

BARRINGTON REVIEW.

VOL. 7. NO. 35.

SATURDAY, DEC 3, 1892.

\$1.50 A YEAR.

BARRINGTON.

CHURCH AND SOCIETY NOTICES.

Methodist Episcopal Church.—Rev. J. F. Clancy, Pastor. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath school at 12 m. Children's services 3 p. m. Class-meeting 6:15 p. m. Bible study Tuesday 7:30 p. m. Prayer-meeting Friday, 7 p. m.

St. Ann's Catholic Church.—Rev. J. F. Clancy, Pastor. Services every other Sunday at 10:30 a. m.

Methodist Episcopal Church.—Rev. W. Ward, Pastor. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath school at 12 m. Children's services 3 p. m. Class-meeting 6:15 p. m. Bible study Tuesday 7:30 p. m. Prayer-meeting Friday, 7 p. m.

German Evangelical Church.—Rev. Wm. A. Schuster, Pastor. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. Evening service at 7:30 p. m. Sabbath school at 9 a. m.

German Evangelical Church.—Rev. E. Hahn, Pastor. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. Sabbath school at 9:30 a. m.

Louisebury Lodge, No. 751.—Meets at their hall the second and fourth Saturdays of each month. C. H. Austin, W. M.; J. H. Powell, S. W.; F. W. Shipman, J. W.; H. T. Abbott, Treas.; F. O. Williams, Sec. W. J. H. Haver, S. D.; Wm. McCredie, J. D.; A. Gleason, T.

Barrington Post No. 253.—A. R. Department of Ill.—Meets every second Friday in the month at Parkside Hall. E. R. Henderson, Commander; L. F. Elvidge, S. V. C.; L. H. Hale, J. V. C.; A. Gleason, O. M.; E. R. Clark, O. D.; G. G. Smith, O. G.; Henry Hester, Sergeant; A. A. Lagaschule, Chap.

Post No. 253.—Meets the second and fourth Saturdays of each month. Emily G. Clark, Pres.; Miss Bertha Seebert, Sec.

Post No. 253.—Meets first Saturday of each month at the hall. E. R. Henderson, Commander; L. F. Elvidge, S. V. C.; L. H. Hale, J. V. C.; A. Gleason, O. M.; E. R. Clark, O. D.; G. G. Smith, O. G.; Henry Hester, Sergeant; A. A. Lagaschule, Chap.

Post No. 253.—Meets first Saturday of each month at the hall. E. R. Henderson, Commander; L. F. Elvidge, S. V. C.; L. H. Hale, J. V. C.; A. Gleason, O. M.; E. R. Clark, O. D.; G. G. Smith, O. G.; Henry Hester, Sergeant; A. A. Lagaschule, Chap.

Post No. 253.—Meets first Saturday of each month at the hall. E. R. Henderson, Commander; L. F. Elvidge, S. V. C.; L. H. Hale, J. V. C.; A. Gleason, O. M.; E. R. Clark, O. D.; G. G. Smith, O. G.; Henry Hester, Sergeant; A. A. Lagaschule, Chap.

Post No. 253.—Meets first Saturday of each month at the hall. E. R. Henderson, Commander; L. F. Elvidge, S. V. C.; L. H. Hale, J. V. C.; A. Gleason, O. M.; E. R. Clark, O. D.; G. G. Smith, O. G.; Henry Hester, Sergeant; A. A. Lagaschule, Chap.

Post No. 253.—Meets first Saturday of each month at the hall. E. R. Henderson, Commander; L. F. Elvidge, S. V. C.; L. H. Hale, J. V. C.; A. Gleason, O. M.; E. R. Clark, O. D.; G. G. Smith, O. G.; Henry Hester, Sergeant; A. A. Lagaschule, Chap.

Post No. 253.—Meets first Saturday of each month at the hall. E. R. Henderson, Commander; L. F. Elvidge, S. V. C.; L. H. Hale, J. V. C.; A. Gleason, O. M.; E. R. Clark, O. D.; G. G. Smith, O. G.; Henry Hester, Sergeant; A. A. Lagaschule, Chap.

Post No. 253.—Meets first Saturday of each month at the hall. E. R. Henderson, Commander; L. F. Elvidge, S. V. C.; L. H. Hale, J. V. C.; A. Gleason, O. M.; E. R. Clark, O. D.; G. G. Smith, O. G.; Henry Hester, Sergeant; A. A. Lagaschule, Chap.

Post No. 253.—Meets first Saturday of each month at the hall. E. R. Henderson, Commander; L. F. Elvidge, S. V. C.; L. H. Hale, J. V. C.; A. Gleason, O. M.; E. R. Clark, O. D.; G. G. Smith, O. G.; Henry Hester, Sergeant; A. A. Lagaschule, Chap.

Post No. 253.—Meets first Saturday of each month at the hall. E. R. Henderson, Commander; L. F. Elvidge, S. V. C.; L. H. Hale, J. V. C.; A. Gleason, O. M.; E. R. Clark, O. D.; G. G. Smith, O. G.; Henry Hester, Sergeant; A. A. Lagaschule, Chap.

Post No. 253.—Meets first Saturday of each month at the hall. E. R. Henderson, Commander; L. F. Elvidge, S. V. C.; L. H. Hale, J. V. C.; A. Gleason, O. M.; E. R. Clark, O. D.; G. G. Smith, O. G.; Henry Hester, Sergeant; A. A. Lagaschule, Chap.

Post No. 253.—Meets first Saturday of each month at the hall. E. R. Henderson, Commander; L. F. Elvidge, S. V. C.; L. H. Hale, J. V. C.; A. Gleason, O. M.; E. R. Clark, O. D.; G. G. Smith, O. G.; Henry Hester, Sergeant; A. A. Lagaschule, Chap.

Post No. 253.—Meets first Saturday of each month at the hall. E. R. Henderson, Commander; L. F. Elvidge, S. V. C.; L. H. Hale, J. V. C.; A. Gleason, O. M.; E. R. Clark, O. D.; G. G. Smith, O. G.; Henry Hester, Sergeant; A. A. Lagaschule, Chap.

Post No. 253.—Meets first Saturday of each month at the hall. E. R. Henderson, Commander; L. F. Elvidge, S. V. C.; L. H. Hale, J. V. C.; A. Gleason, O. M.; E. R. Clark, O. D.; G. G. Smith, O. G.; Henry Hester, Sergeant; A. A. Lagaschule, Chap.

Post No. 253.—Meets first Saturday of each month at the hall. E. R. Henderson, Commander; L. F. Elvidge, S. V. C.; L. H. Hale, J. V. C.; A. Gleason, O. M.; E. R. Clark, O. D.; G. G. Smith, O. G.; Henry Hester, Sergeant; A. A. Lagaschule, Chap.

Post No. 253.—Meets first Saturday of each month at the hall. E. R. Henderson, Commander; L. F. Elvidge, S. V. C.; L. H. Hale, J. V. C.; A. Gleason, O. M.; E. R. Clark, O. D.; G. G. Smith, O. G.; Henry Hester, Sergeant; A. A. Lagaschule, Chap.

Post No. 253.—Meets first Saturday of each month at the hall. E. R. Henderson, Commander; L. F. Elvidge, S. V. C.; L. H. Hale, J. V. C.; A. Gleason, O. M.; E. R. Clark, O. D.; G. G. Smith, O. G.; Henry Hester, Sergeant; A. A. Lagaschule, Chap.

Post No. 253.—Meets first Saturday of each month at the hall. E. R. Henderson, Commander; L. F. Elvidge, S. V. C.; L. H. Hale, J. V. C.; A. Gleason, O. M.; E. R. Clark, O. D.; G. G. Smith, O. G.; Henry Hester, Sergeant; A. A. Lagaschule, Chap.

Post No. 253.—Meets first Saturday of each month at the hall. E. R. Henderson, Commander; L. F. Elvidge, S. V. C.; L. H. Hale, J. V. C.; A. Gleason, O. M.; E. R. Clark, O. D.; G. G. Smith, O. G.; Henry Hester, Sergeant; A. A. Lagaschule, Chap.

Post No. 253.—Meets first Saturday of each month at the hall. E. R. Henderson, Commander; L. F. Elvidge, S. V. C.; L. H. Hale, J. V. C.; A. Gleason, O. M.; E. R. Clark, O. D.; G. G. Smith, O. G.; Henry Hester, Sergeant; A. A. Lagaschule, Chap.

Post No. 253.—Meets first Saturday of each month at the hall. E. R. Henderson, Commander; L. F. Elvidge, S. V. C.; L. H. Hale, J. V. C.; A. Gleason, O. M.; E. R. Clark, O. D.; G. G. Smith, O. G.; Henry Hester, Sergeant; A. A. Lagaschule, Chap.

Post No. 253.—Meets first Saturday of each month at the hall. E. R. Henderson, Commander; L. F. Elvidge, S. V. C.; L. H. Hale, J. V. C.; A. Gleason, O. M.; E. R. Clark, O. D.; G. G. Smith, O. G.; Henry Hester, Sergeant; A. A. Lagaschule, Chap.

Post No. 253.—Meets first Saturday of each month at the hall. E. R. Henderson, Commander; L. F. Elvidge, S. V. C.; L. H. Hale, J. V. C.; A. Gleason, O. M.; E. R. Clark, O. D.; G. G. Smith, O. G.; Henry Hester, Sergeant; A. A. Lagaschule, Chap.

Post No. 253.—Meets first Saturday of each month at the hall. E. R. Henderson, Commander; L. F. Elvidge, S. V. C.; L. H. Hale, J. V. C.; A. Gleason, O. M.; E. R. Clark, O. D.; G. G. Smith, O. G.; Henry Hester, Sergeant; A. A. Lagaschule, Chap.

Post No. 253.—Meets first Saturday of each month at the hall. E. R. Henderson, Commander; L. F. Elvidge, S. V. C.; L. H. Hale, J. V. C.; A. Gleason, O. M.; E. R. Clark, O. D.; G. G. Smith, O. G.; Henry Hester, Sergeant; A. A. Lagaschule, Chap.

Post No. 253.—Meets first Saturday of each month at the hall. E. R. Henderson, Commander; L. F. Elvidge, S. V. C.; L. H. Hale, J. V. C.; A. Gleason, O. M.; E. R. Clark, O. D.; G. G. Smith, O. G.; Henry Hester, Sergeant; A. A. Lagaschule, Chap.

Post No. 253.—Meets first Saturday of each month at the hall. E. R. Henderson, Commander; L. F. Elvidge, S. V. C.; L. H. Hale, J. V. C.; A. Gleason, O. M.; E. R. Clark, O. D.; G. G. Smith, O. G.; Henry Hester, Sergeant; A. A. Lagaschule, Chap.

Post No. 253.—Meets first Saturday of each month at the hall. E. R. Henderson, Commander; L. F. Elvidge, S. V. C.; L. H. Hale, J. V. C.; A. Gleason, O. M.; E. R. Clark, O. D.; G. G. Smith, O. G.; Henry Hester, Sergeant; A. A. Lagaschule, Chap.

Post No. 253.—Meets first Saturday of each month at the hall. E. R. Henderson, Commander; L. F. Elvidge, S. V. C.; L. H. Hale, J. V. C.; A. Gleason, O. M.; E. R. Clark, O. D.; G. G. Smith, O. G.; Henry Hester, Sergeant; A. A. Lagaschule, Chap.

Post No. 253.—Meets first Saturday of each month at the hall. E. R. Henderson, Commander; L. F. Elvidge, S. V. C.; L. H. Hale, J. V. C.; A. Gleason, O. M.; E. R. Clark, O. D.; G. G. Smith, O. G.; Henry Hester, Sergeant; A. A. Lagaschule, Chap.

Post No. 253.—Meets first Saturday of each month at the hall. E. R. Henderson, Commander; L. F. Elvidge, S. V. C.; L. H. Hale, J. V. C.; A. Gleason, O. M.; E. R. Clark, O. D.; G. G. Smith, O. G.; Henry Hester, Sergeant; A. A. Lagaschule, Chap.

Post No. 253.—Meets first Saturday of each month at the hall. E. R. Henderson, Commander; L. F. Elvidge, S. V. C.; L. H. Hale, J. V. C.; A. Gleason, O. M.; E. R. Clark, O. D.; G. G. Smith, O. G.; Henry Hester, Sergeant; A. A. Lagaschule, Chap.

Post No. 253.—Meets first Saturday of each month at the hall. E. R. Henderson, Commander; L. F. Elvidge, S. V. C.; L. H. Hale, J. V. C.; A. Gleason, O. M.; E. R. Clark, O. D.; G. G. Smith, O. G.; Henry Hester, Sergeant; A. A. Lagaschule, Chap.

Post No. 253.—Meets first Saturday of each month at the hall. E. R. Henderson, Commander; L. F. Elvidge, S. V. C.; L. H. Hale, J. V. C.; A. Gleason, O. M.; E. R. Clark, O. D.; G. G. Smith, O. G.; Henry Hester, Sergeant; A. A. Lagaschule, Chap.

Post No. 253.—Meets first Saturday of each month at the hall. E. R. Henderson, Commander; L. F. Elvidge, S. V. C.; L. H. Hale, J. V. C.; A. Gleason, O. M.; E. R. Clark, O. D.; G. G. Smith, O. G.; Henry Hester, Sergeant; A. A. Lagaschule, Chap.

Post No. 253.—Meets first Saturday of each month at the hall. E. R. Henderson, Commander; L. F. Elvidge, S. V. C.; L. H. Hale, J. V. C.; A. Gleason, O. M.; E. R. Clark, O. D.; G. G. Smith, O. G.; Henry Hester, Sergeant; A. A. Lagaschule, Chap.

Post No. 253.—Meets first Saturday of each month at the hall. E. R. Henderson, Commander; L. F. Elvidge, S. V. C.; L. H. Hale, J. V. C.; A. Gleason, O. M.; E. R. Clark, O. D.; G. G. Smith, O. G.; Henry Hester, Sergeant; A. A. Lagaschule, Chap.

Post No. 253.—Meets first Saturday of each month at the hall. E. R. Henderson, Commander; L. F. Elvidge, S. V. C.; L. H. Hale, J. V. C.; A. Gleason, O. M.; E. R. Clark, O. D.; G. G. Smith, O. G.; Henry Hester, Sergeant; A. A. Lagaschule, Chap.

Post No. 253.—Meets first Saturday of each month at the hall. E. R. Henderson, Commander; L. F. Elvidge, S. V. C.; L. H. Hale, J. V. C.; A. Gleason, O. M.; E. R. Clark, O. D.; G. G. Smith, O. G.; Henry Hester, Sergeant; A. A. Lagaschule, Chap.

Post No. 253.—Meets first Saturday of each month at the hall. E. R. Henderson, Commander; L. F. Elvidge, S. V. C.; L. H. Hale, J. V. C.; A. Gleason, O. M.; E. R. Clark, O. D.; G. G. Smith, O. G.; Henry Hester, Sergeant; A. A. Lagaschule, Chap.

Post No. 253.—Meets first Saturday of each month at the hall. E. R. Henderson, Commander; L. F. Elvidge, S. V. C.; L. H. Hale, J. V. C.; A. Gleason, O. M.; E. R. Clark, O. D.; G. G. Smith, O. G.; Henry Hester, Sergeant; A. A. Lagaschule, Chap.

Post No. 253.—Meets first Saturday of each month at the hall. E. R. Henderson, Commander; L. F. Elvidge, S. V. C.; L. H. Hale, J. V. C.; A. Gleason, O. M.; E. R. Clark, O. D.; G. G. Smith, O. G.; Henry Hester, Sergeant; A. A. Lagaschule, Chap.

Post No. 253.—Meets first Saturday of each month at the hall. E. R. Henderson, Commander; L. F. Elvidge, S. V. C.; L. H. Hale, J. V. C.; A. Gleason, O. M.; E. R. Clark, O. D.; G. G. Smith, O. G.; Henry Hester, Sergeant; A. A. Lagaschule, Chap.

Post No. 253.—Meets first Saturday of each month at the hall. E. R. Henderson, Commander; L. F. Elvidge, S. V. C.; L. H. Hale, J. V. C.; A. Gleason, O. M.; E. R. Clark, O. D.; G. G. Smith, O. G.; Henry Hester, Sergeant; A. A. Lagaschule, Chap.

DESPLAINES.

Methodist Episcopal Church.—The Rev. J. N. Dingle, Pastor. Sunday services at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday-school at 12 m. Prayer-meeting on Wednesday evening. Young People's meeting Sunday evening at 6:45.

Congregational Church.—The Rev. Edward Hueston, Pastor. Sunday-school. Preaching Sunday morning at 10:30 and in the evening at 7:30 o'clock. Sunday-school at noon. Prayer-meeting Wednesday evening.

Lutheran Church.—The Rev. W. Lewerance, Pastor. Sunday services at 10 a. m., followed by Sunday-school at 11:30.

St. Mary Church.—The Rev. L. N. Lynch, pastor. Services at 9:30 Sunday morning. Sunday-school at 11 a. m.

The Society of Working Women will give an entertainment at the residence of Mrs. Belle Webster Friday evening, Jan. 13, 1893. Tea will be served and a literary and musical program will be prepared for the occasion. The announcement is made at this early day so that there will be no conflicting appointments.

It is ordained by the President and Board of Trustees of the Village of Desplaines.

SECTION 1. That a sidewalk be ordered built on Washington Street, from Perry Street to Ashford Avenue. Said sidewalk shall be built of even grade, and shall be not less than four (4) feet in width, the planking thereof shall be two (2) inches in thickness laid crosswise, and cut to a line on both ends, the plank shall be not less than six (6) nor more than eight (8) inches in width. Such sidewalk shall be built of sound and merchantable lumber and laid on two (2) stringers not less than two by six (2x6) inches, well blocked, and at least four inches from the ground and securely spiked thereto. The joists of each stringer shall be fastened by a piece of inch board, and securely nailed on the inside thereof, said stringers shall be laid three feet apart.

SEC. 2. That the owner or owners of the above described property are hereby ordered to lay a new sidewalk in front of their property as afore stated within thirty (30) days after the publication of this ordinance.

SEC. 3. That so much of said sidewalk as shall not be built by the property owner or owners within the time aforesaid shall be taxed by a special assessment of the property fronting such sidewalk according to law in each case.

HENRY C. SENNE, President of Board of Trustees.

Miss Hattie Curtis, who has been spending a few months in Wisconsin, returned to her home last Thursday evening.

Matthias Thill and his son Henry came home to spend the holidays and will probably remain until spring.

Sol Garland has reason to suspect that horse thieves visited his premises on Wednesday night of last week. Three of his horses were loose in the stable and one of them had on a bridle. It is supposed that the thieves were frightened by one of the hired men, who has to be on duty during the night taking care of the hot-houses.

Mr. H. Brown has been blessed with another addition to his family. A little girl has come to demand and receive the hospitalities of the household.

Remember the land concert next Monday evening, Jan. 2.

Schubert's have commenced harvesting the ice crop.

The latest and prettiest song being sung on the stage is entitled "The Indian Summer Time." It is by the popular author Will E. Thompson, East Liverpool, Ohio. The price is forty cents. Send the author half price and you will receive a copy.

Last Saturday night about midnight Harry Richardson, oldest son of John Richardson, was picked up in front of Winchell's livery barn near the sidewalk in a helpless condition, with his hands and feet badly frozen. He has been in Mr. Winchell's employ for two years past, and it is supposed that he had been out somewhere during the evening and on his return stumbled and fell over some object in the way and was unable to get up again. No medical aid was summoned until the next morning. Dr. Carrier is at present unable to tell how the case will turn out, but thinks it probable that one or more fingers will have to be amputated.

The Christmas Eve celebration at the Methodist Church was a happy and joyous occasion to both young and old. The Christmas tree was tastefully decorated and heavily loaded with presents suited to the age of the many recipients. The children were prompt in their recitations and the singing was fully up to the standard on such occasions. Among the special features was a character song by H. C. Allen's class of eight girls, who marched in from the side-room with glittering breast plates, helmets, shields and swords, and when on the platform sang a martial piece of music in a spirited manner. After the conclusion of the exercises old St. Nicholas, with loud halloo and jingling of bells, made his appearance at a side window and was promptly admitted. He was so heavily laden with presents that he tumbled to the floor in a heap, much to the delight of all the youngsters present. In the distribution of presents Miss Hattie Bennett, the church organist, was kindly remembered by being presented with a pair of pearl and gold opera glasses of rare beauty and design. On the Sunday morning following a

OBITUARY.

Cornelius Gibney died, after a few weeks' illness, Monday afternoon, Dec. 26, at the age of 73 years. Funeral services were held at the Catholic Church Wednesday, the Rev. Father Clancy officiating.

His Mother's Champion.

Here is a good story about the crown prince of Germany: A clergyman was recently explaining to him that all men are sinners, whereupon the royal pupil asked gravely if his father, the emperor, was not an exception to this rule.

"No," replied the clergyman, "he is not. The Kaiser is a sinner, like every other mortal."

"Well, I am positive of one thing," insisted the little prince, "and that is that my dear mother is no sinner!"

Christmas sermon was preached by the pastor and in the evening there were exercises of a general character. Mrs. K. Alexander, Miss Mary Longley and Miss Jessie Curtis read selections from Milton, Browning and Longfellow, and the choir and Sunday-school sang solos, duets, quartettes and anthems suited to the Christmas service. The program was a good one and only the severity of the weather prevented a large attendance.

The dedication of the German Evangelical Church took place last Monday, Dec. 26. The morning and afternoon services were held in German and in the evening the Rev. John of Chicago and the Rev. J. N. Dingle of the Methodist Church in Desplaines addressed the congregation in English. A choir from Chicago assisted in the music and the Desplaines Military Band furnished instrumental music for the occasion. Pastor Hueston is the preacher in charge of the new church. A collection was taken up at each service.

The Christmas entertainment in the Congregational Church proved to be a most joyous occasion. The decorations were very appropriate and the "tree" looked beautiful. The children acquitted themselves nobly and were all kindly remembered by the school. Santa Claus was good to all. The tree and decorations will remain in the church for the New Year's day services.

Sunday morning and evening there will be New Year's day services in the Congregational Church. The pastor will preach an appropriate sermon in the morning and the choir will furnish the music. In the evening the following program, interspersed with singing, will be carried out:

Recitation, "The Changed Cross," Mrs. Anna A. Review of the Past Year, H. H. Talcott; A Retrospective View of the Past Year, N. E. Eley; We Ate from the Tree, Mrs. W. Watson; A Review of Our Year's Church Work, Mrs. E. C. Scott; New Year Resolutions, George Wolfman.

There will also be special music prepared for this service. Are you anxious to begin the year 1893 right? Then attend some place of worship and pay your vows unto God.

Did you ever hear of buying a fine ulster of pure quality for \$12 in Chicago? Well, I have, and it was at "Sadler's" clothing-house on the corner of Fifth Avenue and Randolph Street, two blocks from the N. W. Railway depot. Can't miss the place when you are going down town.

A Little in Time Saves Nine. The worth of indestructible Linoleum Lining will repair a loss of 75 cents worth of cast-iron by H. H. Kinder, A. H.

JEFFERSON PARK.

Congregational Church.—The Rev. A. M. Thome, pastor; Charles Farwell, superintendent of Sunday school. Sunday services at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 11:45 a. m. Prayer-meeting on Wednesday evening at 7:30 in the church parlors. Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor Sunday evening at 6:30 o'clock, and Junior society at 5:30.

German Congregational Church.—The Rev. Block, pastor; Sunday services at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sabbath school at 11:45 a. m. and 7:15 p. m.

Baptist Church.—The Rev. Whycom, pastor; services every Sunday at 10 a. m. at the Masonic hall.

A Happy New Year.

O! The party is to-night.

The little ones of the Sunday school were well pleased with the treatment they received from Santa Claus on Monday evening.

The dance that was given by the Fife and Drum boys was largely attended on last Friday night.

Mesdames George Walters and Charles Schroeder of Chicago spent Christmas at the residence of County Clerk Wulff.

Mr. J. M. Fletcher has begun the construction of another very cozy little cottage on Short Street.

Our scarlet fever plague seems now to have entirely vanished.

Mr. and Mrs. Levy Welch and daughter Mamie of Bloomington were Christmas guests of Mrs. M. Finnegan and family.

The developments of last week include the possession of a newly born calf by Mr. Peter Curries. Mother and offspring doing admirably.

One of our young ladies was grievously pained by an insult thrust upon her by one of the young men at the Fife and Drum Corps ball of last week. The guilty had better make amends for his cowardly act lest one of his own sex shall see fit to pay upon his pulpy carcass for an accounting.

Miss Fannie McCummon, sister of Mrs. Edwin Goodman, and who came to this place from Colon, Neb., about a year and a half ago, died of consumption last week (Friday morning) and was laid to rest in Union Ridge Cemetery on Sunday following.

Mr. Will Roberts' sojourn in the West has rendered many of our countenances quite foreign to him. He now invariably requires an introduction to friends with whom he was liberally conversant when here before.

Mrs. Applegate departed for Canada last week.

George Markmann associated with his many friends in this place on Christmas day.

Mentioned for Mayor.

In last Saturday's issue of the Chicago Mail a number of prominent Republicans and Democrats are mentioned as available for candidates for Mayor. Among those of the former spoken of are George S. Willets, Alderman Madden and County Clerk Wulff. Of Mr. Wulff the Mail says:

Still another Republican talked for the Mayoralty is Henry Wulff, present Clerk of Cook County. Mr. Wulff has lived in Chicago, or what is now Chicago, for thirty years, although he had to come here at the early age of 8 to do it. For years he has been identified with the leadership of the Republican party in this county and has always been one of its ablest and most patriotic advisers. Not only does Mr. Wulff possess the mental, moral, and physical qualities necessary to make a good Mayor, but the question of his comparative strength at the polls has made the party managers consider him seriously as a candidate. When he ran for County Clerk two years ago he was one of two Republicans elected and ran 1,000 votes ahead of the other successful one, Sheriff Gilbert, who had a weak opponent while Mr. Wulff had a strong one. He is extremely popular among the Germans, especially the German Lutherans, whose defection at the last election caused all the trouble, and his candidacy would bring back to his party this important vote.

Baseball for '93.

Such was the true outcome of a conference held in Parlor A, Hotel de Bum, on the 21st instant. The personnel, as defined for the coming season, will present the names of at least two new lights whose presence on the team will have a strong impression. It was also agreed that a masquerade ball given late in January would prove a source of much pecuniary assistance to the club. Meeting adjourned.

General Notice.

All subscribers for this paper must remember that the first of the year has nearly approached. Please mail to the office your dues of 1891 and 1892 as early as possible.

PARK RIDGE.

CHURCHES.

Congregational Church.—The Rev. Charles S. Leaper, pastor; C. E. Davis, Superintendent of Sunday-school. Sunday services at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sabbath school at 11:45 a. m. and 7:15 p. m. Sabbath school at 11:45 a. m. and 7:15 p. m. Sabbath school at 11:45 a. m. and 7:15 p. m.

Methodist Episcopal Church.—The Rev. R. H. Dooliver, pastor; P. C. Jorgeson, Superintendent of Sunday-school. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:15 p. m. Sabbath school at 11:45 a. m. and 7:15 p. m. Sabbath school at 11:45 a. m. and 7:15 p. m.

VILLAGE OFFICERS.

W. P. Black, President
Alvin W. Robinson, Charles A. Lutz, Cord Hulsmann, P. E. Glides, C. M. Davis and George H. Miller, Trustees
George T. Stobbing, Clerk and Commissioner of Public Works
S. H. Holbrook, Treasurer
Joseph A. Phelps, Village Attorney
C. B. Robinson, Supt. Water Works
C. B. Moore, Police Officer
G. H. Fricke, Health Officer

SCHOOL TRUSTEES.

Owen Stuart, President
Frank W. McNally, Secretary
A. R. Mora, Thomas Jones, Charles Kobow, P. C. Jorgeson, J. E. Berry.

Lately we have seen the young men in this vicinity

CAROLINE SCOTT HARRISON.

Now utter calm and rest;
Hands folded over the breast
In peace the placidest,
All trials past,
All fever soothed—all pain
Annulled, in heart and brain,
Never to vex again—
She sleeps at last.

She sleeps. But oh, most dear
And best beloved of her
You sleep not—nay, nor stir,
Save but to bow,
The closer each to each,
With sobs and broken speech
That all in vain beseech
Her answer now.

And lo, we weep with you.
One grief the wide world through—
Yet, with the faith she knew,
We see her still,
Even as here she stood—
All that was pure and good,
And sweet in womanhood—
God's will her will.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

THIRTEEN.

The superstition which Glee Willis held for the number 13 was most extraordinary for a dainty, well-cared-for, modern girl.

"Oh Don!" she said pleadingly. "We can't be married on the 13th. Any other day, dear!"

The young fellow looked up from the letter in hand. But we must, Glee," said he. "Father writes he must leave for the West directly we're married, and 13 or no 13 (and it's all nonsense anyway, pet) the cards must go out to-morrow. You're not superstitious, are you dear? Come now!"

"Well, don't blame me if we're forever unlucky!" she warned him. The immense manufactories of Cameron & Son were world-famous, and it was imperatively necessary that Donald should be at the mills on his father's departure. Mr. Cameron, sr., could not possibly defer his Western trip longer than two weeks, and so with a bit of haste and confusion the cards were got out, and on June 13 Glee would become Mrs. Donald Cameron.

The young couple were to stay at the old Cameron place in New York till Marmaduke Cameron should return, his Western affairs all settled. Then they were to take a long delightful trip through Europe.

Finally amid a shower of rice and old shoes, laughter and kisses, the young couple drove away to the station.

They positively could not get seats together. For a time Donald sat on the arm of his wife's chair, but a surly old person in the next seat objected strongly to the scarcity of room this occasioned. And the train was an hour late!

Hot, dusty and tired, Donald looked eagerly about the station for the familiar carriage and dark-blue Cameron liveries. In vain! In a hired cab he must take his young wife out to his father's home.

A little later, in the dainty blue and gold room made ready for Glee, a maid was on her knees before the great gray trunk struggling with the lock.

"I'm sure that's the key," said Glee decidedly. "Try it again, Christie."

"The girl tried it and was quite unable to unlock the trunk," said Christie.

By and by the lid yielded to her efforts, and flew open disclosing—Merciful Heavens!—a promiscuous assortment of man's apparel, shirts, cuffs and collars, socks, a garnet smoking jacket.

"Goodness!" cried Glee. "That's not my trunk and Donald didn't have one!"

"Whatever shall I do? Ring for Mr. Cameron, Christie!"

Of course the mistake was rectified, and in due time Glee's trunk came.

Among her wedding gifts had been a superb diamond pendant from her husband. The stones were magnificent, very pure, very large and very valuable; more than all else they had been heirlooms in the family for generations and were, to the Camerons, well-nigh priceless.

They had been reset for Glee by a famous jeweler in Paris. One evening there had been a grand dinner party given for Glee and Donald at Elmsdale, the country residence of friends a mile or two over.

She had worn her daintiest gown of gold-colored crepe, and about her neck on a tiny chain the diamond pendant. Imagine her horror on returning home to find pendant, chain and all gone! Hoping it might be found she said nothing to her husband for a day or two. The grounds and house at Elmsdale were thoroughly, but fruitlessly searched.

One evening Glee waited for the dogcart that would bring Donald from the station, then meeting him on the steps she told him all. He was as she had expected, intensely shocked and grieved.

"Why, they were my mother's diamonds, Glee!" he said slowly. "I wouldn't have taken half a million dollars for them! What! What! The governor say? But there," soothingly, as she leaned her head on his shoulder and burst into tears. "There! Don't go on like that! We'll find it, of course," with an assurance he scarcely felt. "You're getting lonely here by yourself. I'll send for Dorothy to come out and stay with us for a bit!" Glee dried her tears and nodded her head in approval—the days were long without Donald—and a little later her sister arrived. Dorothy was a pretty dark-eyed lass, merry as a cricket, and hard to keep in bounds as a dancing unicorn.

"You're looking pale, Don!" she said the night of her arrival as they sat at dinner. "Has Glee proved fair but false?"

Donald pushed back his plate wearily. "Trouble at the mills," said he. "It all comes from discharging Finnegan, but I'll be hanged," vehemently. "If I'll take that drunken devil back!"

"How pretty Kitty Dunton has grown, Glee," said Dorothy, who

was swinging in one of the silken hammocks hung across the piazza. "She—oh, for goodness sake!" suddenly. "See that red light off there! I hadn't noticed it before. There's an awful fire somewhere. Hark!" She sat up to listen. "What was that?" A horse came galloping madly up the driveway. The rider sprang from the saddle, and came running up the steps.

"Cameron!" he yelled hoarsely. "That you?" Saddle your horse and come. The mills are on fire. Hurry, sir, hurry!" He pointed with his whip to the glowing East.

In a moment Donald, just as he was in his dress suit had mounted his horse and was speeding away with the man through the night. To Glee, sitting there alone by the window watching the red glare grow brighter and brighter, the hours seemed years.

Only when the sun was rising and it was day the lurid gleam of the burning mills was no longer visible.

It was six o'clock when Donald came riding slowly up the drive. The dew glittered on the grass and the birds were singing gaily in the leafy old elms. "All gone, Glee!" he sighed wearily. "Only the safe. Set by Finnegan, we think. Have telegraphed father!"

That night an answer from Marmaduke Cameron flashed over the wires. "Am frantic," it read; "closed out the mills yesterday to a syndicate! Home to-morrow!" "And it will all come on my shoulders!" groaned Donald in despair.

"It was a coincidence altogether too favorable to the Camerons you know," and the rumor started that Marmaduke Cameron was preparing to build mills in opposition before those of the syndicate should be completed.

There was one man, however, a bluff, rather ignorant man of the nouveau riche type, who stood valiantly for the Camerons. He was a rich and powerful member of the syndicate, and was impervious to all the comments against the Camerons.

"I know Cameron is an honest man," said he, "and you'll find it out so—and by George Harry! I'll see him through, bump'd if I won't."

But Marmaduke Cameron shook his head sadly. He was an old man and it was the hardest thing in the world to be accused of a thing one would abhor. It seemed as if people gloated in the seeming stain on his character.

There was yet more trouble. The next place to the Camerons had been lately bought by a wealthy Western speculator. The grand old house, formerly noted for its simple, old-time dignity, was converted into the vulgar show place of a rich man. The house gleamed from afar with lemon-hued paint; turrets and towers jutted out everywhere. Flowers and statues and fountains were thrown all over the lawns in a perfect disregard of harmony. Every condition of bird screeched and screamed in the banner-hung aviary. Perhaps Glee's worst fault was her pride of birth, a fault seldom known in this democratic family.

She had not returned their calls and did not mean to.

And now, of all things—Dorothy at the tennis parties held round about—met the son and heir of these people, and fell violently in love with him, with, of course, the heartiest reciprocation on his part.

Glee, when she heard of it was furious.

"Are you insane, Dorothy?" she cried. "To think of marrying a parvenu—a vulgar shob—a man whose mother and sisters cannot speak a grammatical English sentence!"

"Hush!" said Dorothy quietly. "You have no idea what you are saying! And remember I love him!"

"And it won't do a particle of good to talk," said Glee, cruelly. "I am firm!"

She was surprised beyond measure one day when the servant ushered into the library a tall, fair-haired young fellow with the grace and bearing of a young prince.

"I am Hugh Peters," simply, advancing to meet her. "And I have come to ask you if Dorothy may be my wife. I love her, there is plenty of money."

"Yes," interrupted Glee. "that is precisely the trouble, the money. It is so very lately acquired, is it not?" She spoke very politely. "And Dorothy belongs to a family very proud of its lineage. No, I shall certainly not consent knowing what my father's decision would be, and I shall at once send Dorothy home to remove her from temptation."

The young fellow's face flushed hotly and he drew himself to the height of his strong young figure.

"You need not do that, Mrs. Cameron," said he proudly. "I will go away myself. But I trust you will relent your decision very soon."

Tenderly, reverently, he stooped and kissed Dorothy, and in a moment was gone.

The girl turned upon Glee with all the fury of a young tigress.

"You are a cruel, heartless wretch," she sobbed. "He will never come back—he is too proud! Oh I hate you—I hate you!"

Glee was startled—horrified at what she had done. She had no idea Dorothy really cared for him—and Dorothy was her idol.

Trouble—trouble—trouble! And all for the influence of that miserable thirteen! That evening she waited for Donald on the steps again; her lavender gown stole the last tinge of color from her cheeks.

"Come into the library, Don," said she in a strangely calm tone. "I want you to do me a favor."

"Anything, dear heart," said the young fellow tenderly, "though with all this worry Glee, I am a sorry helper."

"Don," she said with feverish haste. "I want you to get a divorce from me and we'll be married again. Can't you see," with a wild little sob. "It's all because we were married on the thirteenth."

"Thirteenth!" said Mr. Cameron, sr., who was just entering the room. "Why you were married on the twelfth!"

Donald was staring at Glee in mute astonishment at her last statement. "Why," said he vaguely, "cards were engraved the thirteenth!"

"Mistake, then," said the elder Cameron confidently. "Why, it was to be on the twenty-sixth, wasn't it? And you hastened it two weeks; doesn't that make it the twelfth? By the by, Donald, Finnegan has been hunted down and has confessed he set the fire."

"And Peters has done it all."

"Any relation to Hugh Peters, I wonder," said Glee musingly.

"Has a son that name, why they live right over here at the Maples."

Glee caught Donald's coat sleeve wildly. "Don," she gasped. "Don't that the fellow I sent away to-day—Dorothy's lover! and his father has been your best friend."

Donald turned to his father in astonishment. "Great Scott!" he exclaimed. "this is a mess. What can we do, governor?"

"I can settle it, I think," said Marmaduke Cameron, and presently he was driving off toward the Maples as fast as his horses could take him.

Meanwhile Donald and Glee sat there talking softly together. Things must come out all right, Glee told herself, now that they had not been married on the 13th. Donald was examining the day's mail. Suddenly he thrust a letter in Glee's hands. "Jupiter Jones," said he, "read that."

The envelope was covered with post-marks and looked as if it might have made a tour of the United States. The letter opened, Glee read as follows:

"Dear sir: I find I am unable to have the diamonds set up at the date named. I know you would not wish it slighted, and absence from town will prevent my giving any personal supervision. So I will send to display at the wedding the paste model, a truly excellent imitation, and as early in August as possible will send you the original. Yours respectfully, JACOB NOVAR."

"Oh, what a deal of worry it would have saved had the letter come straight here," said Glee, softly. "Why, here's a govt!"

"Indeed it was and with him Hugh Peters."

"I met him going to the station with his traveling bag," explained Mr. Cameron, "and—simply here he is."

Glee sent a mysterious message to Dorothy's room, and presently a dainty little figure in a silken gown of pale green came shyly into the room.

"Oh, don't be afraid, Dorothy," called Donald. "Welcome home—we won't look!"

"First," said Glee, holding out her hand contritely. "I want Hugh," she spoke the name very prettily, "to tell me he forgives me, you, and young Jacob cordially."

"And now," said Glee, "won't you take off your coat and stay for dinner? All the family together, you know."

"But," said Donald, rather meanly, all considered. "Do you seriously, do you dare Glee? To-day is the thirteenth, you know!"

"Nonsense!" laughed Glee. "I'm entirely cured of my superstition."—American Cultivator.

A SPANISH ELECTION.

A New Idea in the Way of Political Schemes.

The Spanish regard for a fine bull is well known. Very often the animals of the bull-ring are as famous as the toreadors, says the Youth's Companion. According to a report in a Spanish paper this regard for the bull was put to a very new and singular use in a town of the province of Toledo recently. An election was being held in the little town of Oropesa, where the ministerialists or government party, and the Carlists, or Spanish "oldliners," were nearly of equal strength. Each party, therefore, was trying to prevent the other from polling its full vote.

The polling had gone on, without any apparent majority on either side, until nearly the end of the day. All at once all parties were greatly interested in the appearance of a superb bull, led by a countryman, exactly before the door of the voting booth. Everybody took an interest in him.

Presently it was observed that as certain voters approached the door of the booth the bull made a lunge toward them. This frightened them so that they took to their heels and did not dare to approach the door again.

But when certain other voters came up the bull stepped back politely and let them enter. In course of time it turned out that all the voters who had been frightened away were ministerialists and all those who had been allowed to vote were Carlists.

When it was too late to change the result, and the Carlists had carried the day in Oropesa, it came out that the supposed countryman was a Carlist "heeler" in disguise, and that by means of a braded stick concealed under his flowing cape, he goaded the bull forward whenever a ministerialist approached and urged him backward when a Carlist hove in sight.

Origin of Spoon.

Two natural objects seem to have furnished the model for the spoon to primitive man, the river or sea shell and the leaf of plants. In Southern China shell spoons are still used that are closely reproduced in the familiar porcelain spoon of that country, while metal spoons are found in India on which are reproduced even the veins of the leaves from which they were co.

TROLLEYS FOR FARMS.

INTERESTING POSSIBILITIES OF ELECTRICITY.

Every Farmer Will Have a New Force to Do His Work—Suburban Developments Will Be Hastened—No Horses.

The rage for forming electric railway companies in the country districts surrounding Philadelphia, which was so prevalent a few months ago, appears to have largely died out without having accomplished much.

There are a few electric railways in the suburban territory around the city, as in Camden, Chester, West Chester and some other places, but little advantage has been taken of the opportunities for paying traffic afforded by the well-populated towns lying close together in all directions.

The West is far ahead of the East in this matter, and having made a liberal use of the electric current for affording rapid transit in many growing cities and towns is now preparing to extend its application to the more distinctively rural regions.

From Illinois it is announced that plans have been perfected for an experimental trolley plant in the rich prairie farming country, where electricity will be used not only for supplying cheap passenger transportation, but for performing farm work as well.

This opens endless possibilities for the trolley system and the success of the experiment will be watched with much interest.

The improvement of the country roads around Philadelphia in the past few years and the cheapness of coal here would seem to make it possible to use electricity in ways that were not dreamed of a few years ago.

The advocates of the new plan say that in a good farming country where there is a creditable amount to be hauled to the city, it is entirely plausible to establish a central powerhouse, and from this to generate electricity for a number of uses.

The wires could be run along the main road, if the powerhouse is situated on one, and from this branches extend in as many directions as the business would warrant.

Aside from the carrying of passengers, which would be conducted in the same way as now, the electric railway connecting with some steam railroad, the electric current could be used in a variety of other ways.

With traction wagons, such as are commoner in the West than here, all the hauling of the neighborhood could be done. It would require no change in the construction of the farm wagons, for they could be loaded as now, and picked up along the road by the traction wagon. The only limit to the number of wagons that might be taken in one train would be the power and strength of the hauling machinery. All the farmer would have to do would be to have his load made up in the morning and then while his wagon was taken to town in the electrical train and the contents disposed of there by an agent. There would be no limit to the load which he could ship at one time, except the capacity of his wagon. Most of his horses could be dispensed with, and shipments could be made more quickly and in greater quantities than now.

The use of the power from the trolley wire need not be limited to traction on the road, however. The wire could be tapped for every farm and the power used for general farm purposes. The mowing machine could be drawn by electricity instead of horses. The threshing could be done without the use of a traveling steam engine, with no expense for fuel and attendants. Even butter could be churned by electricity and the drudgery of farm work generally reduced.

Carrying the idea still further, it is even suggested that the country roads could be lighted with electricity and electric lights introduced into the farm house, illuminating it brightly and making it more cheerful.

From the standpoint of the suburban resident every railroad station of any importance would be connected by trolley railways with the country lying about it, and in this way the area of territory available for suburban residences would be greatly enlarged. Small manufacturing establishments as well as the farmers, could have their freight carried to and from the stations, saving the teaming which now often eats much of the profits.

Electricians look forward to these developments as the natural growth of a few years. Philadelphia with its great suburban population and rich farming country all about it, would seem to be peculiarly a local where such ideas could be put into profitable practice. Unfortunately, however, it cannot be said that at present there is any perceptible progress toward their materialization.

Some Peculiar Rodents.

Death Valley, California, notwithstanding its suggestive name, is the abode of more curious and wonderful specimens of animal creation than any place of its size within the limits of the United States. The oddest of these creatures perhaps is a species of rodent called the "kangaroo rat," which travels from place to place by executing a series of jumps or springs almost in exact imitation of its namesake of the Australian wilds. Then, too, as though it were nature's purpose to make a miniature of every larger piece of handiwork, the same locality furnishes the "kangaroo mouse," a counterpart and perfect pocket edition of the rat. Besides these kangaroo rodents there are at least two other odd specimens of the same genus in the California Valley of Death—the "pocket mouse," with little pouches inside his mouth for stowing away surplus food, and the "scorpion mouse," which feeds wholly upon scorpions.

MAN AGAINST SHARK.

How a Cuban Fruit Peddler Laid Out Two Men-Eaters.

"The prettiest battle I ever witnessed was between a Cuban and a couple of sharks," said Thomas C. Ridgeway to a St. Louis Globe-Democrat man. "We had reached Havana from New York, and were lying perhaps half a mile from the docks awaiting the signal to go in. Several fruit peddlers had boarded us, and among them a swarthy, bare-legged young fellow who looked like a pirate. The purser was standing by the rail, holding his 5-year-old son in his arms, watching a couple of monster sharks that were hanging about the vessel when the child slipped from his grasp and fell into the water. The father plunged overboard and seized him, and the sharks at once made for the pair."

"The bare-legged young buccaneer dropped the fruit basket and went over the rail like a flash. As the first shark turned on its back, the invariable prelude of biting, the Cuban rose, and with a long, keen knife fairly disemboweled it. The other was not to be disposed of so easily. He seemed to realize that in the Cuban he had a dangerous foe, and in the language of the ring, sparred for an opening. Several of us began to blaze away at him with our revolvers, but the Cuban appeared to fear our bad marksmanship more than the shark, and begged us to desist. The purser and his child had been pulled on deck and the combatants had a fair field. The Cuban vowed, but the shark did not wait for him to come up and changed his location. Finally the latter advanced straight upon his antagonist, his ugly knife cutting through the water like a knife, turned quickly upon his back, and the huge jaws came together with a vicious snap, but the Cuban was not between them. He had sunk just in time to avoid the shark, and as the latter passed shot the steel into it. The old sea wolf made the water boil, and strove desperately to strike his antagonist with his tail, but the latter kept well amidstships and literally cut him to pieces."

"We made up a purse for him, and the next day the brave ragmuffin could have given Solomon pointers in gorgeous apparel."

Turkish Babies.

When a babe is born in any house in Turkey, there is great rejoicing if it be a boy, less if a girl. The wife is proud for a while, but Turkish women are not good mothers. They are too childlike themselves. When a girl is born to a sultan, they fire seven guns; when a boy, twenty-one. The boys die early; the girls are more apt to live. This is supposed to be a divine interposition of Providence to prevent too many claimants to the throne. Babies are dressed like mummies in swaddling-clothes for six months. Then the boys are put in trousers, sometimes in generals' or colonels' regularly made.

Mother—I think you ought to be grateful to your father for getting you such a nice knife, instead of complaining. Little Johnny—It's got only two blades. "You can't use but one blade at a time."—Yes, but when two blades get broken there won't be any left."—Good News.

Not Truly Converted. "I doubt the genuineness of Smith's conversion." "You do? Why?" "He never says anything about what a worthless character and miserable sinner he used to be."

A Leper in Philadelphia. There is a female leper in Philadelphia. Her identity is kept a secret, but she is said to be of good family. The seclusion which she must enter will be for all her life.

CURRENT BRIEVITIES.

Uncle Sam has 300 silk mills. All ancient actors wore masks with metal mouthpieces to act as speaking trumpets.

Gainesville, Fla., lays claim to the largest and finest Japan persimmon grove in this country.

Tigers are worth from \$1,500 to \$2,500. Jack, with the Barnum show, the largest tiger in captivity, is said to have cost \$2,500.

M. Grandin, the French pedestrian who recently walked from Paris to St. Petersburg, set out soon after he reached the Russian capital for a tramp to Moscow.

A freight car thirty-six feet long has been built of steel in Manchester for the Mexican railway company. It is said to be heavier than a thirty-four foot wooden car, and will hold nearly three times as much, with no more dead weight.

One of the attractions at an industrial exhibition recently held in Metz was the chaise in which Napoleon traveled from Paris to Moscow in 1812. It was bequeathed to Baron de Hunolstein, who sold it to a man in Metz upon condition that it should never be considered as an article of commerce.

A school boy was reading in his Scottish history that at the battle of Bannockburn, "when the English army saw the new army on the hill behind, their spirits became damp," and the teacher asked what was meant by "damping their spirits," to which the little Scotchman at once replied "Pittin' water in their whusky."

The rosin weed, a species of silphium, and first cousin to the burdock is a natural compass. It grows everywhere in the West, and wherever it is found in open ground, that is, in ground not shaded by trees, houses or fences, its leaves point directly north and south. This peculiarity has given it several names applied in different localities, and it is variously called the compass plant, the pilot weed and the polar plant.

PICKINGS FROM PAPERS.

The camellia is a Chinese plant and migrated in 1811.

Chrysanthemums are Chinese, and were brought to Europe in 1790.

There is said to be a colored prisoner working in the Alabama mines who can speak twelve languages.

The condor is the highest flying bird known. It spends most of its time floating three miles above sea level.

The most powerful and heaviest gun in the world weighs 135 tons, is forty feet in length and has a projectile weighing 1,800 pounds.

A man might visit ten saloons a day in New York for every day in the year, and then not make the rounds, for there are nearly 4,000 of them.

Dr. C. P. Carver of St. Augustine, Fla., owns and lives in the oldest house in America. He has deeds in his possession to show that it was erected in 1560 by a Frenchman.

There are some roomy theatres in this country, but none that comes up to the old theater of Emilius Severus at Rome, which comfortably seated 50,000 persons. It was built 1,950 years ago.

The Bartlett pear is a European importation, it having originated in England. The Seckel pear is a native product, and it is said that the first tree that bore it is still standing near Philadelphia on the Schuylkill river.

In the attempt to obtain a supply of fresh water on Galveston island an artesian well has been sunk 3,070 feet and 9 inches without success. The city will now sink shallower wells on the main land and bring the water to the island through pipes.

There have been received at Kew gardens a number of bright red seeds from Mexico, which are found to contain an exceedingly dangerous alkaloid. The Indians in the neighborhood of San Antonio use the seeds as an intoxicant, half a seed producing exhilaration followed by sleep lasting two or three days, and sometimes death ensues.

SKELETON HISTORY.

South Carolina seceded December 20, 1860; Missouri, January 9, 1861; Florida, January 10; Alabama, January 11; Georgia, January 10; Louisiana, January 26; Texas, February 1; Virginia, April 17; Arkansas, May 6; North Carolina, May 21, and Tennessee, June 8. Fort Sumpter bombarded by thirty heavy guns and seventeen mortars. The fort set on fire and surrendered by the garrison of seventy men April 13.

During the war, on the union side, 61,362 officers and men were killed in battle, 34,773 died of wounds, 183,287 of disease and 224,306 were discharged for disabilities.

On the confederate side, 133,821, estimated, died in battle or of wounds, 104,428 estimated, 476,169 were captured, of whom 248,599 were paroled on the field.

Arsenals, forts, barracks, mints and other government buildings and property in the South were seized by the seceding states from January 9 to April 12.

Surrender of Gen. Lee to the armies of the Potomac and James April 9, 1865, confederate loss 26,000 prisoners. The number of troops called for by Mr. Lincoln during the war was 2,942,748; the number obtained was 2,690,401.

In 1865 the confederate armies in all departments had an estimated force of 439,675 men on duty.

Surrender of Gen. Joe E. Johnston with 29,924 prisoners, April 27.

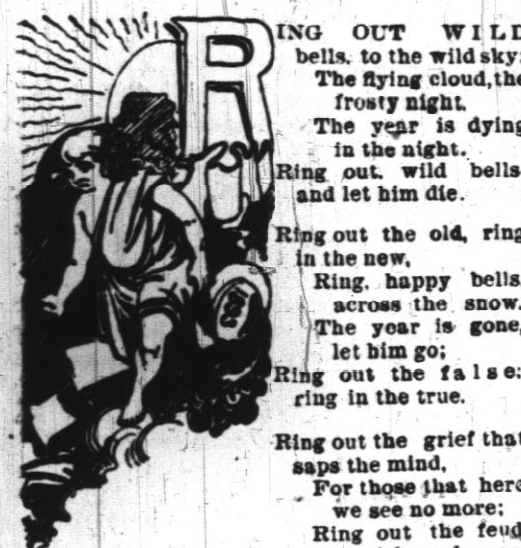
The Columbia Daily Calendar. Remains the only valuable daily pad calendar. The calendar for '03 is of the same general design as that of previous years, consisting of 366 leaves, one for every day in the year, and a calendar for the entire year. The day of the week, of the month and of the year are given, and on each leaf is a short sermon on the "Gospel of Outdoors," Health and Happiness, with valuable hints on practical road making. The leaves are so arranged that there will be no stub left, and each one can be referred to at any time during the year. The pad is upon a metallic stand of ivory black, arranged so as to rest upon the desk at a convenient angle. The pad matter, which is the aggregate is enough to make a book, is all fresh and new, and is of more pertinent value than that of any previous calendar. The calendar is issued by the Lane Mfg. Co., of Boston, New York and Chicago.

On the counters of William Dunning will be found a most unique New York publication called The Doll's Dressmaker. This monthly magazine is a guide, companion and friend to little women who love their dolls, and will serve to keep many little fingers out of mischief, and help mothers in their search for something new to occupy their little girls' minds. The low subscription price of \$1 a year places it within the reach of all, and no more appropriate Christmas gift to a young miss could be selected.

NO CURE, DR. KEAN, NO PAY. THE KIDNEY SPECIAL. 100 South Clark Street, CHICAGO.



A New Year's Song.



Ring out wild bells, to the wild sky;
The flying cloud, the frosty night;
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new;
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
The year is gone, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind;
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor;
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin;
The faithless falsehood, the times;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrow lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kinder hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

Mrs. George M. Pullman.
Mrs. Pullman is well supplied with every luxury that life can give, and is the happy mother of two beautiful daughters, writes Isabella O'Keefe, in a delightful sketch, with portrait, of the wife of the well-known railroad man, in the December Ladies' Home Journal. Florence, a tall, graceful and dignified brunette about 22 years old, and Harriet, a bright, vivacious belle about 20. Both daughters were educated in New York and Paris, and made their appearance in society two years ago. Beside the two daughters, Mrs. Pullman is possessed of twin sons, George M., Jr., and Sanger, 16 years old.

The daughters as well as the mother are continually engaged in charitable work. Mrs. Pullman is Vice-President of the Hospital for Women and Children, and is a member of the executive board of both the Old Ladies' Home and Woman's Hospital. Florence has lately furnished a large ward in St. Luke's Hospital, which is popularly known as the "Florence ward." Harriet is the leading spirit in one of the most practical works in Chicago, known as the Wildwood Club, an organization composed of the most prominent women in the city, formed for the purpose of building and equipping a house and grounds where self-supporting women and girls may go and take needed rest, free from restraint and intrusion, at a very meager cost.

Hints for the Linen Closet.
Sheets should always be of generous length and width, never less than two yards and three quarters long, with the breadth, of course, depending upon the width of the bed, writes Maria Parloa, in a valuable article on "Furnishing the Linen Closet" in the December Ladies' Home Journal. While linen sheets are desirable, they are not within the means of all housekeepers of even fair incomes. Cotton cloth makes a most satisfactory all-the-year-round sheet, and a good quality can be purchased at from 25 cents to 75 cents per yard, the cloth being from two to two yards and a half wide. Indeed, one can buy good sheets already made, for \$1.25 and \$1.50 apiece. It is always more economical to buy the cloth and make them at home, for two hems do not mean much work. Unbleached sheeting may be made up, and bleached on the grass. Buy unbleached cotton for servants' sheets and pillow cases, but do not make them too small. If the bed linen be made of generous proportions it will protect the bedding and be more comfortable for the sleepers. Linen sheets, three yards long, can be bought for from \$3 to \$14 per pair. Pillow cases to match sell from \$2 to \$3.50 per pair. The finest are hemstitched.

A Busy Woman.
Edna Lyall is the pen name of Ada Ellen Bayly, and not until an impostor claiming to be the true Edna Lyall annoyed her exceedingly did any but her most intimate acquaintances know that writer and the daughter of the London barrister, Mr. Bayly, were the same. Miss Lyall's first story was finished before she was 18, but although favorably received did not produce the marked impression of "Donovan," which followed. Miss Bayly is a delicate girl, frequently obliged to give up her work entirely, and never able to devote a definite portion of time to writing. Her works are all written with a purpose, frequently thought out on her travels, and written out with a typewriter, on which she has learned to compose as readily as with a pen. The profits of "Donovan" have been devoted to a peal of bells christened with the names of the characters and hung

In an Eastbourne church. Miss Bayly's life is spent far from the busy streets of London in the quiet of Eastbourne or in traveling about in search of health and rest. Besides, the author is a home-loving woman, with a horror of publicity, and little care for society, literary or otherwise.

Lucy Larcum's Life.
As a child of seven years Lucy Larcum wrote stories and poems for her own amusement. When she was 10 years old her father died, and her mother established a factory boarding-house at Lowell, where, after spending two or three years in school, Lucy entered the mills. While working as a cotton operative she contributed largely to the Lowell Offering, writing for the first volume a series of parables that attracted attention. John G. Whittier then conducted a free soil paper in Lowell, and thereby encouraged her literary efforts. When about 20 years of age she came to Illinois with a married sister, taught there for some time and was for three years a pupil in Monticello Female Seminary. On her return to Massachusetts she was employed for six years in a seminary at Norton, but desisted on the failure of her health, only taking classes occasionally in Boston schools. During the civil war she wrote many patriotic poems. When Our Young Folks was established in Boston in 1863 she became an assistant and in the following year chief editor, conducting the magazine till 1874. Miss Larcum has subsequently resided at Beverly, Mass.

What a Canary Needs.
The canary should be closely watched, and the first symptoms of disordered health attended to, writes Olive Thorne Miller, in a helpful paper on "The Needs of a Canary," in the December Ladies' Home Journal. He should be treated with minute doses; homoeopathic remedies dissolved in his drinking cup are the most convenient and effective. When his claws are long enough to catch on the perches they should be trimmed a very little with sharp scissors. If tameness is desired, he must be talked to and petted, but never should he hear a harsh word spoken. He may be offered some dainty from the fingers—a hemp seed when his are gone, or a bit of fresh food that he likes. If he does not take it, it must be removed, otherwise he will learn that he gets it by waiting. In a word, the canary needs not only the best of care, but also love, to make him happy.

A Good Thing to Know.
A cooking club in Washington was broken up by matrimony in less than a year. Each member in turn ordered, cooked and served a dinner. Each one had the privilege of inviting a man to judge the cooking. Every man invited fell in love with a cook.

One girl was a "raging belle." She knew the secret of cooking a good beefsteak. Instead of broiling it over the fire she cooked it under. The slide the boiler was put in was not unlike a draw with the coals on top.

This is the proper way to cook a beefsteak. The juice, instead of being drawn down, as it is when a steak is broiled over the coals, is drawn up, and the meat is unctuous and palatable. To win a sweetheart with a beefsteak is not poetic—but the aftermath is.

True Marriage.
A happy wedlock is a long falling in love. I know young persons, says Theodore Parker, think love only belongs to the brown hair and plump, round, crimson cheek. So it does for its beginning, just as Mount Washington begins at Boston Bay. But the golden marriage is a part of love which the bridal day knows nothing of. Youth is the tassel and silken flower of love; age is the full corn, ripe and solid in the ear. Beautiful is the morning of love with its prophetic crimson, violet, saffron, purple and gold, with its hopes of days that are to come. Beautiful is the evening of love, with its glad remembrance and its rainbow side turned toward heaven as well as earth.

Origin of Spoons.
Two natural objects seem to have furnished the model for the spoon to primitive man—the river or sea-shell and the leaf of plants. In Southern China shell spoons are still used that are closely reproduced in the similar porcelain spoon of that country, while metal spoons are found in India on which are reproduced even the veins of the leaves from which they were copied.

Sauce Tartare for Cutlets.
Put the yolks of two eggs into a soup plate; add a half teaspoonful of salt, mix and work in drop by drop one gill of salad oil; add a dash of cayenne, half a teaspoonful of onion juice and one teaspoonful of tarragon vinegar. Chop fine two olives, one small pickled cucumber, one teaspoonful of capers and one of parsley, and add.

Notes by the Way.
The Edinburgh Typographical Society is now admitting female compositors and a number have already applied for membership.

The Duchess of Buccleuch and other ladies of the neighborhood have just started a class for practical lessons in butter making and dairy work.

The Ontario Medical Association has admitted lady practitioners of medicine for the last two or three years to the membership of the association.

In New Zealand the Legislative Council has passed the women's franchise bill, with the proviso—it is amusing to note—that the female votes may be registered without personal attendance at the poll.

Five of Vassar's alumnae are taking post-graduate courses at Yale, two at the University of Chicago, one at Ann Arbor and one at Leipzig. About 30 per cent of the graduates are said to marry and the majority of the others become teachers.

THREE YOUNG HUNTERS.

THEY ENCOUNTER A LION IN THE MOUNTAINS.

Then Comes a Terrific Fight and the Enraged Animal Nearly Kills the Men Before He Is Mastered Himself and Killed.

About two months ago three young men left Fresno for a several months' hunting trip in the Sierras.

At the end of the week they came back in such a dilapidated condition that their friends did not know them, and everybody wanted to learn what was the matter. By way of explanation Fred held up the skin of a mountain lion so full of holes that it looked like a porous plaster.

It seems that it was when they had been gone from Fresno about three days and after they had worked well up toward the base of Mt. Whitney without seeing any game. The trail was very bad. It was getting late in the day, and from appearances a storm would soon be upon them. They were in a hurry to find a camping spot as the country they were passing through was very wild and rocky.

Dark clouds came up over the mountains and a peculiar ominous silence foretold that the coming storm would be a terrific one. In a few minutes the rumble of distant thunder was heard and the wind began to roar through the pines. Fred Shenk had gone ahead of the wagon in hopes of sooner finding the spot they wished. The horses slowly and wearily pulled the wagon up the hill, while the clouds grew thicker and darker.

Fred walked a few hundred yards ahead, and came upon the very spot a little off the road. After a hurried examination he started back to tell the others to hurry and get the tent up before the storm broke. When he reached the road he found his path blocked by an enormous mountain lion, whose growl harmonized with the thunder and made it plain that there was to be another fight besides that of the elements.

The beast stood still a moment in hesitation. It was Fred's only chance and he raised his rifle and, taking a good aim, fired. As he did so the storm broke and the crash of the thunder almost drowned the sound of the rifle. He had a good bead on the creature's heart, but the bullet did not seem to have any more effect than a blank cartridge.

The first moments of the storm were frightful. Branches of trees and particles of sand filled the air, while the thunder was deafening and the lightning blinding. After the first shot the young man attempted to throw the lever of his rifle, but before he could do so the beast jumped on him and bore him to the ground. It began clawing and scratching, but he managed to keep it away from his throat and draw a revolver. All the chambers of which he emptied into the animal's body. Jim and Hermann heard the shooting, and taking their rifles ran up to the scuffle.

Both began firing and every bullet went into the animal's body, but seemed to have no effect except to increase its wrath. By this time the rain was pouring in torrents and all were wet to the skin and nearly blinded by the water running in their eyes. Fred managed to crawl from under the animal and load his revolver again, when it made for Hermann and knocked him down, while Jim jumped on top and gashed it with his knife. They rolled over and over on the ground, a knife or a bullet going into the animal's body every second. It was blinded with its own blood and the young men's clothes soaked with the fluid, but all kept up the fight.

Hermann managed to put his revolver against its side where its heart ought to be and fired five shots into it, which seemed to have no effect. The men were getting weak while the animal seemed in good condition. The fight lasted nearly an hour and still the animal seemed far from dead, although most of the bones in its body were broken and it had lost the use of its hind legs. It could see nothing, but seemed to know where its assailants were by instinct. It seemed impossible to kill it, and for some time the hunters felt a little superstitious, thinking they had found an animal with a charmed life.

The creature was very weak by this time and could not get away, so Hermann Madden and Jim Thompson went a short distance from the road and found a large log, which they took and laid across the lion's back, while one sat on each end, holding the creature to the ground. Fred Shenk, who was suffering greatly from wounds which he received in the fight, managed to reach the wagon and get the ax.

He could hardly return to the scene of the struggle, but with a great effort he managed to do so, and giving the ax to Jim took his place on the end of the log. Jim, after a good deal of work, managed to chop the creature's head from its body. Even then it didn't seem ready to die, and its body quivered and moved for several moments.

By this time the storm had spent its fury, but it was still raining hard, and this made the work of pitching the tent very difficult, especially as all the members of the party were wounded. But this was done, and all spent the night nursing their wounds.

The Stars and Bars.

The flag known as the stars and bars was the first flag adopted by the confederate congress at Montgomery. The battle flag was designed by General Beauregard and was adopted by General J. E. Johnson after the first battle of Bull Run, and was afterward adopted by congress. In May, 1863, congress adopted another national

flag, the battle flag occupying the place of the union jack in the United States flag, and the remainder in white.

LOOKING THROUGH

The Human Body With the Aid of the Electric Light.

All the school physiologists have the story of the man who had a hole shot through his stomach some years ago, and was kind enough to live a long time afterward with the orifice unhealed, giving the doctors a chance to see the daily performances of the gastric juice and its stock company of other secretions of the human interior. That was early in this century. If a similar individual were to appear before a party of medical men now he would be received with derision so far as his claims to physiological usefulness were concerned. The electric light has made doctors independent now of accident for observing the interior of the human body. There is not a cavity which cannot be examined with the little lamps the physicians are now using. Mouth, throat, eyes, nose and ears can be brightly illuminated and looked into. The stomach can be examined as easily as a steam engine. Indeed, with the electric lamp in the hands of his physician the patient's body is as open to accurate inspection as if he were lying on a dissecting table with an anatomical demonstrator pointing out to students the remarkable things discovered inside of him.

The experiments with the electric lamp for exposing the interior of the human body was first made in Vienna. The doctors there worked with the mechanic, Joseph Leiter, who recently died. He was an optician and anatomist, and he made the instrument, while the doctors experimented. They tried to illuminate the body in two ways, one by direct introduction of the light into the cavities and the other by reflection. Experiments in both directions were successful, and the makers in Vienna began to send their lamps all over the world. They are called the Mignon glow lamp. They are scarcely larger than a pea, and the carbon filament is used.

The specialist in throat and nose affections and diseases of the eye has several kinds of lamps to choose from, or better still, he uses them all for different observations.

The battery is about the size of an unabridged Webster's dictionary, and the doctor has it on a chair by his side while he makes his examination, so he can regulate the current to a nicety. The first lamp is a very useful one. The flat part of the instrument holds down the tongue and keeps it out of the way while the lamp is in the mouth. The bulb holding the light has a reflector behind it, which throws the rays out into the throat.

The light for the throat and the ear is a plain bulb with or without a reflector.

The throat and nose lamp has two lights which are put into the throat behind the nasal passages and illuminate both nostrils.

The Order of the Garter.

The insignia of the Order of the Garter are: A gold medallion of St. George and the dragon, suspended from a blue ribbon; the garter itself, of dark blue velvet; a blue velvet mantle lined with taffeta, with the star of the order embroidered on the left breast; a hood and surcoat of crimson velvet and a hat of black velvet; a collar of gold weighing thirty ounces and a star with the cross of St. George in the center, encircled by the garter.

LIGHT REFLECTIONS.

Unyielding self-possession prevents many a man from giving himself away. About all the average drunkard has to support him is a lean on a lamp post.

It is a question whether the poker room should be called the ante-room or the drawing-room.

Trying to work some short cut to wealth may really turn out a way to get a free and short hair-cut in jail.

The laborer may be worthy of his hire, and yet not be able to persuade his employer that it should be higher hire.

It is not considered good form for a physician to tell his butcher patient that something is the matter with his liver.

Perhaps it is just as well that women, as a rule, aren't business-like. If they were they would see oftener than they do what bad bargains they make perennially when they marry men.

MECHANICAL IMPROVEMENTS.

A gun has been invented by a Frenchman which fires cartridges loaded by a compressed gas. The gun is said to be noiseless and to emit no smoke.

A departure in the way of driving a combined punch and shears for iron has recently been made in a Delaware mill. The machine is driven by electricity, and owing to its light weight can be moved to any desired position.

A rubber stud for floors and stairs has been invented by an Englishman. It consists of a small iron plate with a nail projecting from the under surface, around which rubber is molded. A blow of the hammer fixes it in place, the advantage being that when worn it can be easily removed and replaced by others.

A simple method of purifying crude gutta-percha is proposed by a French chemist as an improved substitute for the present process. The operation has ordinarily been accomplished by mechanical means, while that now brought forward is of a chemical character, and, notwithstanding its comparative inexpensiveness, the results are asserted to be far more satisfactory.

WEAVING IN DONEGAL.

MRS. HART TELLS OF HER SUCCESSFUL WORK.

Technical Schools Where the Youth Are Taught—Fabrics Made by the Peasants Now—Find a Ready Sale in England.

With an agreeable avoidance of the air of a professional lecturer, Mrs. Ernest Hart of London, England, gives a simple running narrative of her efforts at re-establishing the native industries of Donegal, Ireland, says the Chicago Inter-Ocean.

In 1863, after a long famine, Mrs. Hart visited Donegal and was so deeply touched by the extreme want of the people that she resolved to relieve them. The people at Donegal were at one time expert weavers, but that industry had dwindled away and was almost lost entirely when Mrs. Hart took the matter in hand and began to revive the making of native homespun.

At the same time Mrs. Hart, who had had a scientific education in Paris was experimenting in the native lichens and vegetable growths of Ireland. She asked a London merchant the reason Irish homespuns were not in demand and was referred to the bright dyeing of the Scotch. Mrs. Hart secured the lichens of Ireland and by chemical experiments succeeded in securing beautiful colors.

A system of instruction among the natives by itinerant teachers was instituted. The old Irish spinning wheel was replaced by the wheel operated by the foot. Improved looms were set up, and within two years the weaving industries and the lacemaking had been revived with the acquisition of dyeing processes. All this time Mrs. Hart was busy looking for a market for these products and establishing a demand for the strong tweeds, flannels, blankets and frieze. In this she succeeded, and there are now in London two establishments where the Irish homespun may be obtained.

The trade has increased marvelously, and the condition of the peasantry at Donegal is improving in consequence. In the autumn of 1887, the British government, struck by the fact of the impetus given these cottage industries and the improvement effected in them by means of the simple technical teaching which Mrs. Hart had been able to give in various villages in Donegal in vegetable dyeing and weaving, made her a grant which was unanimously voted in parliament of £1,000 to enable her to train technical teachers and to open classes or a school.

A number of technical teachers in lace-making, weaving and spinning, sprigging, valuing sewing and making under-linen were sent. A technical school was established at Gweedore, and now comprises a carpenter shop, wood carving department, room for needlework, a tailor shop and a factory to train boys for weavers.

Mrs. Hart dwelt upon the life of the Donegal peasants. Their narrow strips of reclaimed bogs which are called farms do not in bad seasons yield enough potatoes to feed a family. "I often wonder why the people live by agriculture," Mrs. Hart said. "They must live, and in order to do so, they migrate in the summer and hire themselves to rich farmers across the mountains. They must do this or they will starve during the winter when they have nothing to do. If the homespun industry is re-established they can work in the winter and the dreadful spring famines can be avoided."

The evolution of a Donegal cottage was also shown. At first there is a single room built of stone with a thatch roped down. This room is the home of the family, including the cows and pigs. If the family prospers another room is built on the end of the first and the animals are left to themselves, while the family occupy the addition. Then, if the measure of success is unusually full, a third room is added, also at the end, and is used as a parlor. This would seem to be quite an addition, but the effect is somewhat destroyed by the fact that the visitor has first to pass through the stable and the living-room before he can come into the parlor.

Keep It to Himself.

In slavery times, says the Sun, the overseer was treated with but little more consideration than the slave. Major Cuthbert, who had just engaged a new overseer, was a very arrogant man. The new overseer meeting the old overseer, said: "They tell me the major is a mighty hard man to get along with." "Got a bit. When he curses you, you just cuss him back." Shortly after, the new overseer was riding along and he met the major on his horse. "Get down," said the major, "and open that gate for me." "D— you open it yourself," said the new overseer. The major did get down, and the new overseer was laid up for a week. The next time he met his friend, he said: "I thought you told me all I had to do was to cuss the major back?" "You blamed fool," said the other man, "I didn't tell you to let him hear you."

Washington's State Flower.

The state of Washington has officially adopted the rhododendron as its flower, and references to it as "The Rhody" are already made. Only that its large size was against it, Rhode Island might have adopted the same flower long ago.

A Case of Necessity.

Doctor, handing receipted bill—Now you will be a perfectly well man if you can be persuaded to diet yourself for a couple of weeks. Patient, as he pays over his last dollar—Persuaded to diet myself! Lord, doctor, I'll have to die—Fuck.

THE CARIBOU'S COURAGE.

A Canadian Forester's Carious Adventure With a Quiet Animal.

A very remarkable adventure, befall my two daughters, writes a correspondent of Forest and Stream, while on their way to the Mastigouche lakes, where they usually spend several weeks every summer. About a quarter of a mile beyond the last settlement—Mastigouche—where the woods road to our camp begins, there is an abandoned clearing of some few acres in extent now overgrown with ferns, raspberry bushes and small shrubs.

The buckboard with my two daughters and driver (David Prevost, who is so well known to all the visitors at the lakes) had just entered this clearing when David suddenly stopped his horse and, pointing with his whip, said: "Oh, look at the caribou." And there, some two hundred yards or less directly in front of them, was a fine caribou quietly feeding, and apparently unconscious of their presence. After looking at him for some moments David said he would drive on slowly and see how near he could get. After covering about half the distance the caribou looked up at them and, evidently thinking there was nothing very alarming in their presence, quietly returned to his feeding.

David then drove slowly along to see how close he could approach without frightening it away, and when within some forty or fifty yards it walked into the woods but almost immediately returned and stood gazing at them. As the team still drew nearer, it again turned into the woods, but this time came out again close to the wagon and walked deliberately toward them. David put out his hand and called, and the animal reached out his head to smell of his fingers. It then passed on to the horse, walking alongside of it, then crossed in front under the horse's neck and back along the other side, so close to the buckboard that my daughter could have put her hand on it, then around back of the wagon and up again on the other side of the horse.

David thinking that, as the animal seemed so tame, he would try to catch it, handed the reins to my daughter, quietly got down and approached the caribou, holding out his hand and calling to it, when it put out its nose and smelled of him. He rubbed its nose, scratched its head, which it put down and rubbed against him, and finally got up close alongside of him and threw his arms over its neck and grasped the long hair underneath. Then the caribou jumped and struck at David with its feet, but fortunately did not strike him. David meanwhile grasped it under the throat with his other hand and held on and in the struggle both fell to the ground. David on top.

The girls, of course, were very much excited, and kept calling to David not to hurt the poor creature, but to let it go; and as it lay there panting after Prevost had got up they were sure he had broken its leg or hurt it in some other way so seriously that it could not get up. However, after punching it with his foot once or twice, the caribou got up, shook itself and moved slowly away, and as David got into the wagon and drove off the last the girls saw of it it was quietly feeding again as if nothing had happened.

From the description given of the animal I should judge it to be a female about eighteen months old and full grown.

The place where this happened is near the Mastigouche Club lakes, in the Laurentian range of mountains, about ninety miles northeast of Montreal, and in a locality probably well known to a number of your readers.

Historical Dolls.

A recent addition to the museum of decorative arts in Paris, and one which is attracting much attention, is a collection of dolls whose costumes are exact reproductions of the feminine costumes worn in France from the Gallic period down to the present time.

From Japan, Greece and Iceland.

There is a denominational educational institution in New England which numbers among its students a young man respectively from Kioto, Japan; Thessalonica, Greece and Iceland.

VIVID AND VARIOUS.

A colony of about 1,000 Japanese is to be established in Simaloa, Mexico. China has vast undeveloped coal mines—twenty times more than all of Europe.

Cripples are rarely seen in China. Any child born deformed is at once put to death.

All Greek girls are dressed in white, colored goods being regarded as immodest for a maiden.

The son and heir of the grand duke of Saxe-Weimar has what is declared to be the most peculiar face in Europe—one side of it being continually expressive of joy, while the other side wears a look of deep sorrow.

The college of Pharmacy of the city of New York has bought the most complete herbarium in the United States. It is the collection of Mr. Cauby of Baltimore and embraces over 60,000 specimens. It was got at less than its value, which is \$20,000.

A receptacle for cinerary urns has been erected in Kensal Green cemetery, London. It is a handsome structure of Caen stone, decorated with Sinna and rouge royal marbles. It is about eight feet high and affords place for the reception of forty-two urns.

A new life-saving apparatus is being constructed at Toulon. It consists of a small vessel fitted with a rudder and a clock work, movement, and is intended to carry from the shore to a ship in distress a line, by which may be drawn on board a cable or other instrument for saving life.

BARRINGTON REVIEW.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT BARRINGTON, ILLINOIS.

E. T. GOVEN, Managing Editor.
J. D. LAMEY, Loc.

CITY OFFICE:

ROOM 513, - 84-85 LA SALLE STREET.

SUBSCRIPTION—One year payable in advance, \$1.50; \$1.00 is the price if not paid until the year ends.
ADVERTISING RATES will be furnished on application at the office.

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

THE ease with which a crisis can be precipitated in France is remarkable. The wonder is not that there should be a fresh crisis so often, but that the air is not filled with flying crises all the time.

PRINCE BISMARCK has pronounced against the chrysanthemum, saying he doesn't like it because it is new and has no perfume. The effect of this on the chrysanthemum cranks is awaited with alarm.

THE importation of smallpox has practically ceased, and there is a lull in the cholera receipts from Europe. A steamer load of measles has landed at New York, however, showing that the Old World is doing the best it can.

If the ordinary penny postal cards could be had in sheets as well as singly it would mean a considerable saving to many advertisers. At present stamps are sold in sheets, but postal cards are placed on sale only in detached form.

WHEN so much news of a grave and even alarming character is flashed over the wires, information that the largest and most culpable hand-organ factory in the world has been burned comes like a sunny gleam through rifted clouds.

BUTTER is fighting the oily pretenders that are fooling the palate and crowding the genuine article from the table. Butter will have public sympathy and may win, although the battle so wise men have said, is not always to the strong.

SOME day a train robber will have the surprise of meeting a man who will refuse to become paralyzed with fear at the sight of a pistol. This will probably pain the robber into instant flight, but it will pleasantly vary the usual account of proceedings.

RUSSIAN authorities have just sentenced twenty-three persons to death for participation in chelera riots. The idea is apparently to rob the microbes of its terrors by showing that it is not the most dangerous thing that the unwashed peasant may encounter.

THE czar of all the Russias has stopped his German papers because they made personal remarks about him. In taking this sort of revenge the czar has a peculiar advantage. He stops the paper at the border and no collector dares cross to present a bill.

If the Gathmann gun can do half that the inventor claims for it the building of navies is a waste of time and material. Those already constructed, it is equally plain, are existing only by suffrance. However, the point of especial interest about the new gun is that it has not yet been tested.

A MRS. DRAGOMANOVICH has given a resident of San Francisco the distinction of being horsewhipped by a woman in the public streets. Such acts are not uncommon, but it is not recorded that any woman with such a name ever before had the courage to do anything that would get her into print.

AN Esquimaux girl at Chicago seeing a negro for the first time went into hysterics, believing that she had looked upon Satan. Plainly, this was a reflection on one or the other. Until the fact developed that the negro was a sleeping car porter sympathy was with him, but ever since it has been veering to Satan.

THE strained relations existing between Messrs. Parkhurst and Byrnes of New York, both notable as reformers working along different lines in the same field, is particularly unfortunate. It not only tends to check the reform, but it has placed one of the most active associates of Parkhurst in jail on a charge of extortion.

"My Official Wife" will be presented at the Schiller Theater for the first time in this city, beginning with a special matinee next Monday, New Year's day, Jan. 2, 1893, and every evening, except Sunday, with regular matinees Wednesday and Saturday, and an additional attraction will be in the production of Minnie Seligman. Cutting in the role of "Helene" as a beautiful but revengeful nihilist. Miss Seligman comes highly endorsed by the Eastern and the Western metropolises, and Chicago has gone so far as to proclaim her America's greatest actress. This, upon her appearance in this city last season as leading lady in Pitou's Stock Company.

Theatergoers, many of whom have read the novel from which Mr. Gunter has taken his play, will be glad of an opportunity to see the characters in life and follow them through the many intense and exciting situations. Col. Savage has pictured in his narrative. Frank W. Sanger has surrounded Mrs. Seligman with an admirable company with such names as William F. Owen, R. Paton Gibbs and Robert L. Cutting in the leading roles.

NORWOOD PARK.

John B. Foot, President; N. Sampson, G. H. Evans, G. Vandenberg, W. E. Dankert, C. F. Dunlap and A. C. Frieke, Trustees; Frank L. Cleveland, Clerk; James A. Low, Treasurer; D. M. Ball, Attorney; O. W. Flanders, Collector; John R. Stockwell, Engineer and Park Commissioner; D. W. Washington, Street Commissioner; C. D. McLean, Sidewalk Inspector; Henry H. Beaber, Lamp Lighter; John R. Stockwell, Chief of Police.

I have you ever been in "Sadler's" clothing emporium on the corner of Randolph Street and Fifth Avenue, in the building formerly occupied by A. Revell & Co? Why, there prices are exceedingly low for the fine quality of goods they sell.

Insure in the "National" of Hartford.

PALATINE.

METRODIT EPISCOPAL CHURCH—Rev. W. H. Smith, Pastor; C. W. Farr, Superintendent; A. Spaulding, Assistant Superintendent; Sunday Schools, Services every Sunday at 11 o'clock a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath school at 10 o'clock a. m. Prayer meeting on Wednesday evening. Epworth League meeting Sunday evening at 6. Everybody welcome.

Saint Paul Evangelical Church—Rev. Oona Carr, Pastor. Services every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock. Sunday School at 9 a. m.

Evangelical Lutheran Immanuel's Church—Rev. Adolf Pichler, pastor. Services every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock.

PALATINE LODGE, No. 314, A. F. & A. M. Meets on the first and third Saturdays of each month. Visitors always welcome.

PALATINE LODGE, No. 314, I. O. O. F. Meets every Wednesday. Visiting brothers cordially invited.

JOHN A. LEON LODGE, No. 125, I. O. M. A.—Meets in Odd Fellows' Hall on second and fourth Saturday of each month. Members of the Order always welcome.

FOREVERMORE LODGE, No. 41, I. O. G. T.—Meets in Odd Fellows' Hall, on the first and third Tuesday of each month.

MISS LENA ANDERMAN, C. T. Miss V. A. LAMBERT, Sec'y. E. F. BAKER, Lodge Deputy.

For a fine line of clothing, underwear, neckties, umbrellas, canes, hats, gloves, mufflers, etc., just call on "Sadler's" the clothier, corner of Fifth Avenue and Randolph Street, before you go anywhere else; for it will save you the trouble of long journeys and then have to come back to Sadler's to suit yourself.

HERMOSA.

Hermosa is steadily growing. After the Exposition next year, when people can turn in some other direction than toward Jackson Park, a general increase in value may be expected.

Christmas was a success. The entertainments and trees at the churches were the occasion of much joy and gladness.

The small boy now finds much merit with sled and skates.

Ed Coleman is about the only man who is doing any work this week.

Miss Nina Jacobs, who resigned her position as teacher at Hermosa last month and went to Michigan, has returned to Chicago and will begin housekeeping on West Adams Street. As a teacher, Miss Jacobs was entirely satisfactory; kind, meek, energetic, impartial, having the entire confidence of the pupils and the regard of the parents; and as a wife we hope she will prove as efficient.

Any one coming to Hermosa will find the usual "free lunch all day." O, this blessed land of the free (lunch).

W. I. Cable went to Indiana this morning to visit friends.

E. S. Purdy and L. L. Palmer have a new set of resolutions all ready for Jan. 1, 1893.

Mr. John Scoby of Almira was in Hermosa this week looking after the wants of a poor family. Mr. Scoby represents the Good Samaritan Society of Almira, which gives entertainments and balls for just such purposes. They are going to give a prize masquerade ball the 13th of January at Almira Turner Hall, and Hermosa will be well represented. The society consists of all prominent people of Almira, of which Mr. Scoby is President and Mrs. George Eslover Treasurer.

Give them a rouser.

The entertainment at the Congregational Church on Monday evening was quite a success. A great number were there and the evening was enjoyed by all that were present. Santa Claus did not forget the young folks.

Shortly, our well-known barber, has removed his shop to the more center of the town, Tripp Avenue Boulevard.

LITTLE CHILDREN SINGING.

That is the Way the Russians Greet the Birthday of Christ.

In Russia there is always a great demand for little ones who can sing well. Girls with clear, sweet voices and boys with notes like a thrush are carefully cared for and cherished as they are in no other country. In America they are very fond of children who can sing. But they are not so absolutely necessary to us as they seem to be to the Russians.

The night before Christmas in all the Russian churches, there is sure to be gathered together a very large assembly of people—so many, indeed, that the church is crowded out to the door steps and people stand looking over each other's shoulders trying to get just a peep into the church. The altar is sure to be very beautifully decorated with candles and with images of the Christ child. And up to midnight very solemn services are held. Suddenly, at the stroke of the midnight bell, everything ceases. The church is very brilliantly lighted and, as the lights flood the church, a child's voice is heard pealing forth a Christmas anthem. "Kris-tos! Kris-tos! Kris-tos!" is the burden of the song they always sing, and those who have had the pleasure of listening to a child's service held at midnight in Russia say that it is worth the trip all the way there just to hear the lovely child voice sing the "Kris-tos" solo with the grand chorus of 100 baby voices which follows in a Christmas refrain.

BEREFT.

Could you have seen the blue bells
That blossomed in her eye,
And kissed the hair that rivalled
The gold of evening skies;

Could you have seen the rosebuds
That bloomed upon each cheek,
And heard the lisping music
Of words that she could speak;

Had you those baby fingers
Within your own caress,
And felt that little red mouth
Unto your bosom pressed;

Like mine your arms and bosom
With emptiness would ache,
Like mine O friends, your heart most
With loneliness would break.

—New Orleans Picayune.

A LAWYER'S ROMANCE.

For twenty years Hamilton Duke was my client. In fact it was to him that I owed not only a competent fortune, but my position in society. But for this I should never have undertaken his defence in this last case, my first feelings were so against him—not that I was an ingrate, but because I believed that he had murdered his wife. Many things compelled me to draw such a conclusion. He was well-bred, refined and cultured, while she was of common stock, the personification of ignorance and low breeding. For ten years he was all of chivalry and tenderness to her that a lofty nature could be, while she was always sullen, morose, and dissatisfied. It was claimed by their closest friends that he loved her the first few years of their united life, though I never believed this—it seemed such a manifest impossibility. Anyway he hated her cordially when her life came to its tragic close, and so he had for a considerable period prior to that event.

Being entirely in his confidence, he often came to my office, pallid and trembling, to tell me of some new vulgar violence of hers which had driven him to the last extremity of desperation. And so, one morning, when Mrs. Duke was found dead with an ugly stab through her heart, her husband standing over her with a reeking knife in hand, I naturally believed that he had killed her.

Later on, when I saw him, my suspicions seemed confirmed. He was in a state of wild excitement when I entered the sheriff's office, in answer to his summons. Until that moment, no one had succeeded in getting a word out of him about the murder.

"What does it all mean?" I asked, when we were alone.

"I don't know," he gasped. "I don't know whether it is I who killed her or not. But I don't want to die, I must be allowed to die. You must defend me—you must save me!"

Though I pitied him, I believed him guilty; and though I defended him I felt that he merited death. But my efforts were vain ones. The evidence against him was too conclusive.

An unusual noise in Mrs. Duke's room had attracted the butler's attention on the morning of the murder. On entering, he saw Mr. Duke rising up, knife in hand, from the prostrate body of his wife, as if he had just stabbed her. That, and the fact that the Duke had indulged in many bitter quarrels of late, was enough to win a disastrous verdict from any jury.

Mr. Duke was found guilty and sentenced to death. He was to be hanged in forty-five days. Re-opening a case at that time was not the easy thing it is now, and I found it impossible to get him a new trial. On and on those grace days swept, seemingly with lightning swiftness, until the time set for the execution was but fifty hours off. I was desperate, Duke was frantic.

"You must go to the Governor," he cried, at length. "You must get a pardon for me."

"Impossible," I answered. "There isn't enough time."

"Yes, there is. This is Wednesday morning, and I'm not to hang until Friday noon. The train goes in an hour. If you leave here at once you can make the trip and get back here in time."

"But on what pretext? Simply seeing the Governor will do no good. I—"

"You must think of a pretext on the way. Don't stay here and talk. You are wasting time, and my life must be saved. Do go at once."

He was in such a wrought-up state that there was no use arguing with him, so I went away, walking about the streets in sheer bewilderment. By blind chance I went to the railway station, arriving just as the train rolled in. Dejected and reckless, scarcely knowing what I was about, I clambered on board at the last moment, and went whirling away towards the Governor's, bent on a wild, mad purpose, which I knew could only prove entirely fruitless.

When the station next to my destination was reached, a woman came on board, who instantly pounced on me and kissed me. It was my niece.

"What under the sun is the matter with you?" she demanded.

When I told her of poor Duke's predicament, her face became very grave, but the moment she discovered my business with the Governor, it brightened.

"How very fortunate!" she exclaimed, clapping her hands gleefully.

"What!" I demanded, nearly stupefied with amazement.

"Leave it all to me," she said, "and I will save your friend. No—I'm not crazy. Listen! Last night the Governor proposed to me. Of course, I love him dearly, but I don't want to be too cheaply won, and so I refused to give him an answer. He dined with me to-night. After dinner, when his stomach is full and his heart easy to get at, I'll promise to marry him on the condition that he pardons poor old Duke."

Then and there, on a public train

though we were, I both hugged and kissed her. She was as good as her word, and six hours later I was on board another train, homeward bound, and in my pocket was a reprieve for Duke—the case against him being so strong that the Governor deemed a full pardon impolitic then. The reprieve granted him three months, though, and by that time popular sentiment was likely to cool down sufficiently to make a pardon feasible. On my way home I was fairly happy, and tried to picture to myself Duke's face when he knew he was safe. This made me so comfortable that I fell asleep. Nothing disturbed my slumbers until the conductor called out the name of the junction where I had to change cars for the branch road which ran through my town.

And there, to my consternation, I found myself unable to move. Mentally I was awake. Physically I was asleep. I was fully conscious of the stir and bustle made by those who were getting on and off the train; but I could not move a muscle.

With all my might I endeavored to throw off the trance spell which held me, but all to no purpose. The train moved on and took me with it. Cold perspiration oozed out through every pore, and I should have gone mad then and there had not utter unconsciousness mercifully come to my rescue.

It was more than an hour before I regained possession of my senses. By that time it was impossible to get back to the junction in time to catch the home-bound train on the branch line. Springing up the moment I was conscious, I explained things to the conductor, offering him any price he chose to demand if he would run his train back to the junction and take me home. That was out of the question. He could only do such a thing in order of the general superintendent, and that personage could not be reached, because a storm, the day before, had blown so many wires down that all telegraphic communication was cut off.

All I could do, then, was to remain on board the train seven hours more, when tramping twelve or fifteen miles over a craggy, roadless mountain, I could probably get home by noon. Though the "probably" discouraged me, I thanked the conductor for his advice, shut my teeth on my misery and tried to make the best of it. That was the longest night of my life. It seemed to me that it would never end.

Day was just breaking when we reached the station where I was to leave the train and begin my foot journey over the mountain. Hard as was the ascent of that trackless, precipitous mountainside, it was a vast improvement on the train. I was in motion myself now—doing something, whether it would avail me anything or not.

Soon the sun was up. Altogether too soon it had accomplished half its journey from horizon to zenith. It was then that I reached the mountain-top, with a good seven miles of rough walking still before me. Duke was to be hanged at noon, unless I was there in time.

At 10 o'clock I was but two miles away from him; and with all the horrors of my journey presumably behind me, I smiled self-gratulatingly at the thought of how easy the rest would be, and of how I would disappoint those who were even then gathering to see my client hanged. Suddenly a vine caught my foot and threw me. Falling, I sprained my ankle, and the pain was so intense that I had to exert every atom of my will to keep from going into a dead faint. Breaking a forked stick from a sapling presently, I extemporized it into a crutch, and hobbled on as best I could.

At the end of an hour I had made half a mile, and was so exhausted that I knew another fifteen minutes would bring my locomotive powers to a full stop. Poor old Duke must die, after all. There was no help for it, and with an outcry of utter despair, I settled on the ground in a heap. The mental anguish I suffered in the half-hour which followed was enough to unseat a man's reason.

Watch in hand, I counted the fleeting seconds. In twenty-five minutes more my client would hang, for want of the reprieve in my pocket. And then, joyful sound, I heard approaching feet! A moment later a negro appeared. He was old, dirty, and stupid—entirely unable to understand me until I mentioned money. When I said: "I will give you \$100 if you get this paper in the hands of the sheriff before twelve o'clock," with a yell, like a fiend he snatched the reprieve out of my hand and darted away.

Again I sought my watch. My messenger had twenty-two minutes in which to cover a mile and a half, a portion of his route being through thick underbrush. It was doubtful if he would do it. The hour which passed before he returned, with help, seemed a hundred years to me.

"I done got dar," he gasped, nearly out of breath, "on de gemman am all safe."

Probably it was unmanly, but I wept for joy. They tried to make a hero of me for that exploit, but I am too commonplacé and stolid for that. I had saved my client. That was all.

However, I was rewarded more gloriously yet. Before Duke's reprieve expired, his butler was taken seriously ill. Just before he died he made a startling confession.

It was he who killed Mrs. Duke. She caught him in the act of stealing her jewels, and he killed her to escape punishment. Returning a moment later to make sure that his victim was dead, he saw Duke beside the dead woman with the bloody knife, and so made capital out of this circumstance by swearing away his employer's life to save his own.

The stuff made from cream by the use of black pepsin is a fraud. It will not keep. It will kill your butter trade.

Give the fowls some green—cabbage, chopped clover; raw potatoes are better than nothing in the vegetable line.

MAY CAST OUT DR. BRIGGS.

Members of the New York Presbytery Meet to Vote on the Heresy Charges. NEW YORK, Dec. 29.—The members of the New York Presbytery who are to decide the question whether Prof. Briggs is a heretic or not met at 2 o'clock yesterday at the Scotch Presbyterian church for the purpose of voting on the charges brought against him. No actual vote will be reached for some days, as there are many preliminaries which will have to be arranged before the voting can be begun. The presbytery will have to decide just who are to constitute the court and who are entitled to vote, after which tickets of admission will be given to the voters, and every one else, including Prof. Briggs and the Committee of Prosecution, will be excluded from the room. The voting itself will consume some time, as every member of the court is given the right to explain his vote before casting it, and many of them will make lengthy speeches unless some restriction is placed on them. Prof. Briggs has been tried of six charges, and as one of these was split into two and another into three by a vote of the Presbytery every member of the court will have to cast nine votes on as many different charges. If each member of the court is allowed to make a separate speech on every vote he casts the voting may be carried into the middle of January. As it now looks Prof. Briggs will be convicted by a vote of about 69 to 62. These figures are the result of very careful calculations.

Max Newman Acquitted of Murder. PITTSBURG, Pa., Dec. 29. Max Newman, the Homestead non-unionist who shot and killed Thomas Coyne, another non-union worker on the night of Nov. 15, was placed on trial yesterday charged with murder and manslaughter. The plea of self-defense was made. It was shown that Coyne came into Newman's room in the night and assaulted him. Newman awoke confused, and believing he was being attacked by a union man, drew his revolver and shot Coyne in the face. An internal hemorrhage followed and Coyne died that night. The jury acquitted him.

Chicago Board of Trade. CHICAGO, Dec. 29.—Markets opened with little indication of either strength or weakness. What was firm at 78 1/2 for a time, weakened to 78 1/4 at 11 o'clock. May corn barely touched 45 1/2 at the best point, and higher because of higher prices for wheat. The market for wheat was strong and higher because of higher prices for wheat. The market for wheat was strong and higher because of higher prices for wheat.

The weakness in wheat was more noticeable the last hour. The anti-option message from Washington caused realizing. Before the close the May price went off to 77 1/2, and the close was at 77 1/2, where the market rested at the close last week. December closed 77 1/2 a January at 77 1/2.

The corn market started with the May price at 45 1/2, and after sales at 45 1/2, there was a decline to 45 1/4, from which the recovery was very slow.

Closing quotations were:

Articles	High	Low	Dec. 28	Dec. 27
Wheat—				
Dec.	77 1/2	77 1/4	77 1/2	77 1/2
Jan.	77 1/2	77 1/4	77 1/2	77 1/2
May	77 1/2	77 1/4	77 1/2	77 1/2
July	77 1/2	77 1/4	77 1/2	77 1/2
Corn—				
Dec.	45 1/2	45 1/4	45 1/2	45 1/2
Jan.	45 1/2	45 1/4	45 1/2	45 1/2
May	45 1/2	45 1/4	45 1/2	45 1/2
July	45 1/2	45 1/4	45 1/2	45 1/2
Oats—				
Dec.	29 1/2	29 1/4	29 1/2	29 1/2
Jan.	29 1/2	29 1/4	29 1/2	29 1/2
May	29 1/2	29 1/4	29 1/2	29 1/2
July	29 1/2	29 1/4	29 1/2	29 1/2
Pork—				
Dec.	15 1/2	15 1/4	15 1/2	15 1/2
Jan.	15 1/2	15 1/4	15 1/2	15 1/2
May	15 1/2	15 1/4	15 1/2	15 1/2
July	15 1/2	15 1/4	15 1/2	15 1/2
Lard—				
Dec.	10 1/2	10 1/4	10 1/2	10 1/2
Jan.	10 1/2	10 1/4	10 1/2	10 1/2
May	10 1/2	10 1/4	10 1/2	10 1/2
July	10 1/2	10 1/4	10 1/2	10 1/2
S. O. Ribs—				
Dec.	8 1/2	8 1/4	8 1/2	8 1/2
Jan.	8 1/2	8 1/4	8 1/2	8 1/2
May	8 1/2	8 1/4	8 1/2	8 1/2
July	8 1/2	8 1/4	8 1/2	8 1/2

NEWS IN BRIEF.

The Hon. William Potter, the newly-appointed American Minister to Italy, presented his credentials to King Humbert at Rome.

The Italian government, after experimenting on the coal from German mines, has decided to continue using English coal on the Italian warships.

The Roman Catholic cathedral at Mullingar, Ireland, was broken into by robbers Monday night and the Christmas offertory, amounting to over \$500, was carried off by the thieves.

No material change has occurred in the condition of Martina Harrison, the President's fever-stricken grandchild, and the family are sanguine that the patient will safely pass the various stages of the disease to ultimate recovery.

The London Times publishes a letter from Prof. Max Muller remarking upon the researches of Prof. Brugge-ch to prove that the ratio of gold to silver in ancient Egypt was 1 to 12 1/2. Dr. Brandes has shown, he adds, that in Babylonia the ratio was always 1 to 13 1/2.

The spirit stores of Gautier, Riou and Vincente, on Gloriette Island, at Nantes, were destroyed by fire. Six violent explosions occurred while the fire was burning. One workman was killed. Several persons, including firemen, soldiers and workmen, were injured, some, it is believed, fatally.

The record of the proceedings of the court-martial in the case of Commander M. L. Johnson, charged with responsibility for the recent grounding of the United States steamer Mohican on the Pacific coast, has reached the Navy Department. It is not made public, but naval officers think the commander is acquitted.

Secretary of State Foster has not received any word from the Spanish Government in regard to the change of their Minister at Washington, but he has received private advices from the American Legation at Madrid that Marquis Pendaña has been appointed Minister at Washington in place of Senor Dupuy de Lome.

CHICAGO AMUSEMENTS.

A List of Chicago's Most Popular Theaters.

THE AUDITORIUM.

Beginning next Monday evening, two weeks' season of romantic and lyric opera, under the direction of Mr. J. C. Duff. Monday, Tuesday and Friday evenings and Saturday matinee, Gounod's poetic opera in two acts, "Philemon and Baucis" (first time in America), to be followed by Mascagni's "Cavalleria Rusticana." Wednesday and Thursday evenings, Bizet's romantic opera, "Carmen." Saturday evening "Bohemian Girl."

MICKER'S.

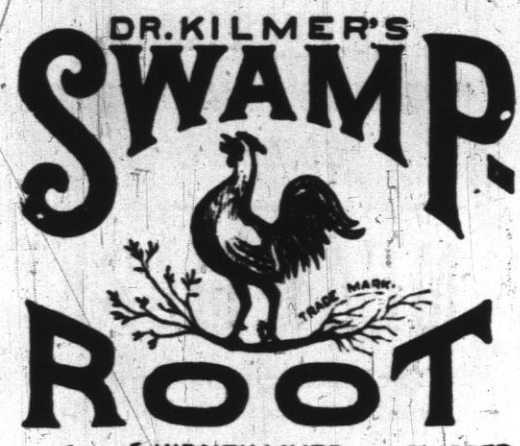
Miss Pauline Hall and her opera company will commence their third week at Micker's Theater Sunday evening, Jan. 1, 1893. It has not at this early date, when the copy has to be put on the press, been decided which opera will be given the New Year, "Puritania" or "Erminie." However, "Puritania" will undoubtedly be presented Sunday night and "Erminie" will be put on at the matinee Monday, Jan. 2, and continued during the remainder of the week. A line or two may be added here in commendation of Miss Pauline Hall in surrounding herself with such an excellent company. It can be said without exaggeration that it is one of the best light opera companies seen here this year, and no matter what the opera is it will afford plenty of enjoyment and amusement for the season.

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.

Beginning Jan. 1, Mr. Kurt Robson and his excellent company commence an engagement at the Chicago Opera House. He will be seen in an entirely new repertoire and will present as his opening attraction Joseph Bradford's extremely laughable comedy entitled, "The Bachelors." He appears as Prof. Bangle, a most impressive old warrior. During the performance he will sing "Loraine Watch Ahoy" and "Three Sailors from Bristol City." The

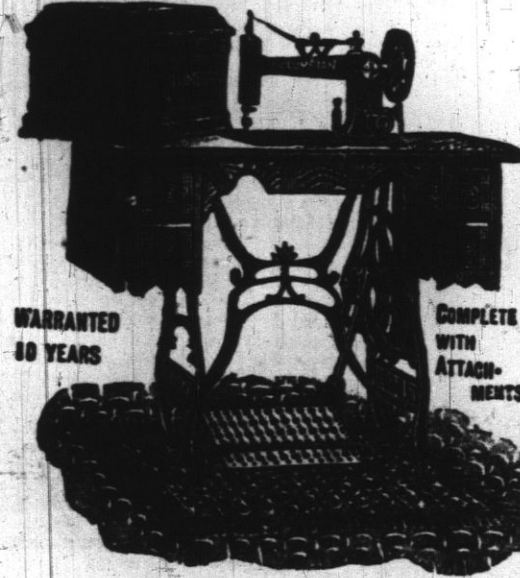
"August Flower"

Miss C. G. McCLAVE, School-teacher, 753 Park Place, Elmira, N. Y. "This Spring while away from home teaching my first term in a country school I was perfectly wretched with that human agony called dyspepsia. After dieting for two weeks and getting no better, a friend wrote me, suggesting that I take August Flower. The very next day I purchased a bottle. I am delighted to say that August Flower helped me so that I have quite recovered from my indisposition."



Pain in the Back,
Joints or hips, sediment in urine like brick-dust frequent calls or retention, rheumatism.
Kidney Complaint,
Diabetes, dropsy, scanty or high colored urine.
Urinary Troubles,
Stinging sensations when voiding, distress pressure in the parts, urethral irritation, stricture.
Disordered Liver,
Bloat or dark circles under the eyes, tongue coated, constipation, yellowish eyeballs.
Guarantee—Use contents of One Bottle, if not benefited, Druggists will refund you the price paid. At Druggists, 50c. Size, \$1.00. Size, \$2.00. "Avalanche Guide to Health" free—Consultation free. DR. KILMER & CO., BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

A RARE OPPORTUNITY
We wish to test the value of this paper as an advertising medium, hence make the following unprecedent offer on sewing machines. Our manufacture until January 15, 1915, only. \$6.75 buys the 94 Chicago Singer, or \$9.18 buys the highest grade modern style sewing machine in the world. 25 Different Styles at Intermediate Prices.



THIS MACHINE, \$19.18
On 10 days' approval: If returned, freight charges refunded. Write at once for catalogue, \$2.40 and terms for obtaining a Sewing Machine FREE, as this advertisement will not appear again. CHICAGO SEWING MACHINE CO., 42 to 52 N. Halsted St., Chicago, Ill.

GROUP REMEDY!
The only medicine known that will cure Measles, Whooping Cough, in a private practice of twenty years it has never failed to cure any kind of Croup. Trial package by mail, 10 cents. Box, 50c. Dr. Belden Proprietary Co., Jamaica, N. Y.

FAT FOLKS REDUCED
100 lbs. in 3 months by mail. No dieting, no exercise, no bad effects. Strictly confidential. Send 5c. for circulars and testimonials. O. W. Borden, 1000 Broadway, New York City.

Articles by Great Pastors
Will present views on interesting social and religious themes by leaders of thought in the American pulpit:



Rev. Morgan Dix, D. D., LL. D.
Rector of Trinity Church, New York City, will answer the interesting question: "Are Society Women Insincere?"

The Rev. John R. Paxton, D. D.
one of the most popular of New York's pastors; will discuss in two articles: "The Social Side of a Church" and "Are Women More Religious than Men?"

His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons
the foremost prelate of the Catholic Church in America, will tell the beautiful story of what constitutes "The Life of a Sister of Charity." The above articles, in connection with the unpublished writings of Henry Ward Beecher, will appear, during 1893, in

The Ladies' Home Journal
Subscription Agents Wanted
Profitable Work
Send for Terms

10c. a copy at the News-stands
One Dollar a Year
The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia, Pa.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, Lucas County.
Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & CO., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6 day of December, A. D. 1893.
A. W. GLEASON,
Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Epizooty is raging among Idaho horses.
If You Leave Chicago at 6 P. M. for either St. Paul, Minneapolis, Omaha or Sioux City, via Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, an excellent supper will be served in the Dining Car. You can then enjoy a fragrant cigar and "swap lies" with your fellow travelers in the smoking room, or read a novel by the light of the electric berth lamp, and then go to bed in a steam heated apartment car with a sense of comfort and security that all travelers desire. In the morning you are at your destination ready for breakfast and business. For further particulars address Geo. H. Headford, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill.

The German Emperor has a rhinoceros skin walking-stick.

NEBRASKA FARMS.
Five thousand acres selected lands in bodies of 160 to 1,500 acres. Magnificent crops. Richest soil in the state. Near Union Pacific and B. & M. railroads. \$5.00 to \$10.00 per acre. Value of Nebraska farm products in 1891, \$100,000,000. 1892 crops still larger. Address
W. G. ALBRIGHT,
521, 522, 523, N. Y. Life Bldg., Omaha, Neb.

About Mulberry Trees.
An acre grows 500 mulberry trees; each tree has twenty pounds of leaves, from twenty pounds of leaves one pound of cocoons is produced.

A boy 14 years old has been arrested in Portland, Me., for stealing liquor.

Signs of Health.
You don't have to look twice to detect them—bright eyes, bright color, bright smiles, bright in every action.

Disease is overcome only when weak tissue is replaced by the healthy kind. Scott's Emulsion of cod liver oil effects cure by building up sound flesh. It is agreeable to taste and easy of assimilation.
Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All druggists.

Ely's Cream Balm
WILL CURE
CATARRH
Price 50 Cents.
Apply Balm into each nostril. ELY, BROS., 36 Warren St., N. Y.

\$1000.00 Paid in prizes for Poems on Estrobrook's Pens. Send postal for circulars to Estrobrook & Co., 26 John St., New York.

THE FARM AND HOME.

A WORD OF WARNING TO WESTERN FARMERS.

Root Out the Weeds—Green Manuring—A Cheap Ice House—Charcoal for Animals—Farm Notes and Home Hints.

Too Many Weeds!
Prof. Thomas Shaw of the Ontario agricultural college, after a journey extending through Ohio, Illinois, Iowa and Minnesota, writes a letter to the Breeder's Gazette in which, after expressing his wonder at the marvelous evidences of rapid progress which met him at every step, he adds the following words of friendly criticism:

But the progress in agricultural development although marvelous in some respects has not kept pace with the progress in other directions. There is a cancer gnawing at its vitals and living on its life blood. I refer to the universal prevalence of weed life which has far more than kept pace with the march of American progress. Weed life has apparently so borne down upon the Western farmer with its legions that he is already in many instances so completely conquered that in despair he has given up the fight. He is not only ready to say that after all weeds do not injure the crop to any great extent, but he has come to that most hopeless of conclusions in agriculture, viz., that they cannot be exterminated.

Nor will it suffice to answer that the extraordinary development of weed life is owing to the extraordinary fertility of soil, for natural capabilities of the soil are incapable of sustaining weed life in its most offensive forms in the face of first-class farming. Shame on that farming which concludes that weeds can not be overcome, or that it will not pay the farmer to overcome them. That philosophy should hang its head in a shady place that teaches that after all our noxious weeds do not work much harm. At the risk of being called an enthusiast and crank and alarmist, I cannot refrain from exclaiming that I am glad that I am yet alive to lift up my voice against the amazing indifference of the farmers of so great a continent in reference to the prevalence of weed life.

It need not be so. The continent could be practically cleared of the more offensive forms of weed life in a few short years if the farmers were determined that it should be so, and this great deliverance could be brought about without the loss of a single crop. It is greatly comforting to know that amid thousands of varieties of weeds that infest this continent not more probably than a score are able to stand up against what may be termed good farming. In other words, not more probably than a score of these require specific modes of cultivation for their eradication.

Of all the forms of weed life in the West which are troublesome and greatly aggressive ragweed is the worst. I would unhesitatingly crown ragweed king among the abominable weed pests that harass the Western farmer. Far be it from me to say one word that would lead your farmers to look upon the invasion of the Canada thistle with indifference, but I am free to say at the same time that I regard ragweed as a far worse foe to fight than the Canada thistle. The Canada thistle can be completely eradicated in two years and without the loss of one paying crop. This cannot be said of ragweed when it has once got a firm foothold.

It is not the purpose of this paper to give the modes of obliterating the more noxious forms of weed life. To do that would be to write a volume. My object is to sound the alarm in the hope of drawing attention to the question. But it may accomplish something to refer to two or three things, which, if but generally practiced, will accomplish much in reducing weed life. Thousands and tens of thousands of sheep may be given the opportunity to turn them into mutton to feed the epicure in Eastern cities. The mower may run over the pastures at least once a year, and over the newly sown meadows. The scythe can do its work in fence corners and by-places. Autumn cultivation can bury the unripe weeds in millions after harvest. The corn may be kept clean instead of half clean, and the agricultural colleges by the force of precept and example can imbue the young men who attend them with an undying hate in regard to all the troublesome forms of weed life, inasmuch that when they go back to their farms they will wage a war of extermination against the hateful intruders. Some men say they have no time to do these things; I have heard men say they had no time to attend to their devotions, but never yet did I believe them. I shall close this paper by submitting the following propositions: 1. The troublesome forms of weed life can be obliterated. 2. This can be accomplished without the loss of a single crop; that is to say without omitting one crop for a single season. 3. It will pay the farmer to obliterate noxious weeds if he intends to remain long upon the farm. And 4. A farmer can make more money who keeps his farm clean than one who does not, other things being equal.

More of Green Manuring.
There is quite a good deal of what approaches to nonsense written now and then, in these days, about the formation of nitrates in the soil, their fixation by the root nodules, etc. What is wanted when a green crop is turned under is to get it decomposed as soon as possible; this will be accomplished more rapidly in warm than in cold weather. In the South there would doubtless be much warm weather after the pea crop was fully matured but in the Northern states not

The recommendation to cover with lime is often made, and is good, so, too, this crop the use of super-phosphate (acid phosphate is the same thing); and it is right, also, to say that, if green manuring accomplishes nothing more than to plow under green stuff to make humus, it is only a part of what should be done; this is the case when rye or buckwheat is used; but with the pea or clover fertilized with phosphate, nitrogen is gathered from the air, and a large quantity of this most valuable plant-food may be added to the soil, besides a much larger quantity of humus-making material than the most luxuriant crop of rye or buckwheat would yield.—New York Times.

Charcoal for Sick Animals.
In nine cases out of ten, when an animal is sick the digestion is wrong. Charcoal is the most efficient and rapid corrective. The hired man of a farmer came in with the intelligence that one of the finest cows was very sick, and a kind neighbor proposed the usual drugs and poisons. The owner being ill and unable to examine the cow, concluded that the trouble came from over-eating, and ordered a teaspoonful of pulverized charcoal to be given in water. It was mixed, placed in a junk bottle, the head downward. In five minutes improvement was visible, and in a few hours the animal was in the pasture quietly grazing. Another instance of equal success occurred with a young heifer which had become badly bloated by eating green apples after a hard wind. The bloat was so severe that the sides were as hard as a barrel. The old remedy, saleratus, was tried for correcting the acidity; but the attempts at putting it down always raised coughing, and it did little good. Half a teaspoonful of fresh powdered charcoal was given. In six hours all the appearance of the bloat had gone and the heifer was well.—Farmer's Voice.

Farm Notes.
Onions need a good cellar but they should be well dried in the sun before storing.

One advantage in applying manure on meadows is that the effects are lasting.

While a variety of grasses is best for a pasture, blue grass is the best single grass.

Make racks and feed the straw out rather than to turn the stock into the straw stack.

When manure is worked into the surface it will soon get deep enough for the plants.

If the proper course is adopted the land can be made to improve instead of running down.

Good roads are signs of an enterprising community while poor roads often indicate carelessness.

Encourage your neighbors to better farming. Often their laziness is more or less a tax upon you.

English tenant farmers are complaining of high rents as the cause of agricultural depression.

It is often the little extra gain that determines the real profit, whether with grain or with stock.

Produce, sold from the farm is gone forever; by feeding to stock a good portion may be applied back.

Good blood will tell even in the breeding of mules, select a good mare and breed her to a good jack.

Nothing upon the farm pays better than so treating the colts that they will develop into valuable animals.

The American Agriculturist says that the wheat crop has been reported at 5 to 15 per cent more than was harvested.

Sound seed is the first essential for a good crop of corn. Don't neglect to select it. Choose the best ears from the best stalks. Breed up the corn.

Home Hints.
Oil-cloth will look bright and new if rubbed with a cloth saturated in coal oil.

Sprinkle tansy leaves among woolen clothing and furs to keep moths from them.

Spots of iron rust in garments may be removed by dipping in tartaric acid and hanging in the sun.

If beefsteak is fried till done on one side and turned before salting, it will retain its juices much better.

Common salt finely powdered is excellent for washing the teeth. It toughens the gums and gives them a red, healthy glow.

Gold or silver jewelry may be cleaned by rubbing with a rag dipped in a teaspoon of water, to which has been added a teaspoonful of ammonia.

In dusting the contents of a room never brush the dust off onto the floor. Use a cloth that will not lint, wipe the dust up in a cloth and shake out of doors.

THE WRONG MAN.

He Was Used to Such Attention, and Probably He Deserved It.
It was wash day at the house at the Ferguson's. The clothes had been in soak for more than an hour. The laundry lady in the basement came upstairs to report that the soap which had been ordered early that morning had not come yet.

"Lycurgus," said Mrs. Ferguson, "you will have to go to the grocery store and get it. We can't wait any longer."

Mr. Ferguson went to the grocery store, whose place of business was seven blocks away.

"How does it happen," he demanded fiercely, "that the soap my wife ordered three hours ago hasn't come yet?"

"She ordered a lot of other stuff at the same time," said one of the clerks, "and we filled the order as quick as we could. The boy with the delivery wagon is on the way there now."

Mr. Ferguson went back home. Mrs. Ferguson reported that the grocery boy had come and he had delivered everything she had ordered—except the soap. It had been overlooked.

Mr. Ferguson, boiling over with wrath, was about to start for that soap when the laundry lady made her appearance again.

"There's a man at the back door," she said, "with an order book in his hand. I think it's the grocer himself."

Then Mr. Ferguson went to the back door.

"You've come yourself this time, have you?" he shouted.

"Yes, sir," said the man. "Got that soap?"

"No, sir, but—"

"You haven't! Do you know, sir, that we have been waiting all this morning for a few bars of cheap, common, yellow soap, sir? Do you know that I've had to make a trip to your store on purpose for that soap myself, and then did not get it? What kind of way is that for a man to do business? We could have waited an hour or two for the lettuce and coconut and strawberries and can of tomatoes—"

"But—"

"And there wasn't any particular hurry for the broom and the scrubbing brush and the peck of potatoes. But we wanted that soap. The girl's been waiting for it for two hours—"

"But I—"

"And a whole washing is going to ruin for want of it! I won't stand it! You can't play a trick like that on me a second time. We've only been in this house two weeks, and we've got all of our groceries from you. We have ordered something every time the boy has come around. We have spent more than \$20 at your store, and we are not going to spend any more. You've got every cent out of us you're going to get. We shall try some other grocer. You will find it doesn't pay to—"

"Will you let me say just a word?"

"It won't do any good, sir. My mind is made up. What do you want to say?"

"I'm the ice man."

KING BEHANZIN.
How the Ruler of Dahomey Receives Court Callers.

When King Behanzin of Dahomey gives audience to a foreign mission he rises from his divan and approaches his visitors surrounded by his Amazons, one of whom holds over his head the inseparable parasol, while another fans his face, a third fans his feet and the fourth holds as she walks a silver spittoon under the king's mouth, which the fifth wipes with a white napkin every time he expectorates. He smokes a pipe with a long tube, which he does not take from his mouth even when he speaks.

He simply inquires of the envoys if they have had a pleasant journey and if they feel quite well. He then returns to his divan with a swaying motion of the hips, which gives him quite a comical appearance.

On his way back the Cabaceries shout to him in unison. "Te, te—take-lade," which may be translated as "Beware, O King." The warning is easily explained; for if the king should take a false step and fall down, a certain number of heads would also have to fall to neutralize the presage of a bad omen. After some further parleying carried on by the Cabaceries and the envoys, and translated in the hearing of the king by an interpreter, Behanzin gives the order for a dance, which is executed by a chosen number of Amazons.

Few of these are young, most of them are middle-aged and several of them are really "old guard" and gray-haired. They wear a close fitting jacket without sleeves, yellow in front and blue at the back and a striped scarf reaching down to their drawers, made of some kind of red cotton or woolen stuff.

Their headgear, square-shaped at the top is either red or black, says the Cincinnati Enquirer. Like the soldiers they are armed with a flint-lock rifle and wear a number of amulets. The dancing of the Amazons is followed by the Phyrrie dance, executed by the soldiers of the body-guard. They are the picked men of the kingdom, and are exempt from the perils of war; for handsome men are scarce in Dahomey, and it is no easy matter to replace them. The revels which have been inaugurated by a procession of skulls carried on spears ended by a procession of men carrying sabers with long wide blades. These men are the king's executioners.

A Man of Principle.
"Look here, waiter! Didn't I give you \$1 when I first came in?"

"Yes, sah."

"And you've kept me here nearly three-quarters of an hour."

"Yes, sah. I done dat to show you dat I couldn't be bribed, sah."

BASEBALL.

Brown, formerly of the New York club, is probably the first baseman whom the Baltimore management is looking after in California.

The Los Angeles team defeated the San Jose nine by a score of 9 to 2, at San Jose, Cal., and thus won the championship of the second season of the California League, finishing over three games ahead of the Oakland, and it is a singular fact that the San Jose, who won the first half championship, finished the second half in last place. The final series will consist of nine games.

The Baltimore club management has several new players in view, and expect to complete the negotiations shortly. One of the new individuals is a first baseman of the California league, who made a reputation as a hard hitter and fielder. President Young has been notified to place his name on the list of Baltimore players. This was necessary in order to prevent any other of the National league and American association clubs from negotiating with him.

The many friends of Scott Stratton, one of the pitchers of the Louisville team, will regret to hear that his only child, a 2-year-old boy, died the other day, having been badly burned by his clothes catching fire two days previously. Stratton's wife is very sick.

Manager J. C. Chapman of the Louisville club, it is said, won \$1,400 on the result of the election.

The Pittsburg club has filed a claim with President Young of the National League and American association, for the services of Henry Gastright, a pitcher.

THE TURF.

James B. Sellars, the well-known turfman, and for some time manager of the pool-rooms at Lexington, Ky., died at his residence in that city night of Dec. 3. His death was due to heart failure.

Dr. M. S. Sale, owner of the trotting stallion Temple Bar, has sued the National Trotting association for \$150,000, the suit being filed in the Circuit court at Lexington, Ky., and notification of the same being given P. P. Johnston, President of the association, Dec. 3. Dr. Sale and the horse were ruled off the track at Cleveland, Ohio, last year for alleged crooked work. The horse's driver, George Spear, has been reinstated.

She Could Tell.
A French chronicler records an interesting and, perhaps, valuable discovery on the part of a child of a means of ascertaining whether people are young or not. This child, a little girl, had been playing merrily in the country with a gentleman who was known to have come very close, to say the least, to his fiftieth year.

The little girl's mother, seeking for her, came up just as she left this gentleman's company.

"What have you been doing, my dear?" the mother asked.

"Oh, I've been playing with that young man over there."

The mother smiled. "What is your way of telling when people are young, dear," she asked.

"Oh," answered the little one, "young people are those that have a good time."

A CHILD ENJOYS
The pleasant flavor, gentle action and soothing effect of Syrup of Figs, when in need of a laxative, and if the father or mother be costive or bilious, the most gratifying results follow its use; so that it is the best family remedy known and every family should have a bottle.

The world has 4,500 paper mills.

Only \$8.75. Ladies!
A rare bargain is advertised elsewhere in this paper by Chicago Sewing Machine Co., 52 N. Halsted St., Chicago. A splendid sewing machine for only \$8.75, 10 days' approval. Read carefully their offer and send for a machine at once. Time limited.

The English Derby was established in 1780 by the twelfth Earl of Derby. The letter "i" is in "it."

ST. JACOBS OIL
TRADE MARK
THE GREAT
REMEDY FOR PAIN
CURES PROMPTLY AND PERMANENTLY
RHEUMATISM,
Lumbago, Headache, Toothache,
NEURALGIA,
Sore Throat, Swellings, Frost-bites,
SCIATICA.
Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Scalds.
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

Unlike the Dutch Process
No Alkalies
—OR—
Other Chemicals
are used in the preparation of
W. BAKER & CO.'S
Breakfast Cocoa
which is absolutely pure and soluble.
It has more than three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Sugar, and is far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, and EASILY DIGESTED.
Sold by Grocers everywhere.
W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

SHILOH'S CURE.
Cures Consumption, Coughs, Croup, Sore Throat. Sold by all Druggists on a Guarantee. For a Large Size, Back or Chest Shiloh's Potent Plaster will give great satisfaction. 25 cents.

AN AERIAL BICYCLE.

A CANADIAN YOUTH HAS A NEW IDEA

Which Is Very Interesting—A Remarkable Clock of Flowers in Paris—Scientific and Industrial News of the World.

An Aerial Bicycle.

New York World: We have had land bicycles and aquatic bicycles, and now by the picture it is evident that we may have aerial bicycles. The question of aerial travel has been a perplexing one, and all attempts to solve it have thus far proved without avail. Inflated bags, parachutes and balloons have been tried and found wanting. The design pictured here represents a cigar-shaped, hollow apparatus, to which is attached a geared bicycle. It may possibly be better to allow the inventor to describe it, as he probably knows more about it than any one else. His letter to the World is as follows:

DEAR SIR: Inclosed please find a drawing of a flying machine designed by myself.

I submit my design for yours and the people's (at large) approval. I am



only a poor boy, and can't test or experiment with this machine on account of cost.

I believe that flying is possible, and that some such machine as mine will be a practicable one. It is so easy understood that hardly any explanation is necessary; by using a cigar-shaped balloon speed and steering is practicable, the screw is responsible for the flight, unless in flying with the wind, and by sliding operator's seat backward or forward either dip or ascent is possible. The main drive wheel is similar to a large bicycle wheel, and in starting off runs on the ground also in lighting, which has to be done obliquely.

Hoping that some man of philanthropic nature may become interested in it, I trust to you to print it in your valuable paper, of which I am a subscriber. Yours in faith,

A. J. SNYDER.
Grimsby, Ont., Nov. 24, 1892.

Red Snow.

Every visitor to the Arctic regions finds there patches of snow which is of a bright red color. Every writer upon Arctic life and experience remarks upon this strange appearance. Dr. Keely, in his recent book on travel in the North, describes this snow and the plant that gives it its brilliant color. It seems that a similar growth colors the sandstone cliffs a tawny red or orange.

The plant is a lichen, and there can be little doubt that it is kindred to the yellow lichen which grows upon the rough bark of trees along our shores. The Arctic variety is smaller and more delicate, as well as of a color more intense.

Patches of the red snow peculiar to the Arctic regions were observed on the glaciers and in the shady nooks of the ice, but its color was wholly different from that of the curious cliffs mentioned above. Later, he had an opportunity of gathering and examining some of this red snow, which occurs in patches and exists only on the surface; an inch below the snow was as pure a white as that found anywhere.

The color was not uniform even on the surface, but occurs in streaks. On closer examination it was found to exist in the little crystals of snow which composed the surface, and even in these the tint was not the same throughout, but radiated from centers.

When the snow was melted it formed a bright red liquid about the shade of claret punch, and on standing the coloring matter gradually settled to the bottom as a deep red sediment, which, under the microscope, proved to be composed of a minute-celled plant, the protococcus aivalis.

Marvels of the Under-World.

The mystery of the under-world appeals with irresistible force to the imagination. Tales of the wonders concealed in the caverns and hidden under the ground have always interested the inhabitants of every country. And the strange and splendid scenes frequently discovered in such places as the Mammoth Cave, the Luray caverns, the sea caves of Bermuda and the Blue-Grotto of Capri have lent wings to the fancy which pictures still more marvellous spectacles "underneath the ground."

As a matter of fact it is probable that we are as yet acquainted with but comparatively few of the spacious caverns that exist at no great depth beneath the earth, and which, filled with air, are capable of being explored by men. The explorations of Mr. E. A. Martel in France have recently added very largely to our knowledge of what has been called the "subterranean geography" of that country. Similar work in other countries would undoubtedly produce many surprising revelations of what the earth contains. It is well known that a vast quantity of water exists beneath the surface of the ground, and that even considerable streams are flowing there. Mr. Baldwin Latham has lately called attention in England to a very interesting method of tracing the courses of these underground streams. At certain seasons, especially in September and October, peculiar lines of fog may be observed close to the

ground, and he says these indicate where streams of water are flowing at a considerable depth beneath the surface. During the greater part of the year some of the strata between the surface of the earth and the underground water are sufficiently cold to condense the vapor arising from the water and thus prevent its appearance at the surface. But in the autumn the soil is frequently warmed so deeply that no condensing stratum of cold exists, and then the vapor reaching the surface forms lines of fog following the course of the concealed streams of water underneath.

Electricity on the Farm.

A vast field for electricity is opening up in its practical application to farm work, and the discussions of this subject in various engineering journals has created considerable interest. The Electrical World has begun the publication of a series of articles upon the practical application of electricity to the various farm operations and implements, with illustrations of a plant which is situated in one of the finest agricultural States of the West, and which shows in detail how the electric motor can be made to perform most of the work which the horse or the steam engine is now called upon to do.

There are four classes of farmwork to which electricity is applicable: First, for power purposes; second, lighting; third, heating, and fourth, for the operation of telephones, signals, alarms, etc. Examples under these various heads are numerous. For instance, hay, grain and other products can be hoisted by electric power, which can also be applied to ordinary elevators. An electric motor may run pumping apparatus, which will furnish water for the drinking troughs, for fire purposes, or for watering the garden, use in dairy houses, etc.

All such miscellaneous machines as threshers, grinders, shellers, hay presses, grippers, etc., can be readily operated by electric motors. It is very probable that in time electric railway lines may exist over the best agricultural regions, furnishing communication between the different farms, as well as small tramways on separate farms, connecting the different buildings, while electric plows and vehicles of all sorts are among the possibilities.

A Clock of Flowers.

A very curious clock is that which is a part of the Trocadero grounds, Paris. The dial, 10 meters in diameter consists entirely of plants and flowers chosen from those employed for what is called mosaic culture. The hands, which move around the picturesque dial, are adorned in the same way so that no piece of the clock mechanism is seen, and the whole appearance is that of an original flower bed.

The works are hidden in a chamber underneath the dial. They consist of a central vertical arbor, on the top of which is fixed the frame work of the minute hand. This arbor goes through



THE FLOWER CLOCK OF THE TROCADERO GROUNDS.

the vertical barrel on which the hour hand is fixed. The two arbors are connected by a gearing so calculated that the minute arbor revolves twelve times while the hour arbor turns once round. It is the minute arbor which bears all the weight of the hands; the barrel of the hour hand revolves easily within that of the minutes, by means of a train of casters that changes the gliding friction into a rolling one.

Underneath the small train of casters there is a conical pinion that is set to motion by means of a horizontal arbor on which acts the power, which is water. This water comes from a cascade, from the basin of which it runs to a reservoir, the surplus going to a sewer. The reservoir is so arranged that by means of the surplus there must always be the same level, as it is necessary that the water which is the acting power should always flow with the same force. The water goes through a pipe provided with a funnel, and is thus brought to a distributor which alternately pours it into one or the other of the two reservoirs where floaters are located.

Farthest North.

The story of American explorers who have braved the perils of the northern seas, knowing that almost superhuman efforts were to be required of them, shows that they had the same enthusiasm that characterized and sustained the early discoverers. One of the members of the Greener expedition gives an account in Scribner's Magazine of their sufferings and perseverance. "Fatigue, thirst, hunger, cold, and even heat at times beset us. Each camp found us physically exhausted. We scoured our food, and with envious, regretful eyes saw each bit disappear, since it shortened the length of our possible journey northward. Finally the coveted honor was in sight. Realizing that this was indeed the 'Farthest North,' we unfurled the flag of our country, the glorious 'Stars and Stripes,' with a feeling of pride and exultation impossible to describe. Lieut. Lockwood and I seized each other's hands, and hugged the Eskimo Thorp, who, gazing at us, wondered what it all meant. The physical hardship from many days' travel through heavy gales and blinding snow, over jagged rubble-ice and across dangerous tidal cracks was all behind us. Our visit left behind it a record. It stands—a mighty cairn of rocks commensurate in size to its importance—built on a narrow shelf, directly under the frowning face of the overhanging cape, and looking out over the eternal silence of the Polar Ocean."

THE CARAVAN TRADE.

Catering to the Fickle Fancies of the Natives of Central Africa.

In my capacity as commander of the "rear guard," which I sincerely trust will not be needed to rescue his expedition, I was initiated by Chanler last spring into another side of many-sided London, says a writer in Harper's Weekly. The streets adjacent to Bevis Mark in the East end are inhabited solely by merchants who cater to the fickle fancies of the central Africans. Here you can buy drafts on such distinguished bankers as Tippoo T.B. of the Congo or my friend Sid Boobkehr of Timbuctoo or Tarudant. It is a regular stock exchange, where wildcat speculation is the order of the day. The talk of the street is amber beads and ivory, and at your option you can go long or short on any of these commodities just as though it was Chicago gas or October wheat. The merchants are mostly Levantines, with olive complexions and all the languages of the tower of Babel at their tongue's end. One English merchant we met however, whose family had been in the caravan trade since the day of Mungo Park. He had a hunted expression in his eyes, and was evidently anything but pleased with hereditary business, which he regarded as a family curse. "Caravan trading," he said to me one day in a moment of expansion, "is the greatest gamble on the face of this earth. For peace and a quiet life a constable along the docks has a better time of it. You cannot make a small deal and so feel your way along slowly. No; you must put all your ducks in one basket and then you trust it for safe keeping to some yellow-skinned Arab, who has the whole of the dark continent to hide away in."

From this gentleman I also learned that beads have their fashions and changing shapes and colors, like articles of commerce in our civilized world. To keep up with the restless fancies of the leaders in African fashion the merchants of Bevis Mark are compelled to keep agents in Lamu, Loanda, Bagamoz, Mogador, and other commercial and caravan centers, who wire and write them the rise and fall of fashions.

"I should say it was a gamble," sighed the merchant sadly. "Last year the Swahili traders on the Yana were shouting for perfectly round Carniola beads. So soon as I could have them made I shipped out to my agent some thirty tons of them. Make money? No. Just look at this telegram from Lamu: Fashion changed. Swahili traders won't have blue beads at any price. Want green. Shall sell shipment to children of coast towns—play 'marbles' with."

I give this glance at the African markets to show some of the minor difficulties of fitting out a caravan. A bead seems a trivial thing in London, where it costs but an infinitesimal fraction of a cent. But when you remember that when you reach the 'land of thirst and emptiness' it will buy you an ox, a camel, or nothing at all, you pause over the purchase and dwell upon its color, shape and weight.

A CATERPILLAR'S VORACITY.

Its Amazing Rapidity of Growth and Consumption of Food.

L. Trouvelot tells us of the astonishing voracity of a species of caterpillar, Polyphemus, and some curious experiments made by him in ascertaining the amount of food consumed and its relation to the grub's growth and extraordinary development. When the young was first hatched it weighed but one-twentieth of a grain; when ten days old this weight had increased to half a grain, or ten times the original weight; at twenty days old the weight had increased to three full grains, or sixty times its weight at the moment it left the egg. When the creature was a month old it weighed 31 grains, or 520 times the amount of the first weighing, and at the expiration of 10 more days it had again almost trebled in weight, showing a full 90 grains of avoirdupois, or 1,800 times the original weight. At the fifty-sixth day the worm had attained its full size, and now weighed 207 grains, 4,140 times the amount of the original one-twentieth grain weight. If man's adult weight was 4,000 times that of the average weight at birth, his twenty-first birthday would find him carrying around something like twenty tons of surplus flesh. But this wonderful increase in weight and the curious calculations that can be deducted therefrom are not more remarkable than the food-consuming powers of such creatures. When the worm is thirty days old it has consumed about ninety grains of solid food, but before this time has doubled itself, or at the end of fifty-six days when the worm is full grown, it has consumed not less than thirty leaves, weighing three-fourths of a pound. Thus it will be seen that the food consumed by such creatures before they reach their majority equals the original weight of the caterpillar at least 86,000 times.

Made Her Feel Young.

Madame Z—, an old society belle, who is past sixty, is inconsolable at the death of her mother, who has just passed away at the age of eighty-nine. One of her friends tries to calm her sorrow a little by saying to her: "Ah! a hundred times more cruel than you can imagine! Just think! while she lived I could still say, 'My mother,' and that made me look and feel twenty years younger."

A Geographical Anomaly.

Siberia has a city of 30,000 people who have noble churches and public institutions dedicated to their use, but which has not yet been marked or named upon any map.

The pneumatic sulky built by Mr. Elliott of Massachusetts for Robert Bonner, arrived at the Tarrytown farm recently, but the intended trial was not given it, owing to the fact that the track was in unfit condition, because of the snow and cold weather, thereby compelling a postponement. The sulky weighs forty-six pounds, the fact of the wheels being made of alloy instead of steel wire adding several pounds to its weight. A peculiarity about the vehicle is a jointed shaft, which is claimed to be a valuable invention, doing away as it does with what is professionally known as "horse motion." The builder claims that it is about two seconds faster than any other pneumatic sulky ever constructed.

The latest agricultural freak reported is a strawberry that is claimed to have fruited in Miami county, Kan., this month.

It is probably the number of tars on board which makes a vessel pitch.

Considers it "a household necessity." Mr. A. J. Whiting, of Atton, Kansas, accentuates his opinion that "I have used Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup in my family for the last eight years and consider it a household necessity."

Crows have one virtue at least. They are devotedly attached to their caws.

Rheum is am knocked higher than a kite. Mr. J. M. Bucher, Mineral Point, Ohio, deposes and says: "I have used Salivation Oil for rheumatism, and in one or two applications knocked it higher than a kite."

Tea is gathered from the plant four times a year.

Use Brown's Bronchial Troches for Coughs, Colds and all other Throat Troubles. "Pre-eminently the best."—Rev. Henry Ward Beecher.

A Greene county (Missouri) cow recently succeeded, it is said, in throwing a locomotive and seven cars from the track.

ROOT AND BRANCH,
the poison in your blood, however it may have come or whatever shape it may be taking, is cleared away by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It's a remedy that rouses every organ into healthful action, purifies and enriches the blood, and through it cleanses and invigorates the whole system. Salt-rheum, Tetter, Eczema, Erysipelas, Boils, Carbuncles, Enlarged Glands, and the worst Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, are perfectly and permanently cured by it.

Unlike the ordinary Spring medicines or sarsaparilla, the "Discovery" works equally well at all seasons. All the year round and in all cases, it is guaranteed, as no other blood medicine is. If it ever fails to benefit or cure, you have your money back. You pay only for the good you get.

Isn't it safe to say that no other blood-purifier can be "just as good?"

If it were, wouldn't it be sold so!

These are Facts which Housekeepers Should Seriously Consider.

If you want the best food, you will be interested in the following facts, which show why "Royal" is the best baking powder, why it makes the best and most wholesome food, and why its use has become almost universal—its sale greater in this country than the sale of all other cream of tartar baking powders combined.

The Royal Baking Powder NEVER fails. It is absolutely pure and wholesome.

It is combined from the most approved and healthful ingredients.

It makes the finest flavored, most tender, delicious and wholesome food.

It has greater leavening strength than any other baking powder, and is therefore the cheapest.

It never loses its strength, but will keep fresh and of full leavening power until used.

It acts slowly in the dough, so that none of its strength is lost before the baking is completed.

It makes food that will keep sweet, moist and fresh longer, or that may be eaten hot and fresh with impunity.

The reasons why the Royal Baking Powder is superior to all others in these respects are easily stated. One is because it is made from chemically pure materials; another is because it is made with greater care and accuracy than any other. It is always uniform in composition and leavening power. It has been the standard baking powder since its introduction. The founder and conductor of its business ever since is still at the head of its management. Thus all the

knowledge and skill attained by over a quarter of a century's experience is available in its present preparation. The consumer is not experimented upon by changes of formula that are constantly being made in other powders in an effort to get a mixture that will not "cake" or lose its strength, or that follow changes of proprietorship or manufacturers. The Royal Baking Powder is always certain and equal in its work; a teaspoonful does the same perfect work to-day that it did yesterday, or last week or month, or last year.

While the last teaspoonful in a can of Royal is as good as the first, other powders lose their strength after being made a short time, and particularly after the can is opened.

The exactness with which the active principle of each ingredient prior to mixing is ascertained by expert chemists; the actual prohibition enforced against the receipt into the works of an impure ingredient; the care with which the materials are dried, coated and prepared before their combination, and the precision in packing the powder so that it shall be delivered to the consumer in the perfect condition in which it leaves the factory, are some of the details which go to make the perfect "Royal."

The same means are not employed by other manufacturers. There have been a great many imitations of the Royal, but no equals. Pure materials are not employed, care is not taken in their preparation and combination, while in the great majority of baking powders alum is added to give them strength, while cheapening their cost.

The great popularity and general use of the Royal Baking Powder attest its superiority.

OUR ST. LOUIS LETTER.

Office Building Improvements—A Hundred Miles of Electric Road to Be Built—Selling Franchises.

St. Louis, Mo., Dec. 24.—Every new office building that rises with its ten and twelve stories in St. Louis has an improvement on the one built the month before, that shows what invention is doing for the convenience of the business man. Rapid and intelligent elevator service is the one thing needed in these big edifices. At present, in most of them, this is very irregular. You may ring the bell, wanting to go down, and along comes an elevator going up. You have to wait till it comes back. The newest idea is a double bell on each floor, one of them marked, "up" and the other "down." You ring the bell that shows what you want, and the elevator going your way comes to your floor and stops. The elevators that run continuously up and down without bells are being abandoned, as there is too much waste of power with them.

If the Assembly passes the street railway bills now before it, over a hundred miles of electric roads will be added before next fall to those now running in the city. There are men in the city who, taking advantage of this intention of the railway builders to extend their lines into every nook and corner of the city, are making fortunes by keeping their eyes open and investing small sums of money judiciously. There are some of these men at every meeting of the Assembly. When an application for a new franchise is made, they take a note of the route. The next day they drive along the projected line looking for vacant lots. Then they see the owner and offer to pay his taxes in exchange for a year's option. In most cases he is glad to get the offer and closes with it at once. The other man pays the taxes and watches the railroad bill. Ten to one he closes the option before the year is out, and makes a thousand per cent on the investment, as the property jumps up at the approach of the new road. A business of this kind could not be carried on at all in a city growing less rapidly than St. Louis is.

There are thousands of people all over the United States who have pleasant memories of visits to the great woodland resort of St. Louis, Forest Park. They have walked through it by the footpaths, or driven along its beautiful drives, and have marveled at its scenery, its zoological collection and its botanical garden. All these tourists will doubtless be interested in knowing that in a year or less there will be a belt line of electric railway running around the park and connecting with the city lines so that visitors may see the park from every side and

return to their hotels without leaving their seats. At certain points on the line it will be possible to leave the cars and, by a walk of a few hundred yards, reach the lakes with their boats and music, the tennis courts and the haunt of the wheelmen at the summit of a lung-testing hill. The franchise for this road is to be sold at auction, and as it is certain to be largely patronized the price will be a big one.

Sherman, Texas, has a \$90,000 jail, from which ten prisoners lately escaped by sawing through iron bars with a 35-cent file.

We eat too much and take too little outdoor exercise, is the fault of our modern civilization. It is claimed that Garfield Tea, a simple herb remedy, helps nature to overcome these abuses.

Icebergs sometimes last for 500 years.

Borsch, Chicago's Scientific Optician, Spectacles and Eye Glasses a specialty. Consult us about your eyes, improve your sight. 140 Adams St., opp. P. O.

Greece is about as large as the State of Vermont.

FITS—All fits stopped free by DR. BROWN'S GREAT PEPPERMINT CURE. No fit after first day's use. Marvellous cures. Treatise and \$1.00 trial bottle free to fit cases. Send to Dr. J. C. Brown, 215 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

When a hen makes a dead set for a family she gets it if she has half a chance.—Texas Siftings.

Brunnman's Cough Drops. Use Brunnman's Celebrated Cough Drops. The gods have a H. B. on each drop. Sold everywhere.

A cannon ball was fired nearly seven miles from an eighty-ton gun in Dover, England.

"Baker's Emulsion. The great remedy for throat and lungs, debility, etc., palatable as honey. Sold by druggists.

"Cool and collected"—the ice bill.

Swift's Specific
A Tested Remedy For All
Blood and Skin Diseases

A reliable cure for Contagious Blood Poison, Inherited Scrofula and Skin Cancer.

As a tonic for delicate Women and Children it has no equal. Being purely vegetable, is harmless in its effects.

A treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed FREE on application.

DRUGGIST SELL IT.
SWIFT SPECIFIC CO.,
Drauer 3, Atlanta, Ga.

\$3,000,000 Per Month
Write for price list of Colorado mining stock from 1¢ to \$17.50 each.
W. F. Kendrick, 504-506 Mining Ex. bldg., Denver, Colo.

A Private Letter.

It is always pleasant to read a private letter. Here is one that you can peruse with an advantage to yourself:

SHELBY, Iowa, Dec. 12th, 1892.

SILVAN REMEDY CO.
GENTLEMEN—I have used one box of your Laxative Gum Drops with benefit, but I am confident that a permanent benefit will result only from a long continued use. Sedentary habits have aggravated the hereditary difficulty of constipation and it requires occasional use of the Laxatives to effect a cure.

Truly yours,
REV. DR. J. H. CARPENTER.

National College of MUSIC

27 Teachers, 11th Avenue, 24 Van Buren St., Chicago. Elementary, Academic, Collegiate, Normal. Every department of Vocal and Instrumental Music, Harmony, Painting, Delineation, Sight Singing, etc. Pupils prepared for Choir, Concert and the Operatic Stage. Summer Annual Session begins July 18, 1893. Illustrations and prospectus mailed.

H. S. PETERSON, Director.

NO CURE, NO PAY. DR. KEAN

The Leading Specialist of the U. S.

140 South Clark St., Chicago.

Garfield Tea

Cures Constipation, Restores Complacency, Gives Vigor to the System. Garfield Tea Co., 215 W. 11th St., N. D.

EARLY RISERS

Do Wit's Little Early Risers, the Famous Little Pills for Constipation, Sick Headache, Dizziness, No Nausea, No Pain, Very Safe.

OPIUM

Morphine Habit Cured in 1 to 20 Days. No pay till cured.

DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

LADIES ATTENTION! Wanted—A smart, discreet lady to introduce to married women a new article which they all want and all need. Address, with stamp, Box 200, St. Paul, Minn.

It is met with 1 more eyes, use 1

Thompson's Eye Water.

Pine's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.

CATARRH

Sold by druggists or sent by mail, 50c. E. J. Hazlett, Warren, Pa.

W. N. U. CHICAGO, Vol. VII, No. 33.

A LITTLE WHILE.

But only for a little space
The tiny footprints falter—
And now are vanished from their place,
And now the others alter.
Showing a slower, heavier tread—
Then, lo! two shoe prints only.
The smaller, daintier ones are fled;
On plod the others, lonely.
And now they drag through winter snow,
With prints that merge to one;
And there are ruddy streaks that show
Where thorns have pierced the leather;
And now the dark returns to bed
For twilight has descended.
Undriven is the truck ahead,
And all the prints are ended.

A LITTLE MASQUERADE.

"Oh, nothing matters," she said,
with a soft, ironical smile, as she
tossed a bit of sugar to the cockatoo.
"Quite so," was his reply, and he
carefully gathered in a loose leaf of
his cigar. Then, after a pause, "and
yet why so? It's a very pretty world
one way and another."
"Yes, it's a pretty world at times,"
At that moment they were both
looking over a part of the world
known as Nindobar Plains, and it
was handsomely to the eye. As far as
could be seen was a carpet of flowers
under a soft sunset. The homestead
by which they sat was in a wilderness
of blossoms. To the left was a high
rose-colored hill, solemn and mysteri-
ous; to the right—far off—a forest of
gum-trees, pink and purple against
the horizon. At their feet, beyond
the veranda, was a garden joyously
brilliant, and bright-plumaged birds
flitted back and forth.
The two looked out for a long time,
then, as if by a mutual impulse, sud-
denly turned their eyes on each other.
They smiled, and somehow that smile
was not delightful to see. The girl
said presently, "It is all on the sur-
face."

"You mean that the beautiful birds
have dreadful voices; that the flowers
are scentless; that the leaves of the
trees are all on edge and give no
shade; that where that beautiful car-
pet of blossoms is there was a blazing
quartz plain six months ago and
there's likely to be the same again—
that, in brief, it's pretty, but hollow."
He made a slight, fantastic gesture,
as though mocking himself for so long a
speech, and added: "Really, I
didn't prepare this little oration."

She nodded, and then said, "Oh,
it's not so hollow—you would not call
it that exactly—but unsatisfactory."
"You have lost your illusions, Miss
Ashforth."
"And before that occurred you had
lost yours, Mr. Tom Sherman."
"Do I betray it, then?" He laughed
not at all bitterly, yet not with singu-
lar cheerfulness.
"And do you think that you are
possessed of such acuteness, then, and
I—?" she paused, raised her eyebrows
a little coldly, and let the cockatoo
bite her finger.
"I did not mean to be egotistical,
believe me. The fact is I live my
life alone, and I never hear any re-
marks upon myself. I was interested
for the moment in knowing something
of how I appeared to others. You
and I have been tolerably candid with
each other since we met for the first
time, three days ago; I know you
would not hesitate to say what was in
your mind, and I ask out of honest
curiosity. One fancies one hides
one's self, and yet—you see?"
"You are forgiven, of course. Do
you find it pleasant, then, to be can-
did and free with some one?"
"Why with me?" She looked him
frankly in the eyes.

"Well, to be more candid. You
and I know the world very well, I
fancy. You were educated in Eu-
rope, traveled, enjoyed—and suf-
fered." (The girl did not even
blink, but went on looking at him
steadily.) "We have both had our
hour with the world; have learned
many sides of the game. We haven't
come out of it without scars of one
kind or another. Knowledge of the
kind is expensive."
"You wanted to say all that to me
the first evening we met, didn't you?"
There was a smile of gentle amuse-
ment on her face.
"I did. From the moment I saw
you I knew that we could say many
things to each other without prelimi-
naries. And to be able to do that is
a great deal."
"And it is a relief to say things,
isn't it?"
"It is better than writing them,
though that is pleasant after its
kind."
"I have never tried writing—as
we talk. There's a good deal of vani-
ty at the bottom of it, though, I be-
lieve."

"Of course. But vanity is a kind
of virtue, too." He leaned over
towards her, dropping his arms on
his knees and holding her look. "I
am very glad that I met you. I in-
tended only staying here over night,
but—"
"But I interested you in a way—
you see I am vain enough to think
that. Well, you also interested me,
and I urged my aunt to press you to
stay. You did. It has been very
pleasant, and when you go it will be
very humdrum again; our conversa-
tion, mustering round-up, bullocks
and rabbits. Which is interesting in
a way, but not for long at a time."
He did not stir, but went on looking
at her. "Yes, I believe it has been
pleasant for you, else it had not been
so pleasant for me. Honestly, I don't
believe I shall ever get you out of my
mind."
"That is either slightly rude or
badly expressed," she said. "Do
you wish, then, to get me out of your
mind?"
"No, no—You are very keen. I
wish to remember you always, but
what I felt at the moment was this.
There are memories which are always
passive and delightful. We have no
wish to live the scenes of which they
are over again; the reflection is
enough. There are others which
cause us to wish the scenes back
again with a kind of hunger; but

they won't or can't come back. I
wondered of which class this memory
would be."
The girl flushed ever so slightly,
and her fingers clasped a little nerv-
ously, but she was calm. Her voice
was even; it had, indeed, a little
thrilling ring of energy. "You are
wonderfully daring," she replied, "to
say that to me. To a school-girl it
might mean so much; to me—" She
shook her head at him, as if com-
passionately.
He was not in the least piqued. "I
was absolutely honest in that. I said
nothing, but what I felt. I would
give very much to feel confident one
way or the other—Forgive me, for
what seems incredible egotism. If
I were five years younger I should
have said instantly that the memory
would be one."

"Which would disturb you, make
you restless, cause you to neglect
your work, fill you with regret; and
yet all to late—isn't that it?"
"You read me accurately. But
why touch your tones with satire?"
"I believe I read you better than
you read me. I didn't mean to be
satirical. Don't you know that what
often seems irony directed towards
others is in reality dealt out to our-
selves. Such irony as was in my
voice was for myself."

"And why for yourself?" he asked
quietly, his eyes full of interest. He
was cutting the end of a fresh cigar.
"Was it" (he was about to strike a
match, but paused suddenly) "be-
cause you had thought the same
thing?"

She looked for a moment as though
she would read him through and
through; as though, in spite of all
their candor, there was some linger-
ing uncertainty as to his perfect
straightforwardness; then, as if satis-
fied, she said at last, "Yes, but with
a difference. I have no doubt which
memory it will be. You will not wish
to be again on the plains of Nindo-
bar."

"And you," he said musingly, "you
will not wish to see me here?" There
was no vanity in the question. He
was wondering how little we can be
sure of what we can feel to-morrow
from what we feel to-day. Besides
he knew that a wise woman is wiser
than a wise man.

"I really don't think I shall care
particularly. Probably if we met
again here there would be some jar
to our comradeship—I may call it
that, I suppose?"

"Which is equivalent to saying that
good-bye in most cases, and always in
cases such as ours, is a little tragical,
because we can never meet quite the
same again."

She bowed her head but did not re-
ply. Presently she glanced up at
him kindly. "What would you give
to have the past back before you were
disillusioned? Before you had—
trouble?"

"I do not want it back. I am not
really disillusioned. I think that
we should not take our own personal
experience and make it a law unto
the world. I believe in the world in
spite of trouble. You might have
said trouble with a woman—I should
not have minded."

He was smoking now, and the
clouds twisted about his face so that
only his eyes looked through ear-
nestly.

"A woman always makes laws from
her personal experience. She has
not the faculty of generalization—I
fancy that's the word to use." This
was her reply.

She rose now with a little shaking
motion, one hand at her belt, and
rested a shoulder against a pillar of
the veranda. He rose also at once,
and said, touching her hand respect-
fully with his finger tips: "We may
be sorry one day that we did not be-
lieve in ourselves more."

"Oh, no," she said, turning and
smiling at him. "I think not. You
will be in England hard at work. I
here hard at living; our interests will
lie apart. I am certain about it all.
We might have been, what my cousin
calls 'trusty pals'—no more."

"I wish to God I felt sure of that,
Nellie Ashforth."
The next day the boar-hunt oc-
curred. They rode several miles to a
little lake and a scrub of braglow,
and dismounting soon had exciting
sport. Miss Ashforth was a capital
shot and was without loss of any
womanliness, a thorough sportsman.
To-day, however, there was some-
thing on her mind, and she was not
as alert and successful as usual.

Sherman kept with her as much as
possible—the more so because he saw
that her cousin, believing she was
quite able to take care of herself, al-
lowed her to her own resources.
Presently, however, following an
animal, he left her a short distance
behind. On the edge of a little
billabong she came upon a truculent-
looking boar. It turned on her, but
she fired and it fell. Seeing another
ahead she pushed on quickly to secure
it too. As she went she half-cocked
her rifle. Had her mind been abso-
lutely intent on the sport, she had
full-cocked it. All at once she heard
the thud of feet behind her. She
turned swiftly and saw the boar she
had shot bearing upon her, its long,
yellow tusks standing up like daggers.
A sweeping thrust from one of them
leaves little chance of life.
She dropped upon a knee, swung
her rifle to her shoulder and pulled
the trigger. The rifle would not go
off. For an instant she did not un-
derstand what was the trouble. But
with singular presence of mind, she
never lowered her rifle or took her
eyes from the beast but remained
immovable. It was all a matter of
seconds. Evidently cowed, the ani-
mal, when within a few feet of her,
swerved to the right, and then made
as though to come down on her again.
But meanwhile she had discovered her
mistake and cocked her rifle. She
swiftly trained it on the boar, and fired.
It was hit, but did not fall, and came
on. Then another shot rang out from
behind her, and the boar fell so near

her that its tusk caught in her dress.
Tom Sherman had saved her.
She was very white when she faced
him. She could not speak. That
night she spoke, however, very grate-
fully and almost tenderly.
To something that he said gently to
her about a memory she replied:
"Tell me now as candidly as to your
own soul, did you feel at the critical
moment that life would be horrible
and empty without me?"
"I thought only of saving you," he
said, honestly.
"Then I was quite right; you will
never have any regret," she said.
"I wonder," he added sorrowfully.
But the girl was sure.
The regret was hers; though he
never knew that.
It is a lonely life on the dry plains
of Nindobar.

THE VAMPIRE BAT.

At Last We Have the Truth About His
Habits.

There is a very interesting article in
Timehira upon "The Bats of
British Guinea," from which we
learn that the so-called vampire is a
grossly maligned creature. There
are vampire bats in British India, but
they are not a large bat, known as
Vampyrus spectrum. The so-called
vampire never sucks blood at all, but
is a strict vegetarian when it is not
eating insects. Its great canine teeth
are used not for opening the blood
vessels of its victims but for tearing
open the skins of fruit. There are,
however, many blood-sucking bats
which are objectionable enough to be
called vampires, although, instead of
bearing that name, they are called
Desmodus rufus.

The writer says: "It has been my
experience for several days to have
under observation in an exposed dis-
trict, animals that have been ren-
dered quite unsightly by sores, and by
continual bleeding due to bites from
these blood-suckers, inflicting par-
ticularly on the neck, shoulders,
back and flanks."

"All over the colony from the forest
districts of the coast, throughout
the whole interior, depredations from
the nocturnal pests are to be feared.
Generally the toes not infrequently
the hands, and occasionally the face,
of the sleepers are the point of at-
tack, though, in the domestic ani-
mals, any and every part of the body
seems liable to the operations of the
little blood-letters."

These bats are comparatively small,
but notwithstanding their diminutive
dimensions they are said sometimes
to literally suck the life out of chil-
dren, the continuous bleeding being
productive of so great weakness as
occasionally to result in death. One
of the best ways of dealing with this
pest is to hang up clear glass bottles
filled with clear water in the house
and stairs which they haunt. Owing
to the transparency of the glass they
do not see where they are hanging,
and flying as they do with immense
velocity, they dash against the bot-
tles and inflict such injuries upon
themselves that they give the place a
wide berth afterward.

HOW SHE SAW IT.

From Her Standpoint It Was More Im-
portant Than Dinner.

"Oh, Charlie, did you see the run-
away?"
"No, I didn't. I'm starving, Nellie.
Hurry up dinner."
"Oh, it was awful. The horse was
galloping like mad. It was an ex-
pressman's wagon and a trunk—"
"Tell me at dinner, Nellie. I'm
so hungry I can't speak the truth."
"But, my dear, the children—"
"What! the children! Good heav-
ens—"

"Oh, they're all right; they were
in the house, but they might have
been right in the middle of the
road—"

"Will you ring the bell for Han-
nah?"
"Oh, Charlie, I was so frightened;
I ran to the window and saw the
wagon tip over—Oh—oh—oh—h—h—"
"What on earth—"

"Harry might have been riding in
that very wagon! He often does."
"But he wasn't it appears."
"No, dear; doesn't it seem like a
special providence; but, oh, Harry,
some poor woman lost her—"

"Was anybody killed, Nellie?"
"Her trunk was thrown out right
in front of our door, and the beau-
tiful woman's clothes were scattered
all over the pavement. Such
lovely—"

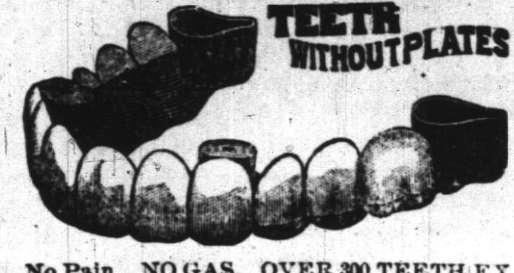
"What became of the beautiful
woman?"
"Oh, Charlie, I'm so excited
don't know what I'm saying. Such
lovely gowns, and cloaks, and—"
"Was the expressman hurt, Nel-
lie?"

"I'm sure I don't know whether he
was or not, the stupid! someone
came and took away the things.
Just love a runaway, Charlie, don't
you?"
Hannah's timely entrance with the
dinner saved Charlie from another
version of the affair.

The Suburban Clock.
Caller—Land sakes! How late it
Mrs. Suburb—Oh, you mustn't go
by that clock. It's two hours fast.
Caller—Why don't you set it right?
Mrs. Suburb—Horror! No! Don't
touch it. That's the clock my hus-
band catches trains by.

Journalistic Item.
Visitor—I thought I'd drop in and
give you an item. There is a man in
my town who has not eaten anything
in six weeks.
Editor—Ah, indeed; what's the
name of the paper he is on?—Texas
Siftings.
A Potent Remedy.
Rickett—Young Huggins has been
cured of his infatuation for Miss
Nomon. Gaskette—How? He fell
in with a very wealthy widow. "I
see. Another case of gold cure."—
New York Sun.

The Real Painless Dentists.



No Pain. NO GAS. OVER 300 TEETH EX-
TRACTED WITHOUT PAIN. Our painless
system is patented and used only by us. By
this method the application to the gums is very
simple, taking away all fear. No sleep-pro-
ducing agents used. IT DOES THE WORK—
ALL ARE PLEASED. The most skillful
operations performed at reasonable rates. We
insert artificial teeth to look natural and
GUARANTEE A PERFECT FIT.
Set of best teeth. \$7.00
Gold filling. \$1.00 up
Silver. 50c to 75c
Extracting without pain. 50c
First-class work only. All work warranted.
BOSTON DENTAL PARLORS,
146 State St., near Madison.
Seven skilled operators now in attendance.
Open evenings till 9. Sundays 9 to 4.
W. W. TARR, D. D. S., Manager.

ILLINOIS DENTAL OFFICE

SUITE 49, McVICKER'S.
FOR A LIMITED TIME: FULL UPPER OR
LOWER SET OF TEETH.
\$2
Gold Crowns and Bridge Work at Reduced Prices. No Pain
Extracting.
Open Sundays 10 to 4. Take Elevator.



R. M. PUTNAM
DENTIST,
PALATINE, - ILL.

A. S. OLMS,
(Successor to F. P. Richardson.)

Druggist and Apothecary

Prescriptions accurately prepared
at all hours. Toilet Articles,
Paints and Oils.

PALATINE, - ILL.

M. A. MOREY,
DENTIST.

471 MILWAUKEE AV.,
Near Chicago Av.,
Over Carroll's Dry Goods Store

Only the Genuine Imported
"ANCHOR"
PAIN EXPELLER
is and will ever be the
best
Remedy for
RHEUMATISM
Gout, Influenza, Backache,
Pains in the Side, Chest and
Joints, Neuralgia, Sprains, &c.
Before you need to buy, obtain
FREE OF CHARGE
the valuable book, "Guide to Health," with
endorsements of prominent physicians.
ADDRESS:
F. AD. RICHTER & CO.,
17 Warren St.,
NEW YORK.
29
Prize Medals Awarded!
European Houses: Budapest, London,
Vienna, Prague, Rotterdam, Olen,
Nuremberg, Konstantin, Leipzig.
25 & 50 Cts. a bottle, For Sale by
and other druggists.

PEERLESS DYES Are the BEST
HOLD OF DECORATION

PATENTS

For INVENTORS. 40 page BOOK FREE.
Address W. T. Fitzgerald, Attorney at
Law, Washington, D. C.

Baths and Massage

MISS NELLIE MCKENZIE
Baths, Massage and Electric Treatment. No.
9 E. Jackson St., Chicago, Flat 4, Second
Floor, Right of Elevator.

INSTRUCTION.

Quick time. Expert instruction at the
National Short-hand Institute, 118 Dearborn St.
Personal instruction. Positions furnished.
Write or call for full information in reference
to our school before making your selection.
W. SANDERS, Principal, F. S. DEMENT,
Special Instructor.

Chicago's Leading
Clothing House.



WELL MADE AND STYLISH
SUITS AND OVERCOATS
OUR SUCCESS

Cor. Milwaukee Ave., Division and Ashland Ave.

We invite your inspection of our beautiful
line of Holiday Goods, fine Silk Mufflers,
Suspenders, Umbrellas, Canes, Handker-
chiefs, Neckties, Smoking Jackets, Cardi-
gan Jackets, Hats and Caps, Gloves,
Shoes and Slippers.

We make special mention of our fine assort-
ment in Children's Suits and Overcoats. We
show all the latest novelties in Jersey, Knee,
Double-Breasted and Three-Piece Suits. A
savings from one-third to one-half is assured.

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE SUBURBAN TIMES

Cut and Fill This Out and Send to The Suburban Times.

THE SUBURBAN TIMES.

Please send to my address the SUBURBAN TIMES for:
Name _____
Address _____

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.

Madam McCollar, the only colored
clairvoyant in the West that tells you
all the past, present and future, so
when you are in the city consult her
in regard to love or business. 106
North Paulina street. Take Indiana
street car to Paulina street, then go
two blocks south.

HESTER E. BENNETT.
NOTARY PUBLIC,
Des Plaines, Ill.

Electric Baths.

MRS. DR. FRANCIS,
Electric and Massage Bath Institute,
No. 9 East Jackson St., Room 7, 3d Floor. Left
Licenses.

THE LATEST TRIUMPH OF MEDICAL
KNOWLEDGE AND SKILL.

THE MOST PERFECT AND ELEGANT PREPARA-
TION AND SCIENTIFIC COMBINATION
EVER OFFERED TO THE PUBLIC.
In the largest hospitals in the world, prescribed
over by the most skilled of their physicians,
the ingredients are prescribed more than twice as
often as all others put together.

RIPANS
TABLETS

A RELIABLE REMEDY FOR
DYSPEPSIA, BILIOUSNESS,
CONSTIPATION, HEADACHE,
And every other Symptom or Disease that results
from any Disorder of the
Stomach, Liver or Bowels.
Ripans Tablets banish pain and prolong life.
Ripans Tablets contain nothing that can be in-
jurious to the most delicate.
Ripans Tablets are pleasant to take, safe and al-
ways effective. One does give relief.
The best general family medicine ever offered
to the public. Circulars sent on application.
Experienced and thoroughly qualified physi-
cians are connected with the Ripans Chemical Com-
pany, and patients are invited to write for special
instructions in peculiar cases. Their letters will
receive such attention as they require, free of
charge.
Always keep Ripans Tablets in the house
and when you travel take some with you. They
are put up in small vials, which may be carried
safely carried in the vest pocket or portmanteau.

Sold by Druggists, or sent by mail in the follow-
ing quantities upon receipt of price:
1 Bottle, - 15 cents. 12 Bottles, - \$1.25
6 Bottles, - 75 cents. 24 Bottles, - 2.00
AMONG
THE RIPANS CHEMICAL CO.,
10 SPRUCE ST., NEW YORK.

PENSIONS

THE DISABILITY BILL IS A LAW.
Soldiers Disabled Since the War are Entitled
Dependent widows and parents now dependent
upon the services of their late husbands or sons are in-
cluded. If you wish your claim speedily and suc-
cessfully addressed
JAMES TANNER
Late Commissioner Pensions, Washington, D. C.

Scott & Scharrainghausen,
REAL ESTATE

BOUGHT AND SOLD,
Acre Property A Specialty.

Des Plaines, - ILL.

ACRE TRACTS PURCHASED

Or Subdivided and Managed for
Owners.

Improved Farms and Farming Land in every
state in the Union for sale on long time.
10,000 CITY AND SUBURBAN LOTS
Houses Built to suit purchasers on small
monthly payments.

\$500,000 TO LOAN

To loan on Cook County Real Estate at 6 per
cent interest.
Property bought and sold on commission.
Special attention given to the care and man-
agement of Real Estate.
Taxes paid and Rents Collected. Interest of
non-residents carefully looked after.

17 SOUTH CLARK ST.
Opp. Court House, CHICAGO. A. GRAY,
Tel. 127.