have my brother's body," he said as he left the office, "I'll have to take it in pieces, and I will find out by what authority it was given to the medical college when the Dunning officials knew that my brother had both friends and relatives living in the city. I called to see him every week. Wednesday his brother's body was given to Mr. Ferguson. The young man was highly indignant at the disposal of his brother's remains, and asserts that he will look into the matter in which the body found its way into into a dissecting room."

IN THE EASTER NUMBER

of the New York Ledger, issued March 21, Mrs. Amelia Barr starts "A Sister to Esau," a Scotch serial. Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett contributes "Eight Little Princes." George Bancroft, Dr. Felix Oswald, Wilson de Meza, Amy Randolph, Jean Kate Ludlum, Annie Shields and Helen M. North also contribute.

PARK RIDGE.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH. - Pastor, David P. Smith. Sunday School, 10:30 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday school at 12 m. Prayer meeting on Wednesday evening at 8 p. m. in the parlors of the Church. Young People's Society Christian Endeavor, Sunday evening, at 8 o'clock.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH. - Rev. J. C. Johnson, Pastor. Sunday School, 10:30 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday school at 12 m. Prayer meeting on Wednesday evening at 8 p. m. in the parlors of the Church. Young People's Society Christian Endeavor, Sunday evening, at 8 o'clock.

LUTHERAN CHURCH. - Rev. P. Graef, Pastor. Sunday services at 10 a. m., followed by Sunday school at 11:30.

M. MARY'S CHURCH. - Rev. J. B. Bourassa, Pastor. Sunday services at 10:30 Sunday morning, Sunday school at 12 m.

VILLAGE OFFICERS. - President, W. P. Black. J. E. Berry, Owen Stuart, J. C. Whitcomb, J. Bloom, J. C. M. Davis and G. H. Miller, Trustees. S. E. Cummings, Clerk. Geo. T. Stebbings, Treasurer. Joseph A. Phelps, Village Attorney. C. B. Robinson, Supt. of Water Works. C. B. Moore, Policeman.

NEWS OF THE PAST WEEK.

Capt. and Mrs. Black have gone to New York city.

Mr. and Mrs. MacLagan have been spending the present week in Elgin.

Mrs. Ross Wallace was a guest at her sister, Mrs. A. R. Mohr, on Saturday.

Mr. S. W. Robinson has some nice upholstered furniture for sale, cheap.

The chances are now that the coming town election will be a somewhat heated one.

For Sale.—No. 9 wood stove, in good shape at a bargain. Apply to C. A. Blaikie, Park Ridge, Ill.

The doctors are not at all ways free from bodily ailments, and this time it is Dr. Bellows.

Easter services will be appropriately observed in both churches tomorrow, Sunday.

For Rent.—From May 1st, an eight room house with all modern improvements in fine location, and nearly new. Apply to G. A. Blaikie, Park Ridge, Ill.

Messrs. Buettner and Weinbover, of Park Ridge florists, shipped a car load of flowers to the city on Tuesday which are to be used for decoration purposes tomorrow, Easter Sunday. They were mostly in pinks and the variety was large and were beautiful to look upon.

Died at Park Ridge, Ill., March 13th, 1891, Sarah Griswold Still, wife of Alfred L. Welles, formerly of Utica, N. Y., aged 81 years. Mrs. Welles was born in Lyme, Connecticut, in 1809, in the family homestead built by her great-great-grandfather in 1676, and occupied by the family continuously since that time. She was a woman of indomitable will, strong of mind and of great energy.

mother of Wm. H. Geo. Sill and Saml. Martha Welles, of Chicago, and Mrs. Wm. Burt of Evanston, Ill. Mrs. S. T. Peckham, of Utica, N. Y. and Mrs. E. S. Francis of Pittsfield, Mass.

CHICAGO, March 25, 1891.
To the Committee on Political Action, appointed at the Mass Meeting of Citizens held in the Second Precinct, Town of Maine.

Gentlemen: In accepting the nomination for Town Clerk, I was given to understand that the duties of that office would not interfere with my daily work in the city, but upon investigation I find that it would compel me to be absent from my regular employment during many days in the course of the year. While I am desirous of doing all in my power to advance the interests of Park Ridge, I cannot neglect the duties of the position by which my livelihood is gained. In consideration of the foregoing, I must decline to make the race, and in doing so take the opportunity to thank the citizens of this precinct for their confidence and esteem, and to assure them I fully appreciate the same.

Very Respectfully,
F. W. McNALLY.

The much heralded mass meeting of citizens was held in Schenckler's Hall, on Saturday evening, the object being to talk over the coming Town of Maine election, and if possible, to nominate a full ticket. Owing to the wretched condition of the roads, the prevalence of La Grippe, together with the indifference of many of the tremendous crowd expected, failed to materialize, although there was a good attendance. Mr. J. H. Barnes was called to the chair and Capt. Stanton acted in the capacity of Secretary. For the office of Road commissioner two names were placed in nomination, John Bito, from the north end, and Henry Dienesch, the present Park Ridge street commissioner. The former received about 65 votes to his opponents 35. For the office of Town Clerk, Mr. F. G. McNally received a large majority of all the votes cast. Considerable J. F. Dittman was in favor of nominating a full ticket then and there, but Col. Stuart thought it well not to be too greedy on the start, or we might get left altogether. Thus ended the mass meeting of citizens.

THE ANDERSON LITERARY SOCIETY.

The Anderson Literary Society gave their first reception Friday evening, March 20th, at Sokup's Hall. Dancing was the principal feature of the evening. The party was opened by a grand march led by President Master Wm. J. Knokemus and Secretary Miss Dollie Figg, being assisted by Master Rudolph Hansen and Miss Emma Tumber. One of the enjoyable features of the evening was a vocal solo by Mrs. J. Pribyl, and in response to a very vigorous encore sang another selection. Most all the members and some invited guests were in attendance, among whom were the following members: Masters Wm. Knokemus, Rudolph Hansen, Herman Peters, Andrew Belz, Willie Blegen, Paul Gier, Harry Klebo, Oscar Olson, Abraham Rogalski, Misses Dollie Figg, Emma Tumber, May Hansen, Martha Bramman, Carrie Fougner, Carrie Gerhart, Hattie Hansen, Juliette Pribyl, Stella Stanbush, Anna Simpson. Also the following invited guests: Messrs. August Knokemus, Oscar Swanson, A. Ryerson, Theodore Wild, Arthur Borderwick, Charlie Petrie, Herman Belz, O. Simpson, Martin Hansen, Henry Johnson. Misses Fannie Quales, Carrie Gier, Mattie Petrie, Jennie Thompson, Lulu Olson and M. Hansen.

DES PLAINES.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH. - Rev. J. H. Hagerty, Pastor; John Ball, Supt. Sunday School services at 10:30 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday school at 12 m. Prayer meeting on Wednesday evening. Young Peoples' meeting Sunday evening at 6:15.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH. - Rev. Heber Gill, Pastor; Mrs. H. H. Talcott, Sunday school Supt. Preaching Sunday morning at 10:30, and in the evening at 7 o'clock. Sunday school at noon. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening.

LUTHERAN CHURCH. - Rev. P. Graef, Pastor. Sunday services at 10 a. m., followed by Sunday school at 11:30.

M. MARY'S CHURCH. - Rev. J. B. Bourassa, Pastor. Sunday services at 10:30 Sunday morning, Sunday school at 12 m.

Investigate Park Ridge locals.

Mr. Murdoch has his new house enclosed.

It was confirmation day at the Lutheran Church last Sunday.

Henry Fritz had an attack of grip last week, but is now better.

The C. & N. W. will soon have a double track from this place to Barrington.

Mrs. M. Thill and her two youngest daughters returned from their eastern visit last Saturday.

WANTED.—A good, strong girl for general house work. Apply to Mrs. B. A. Lawrence, Norwood Park.

Mr. E. C. Schaefer has secured a position in the County Treasurer's office, and will commence work the first of April.

August Fritz is learning the plumber's trade in the city. August has struck a bonanza this time. He is on the sure road to wealth.

For Rent.—The two story brick building on the north side, used as a drug store and residence. Inquire of C. E. Bennett, Des Plaines.

There are four Village Trustees to be elected this spring; one to fill vacancy to take the place of Trustee Thill, who has lately resigned.

Dr. Stone's wife and child have been having an attack of grip. B. F. Kinder is also afflicted with the aches and pains peculiar to that complaint.

The usual Easter services will be held next Sunday morning in the Methodist church. In the evening there will be concert exercises, in which the Sunday school will take part.

Mr. C. Jones had a sudden attack of pneumonia last Saturday afternoon, and has been confined to his bed ever since. Mr. Jones had an attack of the same disease about a year ago which lasted several weeks.

Wm. Boesch, a retired farmer living on the Higgins road, had a narrow escape from being killed by a burglar last night last week. Hearing a noise in the house, he got up to investigate, and found two outside doors wide open, but the intruder had disappeared. After dressing himself he thought he would walk over to his son's house near by, and see if things were all right there. On nearing the house he discovered a light in the cellar, and readily concluding that it was the work of a burglar, hastily shut down the outside cellar door, and planted his weight firmly upon it, at the same time calling loudly to the family for help. The burglar finding himself caught, fired two shots through the door which luckily missed the mark intended. He then succeeded in forcing the door open far enough to get his hand through, when he fired another shot at the old gentleman, this time the ball grazing the back of his hand, inflicting a slight wound. The villain then ran away, firing another shot as he retreated, which did no harm. The members of the family were awakened only they heard the shots from the revolver.

HERMOSA.

What's the matter with Conway? He's all right.

Henry W. Ames is putting up forty new houses.

Shorty, the barber, has been laid up for a week past.

Mrs. J. D. Carter has recovered from the La Grippe.

Mrs. John Heavey has been laid up with a bad cold.

James Vannatta's daughter, Edna, is reported to have the measles.

The Standard Motor Works will open next Monday with a force of 200.

Thos. Teagarden has been ill for several weeks, but is now able to be out.

Frank Breit has completed the addition to his hotel, which gives him fourteen new rooms.

Mr. D. F. Keller and Miss Jennie Rose will be united in marriage, Wednesday, April 1st.

The McDonalds are having more sickness in their family, a young son has the diphtheria.

Fred Dempsey has left Hermosa, for the city, where he will open a meat market at Lake and Ashland avenues.

The Ladies' Aid of the M. E. society gave a sociable on the 20th, which was well attended. The supper was good, but ladies, where did you get the meat? Mrs. Kinney, who is stopping with her sister, Miss Miller, gave two recitations, which were heartily received.

A cloud of sadness was cast over town last Saturday by a telegram announcing the sudden death of Mr. Henry A. Sears, at Rock Island, Ills. He embarked with his few cattle and his household goods on the 10th inst, and after a three days journey arrived at his brother's where he died. His farm was mortgaged, together with implements for about \$4000.00, but this was to raise the first year's crop on as he had two houses in Rock Island, the income of which was sufficient to support them comfortably.

The Young Peoples Society of Christian Endeavor held a memorial meeting and words of comfort and cheer in the form of resolutions were unanimously passed and sent to the bereaved family.

BAE RINGTON.

CHURCH AND SOCIETY NOTICES.
S. of V.—meet at Colburn's hall, third Tuesday of each month. F. O. Willmarth, Captain; Albert Ullrich, First Sergeant.

BAPTIST CHURCH. - Mr. Henry, Pastor. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. Evening services at 7:30 p. m. Sabbath School 12 m.

ST. ANN'S CATHOLIC CHURCH. - Rev. E. A. Goulet, Pastor. Services every other Sunday at 9 o'clock a. m.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH. - Rev. Wm. Clark, Pastor. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sabbath school at 12 m. Class meeting at 7 p. m.

GERMAN EVANGELICAL CHURCH. - Rev. A. Schuester, Pastor. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. Evening service at 7:30 p. m. Sabbath school at 9 a. m.

GERMAN EVANGELICAL ST. PAUL'S CHURCH. - Rev. E. Kahn, Pastor. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. Sabbath school at 9:30 a. m.

LOUNGE LODGE, No. 751. - meets a their hall the second and fourth Saturdays of each month. C. H. Austin, W. M.; A. Gleason, S. W.; G. H. Lines, J. W.; H. T. Abbott, Treas.; F. O. Willmarth, Sec'y; L. A. Powers, S. D.; Albert Ullrich, J. D.; Stewart Miller, T.

BARRINGTON POST, No. 275, G. A. R. Department of Ill. - meet every second Friday in the month, at Colburn's Hall. P. J. Buck, Commander; E. Purcell, S. V. C.; Fred Weisman, J. V. C.; L. Krahn, S.; Stewart Miller, Chaplain; A. Gleason, Q. M.; A. S. Henderson, D. C.; G. R. Rann, O. G.

W. R. C. No. 85. - meet the second and fourth Wednesday of each month. Mrs. R. Lombard, Pres. Miss K. Brockway, Sec'y.

M. W. A. No. 509. - meet first and third Saturday of each month. Mrs. R. Lombard, Pres. Miss K. Brockway, Sec'y.

V. C. C. John Robertson, W. A.; C. H. Kendall, E. C. H. Austin, Treas.; H. K. Brockway, E. Fred. Kirschner, Wm. W. Anholts, S.

Ladies' spring Jackets at A. H. Reese.

Born.—To Mrs. Edson Harnden, a daughter.

Rev. Wm. Clark, of McHenry, was here Monday.

Highest price paid for eggs at A. H. Reese.

Robert and Daniel Deill, of Elgin, were here last week.

Mrs. Geo. Ashby, of Chicago, is visiting at Mr. Sprigg's.

Mr. Francis, of Janesville, called on M. T. Lamey Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Teese visited at Mr. J. C. Plagge's Sunday.

Mr. J. Willson, of Palatine, called on friends here Tuesday.

Mr. John Clark, of Floyd, Iowa, visited Mr. S. Clark last week.

Misses Gouchey and Downing will board at the Verniyla House.

Miss Laura Church, of Barrington Center visited friends here Sunday.

Born.—To Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Meier, on Monday, March 16th, a girl.

Mrs. Catlow, of Chicago, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Wm. Young.

Ladies' spring hats at A. H. Reese.

Dr. Roberts, of Wisconsin, made Barrington friends a visit last week.

Presiding Elder Henster was at the German Evangelical church Sunday.

Mrs. Lowell, of Jefferson Park, was the guest of Mrs. C. H. Austin, last week.

Miss Lucy Brockett, of Chicago, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Chas. Lederle.

For Sale or Rent.—C. J. Dodge's house. Inquire of M. W. Dodge, Barrington, Ill.

Rev. Henshaw, of Chicago, preached at the Baptist Church last Sunday morning.

A real estate agent was here looking after property for Chicago parties this week.

BARRINGTON REVIEW

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY, AT
BARRINGTON, COOK COUNTY, ILL.
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M. T. LAMEY, Local Editor.

P. C. FURBUSH, Publisher.

J. L. N. SMYTHE, Adv. Manager.

NEWS OF THE WEEK

Charles City, Iowa, to which place it was recently voted by the board of trustees to move, the German-English college in Galena, is unable to raise the bonus of \$30,000 which was offered. It is now thought that the college will go to Storm Lake, Iowa.

William M. Moore, a wealthy farmer living near Vienna, Ohio, was shot and killed by his son Oscar. Oscar claims the shooting was in self defense.

Herman Bode, 40 years of age, bookkeeper in the oleomargarine factory at Providence, R.I., which was seized by revenue officers last week, committed suicide.

William C. Blinn in attempting to board a street car at Rockford, Ill., lost his footing and fell in front of the car. He was badly hurt, though his injuries are not considered fatal.

Six convicts escaped from a work gang near Jackson, Miss.

At Vicksburg, Miss., Ernest Hardenstein was killed by J. G. Cashment in a quarrel over the New Orleans lynching. Both were newspaper men.

Hugh C. Miller, 22 years old, has been arrested for setting fire to numerous tenement houses in Brooklyn during the past six weeks. Being confronted with evidence of his guilt he made a full confession.

The California Athletic club has offered to buy La Blanche a railroad ticket to the East. It also offers \$3,000 for a fight between Dixon and McCarthy.

Charles F. Smith of Chillicothe, Mo., beat his 5-year-old step-son so badly that the boy died. Smith escaped just in time to avoid being lynched.

A wreck occurred last evening on the Valley road near Rosedale, Miss. The engine and baggage car both turned over and Engineer Frank Bragan and the colored fireman were both killed.

David Lilly, charged with causing the wreck of the Union Pacific train at Holmesville, Neb., in December last, has been acquitted.

An attempt was made to cremate alive 100 persons by setting fire to a tenement house in New York.

A freight train on the Chesapeake & Ohio road struck a cow at St. Elmo, Tenn., and was thrown from the track. Two tramps were killed and brakeman James Smith injured. The train was completely wrecked.

The president of Chili has given a gratuity equal to a year's pay to all the officers of the navy that republic who refused to join with their comrades in the revolution.

Thomas Fleming, proprietor of a North Indianapolis rooming house, died recently, and the death return designated delirium tremens as the cause. It is now ascertained that he was struck on the head with a chair in the hands of a negro, and died as a result of the blow.

At the conference of the grievance committee representing the Brotherhood of Railway Conductors and Assistant General Manager Smith of the Missouri Pacific railroad, which has been in session at St. Louis the last week, an agreed statement of the facts in regard to the dismissal of a conductor was drawn and signed by both parties to the conference and sent to General Manager Clark for a decision.

M. Rouvier, the French minister of foreign affairs, has introduced a bill which proposes a reduction of the tax of wines, ciders, and beers. M. Rouvier proposes to meet this reduction, estimated to amount to about 19,000,000 francs, by raising the surtax on alcohol from 156 to 193 francs per hectolitre (nearly 26 1/2 gallons) wine measure.

The German government continues its efforts to draw Italy into a European alliance against the protectionist States. In the present state of Italian politics and finances, however, that government hesitates to respond to Germany's offers, being doubtful of the wisdom of sacrificing her trade with France and America, which, in 1883, amounted to \$5,000,000, for the constantly declining trade of Germany and Austria, which amounted to only \$35,000,000.

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In a two-ounce glove contest near Harrisburg, Pa., Jim Daly stood up before Joe McAuliffe the required six rounds for a purse of \$1,000.

Details of a sensational episode at the Chicago Auditorium have just become public. A wealthy New Yorker, incited by jealousy and rage, attempted to murder his wife, but was prevented. He then took revenge by abducting their only child.

The failure of the Kansas Legislature to appropriate money for a State exhibit at the world's fair has led to a movement to raise by private subscription the funds requisite to give that State a creditable representation.

The Canadian Pacific company's iron steamer Batavia is aground in the Columbia river, near Tonawanda Point.

The Olympic club of New Orleans has offered a purse of \$5,000 to McAuliffe and Myer for a glove contest to take place in about six weeks, McAuliffe to answer within four days.

Ex-Senator Ingalls' interviews in the East regarding the Farmers' alliance are embarrassing Kansas Republicans, and they are gnashing their teeth at their former leader.

Pearl Starr, daughter of the notorious Belle Starr and reputed daughter of the equally notorious Cole Younger, in connection with a young man stole two fine horses from a farmer near St. Joe, twenty miles west of Gainesville, Texas. Officers are in pursuit.

The Union Pacific road has granted concessions to its dissatisfied employees which will insure their receiving better pay.

The Oxford boat crew was the favorite 11 to 4 in its coming race with the Cambridge's eight.

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A banana train on the Illinois Central was wrecked near Kankakee, Ill., and thirteen cars of fruit were derailed. The loss is about \$30,000.

The Modock Democratic Tariff-Reform Club of Keokuk, Iowa, sent silver medals to Dr. Moore and Mr. Cockrell, the two independent members of the Illinois Legislature who voted for Senator Palmer for United States Senator.

Al Johnson of baseball fame is again up in arms against the league, claiming its officers have acted in bad faith toward him.

The will of Baroness Fahrenberg, making provision for a charitable institution at Lexington, Ky., has been upheld by the Kentucky courts after many years of litigation on the part of the Baroness' relatives.

Pittsburg has 1,000 cases of grip. Street-car companies and large offices are affected.

DEATH AND PANIC IN A FIRE.

Blaze in a New York Tenement House Occupied by Twenty-Two Families.

In New York City two lives were lost and twenty-two families made homeless by a fire which gutted the six-story double tenement at 215 East Twenty-ninth street. The dead are Peter Cryan, aged 50, and his sister, Mary Cryan, aged 5.

Fright and confusion prevailed among the tenants in the house, who ran blindly through the smoke and thither in their efforts to escape.

The fire was extinguished about 9 p. m., and then Battalion Chief Fisher and Capt. Nugent began to search the rooms in the burned building, and on the top floor they found the two bodies. Death was caused by suffocation. From the agonized expression on both faces it was evident that death was attended with the greatest torture. The bodies were carried out on the street and in a wagon to the morgue, where they were placed in pine coffins beside that of Wright, the Astor house suicide.

Mrs. Mary Reilly in trying to get out had her limbs slightly burned and was driven back. The cause of the fire is not known. The loss is \$5,500.

PROCTOR WILL RESIGN.

He is Tired of the Post of Secretary of War.

A Washington special says: Secretary Redfield Proctor is going to resign from the War department. His resignation will make the first break in President Harrison's Cabinet except that which occurred through the death of Secretary Windom. The news will be a great surprise to the country and to official people outside of a narrow circle. Mr. Proctor has had enough of Cabinet Secretary Proctor. He has distaste for more of it was intimated when he made known to the President that he did not care to be transferred to the Treasury department. His willingness to quit has been emphasized since Congress adjourned. He is not going out of politics entirely, for in due time it is expected he will come to the Senate from Vermont.

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McKEAGUE GOES FREE.

THE CAPTAIN OF THE UTOPIA NOT HELD RESPONSIBLE.

The Terrible Disaster Declared to Have Resulted From an Accident—Other Foreign News.

Gibraltar, Spain: At the inquest of the second set of bodies recovered from the wrecked steamer Utopia Capt. McKague volunteered the following statement: "After rounding Europa Point I headed for the usual anchorage and ordered full speed. Two minutes later I ordered 'stop,' and I stopped the engine between Europa Point and new Mole Head. I suddenly sighted the man-of-war and observed the anchorage crowded with other ships. I immediately started the helm, there being a heavy and extremely strong tide. When the Utopia had half cleared the bow of the man-of-war I ported the helm in order to bring the Utopia's stern out, but on account of the strong current the Utopia was unable to clear the Anson's ram. Owing to the thickness of the weather I could not calculate precisely the length of the ram, but I know, the fleet was in the bay. The proper lookout, consisting of the mate and six men, was kept but nobody saw the ram and the condition of the anchor until the helm was starboarded. We were unable to anchor behind the rock because we were running short of coal in consequence of heavy weather on the voyage."

The coroner permitted the attorney to address the jury on McKague. The jury, consisting of three members, unanimously declared that the cause of the disaster was accidental.

The first officer testified that it was a difficult position the steamer was placed in, and that any of the alternatives would have been attended with difficulty owing to the weather and the sea. Both he and the third officer corroborated the captain's statement and justified the course he took as the best that could be taken.

One hundred bodies were recovered. The relief committee has collected a sum of money for the survivors, 132 of whom have returned to Naples on board the Assyria.

PRINCE NAPOLEON BURIED.

The Body Interred With Catholic Rites at Turin.

The body of Prince Napoleon arrived at Turin, Italy, accompanied by Princess Clotilde, Princess Letitia, and Prince Victor.

They were met at the station by the Duke of Genoa, Count Turin, and a large body of court officials. The body was placed on a gun-carriage, heavily draped, and escorted by a battalion of infantry as a guard of honor, with the band playing dirges, and a line of forty coaches carrying the distinguished company, was conveyed to the church of La Superga, where a solemn mass was celebrated. At its conclusion the cortege was again formed and made its way to the cemetery known as "Calvary," where the body was deposited with the services of the Roman Catholic church in a special vault. The utmost respect was shown by the population of Turin to the funeral party and decorations were observed in some quarters. Prince Jerome's will has been made public. It constitutes Prince Louis the universal legatee and his successor. He is also directed to supervise the funeral arrangements. Princess Letitia is given an equal share with her brothers in the estate. Prince Victor is not mentioned in the will.

STAND BY TARIFF REFORM.

Ex-President Cleveland Says It Is the One Great Issue of the Day.

Ex-President Cleveland sent a letter to the Indiana Tariff Reform league declining to be present at the league's annual meeting. The full text of the letter is not given out for publication, but the closing paragraphs are made public. They are as follows: "You will act, I hope, think it amiss if I suggest the necessity of pushing with more vigor than ever the doctrine of your organization."

"I believe that the theories and practices which tariff reform antagonizes are responsible for many, if not all, of the evils which afflict our people. If there is a scarcity of the circulating medium, is not the experiment worth trying, as a remedy, of leaving the money in the hands of the people and for their use which is needlessly taken from them under the pretext of necessary taxation? If the farmer's life is a hard one in his discouraging struggle for better rewards of his toil are the prices of his products to be improved by a policy which hampers trade in his best markets and invites the competition of dangerous rivals?"

"Whether other means of relief may appear necessary to relieve the present hardships, I believe the principle of tariff reform promises a most important aid in their satisfaction; and that the continued and earnest advocacy of this principle is essential to the lightening of the burdens of our countrymen."

"Hoping that your organization may continue to be one of usefulness and encouragement, I am, yours very respectfully,"

"GROVER CLEVELAND."

Frozen to Death.

Mrs. Thomas Fall of Hunting, Wis., was frozen to death Wednesday night. She had spent the day at the home of a friend. In the evening she started for home with a lantern and was not heard of again until Saturday morning when an Indian named Kick-A-Paw found her dead, sitting upright with her arms outstretched. She had wandered off the road into the deep snow.

A Workman Fatally Injured.

Peter Deim, an employee of Koehler's enameling works, in Sheboygan, Wis., was fatally injured last evening by the bursting of an emery wheel.

SEABORN SMITH WILL HANG.

Being a White Man Failed to Free Him Before a Georgia Court.

Atlanta, Ga., telegram: The conviction of a white man of assault upon a colored girl, for which the penalty is death, was the feature of Monday's session of the Newton Superior court. Miss Lelia Allen is a comely mulatto girl, who had been teaching a colored school in the country. It was her custom to walk from home to the school, three miles distant. One day in the latter part of last year she was overtaken by Road Commissioner Seaborn Smith, who asked her to ride in his buggy, which she did. He drove rapidly to a secluded spot where he assaulted her, and threatened to kill her if she told. The discovery of the crime incited the negroes to lynch law, from which they were restrained by the promise of leading citizens that the Newton county court would do justice. While in jail Smith confessed to some fellow-prisoners as well as to the sheriff. When the trial began, the prisoner relied to a great extent upon his immunity as a white man, but it did not serve his purpose. The jury brought in a verdict without the recommendation of mercy, which, under the Georgia law, saves a culprit's neck. Smith will be sentenced to death.

MR. DEPEW FOR GOVERNOR.

Likely to Be the Republican Candidate in New York.

A New York special says: After looking the field over the Republican leaders of this State have decided that Chauncey M. Depew is the most available candidate for Governor that can be named for the next next fall. They are now engaged in a patriotic endeavor to convince Mr. Le-

gion of that fact and to pre-arrange upon him to accept the nomination. He has practically assured the leaders that he will accept the nomination.

The suggestion of Mr. Depew for the Republican standard-bearer in this State next fall emanated from the active brain of Mr. Platt, but it has been kindly received by all factions of the party. State Senator Commodore P. Vedder claims the honor of being the first man to seriously broach the subject to Mr. Depew. Mr. Vedder is closely identified with Mr. Platt in politics.

MURDER AND ARSON.

Fate of a Merchant at Franklin, Pa.—Fire at Detroit, Minn.

At Franklin, Penna. Ivania, the residence of N. P. Tobin, a leading merchant tailor, was destroyed by fire in the morning and the remains of Mr. Tobin were found in the debris. The body was found in a crouched position in the parlor, the head resting in a pool of blood, with finger marks on his throat and every indication that he was murdered. Burglars' tools were found about the place and he probably discovered them at work. He was a man of enormous physical strength, and theory points to several tramps, who have been arrested.

Two years ago a great sensation was caused by the finding of the dead body of Mr. Tobin's daughter, Mary, in the water off Long Island sound near Clifton, and the mystery surrounding her violent death has never been cleared away.

MARKET REPORT.

Chicago.

BEVES—Extra 1,500 @ \$1.80
lbs. 5.50 @ 6.20
Good to fancy steers 5.20 @ 5.50
Poor to medium 4.70 @ 4.55
Cows 1.40 @ 3.00
Veal calves 2.50 @ 5.50
MILK Cows—per head 20.00 @ 24.00
Hogs—Mixed 3.00 @ 4.00
SHEEP—Native 3.15 @ 5.80
WHEAT—No. 2 Spring 1.00 @ .90
CORN—No. 2 1.00 @ .90
OATS—No. 2 1.00 @ .90
POTATOES—per bushel .90 @ 1.10
LIVESTOCK—Chickens, dressed per lb. .09 @ .11
Ducks, dressed, per lb. .12 @ .13
Turkeys, dressed, per lb. .13 @ .14
BUTTER—Choice creamery .06 @ .08
Low grades .06 @ .08
CHEESE—Full cream .11 @ .12
Old grades .04 @ .07
EGGS—Fresh, per dozen .04 @ .21

St. Louis.

BEVES—Choice natives \$4.50 @ \$5.50
Hogs—Choice 3.40 @ 3.80
SHEEP 4.00 @ 5.60
WHEAT—No. 2 Red 1.00 @ .90
CORN—No. 2 1.00 @ .90
OATS 1.00 @ .90

Milwaukee.

WHEAT—No. 2 Red 1.00 @ 1.01
CORN 1.00 @ .99
OATS 1.00 @ .99

Detroit.

WHEAT, No. 2 Red 1.00 @ 1.03
CORN 1.00 @ .94
OATS 1.00 @ .94

Kansas City.

BEVES—Grain and corn-fed 3.25 @ 5.00
STEERS—Grass range 1.50 @ 3.90
HOGS 3.25 @ 4.00
WHEAT—No. 2 1.00 @ .90
CORN—No. 2 1.00 @ .90
OATS—No. 2 1.00 @ .90

MORGAN TO BE RETIRED.

The Commissioner of Indian Affairs Asked to Resign.

Washington telegram: Indian Commissioner Morgan is in trouble. President Harrison, it is understood, has asked for his resignation. It will be remembered that when Morgan was nominated to the place there was much indignation among Catholics because of his hostility to that church. His confirmation was vigorously opposed and he got through only after a hard fight. His administration on the Indian office, the Catholics have charged, has been marked by intolerance toward Catholic Indian schools and the Catholic missionaries among the Indians.

WHO GETS THE CREDIT?

RIVALRY BETWEEN SECRETARY RUSK AND MR. PHELPS.

The Discussion Is In Regard to the Attempt to Introduce American Beef and Pork Into Germany.

Washington telegram: There may be a question of etiquette over the re-introduction of the American hog and beef into Germany and a clash between Secretary Rusk and Minister Phelps as to who is entitled to the credit of the re-introduction. There is considerable amusement at the agricultural department over some recent cablegrams from Berlin saying that Minister Phelps was assisting in having American beef landed at Hamburg and was putting it on his own table as a means of introducing it to German consumers. As a matter of fact, these shipments were begun by the firm of Nelson Morris of Chicago about the first of January last, so that the transaction which has been cabled is about three months old. The Morris shipment was due largely to the efforts of Secretary Rusk, who desired to see what could be done toward getting American beef into German ports. The Secretary had the department of State request the United States consul at Hamburg to make a strong effort to get the beef admitted without the usual red-tape quarantine restrictions. Through the efforts of the consul the cattle were received quickly, and the first shipment was an entire success before Minister Phelps knew anything about it. The people of the department think it is rather late for a cablegram to announce how successful Mr. Phelps has been in admitting this preliminary shipment, when the joint efforts of Secretary Rusk and the Chicago shippers secured the success some time ago.

An application has been received by Secretary Rusk from a Chicago firm for inspection of hogs designed for the export trade under a recent act of Congress providing for such inspection. The regulations for such inspection are already drawn up so far as is necessary for compliance with the requirements of the law. In referring to this law and to that which provides for the regulation by the Secretary of Agriculture of the conditions of cattle-carrying vessels, the firm declares that these laws will help the farming and cattle-raising interest beyond anything it is now possible to estimate. Foreign countries, it believes, will not take our animal products for human food without inspection and it is perceived that by these two bills becoming a law millions will be saved to the country.

ALLISON AND THE ITALIANS.

The Iowa Senator Denies an Alleged Interview.

A Dubuque, Iowa, special says: While in New Orleans the other day Senator Allison was seen by an Associated Press reporter, who telegraphed that the Senator had strongly denounced the killing of the Italians, and he asserted that the evidence brought out on the trial was not strong enough to convict them. Senator Allison reached his home in this city today, and to a correspondent he emphatically denied the statement, saying that so far as he could learn all but two of the slaughtered Italians were known to be guilty. He said the United States could not be held liable for indemnity.

NAMED IN HONOR OF GEN. CROOK.

A Washington special says: The memory of the distinguished Indian fighter, Gen. Crook, has been further honored by the promulgation of a general order from the War Department designating the new military post at Omaha, Neb., Fort Crook. This is in accordance with a provision in the recent Sundry Civil act limiting the cost for the construction of the post to \$500,000 and requiring it to be so named. This is the first time for many years that Congress has named a post; this is a matter usually left to the President.

Medals from France.

O. A. Wells, superintendent of public instruction, at Madison, Wis., has received, through the department at Washington, two hand some bronze medals from the French government. The medals were given to the educational department of the State for copies of educational reports and courses of study shown in the reports, which were exhibited at the Paris exposition.

Went After Musk Oxen.

W. Washburn Pike, an English explorer, has returned to Winnipeg, Man., from the Arctic circle, where he has been for the last two years in search of musk oxen and buffalo. His party underwent terrible suffering in their journey, being at one time for fourteen days without any food. Pike was successful in bringing home skins of over fifty musk oxen.

Scheme of Wholesale Grocers.

Dubuque, Iowa, telegram: The wholesale grocers here have agreed upon a plan to meet the reduction of sugar duties which takes effect April 1. Stocks on hand will be disposed of and new stocks ordered will be shipped in bond, to be held until midnight, March 31, when the surveyor of customs will release them and they will at once be forwarded to country customers.

Molasses in an Oilship.

New York telegram: The Circassian Prince from Havana brings 500,000 gallons of Cuba molasses in bulk, which is the first instance of an oil-tank vessel being used for this purpose. The freight paid is said to be 2 cents a gallon. Importers will hold it in bond when sugar and molasses will be free.

An Insane German Officer.

Berlin cablegram: Lieutenant of the Infantry Blume armed two squads of infantry in Naumburg, Germany, and ordered them to charge the unsuspecting citizens with drawn bayonets. Eight persons were mortally wounded, Blume, who is the son of a general, was intoxicated. The authorities declare him to be temporarily insane.

Riot at an Italian Meeting.

Troy, N. Y., telegram: While 150 Italians were holding a meeting to protest against the mob's action at New Orleans the building was bombarded with cobble stones by a mob outside. Pistol shots were fired, but no one was injured. The reserve police force dispersed the large crowd which had gathered.

A Present to Senator Gorman.

Baltimore, Md., dispatch: The committee of Maryland Democrats to procure a testimonial for Senator Gorman in appreciation of his services in Congress have determined to present him with a solid silver dinner-service to cost \$2,000.

Prairie Fire in Kansas.

A Kansas City dispatch says: A disastrous prairie fire occurred twenty miles east of here. A large number of farms were swept clean of fences, houses, and barns, and large numbers of cattle and horses perished. It is feared that lives were lost, as a strong wind was blowing.

Michigan Capitalist Found Dead.

Thomas T. Cobb, of Kalamazoo, was found dead in bed at Rock Lodge, Florida. He was a prominent citizen and capitalist and had been State Senator.

WASHINGTON NEWS.

The Supreme court has decided the case of the United States vs. Clark Brewer et al., which comes here on a certificate of division of opinion among the judges of the Circuit court of the United States for the western district of Tennessee. Brewer and others were election officers and were indicted under a federal statute for refusing or neglecting after election to open the ballot-boxes at the place where the election was held and for failing to read aloud the names of the voters, these being requirements of the law of Tennessee. The indictment did not allege fraud or intent to commit fraud, nor that the election was affected by the action of Brewer and his colleagues. The Supreme court, in an opinion by Justice Brewer, holds that the indictment was bad.

Chairman Allison, of the Senate appropriation committee, gives the reasons which operated in the several appropriation acts to increase expenditures authorized by the present Congress over those of its predecessors. He says:

An increase of \$1,441,473 under the agricultural appropriation act was caused by the establishment of agricultural experiment stations and the transfer of the weather bureau from the war department.

In the army appropriation bill the small increase of \$2,085 was for the expenses of recruiting, and in the diplomatic and consular service a reduction of \$40,750 was made. An increase of \$637,549 for the District of Columbia was for the police department, street improvement and public schools, and under fortification an increase of \$2,502,144 was for continuing the construction of mortar batteries for the defense of Boston, New York, San Francisco, and other harbors, and for the new gun factory at Watervliet, N. Y.

In the Indian bill an increase of \$7,307,142 was made to carry into effect recent treaties negotiated with various Indian tribes. An increase of \$1,456,634 under the legislative, executive, and general branch of the government was for clerical force in the various departments, mainly in the pension office. An increase of \$300,000 was made in the internal revenue service, principally on account of the expenses of inspection of sugar, upon which a bounty is to be paid. The appropriations for the military academy were less than those made by the last Congress by \$30,419. The navy appropriations show an increase of \$14,012,344 for new ships for the navy and the improvement of plants at the navy yards. Pensions show an increase of \$13,312,351, including the deficiencies made by the Fifty-first Congress over the Fiftyth Congress. This increase was caused in part by the failure of the present Congress to make sufficient appropriations for pensions for the year 1890, leaving a

FOR THE LADIES.

INTERESTING ITEMS FOR YOUNG AND OLD FEMININITY.

A Bit of Poetry—The Decline of Marriage—Foundry Girls—Letting a Man Alone—Etc., Etc.

Oh, in her sable garments the widow looked a queen,
For beauty in its sorrow is beauty's crown,
I ween;
The rosy pallor of her cheeks, in all their tender glow,
Was like a purple sunset upon a drift of snow;
And in her weeping eyes of blue such weird emotions lay—
Such somber depths of sadness, and shadows dim and grey—
That you would fancy she had lost—poor, hapless Leonard—
Not one dear lord and master, but twenty-five or more.
She ran to me—she rushed to me with all her youth and gold,
And in soft, pleading accents, she asked to be consoled.
There was, she gasped, a vacant place upon her heart's throne still,
That somebody, if he knew how, could take by storm and fill.

Well, I knew how, for grasping both her jeweled hands in mine,
I quaffed from those ripe lips of hers a vintage rich as wine!
And while I tore the widow's serge right off her queenly head,
And told her that a living spouse was better than a dead,
She leant upon my bosom in tremulous surprise,
And sorrow's shadows vanished from the blue depths of her eyes.

To-day the ragman purchased the sable weeds I sold,
And now I own the widow—the widow and her gold.
—Eugene Davis, in West Shore.

The Decline of Marriage.

It appears to be an admitted fact that there is a yearly increasing falling off in the number of marriages which take place among the prosperous and highly educated classes, both in this country and in Europe. It has always been noticeable that the poorer and least educated portions of society have been the readiest to launch upon the sea of matrimony and have raised the largest families. The decline in the number of marriages among the wealthier and more cultivated classes has been commonly attributed to the increased cost of living, and the demands of luxury, pride and ostentation, but there are those who think it attributable principally to newer conceptions of what marriage should be. It is no longer the alliance for commonplace objects of two persons of opposite sexes with few or no mental needs or susceptibilities in common, but the union of two beings whose intellects, feelings, tastes and sympathies have been assiduously trained to a high point of development and sensitiveness. The man or woman of the highest culture and refinement excludes from his or her matrimonial scope the individual of the other sex of undeveloped powers, imperfect sympathies and inelegant manners. A highly trained intellect and taste with multitudinous objects of thought, and a wide acquaintance in society, does not stand in need of the perpetual companionship which is an absolute necessity to many. To a self-contained character of this sort a truly congenial marriage is undoubtedly an untold blessing, but the conjugal state is not such an urgent necessity as to preclude deliberation, careful choice and some regard for consequences. A decline in hasty and ill-assorted marriages would prove a blessing to all grades of society and induce a much needed decline in divorces, which, for want of an international law, have grown to become quite too frequent for the public welfare.—The Home.

Foundry Girls.

According to reports received by the Workingwomen's society of New York, women have taken another step forward, and have gone in large numbers into an occupation which seems to be adapted only to men on account of the physical strength required, says the Commercial. They have actually gone into the great foundries at Pittsburgh, and today something like five hundred of them are "capping" nails and bolts—that is, putting heads on them. This is severe physical labor, and it takes a strong man to do the work. But the iron works find no difficulty in getting plenty of girls. Already the supply almost doubles the demand. This is the direct result: For the work mentioned men always received from \$14 to \$16 a week; the girls receive from \$4 to \$5 and are glad to get it. Now, men are practically thrown out of employment in a trade in which they used to earn living wages. It is the same old story.

But the idle men are enjoying a sweet little revenge. The girls who have taken their places are known everywhere in Pittsburgh as "the foundry girls." There is nothing shameful in this title, but it is considered shameful by other workingwomen in the Smoky City. The "foundry girl," it appears, can be recognized everywhere on account of ciner-stained face, or for some other reason unknown outside of Pittsburgh—and the "sales-ladies" and "factory-ladies" cross the street when they see her block off. They cannot bear the idea of "the foundry lady" being added to their social list.

Yet even the foundry woman is held to be higher in the social scale than the woman engaged in domestic service. "The saleslady," it seems, is distinctly friendly to the "factory lady." The "factory lady" turns up her nose at the foundry girl. And the foundry girl is hardly condescending to the servant or nurse girl. It appears that there are finer distinctions in social caste among the Pittsburgh workingwomen than among the millionaires of New York.

Easily Lost, But Never Found.

There was lost the other day one beautiful golden hour set about with sixty large diamonds, each diamond—minute—having about it sixty smaller ones—seconds. It will never be found again. This jewel disappeared between the hours of nine in the morning and nine at night, and no matter how great may be the reward offered, can never be recovered. How did you lose it? You stared idly out of the window for a few minutes. You didn't stop to give the thought, and you got the wrong shoe on the wrong foot, and lost some more minutes straightening them. You had a foolish argument with your little sister, and a few more went; and later in the day you tossed away a great many while you looked at a worthless novel. Then, just because you had nothing to do and wouldn't trouble yourself to find anything, you stared listlessly at the fire, and wondered how long the day was going to be. Then you wasted more time by annoying your mother and using up the minutes that, to her, were of such moment. Now the hour is gone. There is no use crying over it, but you can think this and you can make up your mind to this: the year is like a necklace, formed of perfect jewels. Each jewel a day, surrounded with those smaller ones—twenty-four of them—the hours, and one of these lost or thrown away, makes the necklace worthless. Conclude, therefore, to look after the smaller jewels, to make each one brilliant; and at the end of the year your chaplet will be worthy to decorate the century.—Ruth Ashmore, in Ladies' Home Journal.

An Opening for Ladies.

A writer in the Picayune suggests that in towns not provided with a good railroad restaurant, women might make money by putting up attractive lunches and selling them to the railway travelers. A neat little lunch basket lined with Japanese paper napkins, containing half a broiled chicken cut up, a few slices of homemade bread, some pickles, radishes and eggs, would certainly sell well. On the English trains, and indeed in some parts of this country, these lunch baskets are a great institution. They are made up with ham, beef or fowl, and are sold so reasonably, that hundreds are disposed of daily. Eating-houses on railroads are not the best in the world, with here and there notable exceptions, so any woman going into the lunch-basket or lunch-box business would probably make money from the start.

The Domestic Man.

A fond father blessed with a large family of children, who was very domestic in his tastes and who enjoys telling a good story on himself, said he went home earlier than usual one afternoon, business being dull, and late in the evening slipped up stairs to help the children to bed. Being absent some time, his wife went up to see what was going on. Upon opening the nursery door and looking round, she exclaimed, "Why, dear, what in the world are you doing?" "Why," said he, "I am putting the children to bed and hearing them say their prayers." "Yes," she said, "but this one is our neighbor's child, here all undressed." He had to redress it and send it home.—The Home.

Women the Main Stay.

Poultry breeders may "blow their horns" as much as they please; criticize this and that, and loquaciously write about their experience, etc., but the fact still remains that the unassuming wife is the best "poultry-man," as a general rule. She keeps an eye on the poultry, and it is through her that the details, so important to the success of the business, are attended to. And she seldom receives even a word of acknowledgment; the selfish, thoughtless "Lord of Creation" modestly takes all the credit.

"There are some things that ought to be otherwise."—Agricultural Epitomist.

Sweet Education.

Raisins in rum and green grapes in cream are among the sweets that New York school girls pay one dollar a pound for. Assorted chocolates are the same price, but the fillings are most remarkable. A body never knows what is coming next until she has put her teeth in the brown cube. Then California fig, almond, apple, nougat, marshmallow, ginger, jelly, marmalade, marron and nuts and creams in variety may be discovered in a single pound.

A Female Mechanic.

An English woman who came to this country a few years ago to live with her brother, was thrown out of a home by his death. A friend hearing that she had learned the carpenter's trade in a parish school in England, advised her to do repairing from house to house. She gladly accepted the advice, and did her work so well, she soon received \$2.50 per day in families, repairing broken furniture and doing odd jobs.—Living Church.

Wouldn't Run on the Avenue.

Young St. Louisian (walking on Chouteau avenue with pretty cousin)—I'm awfully warm, Mary! Let's take a bus.

Pretty Cousin (blushing sweetly)—Oh, George, some one would be sure to see us here on the avenue. Please be patient till we get to the park.—West Shore.

A Theatrical Sensation.

Footlytes—Have you seen Miss De Noode in her new play?

Firstaytes—Yes, and I tell you it is great. She outstrips all her previous efforts.—West Shore.

SEEK BUT NEVER FIND.

MEN WHO HUNT PERPETUAL MOTION.

There Are a Number of Franks Seeking to Do the Utterly Impossible, but Many More Are Lunatics—It Is a Very Ancient Hobby.

As is generally known, a perpetual motion machine is one to be moved by a power furnished by the machine itself and not from any source outside of it. A mill or a clock run by the incessant rise and fall of the tide is not perpetual motion. Neither is a machine that runs by the power of terrestrial or other magnetism, or of the wind, or of variations in the weight of the atmosphere, or by electricity coming from outside of the machine, or by the force of heat coming from the sun. A wheel that could always of itself keep more weight at one side than at the other and thus turn so long as its materials lasted would be perpetual motion, and such has been the form of most of the machines invented for the purpose.

It may be safely said that there are to-day as many minds afflicted with this mild form of insanity as there have been at any time in the past. Every city, town and hamlet possesses its would-be inventor who is striving to achieve the end that is to startle the world. Many who will not openly admit that they believe perpetual motion is possible are secretly thinking upon the matter and entertaining the hope that they may yet do what so many have failed in doing. No other fallacy has been so popular or has so long withstood the light of reason as has perpetual motion. Alchemy and the transmutation of metals, which for a season so occupied the minds of men, passed away to return no more. The philosopher's stone and the elixir vitae were believed in and earnestly sought after by the really scientific men of a few generations, but the search was finally given up. The phantom of perpetual motion, however, will not down, but beckons men on and on, leading them all to the same inevitable result—total failure. Men are as far from the discovery of the secret to-day as they were seven centuries ago, and they will get no nearer to it until a weight placed upon the ground can lift itself up, or, as the idea is sometimes more strikingly presented, until one can lift himself off the floor by pulling his boot straps.

More than a century ago the Academie Royale des Sciences at Paris passed a resolution that they would no longer entertain communications about discoveries of perpetual motion. Men had worked for centuries on the theory that the discovery of perpetual motion was possible, nor did this authoritative opinion to the contrary alter their views. And they are still at it, and probably will to the end of time. Hundreds of patents have been granted for machines for the purpose, and the widespread and continued existence of the fallacy is clearly shown by the scores of designs and incomplete models in the patent office at Washington.

Honecourt, a Flemish architect of the thirteenth century, left a drawing of a wheel that was to solve the problem, with this memorandum: "Many a time have skillful workmen tried to contrive a wheel that shall turn of itself. Here is a way to make such a one, by an uneven number of mallets or by quicksilver." But, unfortunately, he did not leave the wheel.

From this time on seekers after perpetual motion have been numerous, many of them supposed to be very respectable and intelligent men. Among the receivers of twenty-six English and twenty-three French patents taken out for perpetual motions between 1860 and 1869 were a colonial bishop, a professor of philosophy, one of languages, two barons, a Knight Templar, a doctor of medicine, two civil engineers, several mechanical engineers, etc.

Arkwright, the celebrated English inventor (in his younger days), and even Sir Isaac Newton, believed perpetual motion might be discovered. All so-called perpetual motion machines that have run have been impostures with secret clockwork or some other hidden source of propulsion. Fulton one time went to see a "perpetual motion" machine, having a friend with him. After sitting and listening and looking intently for a few minutes Fulton's sensitively accurate ear and eye told him that the machinery showed the recurring alternation of comparative speed and slowness which always comes from a crank turned by hand. In spite of the opposition of the enraged exhibitor, Fulton and his friend seized the machine, jerked away the table it stood on, found that a cord led through one leg and away under the floor, and following the track into the back yard they found the "motion"—a venerable beggar seated on a stool, munching a crust and grinding away at a crank.

And so it has been in a score of other cases in which men have presumed, by the aid of levers, balls rolling on an inclined plane, the wheel and axle, the Archimedes screw, the pump, the syphon, the hydrostatic bellows, the hydraulic ram, etc., to have discovered perpetual motion. An authority in the study declares: "From the infant machines projected in the thirteenth century to the last hydraulic, pneumatic, weighted and

lever-worked pretensions patented as motions, no motion whatever has resulted from the one or the other to the present day. Not a solitary discovery is on record, not one absolutely ingenious scheme projected or one simple self-motive model accomplished."

Isn't it about time for some people to cease wasting time and money in seeking to discover perpetual motion and for those who persist in it to be placed in an asylum, if one large enough to contain them can be built, where they can laugh at each other's absurdities and be united in their purpose to achieve what reason and history declare is "The thing that can't be did?"

CATCHING AT STRAWS.

The Old Saying Realized in Every-Day Life on the Great Lakes.

"Yes," said an old lake captain in an interview last night, "a drowning man will catch at a straw. I have seen many illustrations thereof. Most people think the old proverb is a mere figure of speech, but it is a living truth."

"Is it true, captain," was asked, "that the first thing a rescued man thinks of is his hat?"

"Yes, sir," replied the captain, his face lighting up, "that is a fact, too. I have seen it emphasized many times in the course of my experience. Over and over again I have been called to the assistance of a drowning man; I would plunge in and rescue him just let us say, at the last instant. Dragged on the dock, gasping for breath, his voice choked with water, the man, if he follows his instincts, will, as soon as he gains the least degree of strength, suddenly rise from his prostrate posture, and stretch his arms toward his head, then missing his hat (usually lost in the struggle) he will cry out desperately, pointing to his hat floating down the river, 'oh, save my hat! save my hat!'"

"And he will never think of himself, captain?"

"But seldom, sir," was the reply. "A rescued man is the most obstinate and headlong being imaginable. He wants to do all sorts of foolish things. He generally wants to rush up and be away before he has had time to recover his strength; or some bystander will insist on giving the man several large gulps of whisky. This generally has the effect of turning the patient's stomach. But as I said before, a man under these circumstances seldom thinks of himself, much less the one who rescued his life. He means well enough, no doubt, but he nearly always forgets to present his obligations in tangible form."

Myths of the Sea's Saltiness.

There are hundreds of queer myths and traditions given to account for the fact that the sea is salt, says the St. Louis Republic.

The Arabs say that when the first pair sinned they were living in a beautiful garden on a tract of land joined to a mainland by a narrow neck or isthmus. When it became known to the Holy One that his people had sinned he went to the garden for the purpose of driving them out and across the narrow neck of land into the patch of thorn and brambles on the other side. Anticipating what would be the consequence of their heinous crime, they had prepared to leave their beautiful garden, and had actually gone so far as to send the children and the goats across into the thicket.

When the Holy One appeared on the scene the first pair started to run, but the woman looked back. For this the man cursed her, and for such a crime was almost immediately turned into a huge block of salt. (Compare with Genesis xix., 26.) The woman, more forgiving than her husband, stooped to pick up the shapeless mass of salt, when immediately the narrow neck of land began to crack and break. As she touched what had once been her companion she, too, was turned to salt just as the neck of land sank and the waters rushed through.

From that day to this, the Arabs say, all the waters of the ocean have rushed through that narrow channel at least once a year, constantly wearing away the salt of what was once our first parents, yet the bulk of the two salty objects is not diminished in the least.

Tons Raised by a Touch.

A powerful crane, capable of raising into the air, in response to the touch of an electric button, a locomotive weighing ninety tons has been put in operation at the Baldwin locomotive works. The huge engine rides smoothly on a heavy track elevated twenty-eight feet above the level of the floor of the main shop.

Formerly the work of raising from the ground a locomotive in the process of construction was accomplished with great difficulty by the aid of hydraulic jacks. At present the locomotive whose wheels, or other parts, are to be adjusted is grasped in a wrought-iron yoke, and, with surprising ease, lifted in obedience to the engineer's touch, into mid-air, and shifted to any desired position in the shops.—Philadelphia Record.

A Pointer for Country Store Patrons
Abraham Lincoln used to tell a story about two men who made a fortune in Kentucky. One of them minded his own business and the other let other people's business alone. Both of them got rich, lived long and died happy.

A BRAVE MAN'S BLUFF.

How Col. Chaves Stamped a Band of Apaches.

Away back in 1864 news came to the ranch of Col. Manuel Chaves, at Los Ojuelos, New Mexico, the matchless rifle shot and Indian fighter, that a band of twenty Apaches had swooped down upon the Rio Grande and stolen 200 head of horses and mules, with which they were feeling toward the Manzanito mountains. A force of settlers were in pursuit but the Indians had a long start and were well armed and mounted. Should they once reach the Sierra, further pursuit would be simply suicidal. Hidden behind rocks and trees they could pick off their pursuers with absolute safety to themselves.

There were no other men in the house save his dying son-in-law; but without a moment's hesitation Don Manuel saddled his pet swift mare, and with his deadly rifle across the saddle bow galloped off alone to meet a score of the most fearful of all savage warriors. Riding southward to the top of a wooded ridge, he soon saw the Apaches coming toward him. When they were near he charged boldly out at them, signaling behind him as if to a force hidden in the timber. The Indians, unable to fathom his audacity and supposing that of course he had a strong force at his back—so that they were in danger of being caught between two fires—scattered like quail into the mountains, leaving the stolen mules to be recaptured by the pursuing Mexicans who were close behind.

In returning home from this adventure—wherein his nerve had saved \$10,000 worth of mules to his friend Don Cristobal Armijo—Don Manuel's mare stepped into a prairie-dog hole and fell upon him, crushing his leg frightfully. He was three months in bed, but ultimately recovered full use of the leg; and the courage and coolness which had so long distinguished him still made him a terror to the hostile tribes of the Southwest for more than a decade longer.

A Farmer Who Didn't Want Any Soap.

"You can either beat a farmer as sick as grease or you can't beat him at all," said the patent hay fork man as we were talking about his adventures in the rural regions. "That is, he is either gullible or oversuspicious. Some will refuse a good thing and some will snap at a swindle. I think I can illustrate my declarations right here, or at least one of them. The man in the seat over there is a farmer."

"I should say so."

"And he's one of the sort who suspects every stranger. Watch me try him."

He took a cake of toilet soap from his satchel and going over to the farmer saluted him in a pleasant manner, and added:

"I have a new make of soap here which I am introducing to the public. It is worth fifteen cents a cake, but I make the price only five."

"Don't want it," was the gruff reply.

"With every cake goes a \$5 green-back, a gold bracelet, the deed of a town lot in Kansas, a pocket knife, a pair of eye-glasses, and a solid gold ring."

"Don't want 'em sir."

"As I want your opinion of the soap I will give it to you."

"I won't take it."

"But, sir, in order to introduce it into your neighborhood I will give you 100 cakes free, and at the same time leave five watches and five deeds to town lots."

"Look-a-here!" shouted the farmer as he jumped up and spat on his hands. "You go away from me or I'll mash you! I'm on to your tricks, old man, and if you think you have picked up a hayseed, you are barking up the wrong reet."

And the hayfork man had to move lively to escape the blow levelled at his nose.

The Harman or Withering Wind.

The name of harman has been given a periodical wind which blows from the interior of Africa toward the Atlantic Ocean during the three months of December, January and February. It sets in with a fog or dry haze which sometimes conceals the sun for whole weeks together. Every plant, bit of grass and leaf in its course is withered as though it had been seared by heat from a furnace; often within an hour after it begins to blow green grass is dry enough to burn like paper. Even the hardened natives lose all of the skin on exposed parts during the prevalence of this withering wind.

The Why of It.

When some one brayed that only one public execution had taken place in Turkey in five years, an Englishman investigated and discovered that no culprit who could raise \$100 to bribe officials had suffered death during the last twenty years. There is always a good reason for anything that happens in Turkey.

The Wise Little City Girl.

"What are those funny little green things?" asked Flossie of her country cousin, pointing to a number of pea pods.

"Those are peas," said Tommy.

"You can't fool me," retorted Flossie. "Peas come in big red cans."—Harper's Bazar.

ILLINOIS NEWS.

Prof. Henry A. Allen, of Jerseyville, died in Hardin.

Cornelius Roush, one of the oldest settlers of Galena, is dead.

Isaac Van Ness, of Irving Park, was killed by the cars.

Chicago's death rate is only 18.22 in every 1,000 of population.

The river at Peoria is clear of ice and navigation has opened.

L. K. Hull, a prominent business man of Rockhouse, died recently.

Friday, April 10th, was designated as Arbor day by the governor.

John Wheeler, for fifty years a resident of Kendall county, died at Plano.

The Democrats of Carlinville, Gen. Palmer's old home, held a big mass meeting.

Guy C. Rowell, uncle of ex-Congressman Rowell, died at Bloomington, aged eighty-three.

Cyrus Sickman was killed near Monmouth, by a Chicago, Burlington and Quincy train.

Mr. and Mrs. Adam Kern celebrated their golden wedding at Carthage. They are pioneers of Illinois.

Eddie White, of Greenville, blew into an "unloaded" shotgun. His physicians say he cannot recover.

A steel steamer 308 feet long was launched from the yards of the Chicago Ship Building Company.

Mrs. T. M. Hawk, of Lanark, was killed and her husband fatally injured in a railway crossing accident.

An unknown man was killed by the Deplains accommodation train on the Chicago and Northwestern in Chicago.

William Kiltam-Lof Chicago, endeavored in a fit of insanity to kill his wife. He failed and subsequently shot himself dead.

A five-month-old daughter of Bernard Shrone, of South Chicago, was suffocated by a pet cat that was sleeping in the cradle with her.

An unknown man was run over and killed by a switch-engine on Lessing street, Chicago. He was apparently 50 years of age.

The House Judiciary Committee recommended the passage of the bill to prevent the prostitution of females under the age of 18.

William Meyer and Miss Lueta, Enrick and Walter F. Thorn and Miss Jennie R. Fletcher, all prominent in Beardstown society, were married.

Barney and William Brown, on trial at Oquawka for killing G. W. Hally last December, were found guilty and sentenced to thirty years in the penitentiary.

Mrs. Ann M. Smith of Springfield died suddenly at San Francisco, aged 65 years. She was a sister of Mrs. Abraham Lincoln and Mrs. Ninian W. Edwards.

James Veale, a merchant tailor, has precipitated a labor strike in Decatur by cutting down the union scale of prices. His men have walked out pending the settlement.

At the trial of John Spelman, charged with burglary and auto-theft in Peoria, the jury brought in a verdict that the defendant was insane. The verdict was anticipated.

Nelson Greengrove, an old citizen of Decatur, aged 68, took a butcher-knife, went into an outhouse and cut his throat from ear to ear. He was temporarily insane and will die. He has a family.

Edward Carlson, an employee of the North Chicago Street Railway Company, while working in a man-hole in the cable track was caught by a cable train and dragged 400 feet. He cannot live.

Court and business circles of Lincoln are exercised over the flight of Charles West, a constable of East Lincoln, who, it is alleged, has applied from \$1,000 to \$2,000 of other people's money to his own use.

The Secretary of the American Flint Glass Workers' Union, was in Ottawa, and the difficulty among the workmen of the Labadie Chimney Works was amicably settled. The men returned to work.

William H. Herndon, popularly known as "Lincoln's law partner," died of the grip at his home in Sangamon county. His son William M., a young man of 21, died six hours before of pneumonia.

The body of an unknown man was found in the lake at the foot of 12th street, Chicago. The body was that of a laboring man, 5 feet 11 inches tall, heavy set, smooth face, dressed in flannel shirt and overalls.

Philip William Peacock, 18 years of age, was sentenced to fourteen years in the penitentiary at Joliet, for killing his father, William Peacock. The murder was committed near Ashkum, Iroquois County, in May, 1890.

John Hepp, of Chicago, was arrested on a charge of murder and released on \$10,000 bonds. His victim is John Gellins, who interfered in a quarrel between Hepp and his wife. Hepp cracked his skull with a monkey-wrench.

Senator Rickett introduced a bill appropriating \$20,000 to pay for the removal of the dead buried in the Kaskaskia cemeteries to a site at such a distance from the Mississippi River as to secure safety from encroachments by that stream.

Thomas McSweeney, who shot and killed his sweetheart, May Donaldson, in a fit of jealous rage last Christmas Eve, in Chicago, was given four years in the penitentiary. McSweeney's plea was self defense, he alleging that the woman threw a lamp at him.

Gerard Jeffrey, a colored janitor in Chicago, surprised two men stealing lead pipe from the basement. Jeffrey struck one of them over the head with a table leg. The blow nearly fractured his skull. He was identified as Alfred Nelson. The other thief escaped.

The post-office authorities caused the arrest of L. W. Mitchell, a postmaster at Noble, and B. M. Rawlins, a spectator of the same place, on the charge of embezzlement. It is charged that for five months the pair have been realizing on money orders that were handed in the office.

A terrible accident occurred at the railroad crossing one mile west of Lanark. Mr. and Mrs. T. M. Hawk attempted to cross the track as the west-bound freight was coming, and the car stopped on the track. The train struck the buggy, throwing them both, killing Mrs. Hawk instantly, and injuring Mr. Hawk terribly.

Four Chinese laundries in Peoria were entered while the owners were attending Sunday school, and all the money and some clothing stolen. The fact that the laundries must have been entered about the same time and were located in different quarters of the city goes to prove the existence of a regular gang of robbers.

Thomas E. Steele, a farmer living three miles from Freeport, has disappeared. He obtained a loan of \$1,500 on his \$10,000 farm. A woman, whom he introduced as his wife, and himself signed their marks to the mortgage. Later, Steele's wife denied having signed the mortgage. The whereabouts of Steele and the pretended wife are unknown. Steele is wealthy and has eleven children.

While making a desperate attempt to escape arrest a young man, supposed to be Fred Rothchild, was shot dead, in Chicago, by Officer Frank Klaffa, who discovered him and two companions in the act of burglarizing the three-story flat building at No. 265 West Randolph street. The circumstances of the killing apparently justify Officer Klaffa, who was allowed to continue on his beat pending an investigation.

James Bonhart, of Chicago, his wife and their two children, were taken violently ill. They had eaten canned beef for breakfast. Mrs. Bonhart and one of the children were so ill that their condition was considered dangerous, but all were pronounced out of danger at night. A Newfoundland dog was given a hearty meal of the canned beef and was not affected. When the dog was fed on remnants left from dinner he died in convulsions.

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SATURDAY, MARCH 28, 1891.

REPUBLICAN TICKET.

CITY TICKET.
For Mayor,
HEMPSTEAD WASHBURNE.

For Treasurer,
JACOB TIEDERMANN.
For Clerk,
J. R. B. VAN CLEAVE.
For Attorney,
B. C. RICHOLSON.

WEST TOWN TICKET.

For Assessor,
GEORGE SMITH.
For Collector,
ADAM WOLF.
For Supervisor,
MR. JUDDING.
For Clerk,
JOSEPH McDONALD.

JEFFERSON TOWN TICKET.

For Supervisor,
DANIEL CALHOUN.
For Assessor,
D. W. BLAIR.
For Collector,
PETER J. YOUNGQUIST.
For Clerk,
H. M. DINGMAN.

ALDERMEN.

14th Ward, - HENRY W. SCHAEFER
15th Ward, - HAROLD MICHAELSEN
16th Ward, - GEORGE LENKE
27th Ward, - M. J. CONWAY.

**VOTE for Harold Michaelsen for
Alderman in the 15th Ward.**

HENRY W. SCHAEFER, republican
nominee for Alderman in the 14th
Ward, is growing in strength every
day among the voters. His record as
an upright business man is so well
known that his election is virtually an
assured fact.

BUSINESS on the lakes has been re-
sumed. A fast sailing vessel left Hol-
land, Mich., March 24th. On May 1st
a daily boat line will be opened
between Holland and Milwaukee, in
connection with the Chicago & West-
ern Michigan Railroad.

THE democrats of the 16th Ward
have placed in nomination for Alder-
man Stanley Kuntz, whose maledor-
ous record is well known throughout
the ward. His opponent, Geo. C.
Lenke is a well known and reputable
business man, with a clean record,
both in business and politics, and is an
old resident of the ward. By all
means vote for Geo. C. Lenke.

MANY of the delinquent subscribers
to the World's Fair stock who have
been sued are sending in the amount
of their assessments to the Treasurer,
assuming that their suits will be dis-
missed at the Treasurer's cost. But
in every case their money is returned.
In order to have their suits discontinued
they must accompany the amount
of the debt with the costs of court.

A great deal has been said one way
and another, in connections with the
alleged "Citizens' movement, about
"business men" being such enthusias-
tic supporters of the ticket. Let us for
a moment glance at their standard
bearer, Mr. Elmer Washburn: Is he
what is generally termed a "business
man"? What business is he in? When
did he embark in it? Where is it lo-
cated? Did ever in his life he have a
business of his own? Has he not
throughout his somewhat checkered
career been a salaried man? In the
general acceptance of the term is an
employee strictly a "business man"?
And furthermore, is it not a well
known fact that he has not been in
the employ of a "business man," but
almost if not always of some city, town
or corporation? If this is true, and
it cannot be denied, wouldn't it be a

good idea to end the farce, which they
have endeavored to force upon a long
suffering public, drop their mask, and
nominate a business man themselves;
True, the did attempt to persuade a
"business man" to run, by naming
Mr. Franklin McVeagh, but it is also
true that Mr. McVeagh, as a "busi-
ness man," politely declined the doubt-
ful honor, claiming that his business
would not permit him to accept,
thus advising the self-appointed
committee to mind their own business,
instead of interfering with his. Now
if they really are hungry and
thirsting after a real live "business
man," let them throw overboard this
political adventurer and mountebank
and put upon their ticket the name
of Mr. Hempstead Washburne, of the
firm of Washburne & Lewis, bankers,
La Salle street, a well known and re-
putable business firm. Mr. Hempstead
Washburne, it may be remembered,
is also the regular Republican nomi-
nee for mayor, and by endorsing him
the Citizens would be sure to elect
their candidate.

Citizens of the 27th Ward and the
Town of Jefferson, you can do no bet-
ter in the interests of good, economic
government for both city and town
than to support, vote for and elect the
whole Republican ticket from top to
bottom, namely: Mayor, Hempstead
Washburne; Treasurer, Jacob Tied-
ermann; City Attorney, B. F. Rich-
olson; City Clerk, J. R. Van Cleave;
Alderman, M. J. Conway; Supervi-
sor, Daniel Calhoun; Assessor, D. W.
Blair; Collector, Peter J. Youngquist;
Town Clerk, H. C. Dingman, Jr.;
Constable, H. E. R. Eicke.

CITIZENS TAKE NOTICE.

Over Two Hundred Men "Working" in the
27th Ward, Drawing Over Four Hun-
dred Dollars, And Nothing to Show
for Their "Labors." Democratic
Demagogues and Jobbery
Rampant. Some Plain
Facts.

An alarming state of affairs now
prevails in the 27th Ward and all
owing to the fact that a Democratic
mayor desires re-election, and hopes
to secure a few extra votes by employ-
ing gangs of irresponsible persons,
loafers and bums, upon the streets,
paying for their supposed services out
of the City Treasury, thus prostitu-
ting the uses of the People's money,
for the cash in the City Treasury does
not belong to the Democratic mayor
or the Democratic party to be used at
their will and option for political pur-
poses in the vain attempt to re-elect
the Democratic mayor and perpetuat-
ing in power the Democratic party.

Let any one doubting this statement
take a drive or walk about the several
precincts of the ward and look about
for himself. Here and there he may
discover smoke curling slowly up from
some burning brush heap in some out
of the way corner, or, if his eyes are
good he possibly may perceive an oc-
casional tree, twig or branch lying in
a ditch or by the side of a road. Is it
for this that two hundred men are
paid \$400 dollars a day out of the city
treasury, the peoples money not du-
dits belonging to the Democratic
party to be expended in its own some-
what questionable interests? Or is
this numerous and, as a rule, disrepu-
table gang paid \$400 per day for
playing cards and loafing in Bob
Alting's and Billy Gaines's saloons?
The latter certainly appears to be at
least one thing that they receive their
salaries for, a fact of which Mr. Cregier
and his delectable party should be
proud.

"Another way the Democrats have
of misapplying and wrongfully squan-
dering the Taxpayer's hard earned
cash is by doubling the number of
foreman over gangs in the south end
of the ward, in other words two bosses
are now employed where only one was
considered necessary last summer—
a time when genuine work was sup-
posed to be done rather than in the
winter and early spring of the year.

So bold and arrogant have some of
the would be bosses become that it is
said that a certain democratic second
handed politician is building a house,
the work being done by city employees,
and it is rumored that sworn evidence
that such is the case is in possession of
a well known party who proposes to
use it.

The citizens of the 27th Ward should
indeed take notice of the manner, the
scandalous manner, in which the Demo-
cratic party is running things in this
part of the city, and take some im-
mediate action in the matter. Any
political organization or administra-
tion which will for a moment tolerate
such corrupt and disreputable practi-

ces should be met boldly at the polls
on April 7th and forever swept from
power.

Let the voters of this ward cast their
suffrages for Hempstead Washburne
and the Republican ticket and honest
Government.

NATIONALITY OF CHICAGO VOTERS.

The Chicago registration system
requires the applicant to state his
place of nativity. A count of the na-
tionalities has been made several
times. The registration for the Presi-
dential election of 1888 and for the
county election last fall furnished a
good basis for estimating the number
of voters of each nationality. A city
paper has gone to the pains of tabu-
lating the nationality of the voters as
shown by last fall's registration. The
native born white and black, foot up
84,313, and the foreign born 88,061.
But it is probable that fully one-third
of those "to the manner born" are
sons of foreign-born parents. They
are distributed in the following
groups.

Natives (white).....	81,172	Bohemian.....	3,444
Natives (colored).....	3,141	Polish.....	2,773
Irish.....	32,824	Austrian.....	1,410
German.....	32,964	Hungarian.....	175
Canadian.....	4,345	Russian-Jews.....	398
English.....	5,383	Italian.....	686
Scotch.....	1,893	Hollanders.....	902
Swedish.....	5,448	Swiss.....	622
Norwegian.....	1,269	Others.....	406
Danish.....	1,269		
French.....	545	Total.....	172,353

The British and Canadian voters
registered number 11,729, while the
Scandinavians foot up 9,708. The
German element is much stronger
than the Irish. Adding the Austrians
and Swiss, who are nearly all Ger-
mans, there were almost \$35,000 re-
gistered voters of that nationality.
"An examination of this table shows
that the natives of Ireland, number
only one-ninth of the voters, but such
is their capacity for government
that they fill nine-tenths of the offices
with salaries attached.

TOTAL REGISTRATION OF VOTERS.

The Election Commissioners Figures Show
an Increase of 25,000.

The Election Commissioners have
tabulated the total registration of
voters in the city and the result by
wards is as follows:

Ward	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	Total
1	6,334	5,400	5,600	8,892	7,326	7,326	5,101	5,170	6,106	6,466	7,070	10,052	7,088	5,577	6,039	7,035	4,032	6,473	7,936	198,053
20	3,817	5,132	5,289	6,062	6,236	4,549	4,501	2,119	1,989	6,688	9,127	4,538	4,644	4,369	6,395					25,000

AVONDALE.

AVONDALE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.—Rev.
C. Virpen, pastor. Sunday School 10 a. m. Preach-
ing service 11 a. m. Class meeting 5:30 p. m.
Preaching 6:30 p. m. Epworth League, Wednes-
day, 8 p. m.

AVONDALE METHODIST HOUSE.—Sunday Services 10
a. m. 3 p. m. and 7:30 p. m. Wednesday Services,
7:45 p. m. Bible Reading, 7:45 p. m. Friday, Sun-
day School at 3 p. m.

ST. XAVIER CHURCH.—Father Thiele, Pastor
Sunday service at 9:30 A. M.

LADIES AID SOCIETY, M. E. CHURCH.—Meets
alternate Fridays at the church class-room.
Mrs. E. E. THOMPSON, President.
Mrs. P. C. FURBUSH, Secretary.
Mrs. J. H. STEINMAN, Treasurer.

MISSION OF THE WEST FULLERTON AVE., GER-
MAN, M. E. CHURCH.—Rev. H. Schuckel, Pastor.
Sunday services: School, 2 p. m.; preach-
ing 3 to 4 p. m.

AVONDALE LYCEUM.—Regular meetings held on
the first and third Saturdays of each month.
CHAS. TALLMAN, Pres.
ROBERT BERLET, Sec'y.

AVONDALE LITERARY SOCIETY.—Meets Dec. 27
and every two weeks thereafter, at M. E. Church.
ROBERT L. CAMPBELL, Pres.
FRED BALL, Sec'y.

AVONDALE HALL ASSOCIATION.—Meeting of
Board of Directors last Saturday in each month
at residence of President.
J. J. LACEY, President.
B. J. BICKERDIKE, Secretary.
H. L. LUTHER, Treasurer.

AMATEUR DRAMATIC CLUB.—Meets every Tues-
day night. MAUREL WRIGHT, Pres.
ALICE PLANTZ, Sec.

Mrs. Chas. Tallman and daughter,
Lottie, are on the sick list this week.

The Ladies' Aid Society will meet at
Mrs. B. W. Reid's Friday, April 3rd, at 2
p. m.

Mr. J. L. Bira has been on the sick list
the past week, but is now able to be about
again.

Died—Tuesday, March 24th, at her
mother's residence, Mrs. Evans, wife of
C. R. Evans.

Richard Raleigh and family have moved
into Under the Linden hall building, where
he has opened a saloon.

Found—A small pet terrier which the
owner can have by proving property and
paying expenses; address Box 27, Avon-
dale.

The Jolly Seven Pleasure Club of Avon-
dale, will give a ball at Under the Linden
hall to-night (Saturday). A pleasant time
is anticipated.

Died—Sunday, March 22nd, of dropsy,
Mr. John Anderson. The funeral was
held Thursday at 12 o'clock, at his late
residence, under the auspices of the Knights
of Pythia, of which he was a member.
Rev. Mr. Schueker officiating. He was
interred at Mt. Olive.

At the regular meeting of the Avondale
Lyceum, the Misses Lottie Tallman and
Lula Lacey very ably handled the question:
"Resolved, That there is more pleas-
ure in pursuit than possession." At the
next meeting, which will be held on the
28th inst. there will be a debate between
the Messrs. R. J. Bickerdike and R. E.
Berlet, on the prohibition question.

SEVENTEEN different styles of Cash Registers
from \$25 up to \$100 adapted to all Retail
Stores. The National Cash Register Co., H. E.
Blood, Mgr., 115 Monroe St., Chicago, Ill.

ESTATE OF ARONIMUS D. MILLER, DE-
CEASED. All persons having claims against
the estate of Aronimus D. Miller, deceased, are
hereby notified and requested to attend and pre-
sent such claim to the Probate Court of Cook
County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the
same adjusted at a term of said Court, to be held
at the Probate Court Room, in the City of Chicago,
in said Cook County, on the third Monday of April,
A. D. 1891, being the 20th day thereof.
Dated Chicago, March 7th, 1891.

GEO. E. MILLER,
Administrator.
David M. Ball, Atty.

Stockholders Meeting.

To the Stockholders of the Smith, Oberfell
Manufacturing Company take notice, that on
Thursday, the 26th day of March 1891, there will be
a meeting of the stockholders of above company
at 271 Sedgwick street, Chicago, Ill., at 2 o'clock
P. M., to vote on the question of increasing cap-
ital stock of said company to \$30,000; meeting
called by order of the directors.

FRED OBERFELL,
FRED SMITH, Directors.

Notice is hereby given to the legal voters and
electors of The Town of Jefferson, in the County
of Cook, and State of Illinois, that the annual
Town meeting for said Town will be held at the
Town Hall, in said Town, on Tuesday, the sev-
enth day of April, 1891, at 2 o'clock in the
afternoon of said day, for the transaction of
such business as may come before it, and will
continue in session until the same is completed or
as the meeting shall otherwise determine. No-
tice is hereby given that there will be an election
on the same day of the following Town officers:
one Town Clerk, one Assessor, one Collector, one
Comptable, 2 years term, to fill a vacancy, one
Town Trustee, 2 years term, to fill a vacancy, one
Town Hall Trustee, 1 year term to fill a vacancy.
The Polls for which election will be open at the hour
of 6 o'clock in the forenoon and kept open until
the hour of 4 o'clock in the afternoon and will be
conducted under the supervision of the Board of
Election Commissioners.

Given under my hand in the town of Jefferson,
Cook County, Ill., this 12th day of March, A. D.
1891.
ARTHUR H. WILLIAMS, Town Clerk

A. S. OLMS, Druggist AND Apothecary.

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entirely new and brings wonderful success to every worker.
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CHRISTMAS NUMBER, with an artistic cover;
also, our Calendar Announcement for 1891, with a
painting—"The Minuet"—by J. G. L. Ferris.

These three numbers contain the following read-
ing matter:
(1) Mrs. Amelia E. Barr's new serial, "The
Boards of Tamer." Mrs. Barr is the author
of that most successful serial, "Friend Olivia,"
just completed in The Century; but hereafter
Mrs. Barr will write exclusively for The New
York Ledger.

(2) Hon. George Bancroft's description of
"The Battle of Lake Erie," beautifully illus-
trated.

(3) Margaret Deland's latest story, "To What
End?"

(4) James Russell Lowell's poem, "My Brook,"
written expressly for The Ledger, beautifully
illustrated by Wilson de Meza, and issued as
a FOUR-PAGE SOUVENIR SUPPLEMENT.

(5) Mrs. Dr. Julia Holmes Smith starts a
series of articles giving very valuable infor-
mation to young mothers.

(6) Robert Grant's entertaining society novel,
"Mrs. Harold Stagg."

(7) Harriet Prescott Spofford, Marion Har-
land, Marguerite Launa, Manrice Thomp-
son and George Frederic Parsons con-
tribute short stories.

(8) James Parton, M. W. Hazeltine and
Oliver Dyer (author of "Great Senators")
contribute articles of interest.

In addition to the above, SPARKLING EDI-
TORIALS, illustrated Poems, HELEN MARSHALL
Scott's chatty column, and a variety of delightful
reading of interest to all members of the house-
hold.

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<

A QUEER RACE.

A STORY OF A STRANGE PEOPLE.

BY WILLIAM WESTALL.

CHAPTER XXVII.—TREASON.

Mab, who for the last hour or two had been thoughtful and taciturn, told us in a whisper to follow her silently, and if we were accosted by anybody not to answer. She did not want to be recognized. At the outskirts of the town she turned off into a by-path, and after walking about ten minutes, stopped at the door of a solitary cottage.

"Have you that letter?" she asked me. "Yes; here it is!"—giving it to her. "Wait here until I return," and with that she opened the door and went in. "Whose house is it?" I asked Maria.

"Sybil's."

"Very old, isn't she?"

"More than a hundred; she is the only person in the island who remembers Denzil Fane. She is very wise, and they say—"

"hesitating."

"Yes; what do they say?"

"That she can read your thoughts by looking into your eyes, and tell your fortune by examining your hand."

"I suppose people are afraid of her?"

"Awfully. They say she can kill with a glance, or, at least, work anybody who offends her grievous harm. But the queen fears her not, and Sybil likes her. Nobody else would dare go into Sybil's house unbidden. I would not for all the world."

We went on talking, or, rather, I let the girl go on chattering until the door opened a second time, and Mab, standing at the threshold, beckoned me to enter.

I obeyed, and, after passing through a sort of vestibule, found myself in a little low-ceiled room, dimly lighted by a swinging lamp. Under the lamp sat a tall old woman, with the most peculiar countenance I ever saw—and since I left Liverpool I had seen some very queer ones. A mass of snow-white hair covered her shoulders and fell down to her waist. Her shoulders and face were like a corrugated bronze mask; but her ears, her neck, and her eyelids were as white as her hair, and her little eyes glowed in their deep, sunken sockets like live coals.

Though rather startled, I did not feel much alarmed, and met the gaze of those burning eyes without flinching.

"Let me see your hand," she said, after staring at me a full minute.

I showed her my hand, which she examined with great care, both back and front. "He is the man!"—to Mab.

Then turning to me—

"You are an Englishman. The last Englishman I saw was Denzil Fane. He founded this commonwealth. You are its destined savior. You have done much already, yet your task has only just begun. But fortune and happiness await you. And now go, for there is danger in delay. Take with you the blessing of an old woman, and ask God for His. The peril is great, and so is the prize, and the omens are good."

"Come!" said Mab, giving me her hand; and we went out into the darkness.

"Whither?" I asked.

"You will see. Quick! If we are late, harm may befall."

She led the way, almost at a run, back into the main road and up the hill, never pausing until we were in the middle of the great square. The Government House was lighted up, and before the entrance, which seemed to be guarded by armed men, was gathered the largest crowd I had yet seen in the island. But nobody recognized us—hardly noticed us, in fact; and giving the crowd a wide berth, we went round to the rear of the building, which we found silent and deserted. It was, however, easy for Mab, who knew all the ins and outs, to gain admittance, and we entered unperceived, by a wicket opening into a corridor which gave access to the great hall, where we could see all that went on without ourselves being seen.

Torches of resinous wood, stuck in brackets, threw a lurid light on a strange and picturesque scene. Fifty or sixty armed men, broken up into twos and threes, some walking rapidly to and fro, others violently gesticulating, are engaged in a discussion which evidently excites them to the utmost, but as all talk together it is not easy to distinguish what they say. Suddenly a side door opens, and Amys Fane flings into the hall. He is followed by Oliver, Field, and other members of the Council of Nine.

The clamor ceases, and is succeeded by a silence so intense that we might have heard the dropping of the traditional pin.

"I protest against this decision of the Council," exclaims Amys. "They have actually dared to reject me, and nominate Oliver Fane as Queen Mab's successor. It is infamous. I am her legitimate successor. Her death makes me ipso facto protector of the commonwealth, and I will maintain my rights against all comers."

This declaration is followed by shouts of applause from several of his friends, who gather round him, as if for the purpose of giving him their moral support, and, if the need should arise, probably something more.

"You forget, Amys," said Field, quietly, "that according to Denzil Fane's will and our constitution, the Council have a right of selection, and this right they have, by a unanimous decision, exercised in favor of your cousin Oliver."

"It is all a base intrigue. The right is obsolete, and I refuse to recognize it."

"You set the Council at defiance, then?"

"I treat their decision with contempt. If that is what you mean; and I shall instantly declare myself protector, and appeal to the people for their support."

"That is flat rebellion, and, as president of the Council, I order you under arrest."

"You do, do you? And who will execute your decree, I should like to know?" demands Amys, insolently.

"I will," says Oliver, stepping forward with dignity. "You had better submit quietly, Amys."

"Oh yes; very quietly"—drawing his sword, an example which is followed by his partisans, among whom I perceived Bolsover, armed with cutlass and revolver. "Touch me at your peril!"

Oliver, Field, and the others also draw their swords.

"You are mad, Amys. I ask you for the last time to submit," says Oliver, "if only for the sake of your deluded friends. You are the weaker party, and are sure to be worsted."

"Take that for your answer!" shouts Amys, making a desperate lunge at his cousin. "Now, gentlemen, at them! We will soon see which is the weaker party."

"Stop!"

And Queen Mab, who has glided unseen from her hiding-place, stands between the combatants, and with imperious gesture bids them lower their weapons. The two leaders stop aghast, and terror is depicted on every face, for all believe that

see before them a visitant from the world of spirits.

"The 'Diana' went down in the storm—and it did not seem possible!" stammers Amys, in a voice so broken as to be hardly audible.

"How know you she went down? And, even though you had seen her perish, would that have been enough to justify you in setting the Council at defiance and provoking a civil war? Amys Fane, you are a murderer, a traitor, and a dastard!"

"Madame!"

"I repeat it: a murderer, a traitor, and a dastard. You cut the 'Diana' from her moorings in the hope that she would be carried out to sea, and that we who were on board would thereby perish. Don't deny it; I know you did. It was a murderous, a traitorous, and a dastardly deed. And you wrote this letter to Mr. Erle, virtually threatening him with death if he obeyed not your behest to leave the island within ten days, because, I suppose, you thought I had in him a brave and devoted friend, who, in case of need, would defend my person and defeat your plots! And so he has. Twice, nay, three times, has he saved my life. But for him I should not be here to-night."

To all this Amys answers never a word. All his boldness has vanished; his knees bend under him, and he bows his head in shame and confusion.

"You have nothing to urge in your defense. You admit the truth of these charges. It is better so. Without adding perjury to your other sins, you could not deny them. Gentlemen, I appeal to you all—even to those of you who call yourselves his friends—what shall be done with this man, who virtually pleads guilty to a charge of actual treason and attempted murder? Pronounce his doom! It is not meet for me to be both accuser and judge."

The queen paused for a reply, but none liked to utter the word which was in every mind, and there ensued a painful silence that lasted for several minutes.

At length a white-haired member of the Council, who numbered more years than the century, broke the spell.

"This man deserves death," he said, slowly and deliberately; and the sentence was repeated by fifty voices. Not even the men who had been ready to fight for him had aught to urge in arrest of judgment.

"Yes," said the queen, "he deserves death. But the prerogative of mercy is mine, and I freely pardon him, as I have a right to do, for his offense was against me personally. I pardon him, not because he is my kinsman, but because I believe that he is not wholly bad. He has been led away by pride, envy, and ambition; yet he has good qualities, and if opportunity be given him he will make reparation and redeem his honor. Another reason for sparing him is that we have need of him, as of every man who can wield a sword and draw a bow. The Caribbees are in Swamp Island, and I dare say by this time have crossed the creek."

"The Caribbees!"—"Impossible!"—"Who says so?"—"Has anybody seen them?" and a hundred other exclamations of incredulity, astonishment and doubt followed the queen's announcement, which came almost as great a sensation as her own re-appearance had done.

"Is this really true, Mab?" asked Field, when the clamor had somewhat subsided. "I know you think so; but there is such a thing as being misinformed. Has anybody actually seen the Caribbees?"

"Yes, we have seen them, been chased by them, and had to run and fight for our lives."

And then Mab told what had happened, from the beginning of our involuntary cruise on the "Diana" to our return to Fairhaven. This done, she continued—

"So, you see, that which we and our fathers had so long feared has at length come to pass. You may be quite sure that the braves we encountered are either the forerunners of a large force, perhaps two or three thousand strong, or that a large force has already landed on Swamp Island. At any rate, it is not safe to act on any other assumption. You know, too, that many of the Calibans, who are of their own blood, being greatly discontented (I fear not without reason), will certainly join them—have probably invited them to come over, for several of late have mysteriously disappeared; boats have also been missed. Hence the danger is very great, and unless it be nipped in the bud the consequences may be disastrous, nay, ruinous. It will not be enough merely to repel the invasion. We must crush the invaders if we would not be crushed ourselves. It will be a severe struggle, yet if we all pull together success is sure. What say you, Amys? Will you take part in the struggle, and endeavor, by loyalty and devotion, to win back your good name and my confidence?"

"Only give me the chance, and you shall see—I swear."

"But I cannot allow you to remain captain of my guard—that were unfair to better men; you must serve in the ranks as a common archer."

Amys, who seemed deeply moved, bowed his head and kissed her hand.

"I am more than conquered," he said. "The life which I had forfeited and you have spared is yours, Queen Mab. Dispose of me as you think best. I ask only an opportunity to prove that I am not unworthy of your kindness and forgiveness. So help me God, I will serve you faithfully to the death."

"It only remains now," the queen went on, after a moment's consideration—"it only remains now to say who shall undertake the necessary preparations, organize our small army, and command it in the field. To this office I appoint our guest, Mr. Sidney Erle. He holds the Queen of England's commission; he has been trained to arms. I can personally testify that he is brave, and as wise in council as he is prompt in action. It is a post of great difficulty and danger, nevertheless, although we can offer him little other reward than our gratitude. I am sure we may count on his loyalty and devotion."

CHAP. XXVIII.—BOLSOVER HIMSELF AGAIN.

Astonishment was not the word. For the moment I was simply stricken dumb. The idea of my commanding an army of picked warriors in the field seemed too absurd for credence. I could not believe that Mab was in earnest, and I was about to tell her so, when she drew me aside.

"I know all you are going to say," she said. "You would rather not; but for my sake—"

"I would do a great deal for your sake; but, really, you know, it is quite out of the question. I cannot conduct a war and command an army. You must find a much better man—"

"I cannot find one so good; not only so, I cannot find one now—Amys is in disgrace—under whom the others would be willing to serve, and serve heartily; but all would be proud to serve under a British officer. If you refuse, the consequences may be serious—perhaps fatal."

"In that case—Let it be as you wish, then. I can only do my best."

"It is all I ask." And then, addressing the others, she said that, albeit I naturally hesitated somewhat to undertake so great a responsibility, I had decided, at her pressing request, to accept the command, and that if I was loyally supported she felt sure the result would be all they could desire. For her own part, she conferred on me the most ample powers; every measure which I advised must be adopted, every order I gave obeyed.

This speech was received with applause, and rather to my surprise, everybody seemed to be eminently satisfied, whether merely out of complaisance, or because they really shared the queen's confidence. I could not, of course, determine. But, after all, I did possess some qualifications for the post. I had served both in the volunteer artillery and infantry, gone through a course of musketry instruction at Hythe, been brigaded with the regulars, and taken part in several autumn maneuvers and sham fights. I had, moreover, given some attention to strategy and the theory of war, and studied the plans of a good many battles, ancient and modern. All this was, of course, not enough to make me a general, but I had so far the advantage of everybody else in the island; and as the enemies we should have to encounter were only half-naked savages, I hoped that I should be equal to the occasion.

I began the work of organization at once and on the spot. The first necessity was a staff, and I hardly knew one man from another. I decided to appoint the best sharpshooters as my aids, and select from among them the superior officers of my army. I knew them to be fearless and resolute, and I thought they would prove apt and intelligent. The result justified my expectations.

The next thing was to ascertain upon how many men I could count, and I gave orders for the archer-guard, and every man in the neighborhood between eighteen and thirty-five, sound in mind, limb, and eyesight, to be mustered in the great square on the following afternoon.

Then I asked whether there were any maps of the island. Two or three were produced, which, though roughly drawn, were sufficient for my purpose. After studying them carefully, I asked Mr. Field (who was the leading member of the administration) to send two fishing-boats, the fastest he could find, to the further end of the island, one by the north, the other by the south coast, to watch the movements of the enemy and make inquiries, under strict orders to return with all speed and report any information which they might be able to obtain.

Swift runners were to be dispatched on a similar errand to Weston's, Swamp Island Creek, Wynter's Hill, and elsewhere; and a series of relays organized, so that messages might be forwarded with the least possible delay, and, as a matter of fact, they were forwarded almost as quickly as they could have been by mail-carriers or post-horses.

By the time these dispositions were made it was very late, and as nothing more could be done until morning, we separated for the night.

[To Be Continued.]

THE GENUS BOY.

Designations by Which His Various Ages Are Classified.

The men of science, who spend much of their time in classifying the objects of the natural world, are not the only people who feel the need of a thorough classification in their most important affairs, say: the *Youth's Companion*. Unsystematic knowledge is only a kind of half-knowledge. There is classification everywhere, and boys, it seems, are "classificationists" in their way as well as botanists and zoologists.

"You say," said Mr. Brown to his son Jack, "that Mr. Perkins has a son in your school. How old a boy is he?"

"Oh, he's only a young kid, papa."

"A young kid! About how old is a 'young kid' now?"

"Bout 6 or 7."

"What is a boy after he gets done being a 'young kid'?"

"Oh, then he gets to be a 'kid.'"

"What after that?"

"Well, he's a 'kid' until he gets to be about 13, and then he's a 'young feller' if he's pretty big."

"None but good-sized boys can be 'young fellers,' eh?"

"No, sir. Then they stay being 'young fellers' until they're about 19, and then they're men."

"Indeed! But how do you class them at the other end of the line? Are they always 'young kids' after they are babies?"

"Oh, no, sir. First they're 'cubs.' They don't get to be 'young kids' until they get out of dresses."

"But when," the father asked, growing more and more curious, "when is a boy supposed to be a 'lad'?"

"We don't have any lads nowadays, sir. We read about 'em in books, but we don't have any. I've always wondered about how old a 'lad' was."

"But you have 'boys,' surely?"

"Oh, yes, sir. They are all boys, of course, until they get to be men. Only these are the different kinds of boys."

Though the father was amused by this classification and thought that some of the names were not quite elegant, he was compelled to admit that slang terms were used in the same connection when he was himself a boy. He could remember how intensely he disliked to be addressed as "Bub" by his elders and how promptly he resented the application of that term to himself by any other boy.

He had heard boys in those days called "brats," "chits," "urchins," "youngsters," "younkers," and other such names. He never resented being called a "youngster," and could even endure the word "brat"; but to be called "Bub"—especially when the person using the word seemed to fancy that he was honoring him—was an indignity which he found it hard to forget.

Trade-Marks Are Old.

Trade-marks were known in ancient Babylon. China had them as early as 1,000 B. C. They were authorized by parliament in England in 1300. Even Gutenberg, the inventor of printing, is said to have had a lawsuit over his trade-mark.

In 1889 300 elk were shot in the forests of Norway. Most of them were killed by English sportsmen, who, as Voltaire once intimated, are never happy unless they are killing something.

THE PLAGUE OF LIES.

DR. TALMAGE SAYS IT IS ONE OF THE EVILS OF THE TIMES.

Whether Known as Fiction, Fabrication, Subterfuge, Disguise, Romance, Evasion, Pretence, Fable, Falsehood or Misrepresentation, White Lies or Black Lies, Untruth is Always Despicable and to be Avoided.

New York, March 22, 1891.—"The Plague of Lies" was selected by Dr. Talmage for the subject of the fifth of his discourses on "The Plagues of These Three Cities," which he preached today. His text was Genesis 3: 4: "Ye shall not surely die."

That was a point blank lie. Satan told it to Eve to induce her to put her semicircle of white, beautiful teeth into a forbidden apricot, or plum, or peach, or apple. He practically said to her, "Oh, Eve! Just take a bite of this and you will be omniscient and omniscient. You shall be as gods." Just opposite was the result. It was the first lie that was ever told in our world. It opened the gate for all the falsehoods that have ever alighted on this planet. It introduced a plague that covers all nations, the Plague of Lies. Far worse than the plagues of Egypt, for they were on the banks of the Nile, but this is on the banks of the Hudson, on the banks of the East River, on the banks of the Ohio, and the Mississippi, and the Thames, and the Rhine, and the Tiber, and on both sides of all rivers. The Egyptian plagues lasted only a few weeks, but for six thousand years has raged this Plague of Lies.

There are a hundred ways of telling a lie. A man's entire life may be a falsehood, while with his lips he may not once directly falsify. There are those who state what is positively untrue, but afterwards say "may be," softly. These departures from the truth are called "white lies," but there is no such thing as a white lie. The whitest lie that was ever told was as black as pitch. No inventory of public crimes will be sufficient that omits this gigantic evil. There are men, high in church and state, actually useful, self-denying and honest in many things, who, upon certain subjects, and in certain spheres, are not at all to be depended upon for veracity. Indeed, there are many men and women who have their notions of truthfulness so thoroughly perverted that they do not know when they are lying. With many it is a cultivated sin; with some it seems a natural infirmity. I have known people who seemed to have been born liars. The falsehoods of their lives extended from the cradle to the grave. Prevarications, misrepresentation, and dishonesty of speech, appeared in their first utterances, and were as natural to them as any of their infantile diseases, and were a sort of moral crop or spiritual scurvy. But many have been placed in circumstances where this tendency has, day by day, and hour by hour, been called to larger development. They have gone from attainment to attainment, and from class to class, until they have become regularly graduated liars.

The air of the city is filled with falsehoods. They hang pendant from the chandeliers of our finest residences; they crowd the shelves of some of our merchant princes; they fill the sidewalk from curbstone to brown stone facing. They cluster around the mechanic's hammer, and blossom from the end of the merchant's yard stick, and sit in the doors of churches. Some call them "fiction." Some style them "fabrication." You might say that they were subterfuge, disguise, delusion, romance, evasion, pretence, fable, deception, misrepresentation; but, as I am ignorant of anything to be gained by the hiding of a God-defying outrage under a lexicographer's blanket, I shall chiefly call them what my father taught me to call them—lies.

I shall divide them into agricultural, mercantile, mechanical, ecclesiastical and social lies.

First, then, I will speak of those that are more particularly agricultural. There is something in the perpetual presence of natural objects to make a man pure. The trees never issue "false stock." Wheat fields are always honest. Rye and oats never move out in the night, not paying for the place they have occupied. Corn shocks never make false assignments. Mountain brooks are always "current." The gold on the grain is never counterfeit. The sunrise never flaunts in false colors. The dew sports only genuine diamonds. Taking farmers as a class, I believe they are truthful and fair in dealing, and kind hearted. But the regions surrounding our cities do not always send this sort of men to our markets. Day by day there creep through our streets, and about the market houses, farm wagons that have not an honest spoke in their wheels, or a truthful rivet from tongue to tail board. During the last few years there have been times when domestic economy has founded on the farmer's skin. Neither high taxes, nor the high price of dry goods, nor the exorbitancy of labor, could excuse much that the city has witnessed in the behavior of the yeomanry. By the quiet firesides in Westchester and Orange counties, I hope there may be seasons of deep reflection and hearty repentance. Rural districts are accustomed to rail at great cities as given up to fraud and every form of unrighteousness; but our cities do not absorb all the abominations. Our citizens have learned the importance of not always trusting to the size and style of apples in the top of a farmer's barrel as an indication of what may be found farther down. Many of our people are accustomed to watch and see how correctly a bushel of beets is measured; and there are not many honest milk cans.

Deceptions do not all cluster around city halls. When our cities sit down and weep over their sins, all the surrounding countries ought to come in and weep with them. There is often hostility on the part of the producers against traders, as though the man who raises the corn was necessarily more honorable than the grain dealer, who pours it into his mammoth bin. There ought to be no such hostility. Yet producers often think it no wrong to snatch away from this trader; and they say to the bargainer—merchandise, "You get your money easy." Do they get it easy? Let those who in the quiet fields and barns get their living by the quietness of those who stand today amid the excitements of commercial life and see if they find it so very easy. While the farmer goes to sleep with the assurance that his corn and barley will be growing all the night, moment by moment adding to his revenues, the merchant tries to go to sleep, conscious that that moment his cargo may be broken on the rocks, or damaged by the wave that sweeps clear across the hurricane deck; or that reckless speculators, that very hour, be plotting some monetary revolution, or the burglar be prying open his safe, or his debtor fleeing the town or his landlord raising the rent, or the fires kindling on the block that

contains all his estates. Easy! Is it? God help the merchants! It is hard to hold the palms of the hands blistered with out-door work; but a more dreadful process when, through mercantile anxieties, the brain is consumed!

In the next place we notice mercantile lies, those before the counter and behind the counter. I will not attempt to specify the different forms of commercial falsehood. There are merchants who excuse themselves for deviation from truthfulness because of what they call commercial custom. In other words, the multiplication and universality of a sin turns it into a virtue. There have been large fortunes gathered where there was not one drop of unrequited toil in the wine; not one spark of bad temper flashing from the bronze bracket; not one drop of needle-woman's heart-blood in the crimson plush; while there are other great establishments in which there is not one door-knob, not one brick, not one trinket, not one thread of lace, but has upon it the mark of dishonesty. What wonder if, some day, a hand of toil that had been wrung, and worn out, and blistered until the skin came off, should be placed against the elegant wall-paper, leaving its mark of blood—four fingers and a thumb; or that, some day, walking the halls, there should be a voice accosting the occupant, saying, "Six cents for making a shirt," and, flying the room, another voice should say, "Twelve cents for an army blanket," and the man should try to sleep at night, but ever and anon be aroused, until getting up on one elbow, he should shriek out, "Who's there?"

A merchant can, to the last item, be thoroughly honest. There is never any need of falsehood. Yet how many will, day by day, hour by hour, utter what they know to be wrong. You say that you are selling at less than cost. If so, then it is right to say it. But did that cost you less than what you ask for it? If not, then you have falsified. You say that that article cost you twenty-five dollars. Did it? If so, then all right. If it did not, then you have falsified. Suppose you are a purchaser. You are "beating down" the goods. You say that that article for which five dollars is charged, is not worth more than four. Is it worth no more than four dollars? Then all right. If it be worth more, and for the sake of getting it for less than its value, you willfully depreciate it, you have falsified. You may call it a sharp trade. The recording angel writes it down on the ponderous tomes of eternity—"Mr. So and So, merchant on Water street, or in Eighth street, or in State street; or Mrs. So and So, keeping house on Beacon street, or on Madison avenue, or Rittenhouse square, or Brooklyn height, or Brooklyn hill, told one falsehood."

In the next place, I notice mechanical lies. There is no class of men who administer more to the welfare of the city than artisans. To their hand we must look for the building that shelters us, for the garments that clothe us, and for the car that carries us. They wield a wide-spread influence. There is much decision of what is called "Muscular Christianity;" but in the latter day of the world's prosperity, I think that the Christian will be muscular. We have a right to expect of those stalwart men of toil the highest possible integrity. Many of them answer all our expectations, and stand at the front of religious and philanthropic enterprises. But this class, like the others that I have named, has in it those who lack in the element of veracity. They cannot all be trusted. In times when the demand for labor is great, it is impossible to meet the demands of the public, or do the work with that promptness and perfection that would at other times be possible. But there are mechanics whose word cannot be trusted at any time. No man has a right to promise more work than he can do. There are mechanics who say they will come on Monday, but they do not come until Wednesday. You put work in their hands that they tell you shall be completed in ten days, but it is thirty. There have been houses built of which it might be said that every nail driven, every foot of plastering put on, every yard of pipe laid, every shingle hammered, every brick mortared, could tell of falsehood connected therewith. There are men attempting to do ten or fifteen pieces of work who have not the time or strength to do more than five or six pieces; but by promises never fulfilled keep all the undertakings within their own grasp. This is what they call "nursing" the job.

Next notice ecclesiastical lies; that is, falsehoods told for the purpose of advancing churches and sects, or for the purpose of depleting them. There is no use in asking many a Calvinist what an Arminian believes, for he will be apt to tell you that the Calvinist believes that a man can convert himself; or to ask the Arminian what the Calvinist believes, for he will tell you that the Calvinist believes that God made some men just to damn them. There is no need of asking a pseudo-Baptist what a Baptist believes, for he will be apt to say that the Baptist believes immersion to be positively necessary to salvation. It is almost impossible for one denomination of Christians, without prejudice or misrepresentation, to state the sentiment of an opposing sect. If a man hates Presbyterians, and you ask him what Presbyterians believe, he will tell you that they believe there are infants in hell a span long!

To many, through insincerity, this life is a masquerade ball. As, at such entertainments, gentlemen and ladies appear in the dress of kings or queens, mountain bandits, or clowns, and at the close of the dance throw off their disguises, so, in this dissipated life, all unclean passions move in mask. Across the floor they trip merrily. The lights sparkle along the wall, or drop from the ceiling—a cohort of fire! The music charms. The diamonds glitter. The feet bound. Gemmed hands stretched out clasp gemmed hands. Dancing feet respond to dancing feet. Gleaming brow bends to gleaming brow. On with the dance! Flash and rustle, and laughter, and immeasurable merry-making! But the languor of death comes over the limbs, and blurs the sight. Lights lower! Floor hollow with sepulchral echo. Music saddens into a wail. Lights lower! The maskers can hardly now be seen. Flowers exchange their fragrance for a sickening odor, such as comes from garlands that have lain in vaults of cemeteries. Lights lower! Mists fill the room. Glasses rattle as though shaken by sullen thunder. Sighs seem caught among the curtains. Scarf falls from the shoulder of beauty—a shroud! Lights lower! Over the slippery boards, in dance of death, glide jealousies, disappointments, lust, despair. Torn leaves and withered garlands only half hide the tired ulcered feet. The stench of smoking lamp wicks almost quenched. Choking damps. Chilliness. Feet still. Hands folded. Eyes shut. Voices hushed. Lights out!

Dr. Waldstein, the American archaeologist at Athens, referring to the reports of the discovery of the grave of Aristotle, says that further verification is necessary before a positive announcement can be made.

A Brutal Parent.

"No, Augustus, wrote a kind and indulgent parent to his son at college, 'I cannot grant your request. I have already cashed your drafts for the breech-loading shot-gun, the Indian clubs, the \$500 racing shell, the dumb-bells, the bicycle, the sailing yacht, boxing gloves, sand-bags, fencing foils, and the silver-mounted revolver. But I cannot pay for the gambling implements which you suggest. I draw the line at faro chips.'"

The New Occupation.

"That man's face is familiar to me," said the wife of the railroad president, referring to an employee of the road who had just passed out of the office.

"Yes, my dear, that is Ham Basket, once a celebrated actor, but now in our employ."

"What use have you for the actor?"

"Why, they make the best track-walkers in the country."

The Hunting Season.

Mrs. Nimrod—How much are these partridges?

Game Dealer—Forty cents a pair, Madame.

Well, I'll take them. My husband has gone out hunting over in New Jersey, and if he calls in here on his way back, tell him I have bought one pair of partridges already.

Man's greatest enemy is the wine-glass! woman's, the looking glass. But the greatest friend of both is that world-renowned philanthropist, Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

The ultra fad in suspenders is the portrait of one's best girl, embroidered in silk on the webbing near the heart of the wearer. Of course, one's best girl should do the embroidering with her own sweet, white hands.

"There's nothing half so sweet in life as 'love's young dream.' Now about this there is some diversity of opinion. Some giving preference to a good article of taffy, but there are few things any sweeter than ease after a racking pain, and this is only gotten by using Salvation Oil.

Among the swells it is considered unpardonable to insert the scarf pin in the center of the necktie. The latest mode is to insert it diagonally from the left side. It is permissible, however, to insert it diagonally from right to left.

Do you wish to know how to have no steam, and not half the usual work on wash-day? Ask your grocer for a bar of Dobbin's Electric Soap, and the directions will tell you how. Be sure to get no imitation. There are lots of them.

At no time since its introduction has the patent-leather shoe been so popular as at present.

HOW TO MAKE MONEY.

I read what Mr. Bell said about making \$50 per month. I also sent to the Standard Silver Ware Co., Essex St., Boston
