





## KISMET.

Never were kisses so sweet as hers,  
Never were words so tender,  
Never were eyes so full of light,  
Never a waist so slender,  
Never again will her lips meet mine,  
Forever we two are parted;  
Oh, how I miss her—my love—to-night,  
As I sit here broken hearted!

Only a trifle wrought my woe,  
Only a fate malicious,  
Only a thoughtless word or two,  
Only an answer vicious,  
Only a suppurous little sore  
When we both turned green and yellow,  
And now, by jingo, she's been and gone  
And married another fellow!

—Somerville Journal.

## RAISING A BEARD.

As the time for cold weather approached, Mr. Austin, who had never allowed nature to have its way in adorning his face with a beard, save on his upper lip, decided to eschew shaving and raise a beard. For once he decided to give the wind a chance to blow through his whiskers. His acquaintance among men was extensive, and as he thought them over he was surprised to remember how many of them wore full beards. If there was any reason why he should not indulge his whiskers and wear a full beard, he was not aware of it. To be sure, he never before attempted a full beard, and so much greater the reason why he should try it.

Fully set in his purpose, he withheld his hand and let the stubble revel on his chin. For a few days no one took any notice of his face; then a friend handed him ten cents one morning.

"What's this for?" asked Austin.

"To get a shave with; you need it," was the reply.

"Thanks," he replied, handing it back. "I'm letting them grow."

"Oh, excuse me, old man."

Austin was compelled to refuse several dimes from facetious friends during the next few days, until it was becoming rather tiresome, and he determined to shut off the fun in some way. To the next friend who offered him a dime to get a shave with he replied:

"Thank you, I don't want a shave; I'm letting them grow; but this will do for a cigar."

The joker laughed, but it was a short staircase laugh, devoid of genuine mirth, and Austin pocketed the silver.

After he had pocketed several dimes offered by humorists, they became somewhat discouraged and ceased joking in that line. All the time, however, the beard was growing and another crop of whiskers coming on. As soon as it was plainly apparent that it was as good as you please on Austin's face the friend who had been there himself came with advice: "Bet they prick your chin and are itchy. I'll tell you what to do; wash them every night and morning in tepid water with old castile soap and dry them thoroughly; that will stop the itching."

Then another friend came along.

"Letting your whiskers grow, hey? It's mighty uncomfortable at first, but I'll tell you what to do. Brush them thoroughly every night, and rub some vasoline on them before you retire. Don't wet them; it makes them stiff and harsh."

The next friend suggested that he wash them in cold water and anoint them with bay rum, but in no case use soap.

Another suggested the use of fresh cream twice a day to soften 'em up. Many were the suggestions, for they all knew that he would be uncomfortable until they grew out a little way.

The baby beard did make Mr. Austin's face feel uncomfortably prickly, and his friends kept reminding him of it. The suggestions of his friends were given in all sincerity, and as he thought he actually needed something to allay the uncomfortable feeling, he began to apply the suggestions. One day he washed his face with soap and water. The next he would brush it and apply vasoline, and another he would wash with bay rum, and anoint with cream. He paid so much attention to his face that his wife asked if he was preparing for a beauty competition.

Meanwhile the beard struggled along and gained somewhat in length, but it looked rather moth-eaten, and as soon as this became apparent to the naked eye, the friends with a favorite hair-grower attacked him.

"Just rub the bare spots with a piece of strong onion," suggested one.

"Bathe the unclothed parts of your face with salt and water," offered another.

"Rub the places where the hair won't grow with olive oil," said somebody else.

Others suggested hair vigors and hair producers generally advertised.

Poor Austin was not allowed to forget his beard. Almost every hour in the day some one referred to it in one way or another. He stopped the softening process and started in to reinforce the weak spots. The matter was getting serious. He rubbed the bare spots until his face looked as though it had been scalded in sections, and friends who had not been with him from the start asked how he got burned.

Nature, though somewhat dilatory, kept working, and in spite of his remedies and assistants his beard assumed respectable proportions, and then another phase of beard raising became apparent to him. Friends with whom he was intimately acquainted, but had not seen for some time, failed to recognize him. He nodded familiarly to men and they stared coldly at him and passed by on the other side. He grasped men heartily by the hand and they were surprised until he told them who he was. After he had introduced himself it was generally:

"Well, well, been letting your

beard grow. Why, it makes you look ten years older;" or

"These whiskers make you look fat in the face. They're not becoming. Shave 'em off, old boy; or

"Hair on your face makes you look like a guy, old man; cut 'em." At the same time side remarks were indulged in about the wind toying with them, and Eolian harps at which he was compelled to smile.

Austin finally wished that the day on which he decided to let his beard grow had been a blank to him. Finally, one day he had an appointment to meet at the depot an uncle whom he had not seen for a long time. He met the uncle as he stepped from the train and grasped him warmly by the hand.

"Sent!" shouted the uncle; "git! you blankety blank buncie man."

"But I'm not a buncie man. I'm your nephew, John Austin."

"Keep off," shouted the uncle. "you're no more John Austin than I be. You can't fool me; John hain't got no whiskers. Keep away or I'll have you arrested." And he utterly refused to have anything to do with him.

Mortified and disgraced, Austin rushed to a barber's and in ten minutes the labor of weeks was as naught. Then as he left the barber's the very first man he met whom he knew exclaimed:

"What shaved your whiskers off? What a fool you were; you looked ever so much better with them on."—Texas Siftings.

## TAKEN LITERALLY.

And Yet It Was Only a Bereaved Woman's Gentle Wish.

A woman with an infant in her arms and two chubby, roughly-dressed children hanging to her skirts, rushed up to a policeman at the Central depot.

"She want my children," she gasped, pointing to a handsomely dressed woman who stood at the window gazing out on the street in an abstracted manner.

"Wants your children?" asked the wondering official.

"She is trying to steal dem," said the woman; "she want dem to buy, but I sell not my own children to anybody."

"Are you sure?"

"Certain. She say she give anything in de world for dese children—told me I take her seal skin and all she have, if I would just her give one little child, an' I mooch 'fraid for her steal dem."

"This is very strange," said the policeman, and, crossing the floor of the depot, he touched the lady on the arm.

"Excuse me, ma'am; but did you offer to buy one of this woman's children from her?"

She turned and for a moment looked startled, and a covetous expression crossed her face like a shadow.

"Why, I said I would give all I had in the world for them—yes, I meant if they were mine. And so I would."

"I see," said the policeman gently, as he scanned her black robes, and he tried to explain to the other woman.

But she clasped her little ones closer.

"I not sell one of dese children what are mine—not for anything."—Detroit Free Press.

## His Offending Liqueous Limb.

"A cork leg is no end of a bore," said a man who limped to a Star writer. "Just think of it! I was at a dinner party the other night, and it was my happy lot to have a most charming damsel fall to my share at the feast. We conversed most pleasantly through the oysters and the soup, but when the fish came on she became silent and seemed unaccountably embarrassed. To draw her from this mood I redoubled my efforts to please, but in response she only flushed and looked angry. Finally, interrupting me in the midst of a little note which I had composed carefully while dressing for the dinner, she said, sotto voce:

"I thank you to stop squeezing my foot!"

"Imagine my embarrassment! I had been treading upon her toes with my cork foot—of course, without knowing it. Could any thing be more innocent?"

It is an annoying thing to have to explain to a young lady at a social festivity. Nevertheless, I was forced to do so. She accepted my apology, and then proceeded to injure my feelings by giggling."—Washington Star.

## A Realistic Tombstone.

At Colmar, in the churchyard, there is a curious monument, which was erected by citizens of Colmar in memory of two Frenchmen who were shot by Germans when the latter entered the town. Viewed from a distance it looks like an ordinary slab, but on examining it more closely it is observed that one side is slightly raised and from the grave comes a hand, which grasps the edge of the stone, while at another part a whole arm is stretched out and is endeavoring to grasp a real French bayonet which lies near. The whole has the appearance of a person who has been buried alive trying to escape from the tomb. The hand and arm are of bronze and life-size. A lady who recently visited the churchyard and who came upon this realistic structure unawares fainted from terror.—London Vanity Fair.

## Where Parnell Sleeps.

Glasnevin, where Mr. Parnell is buried, is a picturesque cemetery, surrounded by a high stone wall, with a watch tower at each angle, in which the Irish in olden times cited the invading Danes. Many encounters took place in the now tranquil graveyard between the natives of the Emerald Isle and their intruding enemies. In later years its quiet walks were often trodden by the great Sheridan, Swift and Addison, who seemed to find in this shady place a favorite rendezvous for the formation of their brilliant thoughts.

## ZOLA AND SARDOU.

### PLAY WRIGHT AND NOVELIST AND THEIR PRODUCTIONS.

Story of the Brother of the Original Camille—Struggle of the Kings of Their Profession for Public Recognition and Its Attendant Rewards.

In this country, where literary labor is, as a rule, underpaid and where hardly any writer, even in his wildest dreams, would dare to hope to ever equal or surpass the three demigods of modern French literature—Dumas, Zola, Sardou—the opinion very generally prevails that luck—smiling, golden luck—has forever been kind to that trio. Off and on a paragraph appears in our American press mentioning the fact that Zola has reached the 600,000 limit of one of his earlier novels, or that "L'Assommoir" alone has brought him in a princely fortune. It may also speak of the fact that Sardou has received the sum of \$20,000, cash down, merely for his American rights in his latest play,



or that Dumas has paid \$12,000 for a bit of carved paneling executed by Boucher—merely the gratification of a whim to slightly enhance the interior charms of his chateau in the environs of Paris. And all over the habitable globe the brethren of the quill straightway grow envious and curse their own luck for the thousandth time. It does seem so hard to them that their own efforts are so poorly rewarded, the fruits of their own brain almost wholly devoured by that ogre—the publisher—while those Gallic princes of the pen reap fortune after fortune—apparently without effort. Naturally people would think that they have always lived in the land where milk and honey flow and where a river of gold is forever pouring down on them. As Tennyson has it:

The poet in a golden clime was born,  
With golden stars above.

And they—the literary drudges of every country, the grubbing, hungry toilers of the quill—never saw any of those golden stars. It does seem hard to them—and on them.

It is almost comical—if the irony of fate can ever be called comical—that the man who finally helped Sardou up the first round on the ladder of fame, was a nobody, a man too insignificant to even make the mention of his name necessary. This man was a bailiff, who in his official capacity—acting for some of the creditors of M. Sardou—had made the acquaintance of the young author and who had divined the real worth of the man. In the soul of this bailiff—worthy soul—there slumbered likewise dramatic aspirations and the muse working within him he had begun to lay violent hands on a creature of his fancy—a patriotic tragedy of the time of Caesar, in which he had made mud of the ancient chieftain's Vereingetorix and which he had christened after him. He secured the poverty-stricken Sardou as his collaborator on this play, and Sardou—in exchange for clemency shown him and for some tangible cash—only too willingly harnessed his pegasus to the heavy-footed percheron of the bailiff. However, even then Sardou had some pride—unknown and debt-ridden as he was. Before the production of the play he, to the unspeakable joy of the bailiff, relinquished all right and title to the authorship of the play. But the bailiff had been useful to him, and had removed some jagged stones from out of his up-hill path. As to Dumas, so was Virginie Desjaret a good friend to Sardou, and the popular actress, Laurentine Leon, too, aided him materially in becoming known. At last, then, one of his earlier plays was produced in a small theater, and it was well received and well played. But success did not come to him as it had to Dumas, over night. It took still another five years for him to become famous and one of the autocrats of the French stage. For it was not until after the first production of his "Patience de Mouche" (Americanized as "A Scrap of Paper") that he was recognized as a



great playwright and was able to command his own price and his own terms. Since then, it is true, victory has perched on his banners and his fame has become world-wide. The best critics of the age have conceded to him the palm of the most effective dramatic author and of the greatest master in stage technique.

The miseries of life which, as seen above, have touched only too closely the before-mentioned two geniuses of the modern French stage, dealt even more harshly with Emile Zola, the man whose literary success—though frankly combated even to-day by a not inconsiderable portion of the general public in every land—is one of the phenomena of the century.

Zola had to interrupt his studies and leave the university, he suffering altogether too often for the bare necessities of life. With some difficulty he obtained a job as a common workman at 70 francs (\$22) per month in a warehouse, and soon after another job in the magazine of the large publishing house of Hanchette & Co. There he stood all day long in a large hall on the ground floor of the firm's quarters on the Boulevard St. Germain—packing, sealing and expediting endless bundles of books. For this labor he received 100 francs per month. At night and on Sundays and holidays he continued his studies and his literary labors. He wrote, as a firstling, in 1863, a poem—"L'Amour-euse Comedie"—of which no copies are known to exist now—days save one or two in the possession of the author. Then he tried prose and wrote "Les Contes de Ninon," which were good and were published, but found few buyers. In 1865 at last he met with his first success by the publication of "La Confession de Claude." And the success at last encouraged him to throw books (in the warehouse) to the dogs and to plunge headlong into journalism and novel writing for a profession. On Jan. 3, 1866, he sent in his resignation to his employer, and in the following year his "Therese Raquin" appeared, the first of the looks which he had written which created a sensation and made people talk of him. It was the first look which proclaimed his individuality as a writer, the first which was written boldly without reserve and which already served as a prelude to what some ten years later was found in "L'Assommoir"—that book which in point of copies sold and in point of financial results to its author was, perhaps, the most astounding success of the age.

UNFORTUNATE FROM BIRTH.

Albert Was Always Regarded as a Weakling and Overshadowed.

During his brief life-time the late Albert Victor, Duke of Clarence, always seemed to be regarded as an heir to the British throne whom the public was obliged to make the best of, but whose personal force was never regarded seriously. No matter what he did or said he was unfortunate, even in his birth, which occurred nearly two months before it was expected. From that time on Prince Albert Victor has always been regarded as a weakling, backward in everything save in the manner of his birth. His delicate health and retiring manners have always been contrasted with the bluff robustness of his brother George. Everybody said kind things about George, but few people spoke in

praise of Albert Victor. This was not only the popular view, firmly fixed in the minds of Britishers, but it extended even to the royal relatives in foreign courts.

The marked aversion of the German Kaiser to his cousin has been shown in more than one instance. Among the apocryphal stories afloat about the late Duke is that the Czar of Russia once boxed his ears and sent him home because in a moment of anger Prince Albert Victor kicked one of the Czar's pet dogs which tried to bite him. The lad seems to have had an unfortunate faculty of doing and saying inopportune things. Perhaps the only exception to this general indifference was the late Duke's career as Major of the Tenth Hussars. If little else can be said in his favor he certainly won the sincere regard and admiration of the officers and men under his immediate control by his earnest attention to duty.

So far as his public duties are concerned since attaining his majority he has always been accepted as a sort of apology for the absence of his father. No matter what he did he was overshadowed by the tremendous popularity of the Prince of Wales. It was not until his engagement to the Princess May was announced and the British public was made familiar with his plucky fight for the woman of his choice that the popular heart began to beat in sympathy with him. When the Duke did finally win the Queen's sanction to his engagement almost every town in Great Britain began to make simultaneous preparations for his wedding.

Stay-at-home Presidents.

Andrew Johnson was the only President that ever stood on foreign soil while holding office. It occurred during the famous "swing around the circle," in 1866, while visiting Niagara falls, when he went in a carriage to the Canadian side. The President did not think at the time that he had violated a precedent, and it occurred to him only when he had returned to his hotel and was alone with his secretary, who promised to keep the matter secret.

Two American gentlemen and their wives were in London, says the New York Tribune, and as it happened, both couples had letters to Lady M., and received cards for a "drum" at her house in Cavendish Square. The spacious rooms were full of people, but the four Americans saw not one familiar face. However, they paired off, Mrs. G. with Mr. S., and Mrs. S. with Mr. G., and so got along tolerably well till supper was announced. Then, as the movement to the dining-room became general, the two ladies found themselves uncomfortable. Mrs. S. tells the story.

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While we all stared at each other, not exactly knowing how to meet the situation our gorgeous hostess went on, loftily and graciously: "Mr. Brown will take you to supper, Mrs. G., and she sailed away happy that she had provided at least one of her stranger guests with an escort.

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"But, Jim, you can't leave me here alone," said his wife, imploringly.

"Of course not," I answered. "Hunt up my husband, please, Mr. G. We will make up a party, and get off supper at all events."

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But poor Mr. G.! He seemed fated to have no identity of his own, for a few weeks afterward a lady whom he happened to take in to dinner told him the whole story, and finished up with:

"What would you have done under the circumstances, Mr. Penfield?"

"Precisely what I did, madam," he answered, determined this time at least to assert himself, "as I am Mr. G."

The incident was not without its gratifying side, after all, for Lady M., who is a great authority in her world, and who heard later of her mistake, announced her flat thus:

"Never tell me again that American women lack savoir faire; I never saw better breeding. Neither of them betrayed the slightest consciousness, but simply accepted the situation, showing thereby the most perfect tact and knowledge of the world."

A Word in Season.

An American singer who has made an almost world-wide reputation, says that if he were ever tempted to consider himself famous, he should only need to recall an experience which he had in a Western city one winter, and his self-esteem would instantly receive a check. He was announced to sing in an oratorio at this place, and his head was displayed in the windows of most of the stores, as well as on a great many posters in conspicuous spots, scattered over the city.

While eating an orange one day he swallowed a seed, which lodged in his throat in such a way as to be both painful and dangerous. In great haste, he went to the nearest physician, who, by aid of an instrument which descended his throat like a closed umbrella, and

came out like an open one, speedily removed it.

After the operation the physician scanned his patient's throat with great interest for a few moments, and then said, "What is your name, sir?"

On receiving the desired information, he said, "Have you ever studied singing?"

"Why, yes, somewhat," replied the other, much amused.

"Lately?" persisted the physician.

"No, I haven't studied at all, lately," said the singer.

"Well," said the physician, who was a short, florid, pompous man, "I think, sir, you are making a mistake. I sing a great deal myself, and I've made a study of it. I don't want to encourage any one unduly, but your throat, sir, is a good one for singing; and although it wouldn't probably pay you to give up your business to make music a profession, if you could get a chance to study under a good teacher, I believe, sir, that in time and with proper cultivation your voice would give great pleasure to your friends."

Pocketing his fee, in exchange for which he gave the inwardly convulsed singer a card bearing the address of a "first-class teacher" in that city, the musical doctor bowed his unknown patient out of the door.

The sequel came two nights later, when the singer, who had consented to appear at a "Grand Concert," had the delight of seeing his quondam physician, with his eyes almost starting from his head, glaring at him from the front seat of the crowded hall.

Just a Snake Story.

The Rev. Dr. C. W. Parker, a respected preacher of Bremen, Ga., is the Atlanta Constitution's authority for the following tale:

"Dr. I. N. Chaney used to practice medicine in Carrollton. He now keeps a hotel in Bremen. He went to Carrollton the other day in his buggy, and while there traded an old debt for a good horse and started out for Boston in his new buggy, leading his new horse."

"When he was nearing the Little Tallapoosa river bridge at Kingsberry's mill he suddenly heard a roaring among the trees, which he supposed to be a storm. Looking up the hill he saw the forest in commotion and the trees falling and bending toward him, and in the midst of it a huge body, which proved to be a snake. The doctor put whip to his horse and was quickly on the bridge. Feeling the buggy jerk he looked and saw the snake swallow the horse he was leading and plunge into the river just above the bridge, and as the snake poked his head out on the other bank of the stream, his tail still upon the side of the hill, his body reached clear across the river."

"The horse, having on new shoes, kicked through the stomach of the snake, and the snake stopped and the stream was dammed, and the water rose and floated the snake to a level with the bridge. The doctor jumped out of his buggy, took out a big knife, and cutting the hole larger where the horse's feet were sticking out of the snake's body, the horse founced out and mounted the bridge. The doctor secured him to his buggy and drove on, but by this time the water had backed till the horse had to swim the low ground, but they made their escape."

Eight Years of Slavery.

At the time of the revolt against Egyptian authority in the Sudan the followers of the Mahdi took as prisoners a number of priests and nuns who had been working in that country for the evangelization of the natives. Since that time many stories have been received regarding the treatment these prisoners received at the hands of their captors.

It was said that the men were absolute slaves and were compelled to perform the most menial services for their taskmasters, while the women met a worse fate, being parceled out among the chiefs and grossly abused.

Among those who thus fell into the hands of the rebels in 1883 were the members of the Austrian-Soudan mission, who were captured when Kordofan was taken by the hordes of the Mahdi. After their capture they were conveyed to Omdurman, where they were held close prisoners. Among those taken prisoners were Father Ohrwalden and Sisters Caterina, Chincarina, Elizabeth, and Venturini.

For eight years they awaited a favorable opportunity of making their escape, and at last the opportune moment arrived. They immediately took advantage of it, and set out on their journey toward civilization.

They were pursued by the Arabs, but managed to elude them, and finally reached Korocho, near Wady-Halfa, where they were safe from recapture. They were greatly exhausted by their journey across the desert. No details of their life among the desert tribes have been received, but it is believed that when they fully recover, they will be able to tell a most interesting story of their adventures among the fanatical Arabs.

Obedied the Koran.

According to one of the tenets of the Mohammedan religion it is a sin to make a picture of any living thing.

A gentleman who visited a mosque in Algiers found that the tiles with which the building is decorated, while very old and beautiful, were adorned with flights of birds. He expressed much surprise at this, and asked if the command against such representation were a modern edict, says the Youth's Companion.

"Oh, no," answered the pious Algerian to whom he addressed the question. "These are not pictures of living birds."

"But they are painted as if flying across the tiles," the other said in some astonishment.

"Yes," the Mohammedan replied, "but do you not see that about the neck of each there is a black line? That is to show that the artist painted only dead birds, and the command of the Koran is not violated."



The Bells Beneath the Sea.

The sea is calm, the wind is fair,  
Nor ever a cloud doth lower—  
The good ship speeds with the blessed bells  
She bears to Boltraux tower.

The pilot crossed his breast, and cried:  
"Thank God! the harbor's near."  
For vesper bells at Tintagel  
Ring out their music clear.

"Ay, thank the lord for our good speed  
Across the doubtful sea!"  
"Fool!" answered the captain, "thank thyself:  
God holds no helm for thee."

The pilot crossed his breast, and cried:  
"God pardon thee once more,  
And grant that we may safely come  
Unto the Cornish shore."

The captain's oath was on his lips,  
Or ever the sun went down,  
And while the people thronged the cliffs  
Above the harbor town.

A mighty wave swept o'er the sea,  
With dull and sullen roar:  
The good ship trembled all her length  
As she sank to rise no more.

Then o'er the whelming waters pealed  
(As tolling funeral knells  
For those lost souls) the soft, sweet chimes  
Of the Forrabury bells.

The moss creeps o'er Boltraux church,  
Where rings to vesper lay:  
Still waits the tower its blessed bells,  
And silent stands to-day.

For low beneath the Cornish wave,  
Where tangled wrecks lie deep,  
The Forrabury bells are hid  
And their sweet notes keep.

But ever against the billows toss,  
And storm winds shriek in gloe:  
Their muffled chimes the blessed bells  
Still ring beneath the sea.

Strangers in London.

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Salvation Oil is rapidly superseding all high-priced liniments. It has been tested for some time past in all localities and its results have been rapid and satisfactory. It is generally conceded to be the greatest cure on earth for pain. 25 cts.

Mr. Frank F. Nolan, the well-known lawyer of Newport, R. I., and Miss Mary A. Carey were married in that city Tuesday.

"How I dread to see night come on," said a lady to a friend, "my children cough from sunset to dawn." "And you can't stop that?" "Indeed no, I've tried so many things." "Well, throw those things all away and try Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, and if they cough then I'll engage to nurse them."

Baron Hirsch is said to be worth \$100,000,000, which he has made chiefly out of his contracts for building Turkish railroads.



## ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and \$1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

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SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.  
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

## "German Syrup"

Just a bad cold, and a hacking cough. We all suffer that way sometimes. How to get rid of them is the study. Listen—"I am a Ranchman and Stock Raiser. My life is rough and exposed. I meet all weathers in the Colorado mountains. I sometimes take colds. Often they are severe. I have used German Syrup five years for these. A few doses will cure them at any stage. The last one I had was stopped in 24 hours. It is infallible." James A. Lee, Jefferson, Col.

There is nothing that may not happen to a thin baby.

There is nothing that may not happen to a man who is losing his healthy weight.

We say they are "poor." They are poorer than we at first suspect.

Do you want almost all that is known of the value of plumpness told in a way to commend to you CAREFUL LIVING—and Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil if you need it.

A book on it free.

Scott & Bowne, Chemists, 135 South 5th Avenue, New York.

Your druggist keeps Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil—all druggists everywhere do. \$1.

**ELY'S CATARRH CREAM BALM**  
Cleanses the Nasal Passages, Allays Pain and Inflammation, Heals the Sores, Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell.  
**TRY THE CURE HAY-FEVER**  
A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at Druggists or by mail. ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren Street, New York.

**SALVATION OIL**  
PISOS CURE FOR  
Consumptives and people who have weak lungs or Asthma, should use Pisos Cure for Consumption. It has cured thousands. It is not injured one. It is not bad to take. It is the best cough syrup. Sold everywhere. 25c.

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**What He Could Do.**  
He looked up and down the street furtively two or three times, took in the sign over the door once or twice, and darted in as if afraid of being caught at it.  
"This is an employment agency, isn't it?" he inquired of the man in charge.  
"Yes," snapped the person.  
"Get work for people, don't you?"  
"Any kind of work?"  
"Yes."  
"All kinds?"  
"Yes."  
"Got something for me to do?"  
"In a restaurant?"  
"Ye—what in thunder can you do in a restaurant?" exclaimed the boss, catching himself.  
"Eat."  
Then he got the bounce.

**Fashion Notes.**  
Women who have the white Paisley shawls of twenty or thirty years ago laid away among their treasures, should produce them now and make them over into the prettiest of opera cloaks. They are lined with shot silk or brocade of bright colors, and have double-shirred capes of the border edged with its own fringe.  
A pretty way of introducing color into somber gowns, is to make the facing frills, which form an indispensable feature of every trained skirt, of some brightly contrasting color. One elegant gown, all in black, with jet embroidery to the knees, has three scarlet frills for a facing. When the skirt is on the floor they are hidden, but as soon as the wearer lifts the gown the bright color gleams out with good effect.

**Our Short-hand Class.**  
It is to accommodate Teachers—Who can pursue this study at home to good advantage. There is a demand for Short-hand teachers, and you will find it profitable to form a class as soon as you are qualified.

Preachers, Lawyers and other Professional Men—Who have many uses for a system of brief writing.

Boys—Who have an ambition to get an education, and want to improve every spare moment.

Students, Business Men.—All persons, in fact, who have much writing to do. The time to join the class is now.

Our popular course will be practical, and as thorough as can possibly be given in twelve lessons. The charges are remarkably low—only \$2 for the course. The membership of the class will be limited, and if you wish the benefits of this course you must join at once. Send \$2 to the editor and your name will be enrolled. Then, if you cannot possibly take the lessons as they are published you can save the paper, and you will receive your instructions by mail when you have more leisure—in three or six months from now, if you prefer to do so.  
Our Plan.—The Pitman system will be taught. Each lesson will be made as clear and easy as possible. Each member of the class will be placed in correspondence with the author, Prof. Moran, who will correct exercises, answer questions, explain difficult points, furnish lesson keys, speed sheets, report cards, and, within proper limits, introduce the learner to other members of the class, with whom he may correspond in Short-hand. For membership tickets address Secretary University Extension, Box 322, St. Louis, Mo.

There is an increasing demand for stenographers, and we are glad to be able to offer the readers of this paper the opportunity of a lifetime for learning this beautiful art.

**Why He Was Sad.**  
Solicitous Spouse. "What makes you look so worried lately? You're not like yourself."

Great Lawyer. "Well, I'm having considerable trouble down town."

Spouse. "Now you must tell me all about it."

Lawyer. "Well, you see I want to keep the office open till 5, and the office boy wants to close it at 4, and we can't seem to arrange matters."

**All That Is Needed.**  
In our physical needs we want the best of everything required, and we want all that is required to be done, to be done promptly and surely, and those in pain, especially, will find all that is needed in what is herein recommended. Mr. T. J. Murphy, 61 Delaware pl., Brooklyn, N. Y., says: "Having been afflicted with sciatic rheumatism for some time past and finding no relief, I tried St. Jacobs Oil, which I found very efficacious."—Miss Clara Alcott, Mahwah, N. J., writes: "I bruised my limb and it became greatly swollen and stiff. I used two bottles of a patent liniment which did not relieve me. A physician was called who ordered the limb to be poulticed, and he gave me medicine internally, without benefit. I then got a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil, which cured me. It acted like magic."—Mr. Lorenzo Buck, Bancroft, Shawassco Co., Mich., says: "I had chronic rheumatism for years, contracted during the war. After sitting or lying down, at times, I could not get up from stiffness and pains. At work my strength would give out, then I would pass through a sickness of several weeks. I had to walk with a cane and was at one time so ill I could not lie down without terrible pains in back and limbs. I tried St. Jacobs Oil; next morning got up out of bed without assistance. To-day I'm a new man and walk without a cane." Mr. A. H. Cunningham, Perryopolis, Fayette county, Pa., writes: "My wife was sorely afflicted with lame back for several years. She used innumerable liniments, but experienced little relief until St. Jacobs Oil was used. I can confidently say we owe her cure to its wonderful effects and would not keep house without it."

**Insurance Item.**  
Merchant—Here you are again, and three weeks ago yesterday I kicked you down the stairs and into the street.

Insurance Agent—Why, what a wonderful memory you have got! I had forgotten all about it. By the way, our company offers more inducements than any other company in New York, etc.

**WHEN IN CHICAGO**  
Call at Mrs. Clark's Fireside Cafe, 266 Wabash avenue, one block north of the Auditorium building. For quick service, home cooking and moderate prices this restaurant is unexcelled. Home-made chicken pie a specialty.

The King of Greece is about 35 years old. He has a complexion as clear as a baby's and speaks with fluency a dozen languages.

**LA GRIPPE.**  
On Dec. 19 I was confined to my room with the grippe. The treasurer of the "Commercial Advertiser" recommended that I should try a bottle of "Ayer's Cherry Pectoral," as it had cured him of the same complaint. I sent for a bottle, and in two days I was able to resume my business, and am now entirely cured.  
As I took no other remedy, I can but give all the credit to the "Cherry Pectoral," which I gratefully recommend as a speedy specific for this disease.  
Yours very truly,  
F. T. HARRISON.  
Commercial Advertiser, 29 Park Row, New York.

**The Russian Blouse.**  
Modistes suggest the Russian blouse for the corsage of these cotton fabrics. This garment is arranged to wear with a separate belt, and is admirable for materials that shrink when washed. It is similar to the loose saque worn as morning negligee, extends low over the hips, and need have under-arm seams only, though many prefer the back fitted by side forms. The more elaborate blouses will lap far to the left side, and be edged there with embroidery or a lace jabot. Others will have embroidered insertion let in as a belt across the back, while the front falls open in jacket shapes on an inner front with yoke and belt of embroidery.

**February Romance.**  
The February number of "Romance," one of the leading periodicals of fiction, is being circulated. Romance is a new venture in its line, but it does not require a great gift of prophecy to foresee how surely this unassuming publication will come to possess very agreeable associations in the minds of readers who enjoy a good story for the story's sake. It is not the least recommendation of this worthy enterprise in the magazine line that its managers have not confined themselves entirely to new productions, but that they reprint from time to time, by permission of the authors, stories that have appeared in other publications, but which will find, in a reappearance, many new readers, and which are always so well chosen that those who have read them before are glad of the privilege of doing so again.

**Crumblets.**  
There is a wide difference between leaning on a man and sitting down on him.  
"I catch on," as the grip said.  
Yuletide—Married at Christmas.  
Skipping the rope—A murderer escaping from jail.

The steamer "New Hampshire," the second of the twin steamers which have been building at Harlan & Hollingsworth yard at Wilmington, Del., for the Providence & Stonington Steamship company, to run on the Stonington Line was successfully launched on Jan. 16, in the presence of the officers and directors of the company and a large number of townspeople.

It will be remembered that the "Maine," the first of these new vessels was launched on Oct. 31, last. She is now nearly finished and will probably make her trial trip before the end of March. Work on the "New Hampshire" will now be pushed as rapidly as possible, in order that both vessels may be ready to take their place on the Stonington Line at the beginning of the next summer's season; prepared to handle in the most complete and comfortable manner the rapidly increasing traffic of this popular line.

With the completion of these twin steamers the Providence and Stonington steamship company, which by its two sound lines, viz: the Providence Line and the Stonington Line, and its rail connections form a great system of travel from New York to all New England States, will have steamers named after all of these States except one. The "Connecticut," "Massachusetts," and "Rhode Island" are too well known to require comment. The "Maine" and "New Hampshire" will be even finer vessels, if that were possible, and the "Vermont" will be the name of the next steamer built for this enterprising company.

**The Masculine Mind.**  
Editor Illustrated Paper—Did you succeed in getting a snap-shot at Mrs. Cleveland?  
Camera Fiend—Yes, but I couldn't get the baby.  
Editor—Never mind about that. Any baby will do.

**The Only One Ever Printed—Can You Find the Word?**  
There is a 3-inch display advertisement in this paper this week which has no two words alike except one word. The same is true of each new one appearing each week, from the Dr. Harter Medicine Co. This house places a "Crescent" on everything they make and publish. Look for it, send them the name of the word, and they will return you Book, Beautiful Lithographs, or Samples Free.

**He Defied Detection.**  
"That is not papa," said the youngest as the new photograph was being handed around at home.  
"Why not?" asked his mother.  
"Because that man in the picture has a nice smile on his face."

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.  
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.  
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.  
When she had children, she gave them Castoria.

Sir Edwin Arnold greatly admires Emerson, Longfellow and Walt Whitman, but he does not want to talk for publication about younger American poets.

"Hansen's Black Cure" is a "Warranted to cure, or money refunded. Ask your druggist for it. Price 15 cents."

Sheriff McLendon of Memphis, Tenn., says that the day before the battle of Shiloh he paid \$600 for a pair of boots, and in the fight had a leg shot off.

**Short-hand as a Business.**  
It pays to know Short-hand. Why? Because every office and business house of any importance requires a stenographer. This is a letter-writing age. The amount of postage bought proves this. The sale of stamps each day at the St. Louis Post-Office amounts to over \$7,000, at New York, \$30,000, and other cities proportionally. Business men dictate their letters to a Short-hand writer, and they are then copied on a type-writer before mailing. There are over 5,000 stenographers employed in Chicago alone, and the demand is increasing.  
Any boy or girl of fifteen, who has some education, and good habits, can easily find employment and make Short-hand pay. Many parents make the serious mistake of supposing that Short-hand cannot be successfully acquired by children. We know of girls only fourteen getting \$30 a month. Prof. Moran, of St. Louis, whom we have engaged to conduct our Short-hand Class, writes us that he is now teaching a boy, Joe Hoffman, who is only ten years old, but can already write eighty words a minute. Now that a course can be had for only \$2, we certainly think that parents would do well to give their young sons and daughters a chance. The educational value of this Membership \$2. Address Secretary University Extension, Box 322, St. Louis, Mo.

The first lesson will be published next week. Don't delay if you intend to join, and subscribe for this paper also if you have not done so.

**Jet Corsets and New Blouses.**  
Corsets of jet almost as deep as a peasant bodice are among the mid-winter novelties. They are made of rows of jet galloon closely fitted around the figure, and are sometimes completed by shoulder straps of the galloon. There are also bretelles of jet going up over the shoulders from a narrow belt or a girdle of jet, while other gowns, notably one of light tan-colored Bedford cord, have a broad corset of jet on the front of the corsage, with bretelles in the back. Evening dresses of black jetted net are completed by a jet corset.

Buffalo usually modern, now wants the earth. What she'll get remains to be seen. She ought to be content, as place of birth. Of the cure for Headache, the only Cochine.

There were 280,657 births and 150,353 deaths in the United Kingdom in the quarter ending Sept. 30.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle.

Rosa Bonheur is at work on her painting of Buffalo Bill's Indians and buffaloes.

**SONG OF THE "NO. 9" SEWING MACHINE.**  
I'm easily purchased by all,  
With instruments that monthly do fall;  
And when I am thine,  
Then life is benign—

Watch for the next stanza. Where? At Watson Mfg. Co., 185 and 187 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

The Fresno County (Cal.) jail is said to be invaded by spooks who keep up no end of a row and rapping at night.

Dr. H. H. Green and Sons, Atlanta, Georgia, Dropsy Specialists, offer 10 days' treatment free. Readers with suffering friends should address this firm. Their success is evidence of their skill. See advertisement in another column.

Ex-Gov. Meriwether of Kentucky had very lately been celebrating his 92d birthday, and seemed to be as hale and hearty as any of his guests.

Pettit's Pile Remedy always cures, sold under positive guarantee. Will mail you one box free. Write today. "PETTIT'S" 25c. BOTTLE. BUFFALO, N. Y.

Sir Arthur Sullivan will write the music for Lord Tennyson's new play.

**FITS.**—All Fits stopped free by DR. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER. No Fit after first day's use. Marvellous cures. Treatise and \$2.00 trial bottle free to all cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 333 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Mr. Gladstone gets 50 cents a word for his magazine articles.

WRITE to Chas. M. Steele & Sons, Muskegon, Mich., and get copy of Hon. Ben. F. Butler's letter entitled "How to get rich." Mailed you free.

Superstitious barbers think that the money earned by shaving dead men is lucky to gamble with.

**BEECHAM'S PILLS** cost only 25 cents a box. They are proverbially known throughout the world to be "worth a guinea a box."

It is still possible to purchase land in New Zealand at 10c. the acre, or to rent an acre at 6d. per annum.

**FOR THE CHILDREN.**  
My little girl suffered for three years from a large Abscess on her hip, the result of a fall and dislocation. The Abscess was large, with six openings, all of which discharged pus. I was induced by friends to give her S. S. S., and by the time the fifth bottle was finished the Abscess was entirely healed, and the child was well and happy.—Mrs. J. A. WIGNER, Slatington, Pa.

I had three little girls who were attacked with obstinate ECZEMA, or Blood Trouble, which at first resembled heat, but soon grew to yellow blisters, some of them quite large. One of the children died from the effects of it, but we got Swift's Specific and gave to the other two, and they soon got well. S. S. S. forced out the poison promptly. The cure was wonderful.—J. D. RAINS, Marlborough, Vt.

S. S. S. has no equal for Children. It relieves the system promptly, and assists nature in developing the child's health. Our Treatise mailed free.

SWIFT SPECIFIC COMPANY, ATLANTA, GA.

**\$500 \$500**  
Will be paid for a COUGH REMEDY that cures Coughs, Colds, Consumption, LA GRIPPE, etc., as quickly as Foretime Blood Bitters. This remedy will always keep off "the Grip!" if used in time. Price 25c and 50c per bottle. Dealers supplied by any Wholesale Druggist in the United States.

**DR. C. B. JUDD'S ELECTRIC BELTS**  
Relieves Headache in One Minute.  
500 Headaches Relieved in One Day at Detroit Exposition.  
For Cold Feet use Dr. C. B. Judd's Electric Insoles.  
Are you sick from Any Cause, worn out from Overwork or Lack of Vitality? Call and see thousands of original letters from patients testifying to remarkable cures of all diseases. The Belt used six hours out of 24 twice a week for two months will cure Kidney Disease. The Belts generate enough electricity to produce a shock and will last for years. A whole family can use the same belt. Call or address

**JUDD ELECTRIC CO., 417 Dearborn Street, CHICAGO, ILL.**

**How's This?**  
We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure.  
F. J. CLEMENT & CO., Props., Toledo, O.  
We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Clement for the last fifteen years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him.  
WATER & DRUGS, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. WACHMAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.  
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by druggists.

The wedding of Dr. Michael Grandfield and Miss Jennie O'Dowd took place Thursday evening in the Sacred Heart church, Linden street, Fall River.

Throat Diseases commence with a Cough, Cold, or Sore Throat. "Brown's Bronchial Troches" give immediate relief. Sold only in boxes. Price 25 cts.

The Maharajah of Johore is expected to visit England next year, as the guest of the Queen. He is very rich and is said to be cultivated and amiable.

Borsch, Chicago's Scientific Optician, Spectacles and Eye Glasses a specialty. Consult us about your eyes, improve your sight. 165 Adams St., opp. F. O.

Miss Amelia B. Edwards says that the secret of success in the writing of fiction is to be summed up in the single word—sincerity.



Ward of disease by removing the cause of it. It's with the liver or the blood, nine times out of ten. A sluggish liver makes bad blood—and bad blood makes trouble. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery makes pure blood. It invigorates the liver and kidneys, rouses every organ into healthful action, and cleanses and renews the whole system. Through the blood it cures. For Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Biliousness, Scrofulous, Skin and Scalp Diseases—even Consumption (or Lung-scurf) in its earlier stages, it's a certain remedy.

Nothing else is "just as good." Anything "just as good" could be sold just as this. It's the only blood-purifier that's guaranteed to benefit or cure, in every case, or the money is refunded.

The catarrh that isn't cured costs \$500. Not to you, but to the proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. They promise to pay you the money, if you have an incurable case.

They don't believe that you have one.

**DROPSY**  
TREATED FREE.  
Positively Cured with Vegetable Remedies. Have cured thousands of cases. Cure cases pronounced hopeless by best physicians. From first dose symptoms disappear: in ten days at least two-thirds ailments removed. Send for free book testifying to cures of miraculous cures. Ten days' treatment free by mail. If you order trial, send 1c. in stamps or postage. DR. H. H. GREEN & SONS, ATLANTA, GA. If you order trial return this advertisement to us.

**\$12 PER ACRE**  
Will purchase Improved Farms Near Washington, D. C., the Nation's Capital. Unsurpassed opportunity to secure a home. Settlement of Northern people. Information and Maps FREE. Address: M. V. RICHARDS, Land and Immigration Agent B. & O. R. Co., BALTIMORE, MD.

**FREE SEED**  
Ever Printed. FREE. One cent a pkg. Up if rare. Cheap, pure, best, 100,000 extra. Beautiful Illustrated Catalogue free. R. H. SHUMWAY, Rockford, Ill.

**FOR THE CHILDREN.**  
My little girl suffered for three years from a large Abscess on her hip, the result of a fall and dislocation. The Abscess was large, with six openings, all of which discharged pus. I was induced by friends to give her S. S. S., and by the time the fifth bottle was finished the Abscess was entirely healed, and the child was well and happy.—Mrs. J. A. WIGNER, Slatington, Pa.

I had three little girls who were attacked with obstinate ECZEMA, or Blood Trouble, which at first resembled heat, but soon grew to yellow blisters, some of them quite large. One of the children died from the effects of it, but we got Swift's Specific and gave to the other two, and they soon got well. S. S. S. forced out the poison promptly. The cure was wonderful.—J. D. RAINS, Marlborough, Vt.

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**Chicago Business Houses**  
The list below comprises some of the best business houses in Chicago, and they invite correspondence from out-of-town buyers. Bank references furnished when required.

AGENTS WANTED—A. C. De Pote & Co., 221 Fifth Avenue.  
BIG MONEY quickly made by lady agents. Send stamp for information. Salvatore Co., Chicago. CATARRH successfully treated. Dr. J. D. Brown, 219 Inter Ocean Bldg.  
DR. C. P. FRIESE—Female Weakness a Specialty. 219 State St., Minneapolis and Philadelphia.  
PATENTS—F. B. Thompson, r. m. 142 Dearborn. PENSION CLAIMS—Ada C. Sweet, 175 Dearborn. PICTURES AND FRAMES—J. C. F. Clark, 253 State street.  
REAL ESTATE AND BUSINESS CHANCES  
C. F. Ziegler, 92 La Salle.  
SALVATOR FOR LADIES—A positive cure for female diseases. Every lady can treat herself. Sample free, send stamp. Salvatore Co., Chicago. SARATOGA EUROPEAN HOTEL, 155 to 159 Dearborn St., Chicago. Rates 75c and upwards. THE HONDURAS COMPANY—FRUIT LARDERS. Cheapest and Best. Write for maps and prices. 215 Dearborn street, Chicago.  
UNION LAND CO., 103 Washington St., Lands in Iowa, Nebraska, Minnesota and Arkansas. Write for particulars. Agents Wanted.

**PENSIONS**  
W. H. DEVEN & CO., 515 Pension Claims Attorneys, 219 State St., Minneapolis and Philadelphia. 25 years' Practice. Chicago. Offices, 209 Dearborn street (one-half block from post-office). Soldiers, Sailors and Marines who have been or are entitled to Pensions. Charge of Deserter removed. Call or write us. No fees in advance.

**THE - ELECTRIC - PIPE**  
It Smokes without Fire or Tobacco.  
WONDERFUL, FUNNY, MYSTERIOUS.  
Send postal note or 5c in stamps and we will mail complete with Battery Post-Paid to any part of the U. S. Address D. C. BEARD, Inter-Ocean Building, Chicago, Ill.

**HYGIENIC HAIR GROWER**  
Absolutely GUARANTEES CURE OF DANDRUFF, BALDNESS AND FALLING HAIR. Guaranteed 100% from all injurious ingredients. Try a bottle and be convinced. 75 cents. FRANK ALBERT, AN HYGIENIC CO., 365 DEARBORN STREET, CHICAGO.

**100 PER CENT PROFIT**  
In every town, district and most attractive place ever manufactured. 267 Dearborn, Room 306, Chicago.

We fit Spectacles that Restore the Sight and Cure Headaches in all cases. De Seng, Whitehead & Co., 118 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

AGENTS WANTED for German and English Family employment. North American Pub. Co., Chicago, Ill.

**DR. HARTER'S**  
WILD CHERRY BITTERS  
MEDICINE  
USE  
RELIEVES All Stomach Distress.  
REMOVES Nausea, Sense of Fullness, COICEST, and all other ailments.  
REVIVES FAILING ENERGY.  
RESTORES Normal Circulation, and WARMS TO TON TIPS.

**DR. HARTER MEDICINE CO., St. Louis, Mo.**

**TYPE-HIGH-NEWSPAPER PLATES**  
Superior to any other Plate on the market. Always ready for use. All classes of matter furnished on short notice.

**NO BASES TO ADJUST**  
Cut to desired length easier and quicker than any surface plate. MITER BOX and SAW FREE to regular customers.

**ALL METAL.**  
The Newspaper Publisher who gives this Plate a trial will use no other.

**International Press Association.**  
415-425 Dearborn St., Chicago.

**SMOKE YOUR MEAT WITH KRAUSER'S LIQUID EXTRACT OF SMOKE**  
CIRCULAR, E. KRAUSER & SONS, MILTON, PA.

**GEN. AGENT WANTED**  
In every County to appoint Agents for our useful household articles. Exclusive territory. Our Agents make \$100 to \$200 a month. Lady Agents are very successful. Particulars and circulars sent free on request. Address: E. KRAUSER & SONS, MILTON, PA.

**MOTHERS USE Frey's Vermifuge FOR WORMS**  
Always Safe and Sure. Try it in 10 days. Price 25c. For sale by all Druggists and E. & S. FREY, Baltimore, Md.

**ASTHMA**  
We Want Home and Office of Every ASTHMATIC. P. Harter, M.D., BUFFALO, N. Y.

**FAT FOLKS REDUCED**  
Mrs. Alice Maple, Oregon, Mo., writes a reduction of 150 lbs. weight was 200 pounds, now it is 1



## BARRINGTON REVIEW,

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BOOK AND JOB PRINTING  
of every description, promptly executed in the  
"best manner" and at reasonable rates.

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

It is generally safe to be suspicious  
of the suspicious man. The person  
who has a doubt may be wrong, but  
he is at least justified in holding the  
opinion that the suspicious individual  
judges others by himself.

ABOUT this matter of confining all  
the cranks, it will be well for folks to  
exercise self-control until it is au-  
thoritatively decided what constitutes  
a crank. It must be remembered a  
man may become a crank on the sub-  
ject of confining cranks.

Bad luck, as a rule, is simply a man  
with his hands in his pockets spend-  
ing his days hanging around a joint  
or hugging a street corner. Good  
luck is a man of pluck to meet the dif-  
ficulties, his sleeves rolled up, work-  
ing to make it come out all right.

PRIDE often miscalculates, and more  
often misconceives. The proud man  
places himself at a distance from other  
men. Seen through that distance,  
others perhaps appear little to him.  
But he forgets that this very distance  
causes him also to appear equally lit-  
tle to others.

In the first really great novel writ-  
ten in America, short but still great,  
"Paul Fenton," the senior Richard H.  
Dana traces the development of the  
crank mind, showing how he may  
gradually draw on, in spite of him-  
self, to do what he knows to be  
wholly indefensible. There may be a  
fascination in the thought of doing  
what the soul shrinks from with hor-  
ror and dread unspeakable. Words-  
worth must have had something of  
this kind in his thoughts when he  
wrote "The sick, in my mind, are de-  
sires of more sickness."

AN EDISON is in his way as imagi-  
native as a Tennyson or as a Keats.  
Indeed, it would not be a misuse of  
words, and it would hardly be an ex-  
aggeration, to call our great inventor  
the Milton of applied science. He sees  
things in their connections—in their  
possibilities as well as in their actual  
connections; and, as from the scattered  
suggestions of real life an imaginative  
author composes a consistent work of  
fiction, he brings the occult forces of  
nature to work together in the solu-  
tion of mechanical problems. He, at  
least, can never dispense with plot.

Nobody knows when Columbus was  
born, nor where he was born, nor ex-  
actly what he looked like, nor what  
his real name was. As many cities  
fight over the honor of his nativity as  
disputed over blind Homer. There are  
in existence ten portraits of Columbus,  
each alleged to be a true likeness, and  
yet no two of these pictures at all re-  
semble each other. As for his name,  
Columbus, like Shakespeare, followed  
the privilege of genius, and spelled it  
according to his changing frame of  
mind. When he was sick he spelled it  
one way; when he got better he spelled  
it another; when he was suc-  
cessful he changed it; when he was  
unlucky, depressed or momentarily  
humble he made another variation in  
his name; after he had been at church,  
or had said his prayers, he had still  
another sort of a signature. So that  
no one now really knows what his true  
name was.

Some contend that a man's imagi-  
nation can make his life happier,  
and, if not better worth living, at all  
events more tolerable. There is no  
reference here to the enjoyment or the  
distraction afforded by works of fiction,  
but rather, we take it, to the solace of  
personal and private air castle build-  
ing. Mr. Micawber represents a genu-  
ine type. An individual of his class  
argues that amid the innumerable  
changes of life, something must  
eventually turn up for his benefit.  
He reminds himself that truth is  
stranger than fiction, and that it is the  
unexpected which happens. Of course,  
there are two sides to the question  
under discussion. There is such a  
thing as an evil imagination. We do  
not mean a wicked imagination, but  
an imagination which conjures up  
misfortune. Everyone is familiar with  
the story of the young woman who  
wept because some day she might be  
married, and some day she might have  
a son, and some day that son might  
fall into the water and be drowned.

## IT WAS PADLEWISKI.

NO DOUBT THAT HE WAS OTTO  
HAUSER.

A Buffalo Doctor Who Knew Him in  
Portland Says That He Traveled Under  
That and Other Names in This Coun-  
try—Would Never Be Taken Alive.

SAN ANTONIO, Tex., Feb. 5.—It has  
now been established beyond doubt  
that Otto Hauser, who was found dead  
in a park on Oct. 28, was the nihilist,  
Stanislaus Padlewski, who assassinated  
General Michael de Seliverskoff in  
Paris, Nov. 18, 1890.

Dr. Louis Schroeder of Buffalo, N.  
Y., who knew him in Warsaw, Poland,  
writes here that Hauser was Padle-  
wiski, and that to avoid detection he  
traveled under different names, in  
Paris being known as Otto Hoffman,  
in New York as Otto Heller, and in  
Buffalo and Texas as Otto Hauser.  
Padlewski wrote Schroeder that he  
feared that he would be delivered up to  
the Russian government, but declared  
that he would never be taken alive.

## KILLED BY THE SCAFFOLD.

Two Men Are Dead and Six Others Ser-  
iously Wounded in an Accident.

BIRMINGHAM, Ala., Feb. 5.—A hor-  
rible accident occurred at the Sloss  
furnace yesterday, two men being  
killed outright and six injured, some of  
whom may die. A hot-blast stove was  
being erected and the men were work-  
ing on a scaffold in the interior of the  
walls fifty-eight feet from the ground.  
Suddenly the scaffolding gave way and  
the men with all their implements and  
a forge fell to the ground in an indes-  
cribable, horrible mass.

## EXCITEMENT AT PARIS.

Several Banks Said to Be in Difficulty—  
Rumors of Extensive Frauds.

PARIS, Feb. 5.—There is considera-  
ble excitement on the bourse,  
owing, it is alleged, to the fact  
that several banks are in difficulty.  
The exact nature of the difficulty is  
not known, but the rumor is that ex-  
tensive frauds have been perpetrated.  
It is known that several arrests have  
already been made in connection with  
the trouble and some startling de-  
velopments may be expected shortly.

## Enormous Profits in One Year.

NEW YORK, Feb. 5.—The annual  
meeting of the stockholders of the  
National Cordage company was held at  
Weehawken yesterday. In the report  
for the year ending Oct. 31 last the  
comptroller gives the assets of the com-  
pany as \$23,419,120. This item is made  
up of merchandise, \$3,143,793; accounts  
and bills receivable, \$2,657,576; cash,  
\$340,241; real estate, buildings, machin-  
ery and leaseholds, \$17,077,550. The  
liabilities, in addition to the \$5,000,000  
preferred and \$10,000,000 common  
stock, are: Accounts and bills pay-  
able, \$4,712,806; and surplus, \$3,706,313.  
The operations for the year show a  
profit of \$1,406,313, of which \$1,300,000  
was paid in dividends, leaving a bal-  
ance of \$106,313.

## Knew When to Quit.

NEW YORK, Feb. 5.—Henry Rosen-  
feld, of Chicago, has just returned from  
Monte Carlo, where he won \$80,000.  
With admirable judgment he con-  
cluded to leave the gambling table for-  
ever, and on last Thursday week he  
invited his friends to an elaborate din-  
ner to celebrate his phenomenal luck  
and affirmed his vow never to put a  
dollar on the green cloth again.

## Dividend of the Norrie Mine.

IRONWOOD, Mich., Feb. 5.—The Norrie  
mine at this city, whose output of 900-  
000 tons of iron ore in 1891 was the  
largest ever taken from any iron mine  
in the world in the same time, has just  
declared a dividend of \$5 a share. This  
is in addition to the regular quarterly  
dividend of 25 cents. The output this  
season will reach 1,000,000 tons.

## Mexican Lottery Shares Advance.

NEW ORLEANS, La., Feb. 5.—The  
Supreme court decision sustaining the  
act of Congress excluding lottery mat-  
ter from the mails and Mr. Morris' let-  
ter withdrawing his proposal for a re-  
newal of the Louisiana Lottery char-  
ter have had the effect of advancing the  
price of shares of the Mexican Lottery  
\$6 to \$10 a share.

## May Be Lynched for Whipping a Child.

SCHUYLER, Neb., Feb. 5.—Mrs. Cora  
Whetner was arrested yesterday for  
whipping an adopted 8-year-old child.  
Great efforts are required to prevent  
her being mobbed. The child may die  
as a result of illness and broken bones.

## Cut His Throat in Jail.

NEW ORLEANS, La., Feb. 5.—Mur-  
derer Fitzsimmons, who recently killed  
Detective Wilkinson and made a re-  
markable escape from the Allegheny  
county jail, cut his throat in the parish  
prison here yesterday and will die.

## Wills Howard Convicted.

LEBANON, Mo., Feb. 5.—Wills Howard,  
the notorious Kentucky desperado, who  
killed thirteen men in the famous  
Howard-Turner feud of two years ago,  
has been convicted of murder here and  
will hang.

## Found Guilty of Embezzlement.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., Feb. 5.—A jury in  
the United States court yesterday re-  
turned a verdict of guilty against Am-  
brose Motis, formerly postmaster at  
Coleman, Marinette county.

## Brokers Reinstated.

NEW YORK, Feb. 5.—The Stock Ex-  
change has reinstated S. V. White and  
F. W. Hopkins, representing the firm  
of S. V. White & Co., as members in  
good standing.

## Opposed to Reciprocity.

CITY OF MEXICO, Feb. 5.—A Guate-  
mala letter says that Laínfesta, the  
new president, is opposed to reciprocity,  
but energetically favors a Central Ameri-  
can union.

## JOHN L. SURPRISES DENVER.

The Big Fellow and His Jag Visit Sta-  
art Robson on the Stage.

DENVER, Col., Feb. 5.—John L. Sul-  
livan, the pugilist-actor, is in this city  
with his company. The champion sur-  
rendered to Bacchus last night, and  
visited the Tabern Grand, where  
Stuart Robson was holding  
forth. Sullivan fought his way  
to the stage in the midst of a scene,  
and, seizing Robson's hand, exclaimed:  
"Shake with honest hearts and willing  
hands." As soon as the audience  
"caught on" it raised great applause,  
and Sullivan started to make his little  
speech, but was removed by stage  
hands.

## FLAMES AT CEDAR RAPIDS.

Thirty Head of Cattle Cremated, To-  
gether with Several Barns.

CEDAR RAPIDS, Iowa, Feb. 5.—At 1  
o'clock this morning fire was discovered  
in the large barns owned by J. S. Porter.

The flames spread so rapidly that it  
was impossible to save anything in  
them, and thirty head of cattle perished  
along with all his dairy supplies. The  
loss is unknown.

## Banker Dill Discharged.

CLEARFIELD, Pa., Feb. 5.—The em-  
bezzlement case against Banker Dill  
ended yesterday. Mr. Dill took the  
stand in his own defense and narrated  
the history of his connections with the  
two banks.

When Dill left the stand Judge Mayo  
took the case from the jury. He said  
the moment the \$25,000 was credited  
to the First National bank in Phila-  
delphia banks, that moment the  
First National bank was liable to the  
Houtzdale bank, and the prosecution  
against Dill could not stand. He  
therefore ordered that a verdict of "not  
guilty, but pay the costs," be recorded,  
and Dill was discharged.

## Want Doolittle to Run.

RACINE, Wis., Feb. 5.—A petition was  
circulated yesterday asking that ex-  
United States Senator James R. Doolittle  
become a candidate for the office of  
Circuit judge of the First judicial cir-  
cuit, comprising the counties of Racine,  
Kenosha and Walworth, to fill the un-  
expired term of John B. Winslow,  
which expires in January, 1896. Judge  
Doolittle will accept the nomination if  
the people of the district express such  
a desire with sufficient unanimity.

## Lithographic Combine.

NEW YORK, Feb. 5.—There has been  
another great consolidation of business  
interests in the form of a combination  
of about 90 per cent of the lithograph-  
ing firms of the country. A combina-  
tion is under way with a capitalization  
of \$12,500,000. So far nine of the  
greatest firms in the lithographing  
business have merged into one corpora-  
tion. Joseph P. Knapp is the presi-  
dent.

## Beauty in Jail.

PITTSBORO, N. C., Feb. 5.—Vallie E.  
Weathers, a beautiful girl, has been  
put into jail to await trial. Some  
months ago she eloped with Dr. John  
S. Stone, who deserted his wife and  
thirteen children. Stone passed as her  
father.

## Tremendous Output of Flour.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., Feb. 5.—The  
flour output last week was almost iden-  
tical with that of the week before,  
being 137,700 barrels; average, 22,950  
barrels daily, against 129,680 barrels  
for the corresponding time in 1891 and  
103,130 barrels in 1890.

## Imprisonment for Life.

NEW YORK, Feb. 5.—Gov. Flower has  
commuted the death sentence of  
Nicola Trezza, the murderer of Alex-  
ander Galvano to imprisonment for  
life. Trezza was to have been executed  
next week.

## Iowa's Convention Will Be Late.

DES MOINES, Iowa, Feb. 5.—The  
Democratic State convention to select  
delegates to the national convention  
will be held in Council Bluffs May 11.

## TELEGRAPHIC BRIEVITIES.

Diphtheria is so serious at Moores-  
ville and Brooklyn, Ind., that children  
under 15 have been ordered to stay off  
the streets, and business is practically  
suspended.

Survivors of the Johnstown flood will  
give their incomes for the 31st of next  
May, the third anniversary of the  
disaster, for the purpose of erecting a  
group of statuary in the public square  
of Johnstown to commemorate the event.

Premier Abbott says three com-  
missioners will start for Washington  
next Monday to confer with Secretary  
Blaine in regard to reciprocity and  
other affairs.

Twenty-five saloon-keepers at Ot-  
tumwa, Iowa, have been arrested for  
neglecting to cancel the stamps on  
empty liquor casks.

California sugar is likely to be ex-  
cluded from eastern markets on account  
of an advance in rates by the railroad  
companies.

The Chinese government is paying  
indemnities for the killing or injury of  
foreigners and the destruction of property  
in the recent uprisings.

When off Fecamp the French steamer  
St. Andre collided with and sank the  
Danish brig Thor. All the crew of the  
Thor save one boy were drowned.

Reports from Omdurman in the Sou-  
dan indicate that the followers of the  
Mahdi are continually engaged in riots.

Andrew Carnegie wrote a letter  
under date of Jan. 13 to a manufac-  
turer at Hamilton, Ontario, favoring  
the annexation of Canada to the United  
States.

At Madison, Wis., the Wisconsin Sun-  
day Rest association adopted a resolu-  
tion opposing the opening of the world's  
fair on Sundays.

George W. Childs will attend the  
dedication ceremonies of the Childs-  
Drexel Home for union printers at  
Colorado Springs, Col., May 12, the an-  
niversary of his birth.

## WOES OF THE INSANE.

THE JACKSONVILLE ASYLUM  
INQUIRY.

Testimony Heard Yesterday—An Ex-Pa-  
tient Testifies that He Was Knocked  
Down and Stamped Upon—Testimony  
of Physicians and Attendants.

JACKSONVILLE, Ill., Feb. 5.—The Cen-  
tral Insane hospital investigation was  
continued yesterday. T. O. Black of  
Schuyler county testified that when a  
patient he had tried to run away.

"The attendants took my clothes,"  
said he, "knocked me down, and  
stamped upon me, and said if I re-  
ported they would kill me." He knew  
a patient named Rogers who was also  
beaten, one man holding him while  
the other did the chastising. He told  
of a barbarous case of recent occur-  
rence. A patient named Knox from  
Brown county was sent home a corpse,  
when but a few days prior his family  
had been informed by letter from the  
institution that he was well and get-  
ting along nicely. The body when  
examined was found to have bruises.  
He thought all acts of cruelty were  
done without the knowledge or sanc-  
tion of the superintendent. Instances  
were cited where sick patients were  
tied to their beds and found dead in  
the morning.

It was shown by testimony of the  
baker that the flour used is the best  
made here. The most important wit-  
ness was George Myers, ex-clerk, and  
now business assistant of the institu-  
tion. He has been connected with it  
since 1875. Meat is bought on the  
hoof, then killed, cut up, and delivered  
to the institution by a local dealer at  
\$2.50 per head. Most groceries and  
provisions are bought in Chicago. Pro-  
positions for furnishing certain goods  
are invited from various houses.

"The same kind of clothing is  
furnished pauper patients as the bond  
patients. We buy all butter from  
Elgin."

E. L. Fry, the clerk of the institu-  
tion, testified that it was the custom to  
charge to bondsmen and pauper  
patients a profit of from 5 to 10 per  
cent on clothing to cover loss.

The butcher testified that once in a  
while a small piece of tainted beef was  
discovered, but that it was always  
thrown out.

Dr. Frank Norbury, third assistant  
physician, detailed the duties of physi-  
cians and employees, the manner of  
treating cases, and under what circum-  
stances patients are put under re-  
straint.

## PERISHED IN THE FLAMES.

A Mother and Two Children Burned to  
Death at Jacksonville, Fla.

JACKSONVILLE, Fla., Feb. 5.—Mrs. A.  
W. Lenning and her two children were  
burned to death by the burning of their  
house early yesterday. Mr. Len-  
ning escaped with severe burns.

## Cronin Case Denied.

OTTAWA, Ill., Feb. 5.—The rumor  
concerning the release of the Cronin  
murderers is unqualifiedly false. The  
Supreme court is not now in session  
and it was never known to leak. Dur-  
ing the Anarchist trial ten or twelve  
reporters shadowed the judges for  
nearly a month day and night, using  
influence, diplomacy, and the utmost  
reportorial skill, but the dignity and  
secrecy was maintained to the end.  
The decision will not be given till  
March.

## A Satisfactory Ultimatum.

VALPARAISO, Chile, Feb. 5.—Senor  
Pereira, Minister of Foreign Affairs,  
called at the United States Legation  
yesterday and personally thanked Mr.  
Egan for Mr. Blaine's recent dispatch  
accepting Chile's reply to the ultimatum  
on the Baltimore affair as satisfactory.  
The meeting between the two diplo-  
mats was apparently of the most  
friendly character.

## Aid for Starving Russians.

NEW YORK, Feb. 5.—On motion of  
ex-Mayor Hewitt the Chamber of Com-  
merce has appointed a committee to  
raise funds to convey food to the starv-  
ing people of Russia. Messrs. Hewitt,  
William M. Evarts, J. Pierpont Morgan,  
C. Vanderbilt, J. D. Rockefeller and  
about forty others are on the committee.

## Five Died.

NEW YORK, Feb. 5.—The steamer  
Buffon arrived at quarantine yester-  
day with yellow fever on board. After  
the vessel had left Santos, Brazil, the  
disease broke out in epidemic form and  
five of the crew died. Four seamen  
were lying in the ship's hospital when  
the vessel reached quarantine.

## He Gave It All Away.

LONDON, Feb. 5.—The will of the late  
Cardinal Manning was opened here.  
It shows that he possessed less than  
£100, which was in consols and a col-  
lection of books. This fact speaks  
louder than words in showing the  
benevolence of the Cardinal. The will  
contains no statement of public interest.

## Florida's Crew Saved.

LONDON, Feb. 5.—The steamship  
Britannic, from New York, has ar-  
rived at Queenstown. On Feb. 2 she  
sighted the British steamer Victoria,  
from Philadelphia for Hamburg, with  
the crew of the abandoned Florida on  
board.

## Cattle-Raisers Convene.

AUSTIN, Texas, Feb. 5.—The State  
Cattlemen's convention is in session  
here. The first meeting was devoted  
to a speech by ex-Senator Regan upon  
the rate question as affecting cattle-  
men.

## Russell Sage, Jr., Dead.

NEW YORK, Feb. 5.—Russell Sage,  
Jr., the nephew of the millionaire, died  
yesterday of meningitis. He was  
35 years of age and unmarried.

## Aimed at Private Detectives.

ALBANY, Feb. 5.—The anti-Pinker-  
ton bill has passed the Assembly. It  
prohibits the hiring of any private de-  
tective by corporations.

## E. GOETTSCHE.

Dealer in

# Hardware & Tinware

A Large Assortment of TOOLS.

Agent for the Celebrated

## JEWEL & RED CROSS

Stoves and Ranges.

1049 Milwaukee Avenue,

AND

Cor. North and Western Aves

WE SELL ONLY PURE GOODS.

## Genuine Imported Aquavit.

IMPORTED NORWEGIAN BEER.

Pure California Brandies and Wines at the very  
Lowest Prices.

SAM SCHULZ,

376 Milwaukee Av. 248 N. Curtis St. 826 W. North Av

## 40 STYLES

SPRING  
BUSINESS  
ROAD

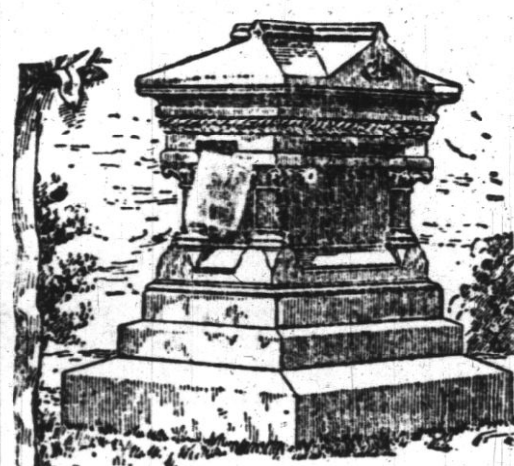
## WAGONS

## FINE

BUGGIES  
PHAETONS  
SURREYS.

BUCKBOARDS, CARTS, SULKIES

J. M. Fletcher, Jefferson Park.



F. HESS, Prop'r. W. H. ADDISON, Manager.

## THE JEFFERSON

Marble, Granite & Stone Works.  
Monuments, Headstones,  
Tablets, Vaults

And Cemetery Work of all kinds at  
Lowest Prices.

Works and Yards on Crawford avenue,  
one mile North of Irving Park.

IRVING PARK. ILL.

## Mosler, Bahmann & Co.,

Manufacturer of

Patent Fire and Burglar Proof

SAFES AND VAULTS,

49 WABASH AVENUE.

## EMIL PITTMAN, Merchant Tailor, SHERIDAN AVE.

Between Garden and Centre Aves.

AVONDALE,

Is prepared to make gentlemen's clothing in the latest styles, and at the lowest  
prices. Come and see my stock of goods and samples.

Satisfaction guaranteed.

## H. EHRHARDT,

Dealer in

## Groceries & Provisions,

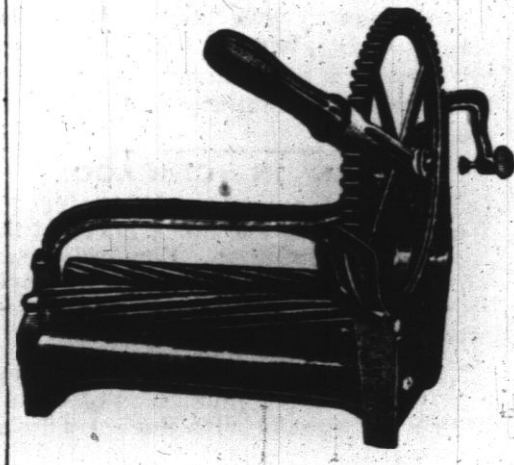
BEST TEAS AND COFFEES,

CANNED AND DRIED FRUITS.

Choice Brands of Flour.

New Store! Fresh Goods! Lowest Prices!

472 NORTH AVENUE, near Milwaukee Ave.



## Washing Machines.

Washing Made Easy.

Easiest Working Machine Made,  
Does not Tear Clothes, and Washes Clean.  
Lasts Longer than any other Machine made.  
Give it a trial and be convinced.

W. F. BACH,



## MIZPAH.

I have passed from this life away.  
Thou shalt see my face no more.  
No more shall we together stray  
By wood or river shore.

The days to thee as fair may be  
As in the long ago,  
The summer sun may gild each tree  
With all the olden glow.

Another's face may seem as bright,  
As thou saidst mine was then—  
I can not scale the verdured height,  
Or tread those slopes again.

Where oft in golden summer-tide,  
We wandered hand-in-hand,  
Or on some clovered, green hill-side  
Our favorite poem chanted.

Each tender flow'r, moonlike, would roll  
The tide of tears that roars  
On Grief's dark ocean in my soul,  
Unto mine eyelids' shores.

—Inter Ocean.

## BACKWOODS MARRIAGE.

One day in early winter my husband received a summons to Burk's Settlement to unite a couple in the bonds of wedlock, and it was especially requested that his wife should accompany him as he would be expected to stay all night and join in the festivities. It was twenty miles to the settlement and we reached the log house of Mr. Burk, the father of the prospective bride, about noon. A dozen tow-headed children were at the door waiting our arrival and they telegraphed the news instantly—"Marm, marm! here's the elder and his woman!—They're nothing but folks; she's got a man's hat on and a turkey wing on front of it! His nose is just like dad's—crooked as a cow horn squash." Alas, for Mr. Morrison's aquiline nose, of which he was a trifle vain—"Sam," called a shrill female voice from the interior of the cabin, "run quick and fetch the old rooster, and I'll have him in the pot in a jiffy—Sal, you quit that chura and sweep the floor. Kick that corn-dodger under the bed. Bill, you wipe that taller off'n the cheer for the elder's wife and be mighty sly about it too." Further comments were cut short by our entrance.

Mrs. Burk in a calico short-gown, blue petticoat and bare feet came forward wiping her face on her apron. "How d'ye do elder? How d'ye do, marm? Must 'scuse my head—'t had a chance to comb it since last week—work must be did you know; powerful sharp air, ain't it? Shoo there! Bill drive that turkey out'n the bread trough, will yer? Sal, take the baby's things. Set right up to the fire marm. Hands cool? Well, jest run 'em through Bill's hair, we keep it long a purpose.

Bill presented his shaggy, red head, but I declined, with an involuntary shudder. "Lawd, if she ain't actually a shiverin'," cried Mrs. Burk; "bring in some more wood. Here, marm, take this hot corn-dodger in yer lap—it's good as a soap-stun." At this juncture a fearful squall announced the execution of the doomed rooster, and shortly afterwards he was bouncing about in a four-quart kettle, hung over the fire. Sal returned to her churning, but in the excitement, due to this unprecedented occasion, she upset it, and the milk went swimming out over the floor. "Grab the ladle, Bill," cried Mrs. B., "and help dip it up. Take keer! Don't put that snarl of hair in. Strange how nasty boys will be! Dick, do keep your feet out'n the buttermilk, or it won't be fit for the pigs when th' butter's gethered. Drive that hen out, quick! She's picked up a pound a ready—thee, Sal—now try and be a little careful—if you are gwine to be spliced tomorrow, yer needn't run crazy about it." "You better dry up," answered the bride elect thumping away at the churn. By the time I had fairly warmed, dinner was ready, and you may be sure I did not injure myself by over-eating. Night came on early, and after a social discussion of the event of the morrow, I signified my wish to retire. Sal lighted a pitch knot, and began climbing a ladder in one corner of the room. I hesitated. "Come on," she said, "don't be afraid. Sam, Bill, Dick, and all the rest of you, duck yer heads while the elder's wife goes up! Look out for the boards, marm, and mind, or you'll smash your brains out against the beam! Take keer of the hole whar the chimney comes through!" The warning came too late. I caught my foot on the end of a board, stumbled, and fell headlong, through what seemed to me interminable space, but it proved to be only the room which I had left, where I was fortunately saved from broken or dislocated bones, by Bill, who caught me in my descent, and setting me on my feet remarked, coolly, "Yer better take the ladder next time."

I was duly commiserated and at last got to bed, but the least said about that night the better, for Bill, Dick and four others slept in the same room with us and made the air vocal with their snoring. At last I fell asleep and was dreaming of being fired from a columbiad, when my husband awakened me with the information that it was morning. The marriage was to take place before breakfast and Sally was already dressed in her bridal robes when I descended the ladder. She shone magnificent in green calico over crinoline which displayed itself in several places fully four inches below, a white apron with red strings, blue stockings, a yellow neck ribbon and white cotton gloves. Her reddish hair was fastened in a pug behind, lavishly adorned with the tall feathers of the defunct rooster. When it was announced that Lem Saunders, the groom, was coming, Sal divined behind a coverlet which hung across one corner of the room to conceal sundry pots and kettles and refused to come forth. "Mr. Saunders lifted one corner of the curtain and peeped in, but

quickly retreated on Sally's sharply advising him "to mind his own business."

Lemuel's quaint form was clad in a suit of blue with brass buttons which had been made for his grandfather on a similar occasion. His hair was stiffly greased with tallow, and his feet encased in skin pumps. Very soon the wedding guests began to arrive and the room was well filled. "Now elder," cried the jubilant bridegroom, "drive ahead, I'm able to pay for having the job dun up nice, do you hear? Come, Father Burk, trot out your gal."

But Sally refused to be trotted out she would be married where she was or not at all. We argued and coaxed, but of no avail, and it was finally decided to let her have her way. Mr. Morrison stood up. The couple joined hands through a rent in the curtain, and the ceremony proceeded till the solemn question was propounded, "Lemuel, will you have this woman to"—when down came the curtain, enveloping both minister and bridegroom in a cloud of dust! Dick had climbed to the left and cut the string which held it. They crawled out looking decidedly sheepish, and Sally was obliged to be married openly. In answer to the momentous question Lem responded: "To be sure! What else did I come here for?" And Sally: "Yaas, if ye must know." "Salute your bride," said Mr. Morrison, when all was over. "I'm ready to do anything, elder," said Lemuel, "but skin me if I know what that is. Just show me how, and I'll do it if it kills me."

Mr. M. drew back nervously; but Sally knew how, evidently, for she made a dash at him, and, throwing her arms around his neck, gave him a kiss that made the very windows rattle. "I vum if I can't beat that," cried Lem excitedly; and hastily taking a bite from a chunk of maple sugar he drew from his pocket, and lunging forward to seize me, smashed my collar, broke my watch-guard in a dozen pieces, tore down my hair, and finally succeeded in planting a kiss on my nose, greatly to the delight of the company. Then he turned to my husband: "Now, elder, what's the damage? Don't be afraid to speak out." Producing a piece of fur: "There, elder, there's a muskrat's skin, and out in the shed is two heads of cabbage, and you're welcome to the whole ont." My husband bowed his thanks. The young people began the dancing and Mrs. B. went to getting breakfast. At my earnest request our horse was harnessed and we took our departure, for I felt sure that I could not live through another meal in that home with a sound stomach.

I have since heard that Lem said if he had seen the elder's wife before she was married, "Sal might have gone."

Alas!  
"Of all sad words of tongue or pen,  
The saddest are these: 'It might have been.'"  
—Arkansaw Traveler.

## ON THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

How It Affects One to Hear the Miserere Sung There.

In five minutes we had picked our way through the labyrinth of surrounding gondolas, and in five more had entered the close, narrow canal, where the beautiful bridge, buttressed by two great masses of gloom—the palace and the prison—overhung the sluggish, sullen water.

There is never a lantern now along this weird and gruesome waterway, writes F. H. Smith in Scribner's. One only sees the twinkling lamps of the gondolas, like will-o'-the-wisps, drift past—the boats themselves lost in the blackness of the shadows—the glimmer of the pale light of some slow-moving barge, or the reflection of the stars above. All else is dark and ghostly.

The music boat drifted sideways, and the base viol, who was standing, twisted a light cord through an iron ring in the slimy, ooze-colored palace. Espero drifted against the opposite wall—the prison.

"What shall they sing, signor?"

"As you please, Espero."

I have heard the Miserere chanted at dead of night in the streets of an old Italian town, the flare of the torches lighting the upturned face of the ghastly dead; my eyes have filled when, with knee to marble floor, I have listened to the pathos of its harmonies as they sighed through the many pillared mosque of Cordova; I have drank in its cadences in curtained alcoves with the breath of waving fans and flash of gems about me; but never has its grandeur and majesty so stirred my imagination and entranced my soul as on this night in Venice, under the deep blue of the soft Italian sky, the frowning, bloodstained palace above the treacherous, silent water beneath.

I could stretch out my hand and touch the very stones that had confined the living dead. I could look down into the same depths along the edge of the water-soaked marble where had lain the headless body, with sack and cord, awaiting the sure current of the changing tide; and from my cushions in the listening gondola I could see, high up against the blue in the starlight, the same narrow window in the fatal arch, through which the hopeless had caught their last glimpse of light and life.

## Why He Was There.

Judge—"You are charged with stealing a chicken from Col. Smith's coop. Are you guilty or not guilty?"

Prisoner—"Not guilty, yo' honor."

Judge—"Didn't you steal the colonel's chicken?"

Prisoner—"Nebbah, sah."

Judge—"Well, what were you doing in his henhouse at midnight?"

Prisoner—"Jes a prospectin' for a fat goose I fought wuz dar, sah. But I never tuck hit, sah. It wuzn't dar when I called for hit, sah, so he's my goodness boss.—Detroit Free Press.

## AN ENORMOUS FURNACE.

### A COAL MINE ON FIRE FOR EIGHTEEN YEARS.

A Million Tons of Anthracite Burning Under Ground—Herculean Efforts to Quench the Flames With no Effect.

In 1873 a fire broke out in the inside slope of No. 6 colliery, near Lansford, in this state, says the Philadelphia Press, and it is raging still with all the fury which the very best of fuel can give it. It is in a bed of coal 2,000 feet long, 30 feet thick, and 450 feet deep, and though it is covered with rock and clay to a depth ranging from thirty to fifty feet, the stones on the surface are so heated that a parlor match laid on them will ignite in an instant. In one spot the men employed at the diamond drill light their pipes with the superheated pebbles. There is very little external evidence of the fire, save the constantly rising vapor and the noxious gas that fills the air and at times kills birds and small animals that linger too long in the neighborhood.

The early history of No. 6 was very uneventful until about 1873. It was opened some thirty odd years ago by "Old Jim" Andrews, and was worked on the water level for some years without serious accident and without producing any considerable quantity of coal. The gangways were turned east and west at a point 150 yards vertically below the surface, and a number of breasts were opened and continued to be worked until the Lehigh coal and navigation company reclaimed the place. The company originally obtained control of the largest tracts upon the rental of an ear of corn per year, but as may readily be imagined, in lieu of paying the great increase of rent demanded when the developments had been made, the company acquired title in fee.

The workings were all opened from the foot of the slope, and the machinery for pumping and hoisting was not only in place, but working along smoothly when the fire broke out. It is alleged that a handful of oily cotton waste used about the machinery and carried perhaps by the rats up the slope and behind the timbers, ignited spontaneously and caused a conflagration which has since cost a fortune in cash and coal. It is estimated that a yard of coal in the vein weighs a ton. The dimensions of the area in which the fire is now confined, and beyond which it cannot extend hereafter indicates 1,170,000 cubic yards or tons of coal involved. From this must be deducted the small amount which "Old Jim" Andrews and his successors mined and the portion which may eventually be saved.

There are numberless instances of internal fires which had much greater start than this and were subdued in a short time, but they were below the water level, and were quenched by turning a stream of water into the blazing subterranean recesses. In the case of No. 6 the fire started below the water level, but it spread so rapidly upward that, while the slope fire was soon drowned out, there was no known way of checking its progress above water level, except by shutting out the air that is needed to support combustion.

This was the first effort made. Brattices were built across the gangways, stopping every hole and crevice through which air could reach the fire. The mine was practically hermetically sealed. All pumping of water and air was suspended, and men were left to watch the result. In two weeks, when reopened, it was found that the fire burned with increased fury. The attempt to smother it was a failure. Then an effort was made to draw the fire, and men were engaged in mining the glowing coals until one after another they were overcome by the heat and gas, and several lives were endangered.

At various times men were so far gone that their recovery was doubtful. General Superintendent William D. Zehner was carried out in an unconscious condition, and for half a day he lay in the brush with excited men working over his inanimate body. Another man was packed in an envelope of moist clay, with no part of his skin exposed but that which covered his nostrils, and thus he lay for six hours before returning life became apparent.

The third attempt was by drowning. Dams and brattices were constructed across the tunnels. Two dams of brick, laid in the best cement were built across No. 6, and one on the other side across No. 7, which cuts all the veins and extends right through the entire mountain. Water was poured in, but year after year there were surface indications that the fire was still raging. Wherever these indications appeared it was a sign that there the fire was getting air, and clay was piled upon the spot by men employed for the single purpose of watching for these manifestations. At one time an effort was made to destroy the atmospheric air by the introduction through a drill hole of lime and nitric acid gas, and at other times other gases have been manufactured high up on Locust mountain side and forced in upon the burning mass, but without having the slightest apparent effect upon the energy of the flames.

Thus the unequal contest was waged unceasingly until 1890, when all hope of extinguishing the fire was abandoned, and it was decided to cut the fire off, or rather to confine it to a definite area, 2,000 feet long, by deep cuts transversely to the vein.

## A Camera Saved Life.

A camera is to be credited with saving life. Mr. Littledale and party were lately exploring the Pamier with a considerable body of natives and a

Chinese guide. When the time came for the latter to leave the explorer learned that he had made preparations to plunder the party in the Boroghil Pass. He had the man brought to his tent, told him that he had taken his photograph, and declared that he should send it to the Chinese governor of Kashgar with the request that the original be crucified. The guide confessed in terror and the plot fell through.

## THE CANNIBAL PLANT.

A Story as Is a Story and Is Nothing More.

Some years ago a striking story was published in France describing a wonderful flesh-eating plant discovered by a great botanist. If we remember rightly the story recounted how a certain collector discovered a plant of the fly-trap species of so gigantic a size that it could consume huge masses of raw meat. Just as the fly-catching plant snaps up a fly and draws nutriment from the fly's dead body, so this one fed itself on the legs of mutton and sirloins of beef which were thrown into its ravenous maw. The botanist in the story for some reason—possibly fear of having his plant destroyed as dangerous to public safety—keeps the existence of the plant a secret and preserves it in a locked-up conservatory. His wife, however, who is made miserable by his absorption of mind—he thinks of nothing but how to feed and improve his wonderful and fascinating plant—determines to follow him. This she does, accompanied by an old school friend of her husband. When the pair reach the inner conservatory they see to their horror the infatuated botanist tossing bleeding joints of raw meat into the huge jaws of a giant fly-trap. They are at first petrified with horror. At last, however, the wife throws herself into the arms of her husband and implores him to give up dwelling upon the carnivorous monstrosity which he has discovered and reared. Unfortunately, however, the wife in appealing to her husband goes too close to the plant. Its huge tentacles surround her and then proceed to drag her in, and the two stupefied men see the plant begin to devour its victim. Fortunately, however, the friend catches sight of an ax lying near, and seizing this he strikes at the roots of the plant. A few frenzied blows do the necessary work, and the flesh-eating plant tumbles to the ground and releases from its clutches the terrified woman. The botanist, however, cannot survive his most cherished discovery, and with the exclamation, "You have killed my plant," he falls back dead.—Chicago News.

## A Good Kind of Society.

Some time ago several women in England started a society, the members of which bound themselves to refrain from wearing the feathers of any bird not killed for purposes of food, the ostrich only excepted." The society grew very greatly in numbers, and its good influence is shown by the letter of a professional fowler to a newspaper. A year ago, he says, he was asked to get 8,000 Kittiwake gulls, but this year he has not shot one. The gull is a beautiful and useful bird, and the fashion of wearing its plumage seriously threatened its extermination.

## QUEER SUPERSTITIONS.

A strange antipathy once prevailed to rescuing a drowning man, the idea being that the person saved would sooner or later do some injury to the man who preserved his life. The Bohemian fisherman shrinks from snatching a drowning man from the waters, fearing that the water demon would take away his luck in fishing, and drown him at the first opportunity.

On New Year day at the capital city of Tibet, Lhassa, there begins a season of festivity. One of the entertainments is called the "Spectacle of the Flying Spirits." The performers stretch an enormous large rope, made of hide, all the way from the top to the bottom of Mt. Potala; then they fasten grooved blocks of wood to their chests and sail down the line like so many swallows.

It is said that there is a remarkable stone near Nancledres, Cornwall, and locally known as the "Twelve O'clock Stone," having been by supernatural power impressed with some peculiar sense at midnight. Although immovable during daylight, or indeed by human power at any other time, it would rock like a cradle exactly at midnight, and many a child is reported to have been cured of some bodily weakness by being placed at this mystic hour on the "Twelve O'clock Stone."

## GLEANINGS.

In the public gardens of Milan, Italy, is a Gothic building containing twelve milch cows, from which the visitor can get milk at 2 cents a glass.

A dealer in artificial limbs says that an arm will last a life time, if properly cared for, but that after five or six years a leg gives way to the weight and strain and has to be renewed.

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

In olden times the Fruitcrer's company, of London, annually presented twelve baskets of apples to the lord mayor, and the lady mayors put a bottle of wine in each of the empty baskets for the carriers, who were also given a dinner. Of late years pineapples, nectarines, peaches and other choice fruits have been substituted for apples, and last year the ceremony was observed October 7.

Conservative doctor of divinity objects to female preachers, especially on account of their feebleness of voice and indistinctness of articulation. Distinguished and indignant lady member (from the rear of the hall in the voice of a lioness), "I will thank the brother to speak louder; in this part of the hall I can not hear a word that he says!" Doctor of divinity (suaviter), "I beg to advise our sister to apply at once to my friend, Dr. —, of Boylston street, the celebrated aurist, who will relieve, if anybody can, the painful infirmity to which she refers."

## THE SCORPION.

The Poisonous Spider Has a Very Sensible Ear for Music.

Dr. Cargill, of Jamaica, writes to the London Spectator as follows: In your article, "Orpheus at the Zoo," the tarantula's non-appreciation of music is contrasted with the scorpion's very sensitive ear for the violin. I have studied the habits of the scorpion for many years and have often noticed how very sensitive scorpions are to the most delicate sound, musical or otherwise. Under the thorax the scorpion has two comblike appendages, which are the antennae (pocinetae).

It is pretty well settled by physiologists and entomologists that in insects the antennae represent the organs of hearing. These delicate structures are easily affected by the vibrations of sound and there can be no doubt whatever but they are also affected by sounds quite inaudible to the human ear. The slightest vibration of the atmosphere, from any cause whatever, at once puts in motion the delicate structures which compose the antennae, to which organ insects owe the power of protecting themselves against danger, as well as the means of recognizing the approach of one another. Spiders have wonderful eyesight, but I am quite sure that the scorpion's vision, notwithstanding his six eyes, is far from being acute.

It is very difficult to catch a spider with a pair of forceps, but a scorpion can be easily captured if no noise is made. Spiders see their prey before they are caught in the web; but the scorpion makes no movement whatever to seize flies or cockroaches until they indicate their whereabouts by movements. This being the case, it can readily be understood how easily the scorpion may be roused into motion by the vibrations of music, as described in the article alluded to. If a tuning fork be sounded on the table on which I keep my caged scorpion he at once becomes agitated and strikes out viciously with his sting. On touching him with the vibrating tuning fork he stings it, and then coils himself up as scorpions do when hedged in.

## PREHISTORIC CANALS.

Means of Irrigation Known to the Indians in the Southwest.

Prehistoric irrigation canals in Arizona are really worthy of more notice than is given them, says the Engineering News. The Salt and Gila river valleys are intersected by a vast network of these canals, which antedate, at least the arrival of Coronado, in 1552, for he mentions these ruins and the traditions of the Indians regarding a once dense population in this region. Modern engineers cannot improve upon the lines of these canals, nor in the selection of points of diversion from the rivers. The first irrigation canal in this section, the one that made Phoenix, with its present population of 20,000, simply followed the lines of one of these old canals.

Their extent may be appreciated when it is said that in the Salt river valley alone the land covered by these canals aggregated over 250,000 acres, and the canals themselves, with their laterals, must have exceeded 1,000 miles in length. This country is filled with prehistoric ruins, with walls of stone or adobe, and almost every acre contains fragments of pottery, shell ornaments, stone implements and other remains of a population which can only be estimated in its aggregate.

## An Infant's Test.

Minnie (aged 6)—"Mr. Martin, may I thipt on my finger an' put it on your thearf pin?"

Her sister's beau—"Ya-as, if you wish. But why?"

Minnie—"Sister says it's pasthite, an' I want to thee if it will thiek."—Jeweler's Weekly.

The old conundrum "Why is girl not a noun?" is answered "Because a girl is a lass, and alas is an interjection." As good an answer, and much shorter, "Because she is a pronoun."—Lowell Courier.

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# EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

## NEWS NOTES FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD.

John Upland of Meadford, Ont., was killed at Gladstone, Mich., by a pile of coal falling on him.

Committees from the Kentucky Trotting Association will meet at New York Feb. 5 to consider amalgamation.

Cyrus W. Field is rapidly on the mend, and unless a relapse takes place his ultimate recovery is assured.

The town of Chino, Cal., was swept by a terrible conflagration which destroyed one-fourth of its buildings.

At Eastbourne, Eng., while the Salvation army was celebrating the founding of their corps, a mob of toughs attacked them and a fierce battle ensued. The police were powerless to restrain the belligerents and the mob triumphed, marching off with the corps flag.

The czar of Russia intends to initiate measures for the restoration of serfdom among peasants, that they may be bound to the land.

The negotiations for a commercial treaty between France and Uncle Sam are dragging along and the Frenchmen are not sanguine of much gain.

The El Mundo of Laredo, Texas, says Garza is in Mexico organizing a new army of revolutionists.

After living the life of a hermit for twenty-nine years at Creston, Iowa, Thomas G. Mulligan, a man with some mystery to his life, passed away as he had existed—alone—and as yet no effort has been successful in revealing anything of his past. He was worth about \$25,000.

Monitor Aground in James River. ANNAPOLIS, Md., Feb. 2.—Information has reached the Naval academy that one of the monitors on her way to Norfolk in tow of the academy steamer Standish is aground in James river.

The Hon. Mr. Bayard of Delaware, Secretary of State in the Cleveland administration, expresses gratification over the prospects of an amicable and honorable adjustment of the Chilean controversy.

A permit has been issued to organize the Farmers' and Mechanics' National bank at Downer's Grove, Ill., with a capital stock of \$25,000.

A freight train on the New York Central ran into the rear end of another freight at Dewitt, N. Y., killing a brakeman and injuring another brakeman and a conductor.

April 20 has been selected by the Republican State committee as the date for holding the Pennsylvania State convention at Harrisburg.

Farmers around Hillsboro, Ill., report an epidemic resembling the grip raging among the horses. They are very sick for three or four days, refusing to eat, and are affected in the legs and loins.

A natural gas well is blowing in the town of Buchanan, Wis. A three-pound weight dropped into the pipe and was thrown twenty feet into the air.

John Price, a colored veteran of Detroit, received \$750 back pension Thursday. The same afternoon he got married, and he and his wife got drunk, and the next morning both went to jail in default of a \$6 fine.

Near Jones' Mills, Pa., United States revenue officers captured five moonshiners and destroyed two illicit stills.

The Butler County bank at Chicora, Pa., has failed. The deposits exceed \$60,000, but it is said that all will be paid.

At Goshen, Ind., a mortgage for \$3,500,000 was recorded by the Wabash Railroad company in favor of the Central Trust company of New York.

Garza, it is said, has crossed over into Mexico with a force of about 5,000 men. It is claimed that he will soon have three-quarters of the population on his side.

At Vienna the Schneiders, man and wife, convicted of murdering and robbing eight servant girls, were sentenced to death.

Charles Mitchell is said to have challenged John L. Sullivan to fight him in a twelve-foot ring.

William Hesse was caught in the act of stealing a pair of trousers in a Louisville, Ky., store. When an officer came to arrest him he committed suicide by cutting his throat.

James Bean of Friendswood, Ind., was instantly killed while adjusting a belt in Jessen's flour mill.

The strike among the tanners at Milwaukee is spreading, and prospects look good for the shutting down of all tanneries before the matter can be amicably settled.

Mrs. Emma Schaefer of San Antonio was frightened to death by a tramp who forced his way into her room where she was alone.

Mexicans are complaining of the lack of rain, and "Wizzard" Melbourne will endeavor to induce the liquid drops to fall on the parched ground.

Joseph G. Patterson, the outgoing health officer of Philadelphia, is alleged to be short in his accounts some \$1,779.

Imported Tougues, lexidam of several noted winners, died at Lexington, Ky. She belonged to August Belmont.

At Pekin, Ill., heavy property was damaged and several persons narrowly escaped death in a wreck on the Big Four road.

Broker S. V. White will resume business operations at New York again next week.

John Fertig, who murdered Robert Spaulding last November at Hartland, Wis., has been sentenced to a life term at Waupun.

A man named Walford is dying of the hiccoughs near Fort Wayne, Ind.

John Swim, worth \$300,000, has been locked up at Columbus, Ohio, because he persisted in begging for charity and refused to clothe or feed himself.

Angel Island, Cal., is in the throes of a smallpox epidemic, and the 500 Chinese who are quartered there are falling prey to the dread disease at a fearful rate.

John Kissky of South Omaha, Neb., found two men in his wife's bedroom and fatally shot both of them. He was frustrated in an attempt to kill his wife and is now in jail.

Juan Coy, a noted Mexican desperado, was shot to death by Henry Krempskan at San Antonio, Tex.

William Mullenhorn was blown to pieces by a dynamite blast at Lima, Ohio.

The Illinois state board of health proposes to analyze a sample of Chicago water at the Springfield session.

Judging from present indications the Illinois rye crop will fall short of expectations for 1892 by one-fourth.

The Glidden & Joy Varnish company, of Cleveland, Ohio, has filed an involuntary petition in insolvency against Herrman, Richardson & Co., manufacturers of children's carriages at Leominster, Mass., with offices in Boston.

Debt about \$173,000 and assets \$175,000.

Agents of the coal producing companies met at New York and decided to advance prices 25 cents per ton.

Chauncey M. Depew gave a dinner Thursday night in commemoration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of his connection with the Vanderbilt lines.

Ignorant depositors, composed of foreigners and negroes, are withdrawing their money from the Hopkins Place Savings bank at Baltimore. The bank is said to be solvent.

It is alleged that the United States School Furniture company of Chicago, is organized for the purpose of buying up all the larger furniture factories in the United States.

England has decided to test the feasibility of using the Canadian Pacific for transporting soldiers across North America.

William Tyndall, an Indian, living near Hancock, Neb., will file an application for a pension. He served in the civil war.

At a Cabinet council M. Ribot, Minister of Finance, announced that France had concluded commercial arrangements with all the powers except Spain.

The Hon. Henry Watterson, editor of the Louisville Courier-Journal, addressed the Mississippi Legislature by joint request of both Houses.

In a catch-as-catch-can wrestling match for \$5,000 a side, Billy Murphy of Chicago, defeated Barney McConville of St. Paul, at Hammond, Ind.

J. M. McKish, a companion of Henry M. Stanley in Africa, and now a resident of Houston, Texas, has been adjudged insane.

The "Soo" Road has begun cutting rates from St. Paul to Eastern points.

Solomon Hanks, a cousin of Abraham Lincoln, died near Wapakoneta, Ohio, aged 92 years.

Col. Lyman P. French, a Boston lawyer, was found dead in bed. It is believed that he committed suicide.

At San Francisco the Stock Exchange adopted a resolution prohibiting traffic in mining stock futures.

Elections have been held in fifty-five districts of Hungary, in forty of which Liberals have been returned. So great is the excitement that troops have been sent into the rural districts to preserve order.

United States Minister to Italy Albert G. Porter is said to be a candidate for the Republican nomination for Governor of Indiana.

A German manufacturer will erect a factory for making white enamel at Dubuque, Iowa, next spring.

West & Tice's wholesale grocery house in Cincinnati was destroyed by fire. Loss about \$100,000.

**BETRAYED BY A COMRADE.**

Convicts in the Columbus Penitentiary Caught Tunneling Toward Freedom.

COLUMBUS, Ohio, Feb. 2.—The discovery was made last evening that a gang of a dozen or more prisoners at the penitentiary had been running a tunnel and but for this timely exposure would have been able to escape in a few days. The tunnel was started in what is known as enamel shop No. 2, and the men had gone a distance of about fifty feet in the direction of the east wall. The distance which they had to tunnel in order to escape was about seventy feet. The tunnel in places was six feet high and three feet wide. A pick, shovel and other implements and a sack with which to pull the dirt out were used. It is thought that Varney, the famous Cincinnati diamond thief, was at the head of the effort to escape. William Walke, a Cuyahoga county convict, gave the officers the information on which they made the discovery. The convicts had been engaged in tunneling about three months. Walke has agreed to give the full particulars.

**Broke the Divorce Record.**

CHATTANOOGA, Tenn., Feb. 2.—During a court session of three hours Judge Moon granted thirty-two divorces, refused sixty-three, and continued forty-six.

**Being Gallant, He Married.**

NEWBURG, N. Y., Feb. 2.—Miss Mamie Shaffer, the 16-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alonzo Shaffer of Red Hook, has been married to Mr. Jeremiah Moore of the same place, whose age is 72 years. The parents of Miss Shaffer had commenced proceedings to have her committed to the reformatory, when the aged Mr. Moore gallantly stepped in and married her, thus becoming the guardian, protector and future judge of his girl-wife's conduct. The marriage has created a sensation at Red Hook, as may well be inferred.

## LOWER PRICES RULE

### CONSIDERABLE FEELING OF DISAPPOINTMENT EXISTS.

There Is More Business, But It Is Done on Narrower Margins, According to R. G. Dun & Co.'s Weekly Review of Trade—Markets Well Supplied.

NEW YORK, Feb. 1.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly review of trade says: It is undeniable that there exists a considerable feeling of disappointment. More business but at lower prices seems to be the rule. That the volume of trade is gradually increasing, even in branches which have been dull, there seems to be no doubt. But in an unusual number of cases increased sales appeared to be the result of some yielding in prices, so that the average decline in prices, of all commodities during the last week has been more than half of 1 per cent.

At Chicago trade in general merchandise is equal to last year's, and receipts have increased in most products, but doubled in wheat, flour and corn; collections are satisfactory; money plenty, and prospects bright. At St. Louis the retail trade is strong, and wholesale average and grain receipts large. At Milwaukee trade prospects are good, but there is little speculation. In dry goods there seems to be rather less activity as to cotton goods, and in knit goods some dullness. Clothiers are conservative and waiting for indications of the popular fancy, and hence the men's wear woolen trade is perplexing.

The money markets throughout the country are usually well supplied, but in part because the demand is only moderate. Collections are generally improving or decidedly good. The course of foreign trade makes the absence of gold imports somewhat noteworthy; exports from New York for four weeks of January have been \$11,193,000, or 42.9 per cent larger than for the same time last year, while in imports there has been a slight decrease, which would point to an excess of exports over imports amounting to about \$32,000,000 for the month, against \$20,000,000 last January.

The business failures, occurring throughout the country during the last seven days number 297, as compared with totals of 328 for the last week. For the corresponding week of last year the figures were 320.

### BREAK FOR LIBERTY.

Dr. McAdams' Desperate Attempt to Get Out of Jail.

MORRIS, Ill., Jan. 30.—Dr. J. E. McAdams, who was arrested Nov. 20 last in the act of cracking the safe in Lutz's bank at Gardner, made a bold attempt to escape from jail at noon yesterday.

While Deputy Sheriff Schaulin was gathering up the dinner dishes McAdams tried the heavy jail door, which the deputy's little boy had failed to fasten behind his father. It opened under his strength and McAdams made a plunging rush for liberty. The deputy caught and grappled with McAdams and a hand-to-hand struggle ensued in the jailer's house. Thus they fought, until the sidewalk was reached, when the officer got the best of his man, and assistance arriving McAdams was landed in his old quarters, several strong men being required to overpower him even then.

### SILVER BY THE POUND.

Tremendous Find of the White Metal Out in Colorado.

CREEDE, Col., Jan. 30.—Messrs. Croff, Webb, and Dornette made a tremendous strike here in the Jack-pot claim. The ore is silver-bearing and 220 ounces in silver to the ton. Mining men are wild with excitement. The rush for location is a mad one. The population of Creede two weeks ago was 2,000. To-day it is 3,500, and two trains a day are swelling that number. There are few houses in the place, and 75 cents is the price charged to secure a place on a bar-room floor and furnish your own blankets. The side-tracks are filled with Pullman sleepers, and the struggle for berths is of daily occurrence. Lumber is 22 cents a foot. It is expected that the population of the town will reach 15,000 by May 1.

### Railway Men in Council.

NEW YORK, Feb. 2.—Two thousand railroad men, representing every State and Territory of the United States, met in the Academy of Music yesterday. Conductors, engineers, firemen, brakemen, and telegraphers were present. All members of organizations distinct from each other. One object of the meeting is to effect a consolidation of the various orders at no distant day and to bring about closer and more friendly relations among the members.

### Argentine Republic Reviving.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 2.—Recent returns from the Argentine Republic show much more encouraging conditions for the future of that country. Until August last more people were leaving the country than arriving, but in September the tide turned and immigrants have again begun to arrive in large numbers at the several ports of the republic to take up lands in the interior of the country.

### "Secretly Married" Six Months Ago.

EAU CLAIRE, Wis., Jan. 30.—Mr. A. J. Sheridan of this city and Miss Lulu Davis of Cape Girardeau, Girardeau, Mo., were married at Hudson July 20 last. The fact of the marriage only became known yesterday when "A. J. Sheridan, city," was found on the Gallaway House register. Miss Davis came from Missouri last summer to visit her sister. They fell in love, and were married at Hudson. Then the bride went home. No one was told of the marriage. She returned last week and was met at St. Paul by her husband.

## SPURGEON IS DEAD.

The Great English Preacher Passes Away—His Death Painless.

MENTONE, Feb. 2.—The Rev. Charles Haddon Spurgeon died at 20 minutes past 11 o'clock last night. His end was



CHARLES HADDON SPURGEON.

painless and he remained in the unconscious condition into which he had dropped to the last. His wife, Dr. Fitzhenry, and Mrs. Thorne were present when he died.

Mr. Spurgeon's body will be taken to England for burial. Mrs. Spurgeon is bearing her affliction bravely.

### PLANS OF ALLIANCE MEMBERS.

Will Try to Deplete the Treasury and Make Sub-Treasury Scheme Feasible.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 30.—Alliance members of the House of Representatives have had another conference, at which all were present except Messrs. Simpson and Otis of Kansas, and Watson of Georgia. A number of Alliance measures were discussed and one or two bills that are being prepared were read and considered, one of which will be introduced within a day or two. Another meeting will be held again next Thursday night for the purpose of discussing the sub-treasury scheme, preparatory to which Mr. Livingstone, early this week, introduced in the House a bill providing for the establishment of such an institution. The members agreed fully upon their plan of action in this Congress and it is certainly a most unique one. They will introduce a flood of bills, putting in the free list pretty much everything that the farmer consumes. There endeavor is to urge the passage of such bills as will decrease the revenues and insure a deficit. A deficit, once created, it would be necessary some way to meet it, and this could only be done, the Alliance people contend, by the issuance of treasury notes. With these launched, the Alliance men think, the sub-treasury idea would be enacted into law. This was the plan agreed upon at their meeting, and it is understood that in conformity to it Mr. Moses of Georgia, will to-day introduce the first bill.

### Killed in a Saloon Fight.

GREEN BAY, Wis., Feb. 2.—Mathias Van Lannen's saloon was the scene of a tragedy at 8:45 o'clock. Charles View, Joseph Brunette, and Adam View, young men, entered the saloon to "take a drink" on their way to a dance in the neighborhood. They played several games of billiards but paid for none, in consequence of which a dispute arose between them and the proprietor. Revolvers and a shotgun were brought into use. A bullet from a revolver entered the right side of Charles View and passed almost entirely through the body, killing him instantly. Joseph Brunette and Adam View were badly wounded by shot from the gun and will probably die.

### Found \$35,000 in Gold.

WICHITA, Kan., Feb. 2.—A fortune lost for a dozen years to the heirs of old John Wise, late of Sumner county, was discovered yesterday by John W. Wise, a grandson of the deceased, while digging for the foundation of a new structure on the farm on which the old man died. Thirty-five thousand dollars in gold is said to be the amount recovered. Old Wise was a miser during all his long life. In the keg in which the gold was found was old Wise's will and by its terms the finder, John W. Wise, gets all the treasure.

### Tried to Kill the Sheriff.

OTTUMWA, Iowa, Feb. 2.—The Sheriff yesterday morning arrested Bill Myers, the noted sneak-thief and desperado. He was confined in the county jail a few months ago and while there plotted with a lot of tramp prisoners against the life of the Sheriff. The attack was frustrated by the timely appearance of the deputy. The plot was not discovered, however, till after Myers' release, and the officers have been on the lookout for him ever since.

### Texas Lynchers Under Arrest.

HOUSTON, Texas, Feb. 2.—Two days ago four men went to the house of John Shields, near Limpson, in Nacogdoches county, took him out, and hanged him to a tree. His aunt was living there, and recognized the entire party, but the latter did not know it. Sheriff Bradley yesterday captured three of the lynchers, who were later identified by the woman who saw them take Shields out. The fact that Shields stood in the way of an inheritance is alleged to have been the cause of the atrocious deed.

### Crushed by a Falling Building.

OMAHA, Neb., Feb. 2.—A two-story brick building on Farnum street collapsed yesterday morning, crushing C. W. Gring, an undertaker who occupied it, in the debris. Workmen had been excavating for a foundation and left the walls in a dangerous condition.

### Confesses His Crime.

ATLANTA, Ga., Feb. 2.—It is said that a man named John Boyd has confessed to wrecking the Richmond and Danville train, in which twenty persons were killed last September.

## TO BUILD A RAILWAY.

### CHILE WILL CONNECT VALPARAISO WITH IQUIQUE.

Full Text of the Answer Submitted Mr. Blaine to the Reply of Minister Pereira—Citizens Pleased With the Status of Affairs.

PARIS, Feb. 2.—One immediate result of the recent trouble between the United States and Chile is that the latter country, feeling how defenseless it would have been in the event of the United States' landing troops at Iquique, has taken steps to secure a loan of \$5,000,000 sterling (\$25,000,000) to be applied to building a railroad from Valparaiso to Iquique, a distance of 1,000 miles. The line is to pass through Coquimbo, Talca, Chibcha, Cobija, Topocilla, and other towns along the coast. The government has had a practical experience of the necessity for this railway, as it was from Iquique that was conducted the revolt against Balmaceda. As the Congressionalists had the navy on their side Balmaceda was unable to get at them, as it was impossible to march an army across the arid desert separating Iquique from the rest of the country. As the loan exceeds the estimates for the new line the surplus will be expended in improving the navy and restoring the finances of the country to a sound basis. The loan will be floated in the London, Berlin and Amsterdam markets, where it will doubtless readily be taken up.

LONDON, Feb. 2.—The Santiago correspondent of the Times says: "Public opinion here is satisfied with the proceedings of the Government in the dispute with the United States. The press leaves it to the United States and other nations to judge the rights and wrongs of the dispute. Interest now centers on the precedent which the United States is preparing to solemnly lay down for itself, and in the question whether its further demand would be such as it itself would be prepared to concede under similar circumstances."

"Congress has passed a bill authorizing the President to borrow \$5,000,000 to withdraw the note of the dictatorship. This session has closed. The Minister of Finance informs me that he has arranged to withdraw the bulk of the excess of the fiduciary circulation."

### REPLY TO CHILE'S ANSWER.

Text of the Message Transmitted to Minister Egan.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 2.—The following is the text of the cable message sent by Secretary Blaine accepting Chile's proposition for settlement of the differences between the two governments:

DEPARTMENT OF STATE, WASHINGTON, Jan. 30.—To Egan, Minister, Santiago; I am directed by the President to acknowledge the receipt of Senor Pereira's dispatch of the 25th inst. It has been communicated to Congress, and has given great pleasure to the people of the United States and to the Executive Department, as it restores the correspondence between the two republics to a basis of cordiality and makes, as he believes, a full and honorable adjustment of all unsettled matters easily attainable.

The President notes with gratification the expressions of regret for and condemnation of the assault upon the sailors of the Baltimore, offered by Mr. Pereira, and congratulates the Chilean government upon the frank and ample withdrawal of the Matta circular and upon the spirit of justice displayed towards Minister Egan. You will assure the Chilean government that the President will be glad to meet in the most generous spirit these friendly overtures.

Believing that the subject of reparation for assault upon the seamen of the Baltimore is now capable of adjustment between the two governments by the usual diplomatic methods the President proposes for the present any discussion of the suggestions made by Senor Pereira as to the use of other methods, not doubting that the sense of justice of Chile will enable the two governments to speedily and honorably make full end of the whole matter.

BLAINE.

### Railway Riots in Brazil.

RIO DE JANEIRO, Feb. 2.—The people of this city are now in a state of intense excitement over riots that occurred yesterday on the Central railway connecting this city with the interior of the country. This road belongs to the government. The fighting interrupted the transit on the road, the employees abandoning the trains. Four policemen and three other persons are known to have been wounded in this fight. During the remainder of the day there was some desultory fighting, and at 8 p. m. a large body of railway employees took possession of the station. A large police force soon appeared and fighting was renewed, lasting this time an hour and a half, when the police succeeded in dislodging the rioters. It is not yet known how many persons were killed and wounded.

### Mail Car Burned.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., Feb. 2.—A mail car with its contents, mostly papers, was burned last night on the Hudson railroad, through the explosion of a lamp.

### Indiana's Lengthy Divorce Roll.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Feb. 2.—A statement of the divorce suits filed in the several counties during the last terms of court has been prepared and shows a total of 420 cases. Marion county leads with 40 cases, Vanderburg, 30; Allen, 15; Howard, 24; Decatur, 15; Henry, 24; Clark, 15; La Porte, 10; Kosciusko, 12; Monroe, 10; Marshall, 12; Randolph, 9. There are no cases in Canal, Scott, Spencer and several other counties, while many others report only from one to five. The total applications filed in this county for the entire year ending Jan. 1, was 335.

## SAVED FROM THE SEA.

Two Lost Sows, With Their Cows, Towed Safely In.

NEW YORK, Jan. 30.—Four of the eighteen men who drifted out to sea on the tug Edwin Webster and four dumping boats during the gale of Tuesday have been rescued. They are the men on boats Nos. 3 and 6 which drifted away from the anchorage in Rockaway shoals after the tug Nichols put in there with them, and started to the rescue of the disabled Webster and her tow.

Boats 3 and 6 were picked up by the big ocean-going Luckenbach about fifty miles off Fire island. After bringing those two in, the Luckenbach immediately started back in search of the other sows.

It is the general opinion among the tugboat men that the Webster has foundered and her crew of ten men are lost, though all admit there is a bare possibility that the Webster's men have been picked up. It is deemed certain, however, that the tug has gone to the bottom.

### Mr. Cleveland in New Iberia, La.

NEW IBERIA, Feb. 1.—Ex-President Cleveland and party arrived here last evening from Petite Anse Island, where they had been during Saturday and yesterday. A large delegation of citizens, including many women, assembled at the depot to meet the ex-President. Mr. Cleveland held a short reception in the exchange hall, where he shook hands with a large number of men and women. He left for New Orleans last evening.

### Morrison for President.

CHICAGO, Feb. 2.—The Hon. William R. Morrison appears as a candidate for the democratic nomination for President and his friends in Illinois have started a movement to give him the delegation and cut out Gen. Palmer. Chicago Democrats do not take kindly to the scheme, but are generally in favor of giving Palmer the Illinois endorsement and standing in a position to take advantage of events in the Cleveland-Hill conflict.

### New Line of Mexican Steamers.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 2.—The bureau of American republics is informed that the first steamer of the new line between Mobile, Ala., and Tampico, Mexico, reached the latter port on the 7th of January and was received with great rejoicing by the people of that portion of the Mexican republic. Hereafter these steamers will run regularly every two weeks from Mobile to Tampico.

### A Rich Find in the Old Trunk.

CINCINNATI, Ohio, Feb. 2.—John Pregel, a workman in a lithographing establishment in this city, died here last Friday. Last night in an old trunk the family found stored away \$10,000 in cash, three sound policies of life insurance aggregating \$6,000, and a building association share of stock of \$6,000.

### Twenty Seamen Drowned.

PORTLAND, Ore., Feb. 2.—The British ship Ferndale was blown ashore ten miles north of Gray's Harbor yesterday. The vessel now lies a mile off shore a total wreck. Twenty of the crew were drowned.

### Condition of Kansas Wheat.

TOPEKA, Kan., Feb. 2.—Secretary Mohler of the State board of agriculture announces that wheat has suffered no serious damage so far, but that conditions must be extremely favorable to insure a good crop.

### Young Bride Fatally Burned.

BIRMINGHAM, Ala., Feb. 2.—Mrs. Robert Atwell, a bride of 17 in Cherokee county, was warming by the fire a few days ago and her dress ignited. She was so badly burned that she died.

## THE MARKETS.

### Chicago Board of Trade.

CHICAGO, Feb. 1.—On 'Change prices were not greatly changed. May wheat sold 90 cents to 90 1/2 cents, and closed 90 1/2 cents, or about 1/2 cent higher. Corn for May sold at 40 1/2 cents early, and closed at 40 1/2 cents bid, or practically unchanged from Saturday. Oats and rye closed steady. Mess pork sold back to \$11.80, and closed \$11.90. Maylard firm at \$6.70 after a break early, ribs \$6.95. The Chicago stocks of wheat are now 9,230,000 bu. corn 1,322,000 bu. Following is the range:

ARTICLES	High.	Low.	Closing.	
			Jan. 30.	Jan. 29.
Wheat—				
February.....	\$ 96 1/2	\$ 85 1/2	\$ 96 1/2	\$ 86
March.....	93 1/2	87 1/2	93 1/2	86
May.....	90 3/4	90	90 3/4	90
Corn—				
February.....	39 1/2	39	39 1/2	38
March.....	40 1/2	40	40 1/2	39
May.....	41 1/2	40 1/2	41	40
Oats—				
February.....	30 1/2	30 1/2	30 1/2	30 1/2
March.....	30 1/2	30 1/2	30 1/2	30 1/2
May.....	30 1/2	30 1/2	30 1/2	30
Pork—				
February.....	11.60	11.50	11.60	...
March.....	11.92 1/2	11.80	11.90	11.62 1/2
May.....	11.92 1/2	11.80	11.90	11.62 1/2
Lard—				
February.....	6.47 1/2	6.40	6.47 1/2	...
March.....	6.47 1/2	6.40	6.47 1/2	...
May.....	6.70	6.60	6.70	6.67 1/2
Short Rib—				
February.....	5.70	5.65	5.67 1/2	...
March.....	5.70	5.65	5.67 1/2	...
May.....	5.97 1/2	5.90	5.95	5.97 1/2





then forgive—well, then, you will have done far more than I could do.”  
“I would forgive you freely.”  
“Are you afraid to go with me?”  
“No. I am afraid of something worse. You have put something here—a hope.”  
“A hope. Then you believe. There is no hope without a little belief in it. Will you come?”  
“To him?”  
“To him.”  
“It can be but untrue,” said Beatrice, still hesitating. “I can but go. What of him?” she asked, suddenly.  
“If he were living—would you take me to him? Could you?”  
She turned very pale, and her eyes stared madly at Unorna.  
“If he were dead,” Unorna answered, “I should not be here.”  
Something in her tone and look moved Beatrice’s heart, at last.  
“I will go with you,” she said, and if I find him—and if all is well with him—then God in heaven repay you for you have been braver than the bravest I ever knew.”  
“Can love save a soul as well as lose it?” Unorna asked.  
Then they went away together.

They were scarcely out of sight of the convent gate, when another carriage drove up. Almost before it had stopped the door opened and Keyork Arabian’s short, heavy form emerged and descended hastily to the pavement. He rang the bell furiously, and the old portress set the gate ajar and looked out cautiously, fearing that the noisy peal meant trouble or disturbance.  
“The lady, Beatrice Varanger—I must see her instantly!” cried the little man in terrible excitement.  
“She has gone out,” the portress replied.  
“Gone out? Where? Alone?”  
“With a lady who was here last night—the lady with unlike eyes—”  
“Where? Where? Where have they gone?” asked Keyork, hardly able to find breath.  
“The lady bade the coachman drive her home—but where she lives—”  
In the storm of curses that followed the convent door was shut violently in his face. Within, the portress stood shaking with fear, crossing herself again and again, and verily believing that the devil himself had tried to force an entrance into the sacred place.

In fearful anger Keyork drew back. He hesitated one moment and then regained his carriage.  
“To Unorna’s house!” he shouted, as he shut the door with a crash.  
“This is my house, and he is here,” Unorna said, as Beatrice passed before her, under the deep arch of the entrance.  
Then she led the way up to the broad staircase, and through the small outer hall to the door of the great conservatory.  
“You will find him there,” she said. “Go on alone.”  
But Beatrice took her hand to draw her in.  
“Must I see it all?” Unorna asked hopelessly.

Then from among the plants and trees a great white-robed figure came out and stood between them. Joining their hands, he gently pushed them forward to the middle of the hall, where the Wanderer stood alone.  
“It is done!” Unorna cried, as her heart broke.  
She saw the scene she had acted so short a time before. She heard the passionate cry, the rain of kisses, the tempest of tears. The expiation was complete. Not a sight, not a sound was spared her. The strong arms of the ancient sleeper held her upright on her feet. She could not fall, she could not close her eyes, she could not stop her ears, no merciful stupor overcame her.  
“Is it so bitter to do right?” the old man asked, bending low and speaking softly.  
“It is the bitterness of death,” she said.  
“It is well done,” he answered.  
Then came a noise of hurried steps and a loud, deep voice, calling:  
“Unorna! Unorna!”

Keyork Arabian was there. He glanced at Beatrice and the Wanderer, locked in each other’s arms, then turned to Unorna and looked into her face.  
“It has killed her,” he said. “Who did it?”  
His low spoken words echoed like angry thunder.  
“Give her to me,” he said again.  
“She is mine—body and soul.”  
But the great strong arms were around her, and would not let her go.  
“Save me,” she cried, in failing tones. “Save me from him.”  
“You have saved yourself,” said the solemn voice of the old man.  
“Saved?” Keyork laughed. “From me?” He laid his hand upon her arm. Then his face changed again, and the laughter died dismally away, and he hung back.  
“Can you forgive her?” asked the other voice. The Wanderer stood close to them now, drawing Beatrice to his side. The question was for them.

“Can you forgive me?” asked Unorna faintly, turning her eyes toward them.  
“As we hope to find forgiveness and trust in a life to come,” they answered. There was a low sound in the air, unearthly, muffled, desperate, as of a strong being groaning in awful agony. When they looked they saw that Keyork Arabian was gone.  
The dawn of a coming day rose in Unorna’s face as she sank back.  
“It is over,” she sighed, as her eyes closed.  
Her question was answered, her love had saved her.

“If I only knew it to be true—”  
“How hard you make it. Yet, it was hard enough.”  
Beatrice touched her arm, more gently than before, and gazed into her eyes.  
“If I could believe it all, I would not make it hard. I would forgive you—and you would deserve better than that, better than anything that is mine to give.”  
“I deserve nothing and ask nothing. If you will come, you will see, and seeing, you will believe. And if you

Unorna waited in the parlor of the convent. Then Beatrice came in, and stood before her. Neither feared the other, and each looked into the other’s eyes.  
“I have come to undo what I have done,” Unorna said, not waiting for the cold inquiry which she knew would come if she were silent.  
“That will be hard indeed,” Beatrice answered.  
“I know that you will, when you know how I have loved him.”  
“Have you come here to tell me of your love?”  
“Yes. And when I have told you, you will forgive me.”  
“I am no saint,” said Beatrice,

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## ILLINOIS.

The next Illinois State fair will be held at Peoria Sept. 26 to 30.

Pekin saloonkeepers are being prosecuted for selling liquor to minors.

A ministers’ mutual benefit association has been organized at Deatur.

The public school property in McDonough county is valued at \$850,000.

The spring term of the University of Illinois at Champaign opened Wednesday.

Nels Landstrom, aged 70 years, committed suicide at Galesburg by hanging himself in his barn.

There is talk of making Stronghurst, instead of Oquawka, the capital of Henderson county.

A Hill club has been organized at Springfield. It is expected that 500 members will be enrolled.

Keeley has sold the right to use 115 alcoholic cures in the State of Pennsylvania for \$80,000.

Supervisor Stephen Gorivan, of Monroeville, one of Will county’s pioneers, died at his home last week.

There are thirteen newspapers in Hancock county, and the early starting of three more is probable.

A trial before a justice of the peace at Yates City terminated in a fight between the opposing attorneys.

The horse fair at Lexington was attended by 10,000 people and horses sold at an aggregate price of \$18,850.

Carthage expects to have electric lights in the near future. The machinery is now being placed in position.

A stepdaughter of Mr. Calvin Watkins, who lives a few miles north of Deatur, has fallen heir to a fortune of \$30,000.

John Branch of Salem died at the age of 82, with grippe. He was a prominent and highly respected citizen.

Gov. Fifer is finally recovering so that he can attend somewhat to his office duties. His illness has proved pretty severe on him.

C. T. Seymour, for many years a prominent merchant of Hillsboro, was adjudged insane and was ordered taken to the asylum at Jacksonville.

Peter Wragg, aged 70 years, and John Powell, aged 50, died at Dixon, the former of paralysis and the latter of rheumatism. Both were old settlers.

John A. Fallows, postmaster of Pontiac, died from the effects of a recent fall from the postoffice steps. In falling his head struck the ground with great violence.

The Soliciting committee of the Quincy, Keokuk & Chicago railway met last week. Since the last meeting was held four of the stove foundries have responded nobly. The Comstock Castle foundry has subscribed for \$1,600 worth of stock. The Channon Emery foundry for \$900; the Thomas White foundry for \$400 and the Gem City foundry \$400.

There was a fire in the Pana Coal Company’s mine, but the miners fortunately escaped with their lives. The flames were first seen near shaft No. 2, and the men immediately ran through shaft No. 1, by which they made their escape, but left the entry doors open in their hurry to get out. This fanned the flames up shaft No. 2 with great force and threw burning timbers above them out of the shaft for nearly a hundred feet. The loss will be about \$15,000.

The case of John Roberts, the sleeper confined in the county jail in Virginia, excites considerable interest. He went to sleep two weeks ago after taking a potion prescribed by the county physician. Every means has been applied to arouse him but all to no effect. In his drowsy state he asked for his father and then relapsed into a profound stupor. Nourishment is given him freely, yet he is getting very weak.

Henry Monroe, the Dwight carpenter who a few months ago took the Keeley treatment and afterward claimed he was not cured and sued the company for \$10,000, was taken to Pontiac last week to languish in jail until a fine of \$300 and costs is satisfied. The charge that was brought against him and proved was the selling of whisky to patients without a license. There were counts against him. He said he got his liquor from a prominent doctor. The suit he has instituted against the Keeley company was to have come up at this term of court.

La grippe has had a severe hold on Vienna and vicinity. Its ravages have taken away some noted citizens and many children. The death roll is: Joseph Lumer, Harvey Craig, J. W. Smith, Mrs. A. Mathias, mostly old citizens. Among the afflicted now: Postmaster J. S. Bridges, Drs. Bratton and Looney and son, A. G. Jackson. Pneumonia follows generally in bad cases. The physicians are hopeful now that the worst types of la grippe are over. The change from damp to cold, snowy weather makes the difference.

The recent trouble in Monmouth College between the Philo and Eclectic societies, in which the latter made an unsuccessful attempt to steal a chart belonging to the former, is assuming proportions. The most bitter enemy still prevails and insulting threats and insinuations are heard upon every side. The faculty Saturday night decided that the offensive chart remain in its old location, the urgent request of the Eclectics to the contrary notwithstanding; that the president reprimand and place on probation W. W. Meloy, J. R. Maxwell and Marvin Boone, they being discovered in the attempt to steal said chart; also that J. A. Mahaffy who fired a revolver, be reprimanded and not permitted to return to college until ample apologies are made.

Lon Vawters, a farmer of Emmet township, Macomb county, died suddenly. As Vawters had considerable money and it was all gone, it is thought that a tramp in the neighborhood drugged and robbed him.

John Nelson, alias August Miller, a Swede, was arrested at a farm one mile south of Tiskilwa, on a charge of murdering one Carlson in 1889 at Superior, Wis. It is stated the murder was committed with a broadsword, the victim having his head severed from his body. The accused is in charge of Detectives William Thompson and L. D. Rose of Henry, who had been on his track for several months.

## MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

Dickens pictured 1,134 characters in the books that he wrote.

A Camden, N. J., pastor in thirty years has celebrated 2,000 weddings.

A spotted eagle was captured not long ago at Elmstead, near Colchester, England.

The cost per family of food in the United States is \$343.65 a year, against \$222.53 in Europe.

A teacher recently asked a pupil what he stood for. “Elbows, I guess,” was the unexpected reply.

The sultan has prohibited Turkish women from wearing French costumes in the streets of Constantinople.

Oranges will hereafter be shipped direct from Jacksonville, Fla., to Liverpool. They bring double the price of the Mediterranean fruit in England.

A Bound Brook, N. J., woman stood the abuse of a tramp as long as her patience lasted and then she threw him down her front steps, fracturing one of his legs.

The hair dressing of ladies was an expensive affair in the sixteenth century. Queen Elizabeth was at one time possessed of no fewer than eighty attires of false hair.

A new parasite has been discovered which infects paper money and is found nowhere else. It is invisible to the unaided eye, does not attach itself to persons, but multiplies at a rapid rate.

J. B. Jones, sr., of Elbert county, Ga., says there is a gentleman now living down there whose name fully written is Robert Marcus Dorcas Benjamin Dixon Diana Funderger Delaware George Washington Everdutton Bell.

The minimum charge paid by the government for telegraphing is a fraction over half a cent a word for day service and about the same for night messages, although it is provided that the rate for night messages shall be uniform. Distances are rated as between capitals of different states and the longest distance chargeable is 3,500 miles, from Olympia, Wash., to Augusta, Me.

A German lady living in Manchester, England, possesses what is supposed to be the largest Bible, in one volume, in the world. It is an heirloom, 200 years old, with pages two feet long, and but little less in width, and at the head of each page is a line in red ink, which translated reads, “This is a history.” Another resident of the same city has compiled, so to speak, a Bible in ninety volumes, his additions to the text consisting of pictures and photographs which he has collected to the number of nearly 10,000.

A MISBEHAVED SET.

The majority of the Scottish gypsies have spread over a vast tract of country. In America they have gradually become lost to view as a distinctive race. In Europe they are found in the greatest number to-day in Hungary and Wallachia, where there are 500,000.

The women of Bridgeton, N. J., have asked permits from Mayor Dubois to carry red pepper or a revolver as a means of protection from the antics of an insane man or practical joker, who starts out from concealment after dark, kisses and hugs them without permission and then disappears.

Two well-dressed men who rode from Camden to Burlington, N. J., refused to pay their fares. When the conductor started to arrest the men they jumped out of the car window into Assisauk creek. They were rescued and resuscitated with difficulty, and after paying their fares were permitted to leave.

A supposed practical joker went into the Staten Island ferry slip, and, exhibiting a black bag, declared it contained dynamite and that he intended to blow up the building. Everybody made a break for the door except a policeman in citizen’s clothes, who knocked the man down and captured the bag, which was found to contain nothing dangerous. The practical joker had his jaw broken by the policeman’s blow.

CURT COMMENTS.

The pocketbook still maintains its proud pre-eminence as the most popular holiday book.—Boston Bulletin.

There is nothing in the world more aggravating to a man with a secret than to meet people who have no curiosity.—Athenian Globe.

The chickens that always come home to roost are those that never get left when the roost is robbed by the midnight chicken fancier.—Piscayune.

A man is like a postage stamp. When he is badly stuck on himself, as it were, he is not worth two cents for any practical use.—Chicago Tribune.

It is difficult for the average man to hear it said that man was made in God’s own image without feeling that he is the man referred to.—Boston Transcript.

A Vermont woman has devised a lamp that can be lighted by merely picking the wick. In a pickwickian sense, it should be a matchless affair.—Philadelphia Ledger.

It is said that Columbus, but for his wife’s aid, might never have conceived the idea of discovering America. Had he not discovered it, however, Mrs. Columbus would have said, “Christopher, I told you so.”—Courier Journal.

A PLATE OF TARTS.

A dude wants to fight with his mustache is called down.—Piscayune.

You can’t argue with a bigot without agreeing with him in thinking that you’re a fool.—Elmira Gazette.

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Joseph P. Thompson, a Virginia, slave, was born in 1818. At 16 he ran away. He married and became a preacher in the Zion Methodist Episcopal church. In 1876 he was made a bishop. He is president of the book concern and treasurer of the general missions. He is a doctor of divinity and has a medical diploma. He is also considered wealthy. The bishop and his wife celebrated their golden wedding at Newburg, N. Y., last Wednesday.

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