



Stand by the flag.
By JOHN NICHOLAS WILDER.
Stand by the flag! Its stars like meteors gleaming.
Have lighted Arctic icebergs, southern seas,
And shown responsive to the stormy beaming,
Of old Arcurus and the Pleiades.
Stand by the flag! Its stripes have streamed in glory,
To foes a fear, to friends a festal robe,
And spread in rhythmic lines the sacred story
Of Freedom's triumph over all the globe.

Stand by the flag! On land and ocean billow
By its fathers stood unmoved and true,
Living, defended—dying, from their pillow,
With their last blessing, passed it on to you.

Stand by the flag! Immortal heroes bore it
Through sulphurous smoke, deep moat and
armed defense.
And their imperial shades still hover o'er it,
And guard celestial from Omnipotence.

Stand by the flag! Though death-shots round it
rattle,
And underneath its waving folds have met,
In all the dread array of sanguine battle,
The quivering lance and glittering bayonet!

Stand by the flag! All doubt and treason
scorning!
Believe with courage firm and faith sublime,
That it will float until the eternal morning
Pales in its glories all the lights of Time!

A Dog Fight During a Battle.

"I had a dog that followed me all through the war, and was of great service to me," said Capt. Fred Smith, a member of the Old Veterans' Club, that was holding a session in the rotunda of the Lindsell. "He was just a common, 'ornery' looking 'yaller' dog, but he had the heart of a woman and the courage of a lion. I enlisted at Mattoon, and he followed me there. I sent him back home, but he wouldn't stay. The captain took a liking to Zip, and when we were ordered South he went along. Zip participated in several of the big battles of the war, and in any number of skirmishes. He would take up his position near our battery of field pieces and bark defiance at the enemies of his country. At Shiloh a shell exploded within ten feet of Zip and cut off three inches of his bushy tail. That angered him and he advanced on the enemy barking furiously. The lines were about 500 yards apart, and shot and shell were flying thick as hail. Zip ran forward fully 500 yards and gave the Johnnies to distinctly understand that he allowed no tampering with his tail. The Confederate battery also had a dog, a big black mastiff, and he came out to see about it. They didn't waste any time sparring for an opening, but took hold in dead earnest. The Johnnies stopped shooting and began to cheer their dog. We did the same. For full ten minutes those two batteries stood silent while the gunners watched the contest of the canine knights, who fought as though the fate of nations depended on them. 'Pick him, Tiger! Give it to the Yankee son-of-a-gun!' yelled the Confederate cannonners, advancing in front of our lines. A Confederate sergeant threw a rock at our dog, and brought on trouble. 'Keep your hands off that dog!' yelled the captain of our battery, as he hurried back and trained a gun on the Confederate group. That set both batteries to roaring again, and beneath the flood of iron those dogs fought on. I am sorry to say that Zip got the worst of it. He was outclassed, and though he put up as game a fight as ever dog did, he was sent to his corner loser. How the Confeds did yell and hoot and howl! But we had our revenge. We soaked a six pound shell into their dog and blew him into wassage meat.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Presentiments in Battle.

"Thirty years ago to-day the battle of Fredericksburg was fought," remarked Secretary Tindall, the other day. "It was just such a day as this; too, only the rain was not falling. It was a cloudy, murky, moist day. I never think of the battle but I recall Sergt. Higgins, of my regiment, the First Delaware. He was a brave fellow, but had a presentiment that he would be shot in the stomach. He was always nervous on going into a battle, but I saw him stand on the field for ten minutes one day and let a thousand Rebs shoot at him. Just before the battle of Fredericksburg he had that same dread of being shot in the stomach which had followed him through the war. He borrowed a silk dress some of the boys had captured on a forage, borrowed a suit of clothes, and put dress, clothes, and his blanket, all over his stomach. He looked like the fat man in a farce comedy. The battle had not begun in earnest, but the shells from the Confederate guns were falling all around and among us. Our line was steadily moving forward. I noticed Higgins getting more nervous. We marched on. The shells fell thicker and faster. Every now and then some of the boys were downed and their mangled remains born to the rear. Higgins grew more nervous. We marched on. Bang went a shell right over our heads. A piece passed through Higgins' stomach fortification, cutting it like a knife, but only grazing the skin. His stomach had escaped. His foot was torn to pieces. We carried him to the rear. He was afterward brought to Washington and died in the hospital of lockjaw."

Army Officers Don't Like It.

The plan of placing army officers in stead of civilians in charge of Indian agencies has proved a success and satisfaction to the Indians and to their guardians at Washington, but it appears to be quite the contrary with some of the army officers who have been assigned to duty as Indian agents. Of course if they are regularly detailed to that duty, they must serve or throw up their commissions. That it is regarded as an undesirable detail is shown by the fact that two officers recently assigned by the President to such duty are doing all they can to secure a revocation of the orders. These are Capt. Charles Porter, Eighth Infantry, detailed as Indian agent at La Pointe, Wis., and First Lieut. L. A. Lovring, Fourth Infantry, detailed to the Sisseton and Wahpeton agency in South Dakota. They will both probably be successful in their efforts and other officers sent in their stead. It is understood that the chief objection to such duty by army officers is that it is outside of the line of their regular military duties, and that they are hampered in their action by a divided responsibility to the War and Interior Departments, to say nothing of the minor harassments from contractors and the Indians themselves.—Am. Tribune.

Mr. Cleveland's Substitute.

"Now that the campaign is over and that I cannot be accused of making the statement for political effect," remarked Grover Cleveland to a friend yesterday, "I don't mind telling you something about how I felt in my younger days because it was not my good fortune to be a soldier."

"As a small boy my greatest ambition was to become a soldier, and I would gladly have accepted a West Point cadetship if the opportunity had been afforded. But my family was without influence and I was obliged to work for a living. When the war broke out and my old friends and companions marched away to the front I thought my heart would break. It was only on my mother's account that I consented to remain at home. They say that I sent a substitute. Yes, I did, but it was the greatest trial of my life to do it. And for years it was hard work for me to raise the money to pay for that substitute. The hard hand of poverty was pressing me down and I suffered for want of money. Circumstances shaped to prevent me from entering the army, but to my dying day I shall regret that fact."

Owens the Battlefield Now.

An evening or two ago Sergeant George Munroe in the Police Department, while riding on a street car, engaged in conversation upon politics with a stranger.

"Were you in the Atlanta campaign, and do you remember the battle of Ezra Church?" asked the stranger with considerable earnestness.

"I was, and I do; the engagement of my regiment, the One Hundred and Fourth Ohio Volunteer Infantry—at that place is marked on the regimental flag at 'Battle of Utoy Creek.' They are one and the same."

"Well, I own that battlefield now; my name is Stone—Dr. Stone—and I am glad to have met a man who had bullets fired at him on the site of my residence; and, by the way," said the doctor, "I have in my pocket some of the rebel minie-balls which I recently unearthed near my house. Perhaps you would like one as a souvenir. Here it is."

Th Sergeant took the proffered bullet, and if it were gold he would not value it more.—Boston Transcript.

Strongest Cannon in the World.

The first firing of the Brown segmental tube-wire five-inch gun, at Birdsboro, Pa., on the 3rd inst., was made with the tube only rough bored, the object being chiefly to test the working of the breech mechanism, rather than to experiment with high pressure in the gun. The results were very satisfactory. On the third fire, in which eighteen pounds of powder and an eighty-four-pound shot were used, the breech mechanism worked perfectly and easily, with a pressure of more than sixty thousand pounds to the square inch. This result was very astonishing, but subsequent firings demonstrated that the pressure of over sixty thousand pounds to the square inch, obtained at the third shot, was absolutely accurate. The first firing of the Brown segmental wire gun, without a lining-tube, has shown, therefore, that it will withstand, absolutely without a lining-tube and without the slightest injury, a pressure that would burst any other kind of a gun.

To Keep Guns from Rusting.

The best way to preserve a gun from rusting is to have a ring of zinc soldered round the barrel, or, if it is not convenient to do this, to have a long strip of zinc soldered out of sight underneath the barrel. The galvanic action which is excited between the zinc and the iron effectually prevents the oxidation of either metal, and as long as the zinc remains in contact with the iron no particle of rust will appear on the inside or outside of the barrel.

Jefferson Davis's Remains.

Major J. Taylor Ellison, president of the Jefferson Davis Monument Association, says it is probable that the remains of Mr. Davis will be removed from New Orleans to Richmond, Va., for final interment in the early spring; that he has received numbers of satisfactory letters from the collectors of the monument fund, and that when the weather opens permanently a new impetus will be given to the scheme.

Capt. A. D. Peck of the Massachusetts Bicycle Club rode 4,356 miles last year. Since 1893 his record is 37,534 miles.



As You Go Through Life.

Don't look for the flaws as you go through life: And even when you find them. It is wise and kind to be somewhat blind. And look for the virtue behind them. For the cloudiest night has a tint of light. Somewhere in its shadows hiding: It is better by far to look at a star Than the spots on the sun abiding.

The current of life runs ever away To the bosom of God's great ocean: Don't set your force against the river's course And think to alter its motion. Don't waste a curse on the universe—Remember it lived before you: Don't butt at the storm with your puny form. But bend and let it go o'er you.

The world will never adjust itself To suit your whim to the letter: Some things go wrong your whole life long. And the sooner you know it the better. It is folly to fight with the infinite And go under at last in the wrestle: The wisest man shapes into God's plan, As water shapes into a vessel.

The Redwood Tree.

On the camping grounds of the Bohemian Club on Austin Creek, and in the Armstrong tract near Guerneville, one finds the lowland redwood in perfection. In such places there are often rings of great trees inclosing pits five or six feet deep, and thirty, forty, or even fifty feet in diameter. Each of these pits is supposed to show where the venerable ancestor of the surrounding circle of trees once stood.

Long before it fell, innumerable sprouts grew from the yet living roots. Afterward, when the giant yielded, the rains washed new soil into the "bottoms" from the mountain sides to fill the deep chasm. For a century or so there was a struggle among the children of the fallen monarch, and at last only seven or eight remained to become great trees of twelve feet in diameter, set on the rim of the pit formed by the decay of the roots of the ancient tree, and each having a complete root system of its own.

Other trees, seedlings or sprouts, grow up between them, and in a few more centuries the process of forming another redwood-tree ring will be repeated about the largest of the second growth. Rings of this sort can be in all stages of formation in every canon and valley of the redwood county. Some very large rings still show the broken edges of the central tree's roots protecting like the staves of a barrel around the hollow, overgrown with ferns and with wild oxalis, or filled to the brim with fresh, splay redwood sprouts.

Men Who Wear Diamonds.

It is always shocking to a foreigner when he sees an American woman adorned with jewelry in the morning. Diamond earrings at the breakfast table but confirm his notions of the barbarism of the new country, yet, in reality, very few of our women are as guilty of as bad taste in the matter of untimely adornment as certain types of men, who mark each era of their prosperity by an additional piece of jewelry.

The sport who wins at the races or on the result of a prize-fight immediately buys a diamond stud or ring as large as he can get for the money he has to spend. It does not matter if it is off color or not, he flashes it before the eyes of his less fortunate companions with an air of triumph in its possession that the vainest woman could not have the bonéss to essay.

What matters it if the shirt front is soiled or the finger stumpy and nails the worse for wear, that show up in glaring contrast to the headlight he is so proud of—he is wearing diamonds, and that settles it.

Now to the mind who considers diamonds of whatever water prima facie evidences of wealth, there could never come the dawning of that innate refinement that prompts a man to eschew displaying the greater bank account he possesses. Wealth and simplicity go hand in hand, but the genus sport or nouveau riche will cling to his jewelry as the outward token of financial prosperity that must of necessity overawe less favored mortals.

Codfish Mines.

An old sailor to the Arctic regions has been telling how he misses really cold weather down this way:

"Tain't the kind of air I'm used to," he said. "I don't believe I'll ever get what I want this side of Labrador. You don't have to fish for cod down to Labrador. You just get a pick and shovel and mine 'em—just mine 'em out of the icebergs. They're frozen in fast. Some of 'em have been in there for a million years, more or less. They got caught up some time and just frozen in."

"A whaling man't know his business can tell off-hand where he'd strike a paying lead. He lands a crew on a berg and they cut a level place to stand on, and they just open galleries into the ice. You find the cod in seams like coal. I never worked in a coal pit, but I've had the thing explained to me, and it's about the same. The cod were swimming around and a layer of them got frozen. Then would come a layer of plain ice underneath, without any trimmings, and afterward another layer of cod. It's colder work than fishing, cod mining 'e, but the returns are quicker."

Old London Churches.

The Church of St. Mary Woolnoth, which stands out conspicuously at the King William Street corner of Lombard Street, London, was closed ten months ago, and it is clear from the statement of the rector that the step was not premature. It has been his unhappy lot to be often startled in the course of his services by a loud yet muffled sound, evidently issuing from the vaults under the church.

As these vaults are now "hermetically sealed," the phenomenon may well have excited the imagination of timid members of the congregation. Mr. Brooke, however, recognized the noises only too well. They were caused by the falling of leaden coffins, sometimes from the height of ten or twelve feet, in consequence of the mouldering away of the coffins of oak and elm on which they had been piled.

It would be well if the evils of this relic of our barbarous system of intramural interment had ended here. Unfortunately the process of "hermetically sealing," according to Mr. Brooke's evidence before the Consistory Court of St. Paul's Cathedral, has been anything but "hermetical." Mr. Brooke declares that for years nearly every official had died from the effects, direct or indirect, of the unendurable smell.

Arthur Statham, the counsel representing the parish, stated that 1,631 adults and 426 children had been deposited in this horrible receptacle between 1700 and 1832. In the latter year, according to Mr. Statham, the vault was closed for burials; but these burials in St. Mary Woolnoth, if burials they can be called, were continued for at least twelve years after the latter date. The question appears now to revolve itself into that of apportioning the cost of removing these human remains. Clearly a decision should be come to without a moment's unnecessary delay.

A Droll Council.

A correspondent says that the good citizens of Kempen in Holland, where Thomas A' Kempis was born, do some droll things. At one time a fire broke out and much damage was done because the engines were out of repair. The Council met, and after much argument it was voted that on the eve preceding every fire the town officers should carefully examine the engines pumps, etc.

One of the greatest profits of the town was the toll exacted at the gates. The council wished to increase the income, and instead of increasing the toll it was voted to double the number of gates. This same council also ordered the sundial to be taken from the court-house common and placed under cover, where it would be protected from the weather. But of all the queer things that are told of Kempen and its people nothing is so absurd as this: Grass grew on the top of a very high tower, and the only way these very droll Dutchmen could think of to get it off was to hoist a cow up and let her eat it.

Burial of the Dead.

The Mohammedans always, whether in their own country or one of adoption, bury without coffin or casket of any kind. During the time of the old Roman Empire the dead bodies of all except suicides were buried. The Greeks sometimes buried their dead in the ground, but more generally cremated them in imitation of the Romans. In India up till the last few years the wife, either according to her wishes or otherwise, was cremated on the same funeral pyre that converted her husband's remains into ashes.

When a child dies in Greenland the natives bury a live dog with it, the dog to be used by the child as a guide to the other world. When questioned in regard to this peculiar superstition they will only answer:

"A dog can find his way anywhere."

The natives of Australia tie the hands of their dead together and pull out their nails. This is for fear the corpse may scratch its way out of the grave and become a vampire. The primitive Russians place a certificate of character in the dead person's hands, which is to be given to St. Peter at the gates of heaven.

The Flight of Flies.

"The speed of flies is something that I have always had a great curiosity to know," said J. A. Bascomb of Little Rock, Ark., at the Lindsell, says the Globe-Democrat. "I rode out of Little Rock early one morning over the Little Rock & Memphis Railroad. My business necessitated my occupying a seat in the engineer's cab.

"The air was chill and crisp, and as we passed through a stretch of swamp I noticed that great swarms of little green flies that abound in the Arkansas swamps were attracted to the locomotive by its heat. They appeared almost frozen. They flew along close to the engine to keep warm. Going on a down grade of forty-five miles in length we ran a mile a minute. The flies easily kept up with us and really went faster than we traveled. I am confident their speed was greater than a mile a minute, and I will venture the assertion that they didn't reach the limit."

Why She Was Pleased.

There are a good many Belgian servants in Paris. They have no great pretensions. Some of them get 20 francs a month, with a daily allowance of 31 centimes (3 pence) for their food, and do not ask for more. Out of this they contrive to send, at long intervals, some assistance to the old folks at home. The other day one of the girls came to our back door. She appeared all smiles.

"What is up with you this morning?" inquired her countrywoman, who was busy polishing her copper stewpans. "Oh, I am so pleased," was the reply. "I have had news from home. My father has received a license to beg."

ANY ARTIST KNEW.

A Lady Who Felt Wise Until It Appeared That She Was Foolish.

It is never wise, as it is never kind, to "put on airs," and when those persons who endeavor to clothe themselves in vast superiority come to grief it is seldom that they succeed in their discomfiture. A well-known American artist was last summer sketching in the galleries of the Louvre in Paris. Being at work he had, of course, something the appearance of being a habitué of the place, and as such he was several times addressed by the visitors.

On one occasion he was approached by a couple of ladies, one of whom asked:

"Can you tell us where to find the statue of Cupid and—"

She paused, says the Boston Courier, in the evident hope that he would help her out, but he had heard the name Psyche pronounced in so many ways that he was curious to see what would be made out of it now. The visitor, finding that he would not pronounce the name, turned appealingly to her companion, and the other lady said with much briskness:

"Why, of course you know: the famous statue of Cupid—and the person who is with him."

There was a very different air about the lady who one day haughtily said to the artist:

"Will you be so good as to direct me to the statue of Catherine de Medici?"

"The statue of Catherine de Medici," he repeated in some perplexity. "I don't remember such a statue."

The smile of the visitor was more superior than ever as she replied:

"Oh, it is one of the best-known statues here I supposed that any artist would know where it is to be found."

There was so much scorn in her accent as she pronounced the word "artist" that the gentleman was at once amused and annoyed.

"I am an artist," he said; "but I cannot help you, unless it might be that you have made a mistake and it is the Venus de Medici you are looking for."

The expression that came over the face of the superior questioner was both ludicrous and self-betraying.

"Why," she stammered, "it was the Venus de Medici that I wanted, of course. Do you know where that is?"

"Oh, yes," he answered, smiling. "Any artist can tell you that."—N. Y. World.

THREE LITTLE PRINCES.

How the Children of the Kaiser Are Treated in Their Home Life.

Of the daily life of the three eldest imperial princes our Berlin correspondent writes: The princes, as is generally known, are very simple and strictly brought up. Every day, Summer and winter, they get up at 7 o'clock in the morning, and have breakfast at a quarter to 8 consist of tea and rolls.

The meal never lasts more than a quarter of an hour. Punctually at 8 their lessons begin. The Crown Prince, as well as the Princes Fritz and Adalbert, are each taught separately, but for some hours the Crown Prince and Prince Fritz are taught together. The Crown Prince, who is most zealous and takes all his lessons in earnest, is much further advanced than his two brothers.

The play hours during the morning are filled up with gymnastics, games of ball, digging, etc., in the playground near the right wing of the new palace. At 9:15 they take luncheon—sard-wiches, claret and natural mineral water, which beverage is much drunk at the imperial table. After lunch they again have lessons for a short time, and then take their riding lessons, either in the riding school in bad weather, or fine weather out of doors. The Crown Prince, who is an excellent rider with a firm seat, has lately begun to ride his horse Abdul, which he received on his birthday from the emperor, a handsome large Arabian, with a long tail and thick mane, of faultless build, proud bearing and a most graceful step. After their riding lessons they sometimes take a ride in the neighborhood of the new palace, accompanied by the Crown Prince's military governor, Major Von Falkenhayn.

A PUBLIC HANGING.

Effect of the Last One in Philadelphia.

There is at present standing on a shelf in an old lumber room, on Market street, above Second, a plaster cast dingy with dust and exposure. No one at all familiar with the human physiognomy could be mistaken in judging the face to be that of a bad man, and there is a curious distortion about the mouth. It is the cast of the head James Moran, the mutineer, and the last criminal executed in public in Philadelphia county.

On the 10th of May, 1837, guarded by a company of United States marines, he was taken to the gallows erected in the middle of the square at Seventh and Green streets. Half the population of the city was present, and the moral effect of the spectacle was attested by the fact that the street was lined with drinking booths, fights were indulged in, and a man was stabbed and nearly killed.

Dr. Washington Daffy had the cast taken and it was much discussed at the time. The head is almost as flat as a tomatto, and the expression of the face that of a demon.

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

She—Dudes haven't more than half sense. Mr. Sappy—Aw, Miss Maw, are there no exceptions? "Oh, yes, Mr. Sappy; some haven't any."

"Things never do go right in this world," said the pessimistic hired man. "Bobwire fences didn't come in until after leather pants had gone out of style."

He—Now that you have rejected me, may I say a word to you as a friend? She—Certainly. He—Well, I think you are making the greatest mistake of your life.

Penelope—O, I'm in awful luck. Perdita—What's the matter? Penelope—Engaged, and I have still eight new dresses of which I will never have a chance to try the effect.

Little Nellie had been quiet for a good while. "What's the matter?" asked her mother. "Is unhappy." "Unhappy?" "Yes'm." "Why?" "I can't think of any question to ask."

Mrs. De Neat, reprovingly—I put a cake of soap on your washstand nearly three months ago, and it's as large now as it was then. Small Son—Y-e-s, mamma, I'm—I'm keepin' it to remember you by.

Brown—There are some things in which the ancients surpassed the moderns. Dunn—What, for instance? Brown—Noah was a better weather prophet than the fellows who make the predictions nowadays.

"See that team of horses, how nicely they go together, John. Why can't a man and woman pull together like that?" "There's every reason, my dear. Those horses only have one tongue between them."

He—An agnostic, my dear, is one who knows nothing. She—I see. You refer to the youth fresh from college. He—Or, rather, I should say, one who does not claim to know anything. She—Ah! then of course I am wrong. No, you can not mean the youth fresh from college.

"Coming out of church last Sunday," told a woman this week, "I overheard a woman near me ask a man as to the health of his wife. 'She is not very well,' he replied. 'She has suffered from insomnia for some weeks.' 'Oh, spoke up a third member of the group—a woman, alas! I can sympathize with her. I have it myself, dreadfully. This morning in church I've had a severe attack!'"

FACTS FOR INFORMATION.

Mrs. Sarah Balch Braman of Georgetown, Mass., it is said, was born in December, 1790.

About \$17,000,000 in dividends of various kinds was distributed in one month in Boston.

A judge at Biddeford, Maine, sentenced a drunkard to pay a fine or take a course of the bichloride of gold cure.

Many of the most appetizing soups that delight the palate of man are said to have been invented in the middle ages.

A telegraphic signal passes from end to end of the Atlantic cable, a distance of 2,700 miles, in less than one-third of a second.

A well known literary woman expresses her belief in Christmas, but thinks that the day after should be abolished.

Lord Bacon gave the world some excellent culinary recipes. One of his papers gives nine methods of making mince pies.

The Languedoc ship canal in France, by a short passage of 148 miles, saves a sea voyage of 2,000 miles by the Straits of Gibraltar.

The largest needle manufactory in the world is in Redditch, Worcestershire, England. Over 70,000,000 are made weekly.

In an article advocating brevity of speech, a writer in a London journal, (Academy) uses one terse sentence in which there are 174 words.




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COSTLY POSTOFFICES.

THEY ARE USUALLY LOCATED IN REMOTE DISTRICTS.

Many of Them Are Almost Inaccessible, but Uncle Sam's Mails Must Reach Destination at any Cost—Some Pictures.



THE RESIDENTS of cities whose letters are at times a little overdue would be less impatient with the public servants if they understood with how much labor and oftentimes danger the duties of the mail carrier are attended.

Accustomed to express trains and telegraphic messages, we are apt to forget the fact that the great majority of our postoffices are not yet served by railroads, but are situated on stage routes, or are reached by horse carriers, or even by footmen, who penetrate to fastnesses where it is impossible to urge a horse with safety. In winter many of them travel by snowshoe and with dog sleds like those of the Esquimaux. The new territory of Alaska, now within the postal confines of the United States, has twenty-two postoffices in regular operation, but they are no more remote than are many in regions in the Eastern and earliest settled States.

This principle of universal extension of the postal service fairly rivals the colporteur methods of the Christian religion. The aim of the government, regardless of expense to it or of labor upon the part of its servants, is to place within the reach of all citizens the refining and humanizing influences of newspapers, of home and social letters, without which men, when exiled, tend to ignorance and brutality. No question as to what revenue will be derived from the new office has weight; the consideration is: Will it be of substantial benefit to grant postal facilities, and, if so, then supplies are sent to the point and bids invited for carrying the mails.

As an Inspector I visited Lee's Ferry, in Coconino County, Ariz. The office is on the Colorado River. Being in Utah we went by the mail route southward from Salina, where early on a March day we took stage for Kanab via Panguitch. The ride occupied three full days and at the end of the 203th mile we stopped at a farm house late at night, thoroughly chilled and worn out. Thence to the ferry was 93 miles, but fortunately we had a day in which to rest before proceeding on our journey. Had De Foe made the same trip I am sure he would never have selected the cheerful island of Juan Fernandez as the type of a lonesome place. For over two hundred miles we traversed a section of the American desert upon which there is little water, scant vegetation and few people. The latter are specially praiseworthy for being hospitable from so meagre a store. It is of the same character of country that Stanton and his party of brave surveyors, when wrecked on their first disastrous voyage down the Colorado, crossed afoot to the Mormon settlement which sheltered the survivors and sent them safely home. The solitude of the expedition unhinged the minds of the men. It is not surprising. At Lee's were scarcely a dozen patrons of the office, and it costs the government many dollars for every letter and paper that crosses the route. But the people at the ferry are Americans and they must have letters; and further, should an obstruction occur on that isolated route an agent of the government must investigate it, personally if necessary, with the same alacrity that is observed when trouble arises in the city of New York.

In Wisconsin and Michigan when the roads are blocked with snow drifts the mails go forward with regularity by snowshoe and dog sled carriers. Such methods of locomotion, though primitive, are not as slow as might be supposed. Many of these Indian carriers will make fifty miles a day and their paths are not nearly as arduous as the "bride paths" of the Eastern mountains, where in spring it is almost impossible for a man to find a footing. Throughout the swamp



OVER THE BRINK OF A RAVINE, regions of Eastern North Carolina, and in the pine and turpentine country in general, are postoffices that are remarkably inaccessible, supplying communication between the lumber shippers of the South and the warehouses in the North. Sans Souci, in North Carolina, is of this class, and is reached by rail from Norfolk to Edenton, thence by steamer across the sound to Plymouth, and from there on by a little propeller running up the Cashie River, stopping at numerous sawmills to exchange the mails. The Cashie is narrow, deep and very crooked, running to all points of the compass in the swamps before entering the Roanoke.

It is lined with heavy pines which are being cut down. We passed a raft of 5,000 in tow to Edenton, breaking apart and stopping navigation for a mile and delaying our arrival at Edenton until after midnight. It was at the latter place that Sir Walter Raleigh made his first home in America.

There are other equally inaccessible offices reached by ferry across the Neuse at New Bern, and riding some twenty miles across a sand beach to Pamlico or Bayboro. There are few people there and little activity is seen save the hoeing of peanuts.

Beyond the difficulties attending the reaching of remote post offices there is at times unusual danger in the work of the mail carrier. In winter many of the routes in the Rockies are very dangerous and almost superhuman efforts are required to avoid fines for



IN WISCONSIN.

delinquency. When the rich Lamartine mines were opened in Colorado, I was ordered to that point in midwinter. Without a guide, and following verbal directions, I rode from Freeland, turning my horse into the bed of a mountain stream. It was dark as we approached Freeland, and had grown much colder. The stream had turned to thin ice, making it difficult for the horse to keep his footing. I endeavored to keep him on his feet, but he grew nervous, and reaching a wide place in the stream where all feet were on the ice, he slipped and fell headlong, and in trying to rise rolled from the bed of the shallow stream into a deep ravine, the bottom of which could not be seen in the darkness. I was uninjured, and picking my way cautiously to Freeland remained there all night, going on to the Springs by daylight. On my way I met the carrier coming afoot slowly up the mountain. He had lost two mules by their slipping from the narrow path, but was trying to perform the service with a degree of regularity, as the mines were filling with people anxious for their letters from home.

A WOMAN'S GYMNASIUM. One of the Newest Things Seen in College Life.

The subject of physical training for female physicians has recently attracted the attention of the faculties



IN THE GYMNASIUM.

of several institutions devoted exclusively to the medical education of women, and plans are maturing for the establishment of departments of physical exercise similar to those which exist in colleges for men. In Philadelphia the Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania has a gymnasium already in operation which cost \$40,000. The sum of \$3,000 has been raised, and each alumnus and undergraduate pledged to collect \$100 in furtherance of the scheme. The chair which a portion of this money will endow will be known as the "Chair of Preventive Medicine." The gymnasium is situated on South College Avenue, near the "Ridge," in Philadelphia, and has a present capacity for accommodating about twenty-five pupils. The students use a regulation uniform of blue flannel bloomers and waist bound with white braid, lawn tennis slippers and black stockings. In some cases kilts are worn.

Claims He Is Charley Ross.

Charleston, in Coles County, Ind., has a Charley Ross claimant. His name is Charles Thomas Ross and he claims that when 9 years old he was brought to St. Louis in a mover's wagon by a horse-trader named Taylor, a low, heavy-set fellow with sandy mustache. To escape abuse the boy ran away and went to Clinton, Ind. He was later befriended by John Brick, a farmer of Edgar County, Ill., and for several years worked on farms in that State. He was married last summer and estimates his age at 23 or 24 years. The Whittier Block, in which he stopped when he first went to St. Louis, is one of the most notorious tenements in that city. Ross thinks he is the long missing Charlie and has written to Philadelphia.

The Busy Leech.

The only things more annoying than mosquitoes and sand flies in Sumatra are leeches. Step three yards into the jungle at the side of the road, and in an instant there will be some of them up your trouser's leg, little fellows an inch long and one-tenth of an inch in diameter, which will fill themselves with blood and drop down,

THE UTOPIAN PERIOD.

ELECTRICITY LIGHTING UP NEW CIVILIZATION.

Don the Whole World Will Be Controlled by This Wonderful Force—Has the Fabled Lamp of Aladdin Been Found?



HOUSEWORK AND electricity have been wedded, and it isn't a bad match either. Electricity promises to bring about a regular revolution in domestic affairs.

What do you say to heating a house by electricity in winter and cooling it in summer by the same magical agency? It is done. You need not have a grain of fuel in your cellar nor an ice-chest inside the larder. Just press the button and you know the rest!

Of course, if you are a housekeeper, you have a range or a gas-stove, over which you or your Hannah patiently bake yourselves in your efforts to cook an ordinary meal. Under the electrical regime there will not be a stove in the house. Instead there will be a fine marble slab or an iron shelf, neatly placed at one side of your roomy kitchen. When the hour arrives to begin the preparation of a meal you whisk out a number of sheet-iron ovens and frying-pans, around each of which is an electric coil. Above the slab is a switchboard such as you see in a telephone office, and there is any number of those nice green cords hanging from



COOKING BY ELECTRICITY.

It. Stick these into the coils under your meat and vegetables, and behold! they will simmer and bake with perfect evenness.

Or, if you are a girl bachelor and haven't any kitchen at all, you can have the daintiest of repasts cooked in a trice by a cord from your electric light. Just move the knobs to one side of your table, set out the chafin dish or a plain electrical stewpan, stick the plug in the coil and read your morning paper while your eggs or your chops are being cooked.

If electricity does not solve the servant question, then nothing can. Co-operation doesn't make housework any less wearing and unpleasant, but electricity does. Wash day and ironing day won't know themselves very soon, when the boiler gets a big coil under it and is hitched to the switchboard by one of those green cords the clothes will boil all day without so much as a single poke of encouragement. Then as to ironing day. You will probably iron your best handkerchiefs yourself, just for the fun of it. Select your favorite iron—you will need but one—attach the indispensable green cord and you may iron miles of linen or cambric without a pause—at any rate so far as the iron is concerned.

This is all true. Heating, lighting, cooking, washing, ironing—all these things can be done by electricity, and in such a pleasant, easy way that housework ought to lose all its terrors. But electricity is very audacious. It says the world is too slow and it proposes to hurry us. It began with getting our messages back and forth by telegraph and so on. Then it took us in hand on electric cars. Now, it has approached our food. It has been found that if you pass an electric current through the ground where vegetables are growing they will mature much more rapidly; so we will prob-



IRONING BY ELECTRICITY.

ably have electrical strawberries, electrical asparagus, and other electrical green things in market, or you can have a little electrical garden of your own and astonish your friends with tomatoes and corn in March. Indeed, it seems as if we had found, in the electric light, the fabled lamp of Aladdin.

Not a Case for Bitterness.

"Yes," she said, musingly, "that woman won from me the only admirer I ever had. It was twenty-five years ago." "And you have never forgiven her?" "Forgiveness?" echoed the gentle old lady, passing her hand over her silvery locks. "I have never ceased to compassionate her. He became night editor of a daily paper about the time they were married, and the poor dear girl hasn't really got acquainted with him even yet."

SOCIETY WOMEN IN COURT.

Parkersburg, West Virginia, Enjoying a Social Sensation.

The city of Parkersburg, W. Va., is enjoying a social sensation of considerable magnitude. In the United States Court there Mrs. Sallie T. Shaw, a noted society woman, has been on trial, accused of uttering slander rough the mails against a young woman of supposed irreproachable character. The complaining witness, Miss Hilda Fischer, is the daughter of C. H. Fischer, a leading citizen. She is quite a favorite in society circles. More than fifty witnesses have been summoned. Young ladies and married ladies, boys and men, all are being called to the witness stand. Miss Fischer and Mrs. Shaw, before the letters were received by the former, were intimate friends. Mrs. Shaw's home was frequently the scene of gatherings of young people, and Miss Fischer was always one of the number. When the letters were sent rumors followed, and Miss Fischer was ostracized by society. The names of several prominent business men were given in the letters and rumors. Miss Fischer grieved greatly over the charges, and it was feared she would lose her mind. Suspicion was directed at half a dozen people. Government detectives were called to work on the case. Two inspectors sought to secure evidence by means of decoy letters. In this way they managed to obtain two of Mrs. Shaw's letters, and through them secured her indictment.



MISS FISCHER.

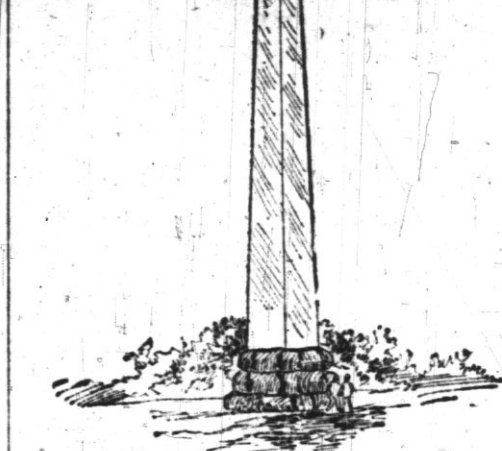
A GIANT OBELISK It Comes from Wisconsin for the World's Great Exposition. The fact recently announced that the largest monolith in the world had been successfully quarried in Wisconsin excited much attention and led to many inquiries as to the particulars of a feat that surpassed those of the Egyptians, notwithstanding that those old obelisk specialists had armies of slaves at their command. Here is the history of the stone:

In the month of May of this year explorations were begun at the Excelsior quarry, Wilson Island, to find a suitable stone, and several locations were uncovered by removing the earth and top rock where the stone was found perfect in color and texture, with every prospect of success, until about about seventy feet was reached, when a small crevice or crack appeared which prevented getting the length required. Other points were tried without success and then the Prentiss Quarries were tried. Five steam channellers and thirty men were set to work on Aug. 1. Work was pushed rapidly and a perfect shaft was secured 115 feet long. In October and the first part of November the stone on each side and at each end of the

monster monolith was cut away and by the middle of November nothing remained to be done except to loosen the bottom of the stone from its bed.

For this work wedges had been entered, and all that remained to be done was to drive them upon a given signal until the rock was wholly separated. Fifty men were carefully selected for this work, and with mauls raised, on Nov. 18 they waited for the signal.

The word was given at 11 o'clock by President Prentice of the Prentice Brown-stone Company, who donated the stone to the State of Wisconsin.



WISCONSIN OBELISK FOR THE WORLD'S FAIR.

Height, 115 feet. The stone was found to be 115 feet long, 10x10 at the base, and 4x4 at the top. This length exceeds by ten feet the tallest obelisk produced by the Egyptians. The great shaft will be trimmed and placed on a barge which will be towed by a tug to Chicago. Four more monoliths, each 25 feet tall, will be excavated and sent to Chicago to be placed in proper positions about the monster monolith.—New York World.

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The word was given at 11 o'clock by President Prentice of the Prentice Brown-stone Company, who donated the stone to the State of Wisconsin. At the sound of his voice the mauls descended. At each man struck a wedge he stepped forward, from the base to the apex, striking a wedge at each step. The men kept step like soldiers, and the fifty mauls descended as though wielded by one man. The first crack appeared at the base. It gradually widened and spread as the blows continued to descend until at last the entire shaft separated from the ledge. There was a slight tremble at the moment of complete parting, and there lay the great monolith.

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Prepared for Emergencies.

They were sleigh riding and the circumstances led her to inquire: "George, what makes you look a your watch so often?" "Susie," he answered, "do you remember the time we went sleigh riding and had to walk seven miles back home through a thaw?" "Yes," she replied. "Well, Susie, this isn't a watch. It's a thermometer."

A WHIRL OF HUMOR.

FUNNY SAYINGS AND DOINGS BY THE FUNNY MEN.

Short and Crisp Conversations Which Reflect our manifold Fallings Like a Mirror—A Few Illustrated Definitions.

Liked Oysters. Little Son—Mamma, do you like pearls?

Mamma—Indeed I do. Little Son—Well, you give me some money to go to a restaurant an' get a oyster stew, an' mebbe I'll find a nice pearl for you.

Generous. Mike—Bad 'cess t' yez, Pat Hooley, oi ain't seen yez since lasht St. Patrick's day. Will yez go an' have some thin'?

Pat—Oi will thot. Mike—Thin let's go an' teka walk.

Avoiding a Scene. Wife—Did you tell that girl she'd not to go to an' once?

Husband—I did, and she says she won't. Shall I call a policeman?

Wife—Merey, no! The ideal our games would be in all the papers. I'll get rid of her.

Husband—You? How can you? Wife—I'll tell her you are a brute, and want to send her away to save expense, although I'm sick, and will actually suffer without her help. Then she'll go.

Likely to Get Even. Old Friend—What became of that beautiful full-length portrait of yourself and your first husband?

Mrs. Twotimes—It is hidden away up garret. My second husband has never seen it yet. I'm keeping it for a surprise.

"A surprise?" "Yes. If he ever again gives me a 25-cent bottle of perfume for a Christmas present, I'll give him that painting for a New Year's present."

A Persistent Dog. Mother—Horror! Where did you get that dog?

Young Hopeful—He followed me home!

"Hum! Why did you coax him?" "I didn't coax him. I threw things at him, but he would come anyhow."

"That's strange. What did you throw?" "A lot of hard, ugly, old bones the butcher gave me."

Gave Him Warning. Western Judge—Why did you kill Long Jack?

Hair-Trigger Ike—He was a bad man, y'r honor, an' it was a case o' chaw or be chawed.

Judge—Did you give him any warning before you shot him?

Hair-Trigger Ike—Oh, yes, y'r honor. I told him to hold up his hands.

Tried to Please. Little Dot—Mamma, Mrs. Van Twiller has two little bits of babies, an' one is a boy an' one is a girl.

Mamma—They are twins. Little Dot (after reflection)—Mrs. Van Twiller doesn't talk very good English, an' I s'pose the 'Merican angels couldn't understand which kind she wanted.

Cheap Music. Fair Customer—Have you a piece called the 'Moonlight Sonata'?

Clerk—Yes, madam; Beethoven's 'Moonlight Sonata.' Here it is.

"What is the price?" "Only twenty cents."

"Oh, that's too cheap. Show me something better."

In No Danger. Amateur Sportsman (in the Maine woods)—Aw, I say, mah man, are bears very dangerous?

Guide—You needn't have no fear, sir. Bears don't never turn upon a man until they've been hit, an' you'd most likely miss 'em.

Can't Wait. Prison Missionary—Ah, you have a pet, I see.

Convict—Yes—this rat. I feeds him every day. I think more o' that 'ere rat than any other livin' creature.

Missionary—Ah, in every man there's something of the angel left, if one can only find it. How can you take such a fancy to that rat?

Convict—He bit th' keeper.—New York Weekly.

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Wanted Some Excitement.

Potted Boy—Mamma, may I go sledging?

Fond Mamma (nervously)—A boy was killed on that hill last winter, and two boys were hurt only last week.

"May I go skating?" "Horror, no! You might break through and get drowned."

"May I go play in the street?" "There was a terrible runaway right past the house only three days ago, and there's no telling what moment another may happen. Sit down and I'll read to you."

"Well, mamma, please read me some nice little story about a boy gettin' struck by a meteor while his mamma was reading to him."

The Language of Presents. George—What's wrong?

Jack—I can't make out what Miss Pinkie's little present to me means.

George—If it's useful it means that she's interested in your conduct, and would probably say "yes." If it's only ornamental it means that the present is sent merely as a little token to a friend.

Jack—The one she sent me is both useful and ornamental. It's a handsomely decorated individual salt-cellar.

George—That means that she considers you both useful and ornamental, but a little too fresh.

An Ignorant Stranger. Stranger—Where is the court house?

Boy—Bout six blocks west from here.

Stranger—But I don't know which way is west.

Boy—W'y jus'tan' with your face to th' north, an' then y'r right hand'll point east an' y'r left hand west. Thort everybody knew that.

A Sunday Game. Mother—You shouldn't play games on Sunday.

Little Boy—This one is all right. "Do you mean that all that running and jumping is right?"

"Yes'm, we're playing steeple chase, and pretendin' they is reg'lar church steeples."

They Cry in Tragedy. Friend—Did you ever shed real tears on the stage?

Actress—Often. It's enough to make even an actress cry to be told, right in the middle of a five-act tragedy, that the manager has skipped with the gate receipts.

His Trade Suits Him. ONARRAH CHIMNEY SWEEP.

Reason Enough. Bilkins—Why are you so excited over the prospect of an international yacht race? You don't know a catboat from a cutter?

Wilkins—No; but I have a nautical friend who always tells me which way to bet.

Worked in the Dark. Small Boy—Mamma says you are a self-made man.

Mr. Pomposus (proudly)—Yes, my son.

Small Boy—You didn't have any lookin' glass, did you?

Bound to Be Around. First Boy—Whenever there's a picture of two lovers, there's a lot of little boys around with wings. Wots they for?

Second Boy—I guess they is her little brothers wot's dead.

Little Johnnie's Treasures. Mrs. Wearie—When you sweep little Johnnie's room don't put the sweepings in the fire.

New Girl—Why not, mum?

Mrs. Wearie—The last time I did that the stove exploded.

Hard to Beat. Small Son—Vy you lets dot gustomer beat you down 50 cents on dose pants?

Father—Dot's all right, mine son. I left dose price-marks on pehinad, and he vill do us ten tollars worth of advertisin' befor he gets to Broadway.

The Wrong Time. Mother—No wonder you catch cold. Every night you kick all the covers off. Why do you do it?

Little Boy—I don't know, mamma. You'll have to ask me when I's asleep.

Juvenile Amenities. Envious Boy (on foot)—I know wh that there thing is called a safety?

Proud Boy (on bicycle)—Why?

Envious Boy—Cause any fool le ride it without fallin' off.

Its Usefulness Gone. Mamma—Why don't you play wi that clock-work elephant? Santa Cla brought you?

Little Dick—It doesn't scare the c any more.

All He Had Left. Wife (significantly)—That pott book you gave me for a Christu present was empty.

Husband (grimly)—Yes, it was mine.

Her Brother Testifies. Mr. Niccicello (playfully)—W makes your ears so big?

Small Terror—Sis pulls 'em I everything every time I tell on 'er.

CHICAGO AMUSEMENTS

A List of Chicago's Most Popular Theaters.

THE AUDITORIUM.

Friday afternoon and Saturday evening, Chicago Orchestra under the direction of Theodore Thomas. Soloist, Mr. Theo. Spiering. Feb. 24 and 25, Padgrewski. Branch office in the Inter Ocean building.

MOOLEY'S.

Rosina Vokes, supported by Felix Morris and her London Comedy Company. At 8 o'clock, "A Game of Cards;" at 9 o'clock, "The Circus Rider;" at 10 o'clock, "My Lord in Livery."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

Every night, De Wolf Hopper in "Wang." Only matinee Saturdays. Thursday, Feb. 16, "Lumberman's Night;" Friday, Feb. 17, "Chicago Hussar Night."

WINDSOR THEATRE.

Matinee Wednesday. Packed to the doors to see sweet singer Charles A. Gardner, under the management of Sidney R. Ellis, in "Fatherland." Next week—Fitz and Webster in "A Breezy Time."

M'VICKER'S THEATRE.

There will be an exciting novelty in the first production in this city of A. Y. Pearson's great patriotic spectacular drama "The White Squadron." This elaborate production, which has proved to be the biggest of the dramatic successes of the New York season, will commence an engagement at McVicker's Theatre, Feb. 24. Among the most forcible representations are those depicting slave life, in which a Moorish slave is shown, yoked to an ox and to a heavy cart. Other pictures introduce a herd of South American animals, while the climax of interest is reached in a scene representing the "Congress of Nations" in the public square of Rio Janeiro, in which over one hundred and fifty people appear.

The distinguished English actor, author, Mr. Wilson Barrett, will commence the record and last week at McVicker's Theatre Monday evening, Feb. 20. The past week has been one of brilliant success, every play that was performed met with a reception of unbounded enthusiasm. The production of "Pharaoh" was all that it was promised to be, a spectacle and a drama that seldom have been combined before. The company is one that can receive the utmost praise and Mr. Barrett has never been so better advantage. See the daily papers for the repertory for the last week of his engagement.

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.

The engagement of August Junkermann at the Chicago Opera-house proved so successful that it was continued this week, when the business was larger than ever. Beginning Sunday night next, Fannie Rice and her excellent company will give the new "Jolly Surprise." During the past eight or nine years, Jolly, little Fannie Rice has been continually before the public and has each year increased her popularity and her following. Her success at the head of her "Jolly Surprise Company" last season was so marked that her manager had to arrange return engagements at all of the large cities. The comedy has been revised, and many new and laughable complications and situations, new songs and specialties introduced. Miss Rice spent her summer vacation in London, Paris and Vienna, and brought back with her a number of novelties that are said to be very taking. Among others, there is a cabinet arrangement in which Miss Rice gives life-like impersonations, by the use of doll figures, of numerous great character singers, including Chevalier and other celebrities. Ladies will be especially interested in the magnificent costumes made for Miss Rice by Worth and Felix of Paris, comprising some of the latest creations of those celebrated artists in dress-making. For a clean, wholesome entertainment, full of fun, we recommend "A Jolly Surprise."

HAVELY'S CASINO—EDEN MUSEE.
Crowded houses and delighted audiences are the rule at Havely's Casino—Eden Musee, where the celebrated Havely Minstrels are giving the very best entertainments ever witnessed in the minstrel line in Chicago. The organization is the choicest ever brought together, and Col. Havely is always in the front ranks for novelty and enjoyable performances. Aside from the minstrel portion of the attractions at this popular resort there is no place in Chicago where visitors can derive so much solid amusement and instruction as at the Casino. The wonderful wax work collection is the largest and most perfect in America, to which new additions are constantly being made, and here can be seen at all hours, great throngs of people, catalogue in hand, discussing the several figures, loud in praise of the artistic representations, which are truly marvelous. The Casino has become the great resort of ladies and children, for whom every comfort is provided, and after inspection of the wonderful prototypes, crowd the amusement hall to hear the sweet songs of the balladists and laughable jokes of the comedians. The bill for the coming week will be one of greatest merit. New songs and witticisms by those excellent performers, Billy Rice, the greatest and most famous black face comedian of the age, Press Eldridge, the quipsense of versatility and humor, E. Hall, the most celebrated banjoist of the country, and Percy Denton, the battle singing comedian. Griffin and Hicks, the wonderful song and dance duo, will introduce new features in their specialty, "The Silent Dances," a act which excites greatest applause, and Messrs. Brydges, Walling, Stan and Shattuck, comprising the celebrated Havely Quartet, will present new selections. Stage manager E. M. Kayne has added new touches to the operatic burlesque, "The Enchanted Castle," which, with a laughable first part, finish "The Rights of the Golden Key," furnishes and of laughter beyond description. All this is added the beautiful musical accompaniment of Prof. Ed. Gresh's orchestra, composed of the best musicians in Chicago, an organization in itself of which too much can be said in its praise. Col. Havely knows how to cater to the popular taste, and visitors are assured of first-class entertainment no matter when they may drop

in. There will be special performances on Washington's birthday, and lovers of melody and mirth would do well to secure seats in advance.

THE PEOPLE'S.

Next week, commencing Sunday matinee, Feb. 19, the Victor Vanderville Company. A bright galaxy of variety stars, selected with care from the leading variety stars of the old and new world. Pure, wholesome fun reigns triumphant; no insipid moments or weary waits; chaste, refined, elegant. Special notice: As our daily matinees have proven so popular they will be continued until further notice at people's popular prices: 10c, 25c, 35c, 50c.

MADISON STREET OPERA-HOUSE.

A rattling good performance, elegantly costumed and mounted and given by more pretty girls to the square inch than have been seen in burlesque for many a long day, is that given by Sheridan & Flynn's "City Sports" at Sam T. Jack's pretty theater this week. Col. Jack's good judgment in booking this company is shown by the crowded houses which assemble at each performance, two shows every day being given at 2 and 8 o'clock. The entertainment opens with "Murphy's Reception," features in which are "songs you haven't heard" and "dances you haven't seen." Matt Flynn, Phil Sheridan, Ed Thompson, Lon Duclos and Harry Leopold also chip in with "jokes you haven't rung the bell on." Pretty Connie Leslie and a ballet of picturesque Spanish dancers, brilliant Mlle. Zittella, the great Sohlke, and the West sisters in their funny double-faced dance; Melville, a fine trapeze performer, Crissie and Phil Sheridan in their negro sketch, and the queenly Leardo sisters are fine features among the specialties. "The Merry Duncans" is the jolly burlesque which closes the bill.

THE SCHILLER THEATRE.

Big success. House crowded. Last night to see Augustus Thomas' new dramatic comedy of the war, "Surrender." Every evening except Sunday until further notice. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday.

EDSTEIN'S DIME MUSEUM.

Edstein's new Dime Museum on Randolph Street near Clark, offers an unusually attractive bill this week. In the Curio Hall may be seen the strange African Wallengue, the famous Swedish whittler, the dainty middle couple, the New Jersey Lilly, the talented Tyrolean musical quartet, and others. Maner's Vaudeville Stars give enjoyable hourly stage shows in Theater No. 1, and in Theater No. 2 a pleasing entertainment is presented by Fox's Pantomime Company.

HAVLY'S.

"Like Rome, all Roads Lead to the House of Success." All this week John L. Sullivan in "The Man From Boston." Next Sunday—Oliver Byron in "The Plunger."

LEGAL REFORM.

A Maine Lawyer Was the Pioneer of the Movement.

A Maine lawyer tells how, years ago, as a student just beginning his study of human rules and regulations, as he terms the science of law, he adopted a method that ten years later was put on the statute books and is now common practice. In other words, he got ahead of the law about ten years. He was left alone one day in the office, the lawyer being out of town. To his dismay an old fellow who lived some miles away came in, saying he had been sued before a trial justice and the case came on that day and he wanted it attended to.

The young disciple had a better acquaintance with the law than the caller, but he questioned the caller and learned that his chief desire was to try his case before a higher court and not before the trial justice. So, arming himself with the courage of a clear conscience, he went before the "judge" with his first client, fixed his "pleadings" up at a fashion, and then told the court squarely that it might enter judgment against the old man and from it he would appeal. The "other fellow," who wanted to try his case then and there, protested stoutly that the thing wouldn't do; that a party couldn't appeal from a judgment he had consented to, etc., but the student convinced the justice that "there was no law against it," and pushed his appeal through. He charged the regular fee for "attending to the case," which the old man forked over willingly.

HE AND SHE.

Financial circles—silver dollars.

There is a woman's political club in New York city.

A cooperative laundry, to be run by women, is being considered in England. Queen Elizabeth and Mary Stuart always handled their meat with their fingers.

The announcement is made that the nightingale is coming back into fashion among the ladies.

It is a curious fact and one difficult to account for; that the red-headed girl is not afraid of a white mouse.

There are men who always take out their watches with an air that seems to say they know the sun is wrong.

The third son of the president of France is a private in the French army, waiting for his admission to the Ecole Polytechnique.

It is a great deal easier to get up at six o'clock in the morning the evening before than it is when six o'clock in the morning really arrives.

Silver name checks to attach to traveling bags are shown among new things in small silver. These make a pretty gift for either a man or a woman.

All the ladies, who less than a year ago, formed a cooking club at Washington, have since that time captured husbands, and the cooking club has "gone to pot."

A resident of Burke county, Georgia, has a couple of peculiar fowls—a cross between a common barnyard chicken and a guinea. Their plumage is darker than that of a partridge, while they are speckled as a guinea.

FORESTERS FIGHT.

Struggling for Place of High Chief Ranger—Implement Dealers Adjourn.

PEORIA, Ill., Feb. 16.—The Foresters elected officers yesterday, the session being a most exciting one. There were two Chicago factions contending for the offices. At the head of one was A. Musbaum, while the other was led by Lawrence P. Boyle. Both wanted the office of High Chief Ranger. Musbaum was finally victorious. J. J. Geroghty, ex-Mayor of Streator was elected High Vice-Chief Ranger without opposition, but for the office of High Secretary the fight in the Chicago delegation again cropped out. J. J. Cummings, the retiring High Chief Ranger, and T. W. Saunders, the present incumbent, were rival candidates, and at the time of adjournment the question had not been settled. Charles Petrie, secretary to the Chicago Fire Marshal, will have no opposition for High Treasurer. Aug. 2 has been selected as the time for holding the next convention. An effort was made to raise the salaries, but failed. The convention also decided to let the insurance stand at \$1,000.

The convention of the Illinois Retail Implement Dealers was brought to an end here yesterday. A committee was appointed to confer with a similar committee of the Chicago Implement and Vehicle Association in reference to freight rates in the State. Dec. 14, 1893, was selected as the time for the next meeting, but the place is to be selected later by a vote of the members.

MITCHELL MAY NOT LAND.

Superintendent Owens Likely to Take the Ground That He is a Convict.

QUARTERMASTER, S. I., Feb. 16.—Superintendent Owens of the Treasury Department has been here all day awaiting the arrival of the steamer Majestic with Pugglist Charlie Mitchell on board. Nothing could be learned as to the nature of his business here, as he refused to talk, but it is said that his intention is to prevent Mitchell from landing, on the ground that he has been a convict.

A reporter saw Mitchell on board the Majestic at quarantine and told him Corbett had posted \$10,000 for a fight with him. "That's good," he exclaimed, "and I shall cover that money, today. I have come here for the purpose of making a match which will decide the championship of the world. The conditions named by Corbett are perfectly agreeable to me. Comey Island, New Orleans, or San Francisco will suit me."

Secretary J. W. Foster Going to Paris.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 16.—Secretary of State Foster will sail from New York Feb. 25 for Europe with Mrs. Foster on the steamer New York. He will be accompanied by Senator Morgan, one of the arbitrators for the United States on the Bering Sea matter, and by Hubbard T. Smith of the State Department, who has been detailed for duty in connection with the Board of Arbitrators at Paris.

Indians Threaten Revolt.

St. Paul, Minn., Feb. 16.—The Turtle Mountain Half-breeds who were cut off from the ration list by the commissioners sent to settle Indian claims to North Dakota lands are in revolt. They threaten to break into the storehouse at Rolla. Extra police have been sworn in to quell the expected revolt.

Chicago Board of Trade.

CHICAGO, Feb. 15.—Wheat was quiet with narrow limits during most of the session. The weather was the element of uncertainty. The mild weather here this morning made a soft market the first hour while the fear of a cold wave tonight for the entire wheat belt gave the market much firmness about midday. There was little else to give support to the market. The market started steady at 75 1/2c for May, with sales at 75 1/2c to 75 3/4c for 10c, 75 1/2c, and held firm at the opening figure up to the last hour. July sold off 1/2c to 75c and rallied to 75 1/2c. Estimated cars for Thursday night at 75c.

The panic in wheat the last half hour was not due to any sensational news. The whole trade had been falling on after the bull clique. The news of a drop of 1/2c in cash wheat at Minneapolis on enlarged receipts, a belief that Chicago houses have unloaded heavily on the July buyers, and holding the May firm and a sudden attempt of the trade to sell where there was no one to buy caused the very quick dump. The May price touched 75 1/2c, at the low point, rallied to 75 1/2c in a few minutes, and closed 75 1/2c. July closed 75 1/2c.

Just before 4 o'clock the wheat market suddenly weakened and everybody attempted to get out at the same time. There was a panic in the pit for about ten minutes, while the May price broke from 75c to 73 1/2c; July from 75 1/2c to 73c. There was an equally quick recovery to 75 1/2c May and 75 1/2c July.

There appeared to be an evening up going on in the corn trade this morning. There was free liquidation by houses and free covering by shorts. The May price dropped from 45 1/2c to 45c with a rally to 45 1/2c. July rallied about 1/2c over May, selling 45 1/2c and 45 1/2c, with little doing on the recovery.

The first price current in the provision market showed declines since the close of yesterday's market of 10c in pork, 7 1/2c in lard and 2 1/2c in ribs. The buying was weak and a forenoon with a resulting advance over the opening prices of 6 1/2c in pork, 2c in lard and 2 1/2c in ribs.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

Four thousand bills bearing the names of many conspicuous politicians have been found among the papers of Sig. Tanlongi, the imprisoned Governor of the Bank of Rome.

The Kreuz Zeitung accuses Count Schouvaloff, Russian Ambassador to Germany, of inspiring the calumnies printed in the Russian newspapers concerning the German court.

A fire in the County Lunatic Asylum in Belfast caused a panic among the inmates. In the struggle to reach the doors several persons were thrown down stairs, and many were trampled in the corridors. Twelve persons were injured severely.

The English delegates to the Brussels monetary conference have issued a report on the work of the conference. They state that they have not found any definite and practical scheme on which they were able to agree, but valuable information was obtained on the subject.

SIDEWALK ORDINANCE.

No. 44.

Be it ordained by the President and Board of Trustees of the Village of Norwood Park, Section 1. That a sidewalk be constructed and laid in the Village of Norwood Park, upon and along the east side of East Circle Avenue, from the North line of lot 22 in block 23 to Norwood Court, also the north side of Colfax Place, from Vine Street to Western Avenue, also both sides of West Elm Street, from Grand Place to Colfax Place, also on southeast side of Locust Street from Chicago Avenue to Norwood Avenue; also north side of Peck Court, from Western Avenue to West Circle Avenue, also on the side of lot 15 in block 22, all in the Village of Norwood Park, County of Cook, and State of Illinois.

Said sidewalk to be of five feet in width, and the boards used in its construction shall be not less than one and three-eighths inches thick, surface dressed, and of the same uniform thickness in the same piece or strip of sidewalk. Where two pieces or strips of sidewalk meet they shall be so joined and united as to cause no impediment to the feet in walking thereon, and as near as may be in the same plane at the point of contact or union.

Sec. 2. Said sidewalk shall be laid on four stringers not less in their dimensions than two by six inches. The two outer stringers shall be four inches from the respective edges of said walk, the distance between the two outside stringers to be divided equally by the two remaining stringers, and they shall all be in the same plane and be permanently and firmly blocked or supported in position. The said stringers shall be so laid as to break joints, and no two joints shall be nearer to the same board than four feet (excepting at the ends of a sidewalk), and said joints shall be held together by fastening a piece of board securely to the sides of said stringers.

Sec. 3. Said sidewalk, unless otherwise ordered by the Board of Trustees, shall be laid with the inner line or edge four feet distant from the front of the lot or lots along which it is built or constructed, and parallel therewith. Sec. 4. The boards, stringers or timbers used in the construction of the said sidewalk shall be good, sound, merchantable lumber of the grade known as first common, and said boards shall not be more than ten or less than six inches in width and shall be laid transversely on said stringers. Eight twelve-penny wire nails shall be used to fasten said boards to the said stringers, two in each stringer.

Sec. 5. The said materials and construction of the foregoing described sidewalk to be under the supervision of and subject to the approval of the Village Inspector of the Village of Norwood Park.

Sec. 6. The owners of the lot, lots, or parcels of land touching the line of said sidewalk as proposed, shall construct a sidewalk in front of their lot or parcels of land in accordance with the specifications hereinafter set forth, within thirty days after this ordinance shall have been posted in three public places in said Village of Norwood Park, and in default thereof the materials therefor shall be furnished and said sidewalk be constructed by the Village of Norwood Park. The cost of the construction and laying of said sidewalk, as aforesaid, shall be paid for by special taxation of the lot, lots, or parcels of land touching upon the line of the proposed sidewalk, by levying the whole of the cost thereof upon such lot, lots, or parcels of land in proportion to their frontage on said proposed sidewalk.

Sec. 7. A bill of the cost of said sidewalk, laid in accordance with the specifications of the construction and laying of said sidewalk, materials, laying down and supervision, shall be filed in the office of the Clerk of the Village of Norwood Park, certified to by the Village Inspector of said village, together with a list of the lots or parcels of land touching upon the line of said sidewalk, the names of the owners thereof, the frontage thereof as well. Whereupon the said Village Clerk shall prepare a special tax list against said lots or parcels of land and the owners thereof, ascertaining by computation the amounts of special tax to be charged against each of said lots or parcels and the owners thereof, on account of the construction of said sidewalk, in proportion to the frontage of each of said lots or parcels, which special tax list the Clerk of the Village of Norwood Park shall place on file in his office; and the said Village Clerk shall thereupon issue warrants directed to O. W. Flanders or his successor, for the collection of the amount of special tax so ascertained and appearing from said special tax list to be due from the respective owners of the lot, lots, or parcels of land touching upon the line of said sidewalk, and said Flanders or successor shall proceed to collect said warrants in the manner provided for by section 23 (3) of the Act of the General Assembly of the State of Illinois, entitled "An act to provide additional means for the construction of sidewalks in cities, towns and villages," in force July 1, 1875.

Sec. 8. In case of the failure to collect special tax, as provided in said act, the Village Clerk shall, within twenty days thereafter, make a report of all such special tax in writing, to the County Collector of Cook County of all the lots or parcels of land upon which such special tax shall be so unpaid, with the names of the respective owners thereof, so far as the same are known to him, and the amount due and unpaid upon said tract, together with a copy of this ordinance, in the manner prescribed by Section Four (4) of the Act of the General Assembly of the State of Illinois, entitled "An act to provide additional means for the construction of sidewalks in cities, towns and villages," in force July 1, 1875.

Passed Feb. 6, 1893.
Approved Feb. 6, 1893.
Published Feb. 10, 1893.
[Signed.]

President of the Board of Trustees.

Attest:

FRANK L. CLEVELAND,
Village Clerk

NORWOOD PARK SPECIAL ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

NORWOOD PARK, Feb. 10 '93.
Notice is hereby given to all persons interested, that the President and Board of Trustees of the Village of Norwood Park, having ordered that Charles Mont Baurman be appointed Village Clerk, to Chicago Avenue, through block one (1), as provided for, and in accordance with the ordinance for the same, passed by the President and Board of Trustees of said Village, on the sixth (6th) day of July A. D. 1892, and a petition having been filed in Circuit Court of Cook County, in accordance with said ordinance, and the amount of compensation and damages to be paid for private property to be taken or damaged for said improvement, having been ascertained by a jury, and a judgment for such amount and costs having been rendered by said Court, the ordinance for the same being on file in the office of the Village Clerk, have applied to the Circuit Court of Cook County for an assessment to raise the amount necessary to pay the compensation and damages so awarded, and costs of said improvement according to benefits, and an assessment thereof having been made and returned to said Court, the final hearing thereon shall be had at the February term of said Court, commencing on the 20th day of February, A. D. 1893.

All persons desiring may then and there appear and make their defense.

W. A. HARMON,
PENNY FIDELITY,
ROBERT M. SIMON,
Commissioners.

Norwood Park, February 10th, A. D. 1893.

clairvoyants.
Madam McCollair, 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.

A Grecian peasant unearthed a statue on the Isle of Egina and sold it to an English traveler for a trifle. The Englishman is reported to have sold it to the British museum for an enormous sum, and the people of Egina have held an indignation meeting and denounced the poor peasant for his ignorance.

A.E. THEY RELIABLE? "I SHOULD SMILE."



Ask any one who has worn them about the R. P. & Co.'s Overcoats and Ulsters. See what they say about the linings—how the buttons stay on? how the colors stand service? how these garments hold their shapes? Don't take our word for it if you're skeptical, or if you happen to know our

MR. WM. J. KING,

What a straightforward, competent man he is in this business, just let him tell you the inside facts and show you through our several Depts. at your convenience. Mr. King can be of great service to you in selecting an outfit. So much depends on choosing the right fabrics, the right shapes and the right sizes. It matters not how straight the firm is, you can easily wrong yourself by unsuitable selections where you are not acquainted with the salesman and so refuse to be advised.

F. M. ATWOOD

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The Rogers, Peet & Co. Overcoats, Ulsters and Suits range from \$20.00 to \$40.00. They're eminently reliable. Of other makers we range from \$12.00 upwards. They're recommended by men of more caution, but good for the most part.

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—DEALERS IN—

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White Lily Flour per bb., \$4.75

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Reveals Every Secret of Your Life.
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FALL AND WINTER OVERCOAT MADE

Ask anybody who voted our ticket before and they will give you

—STRAIGHT TIP—

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Finest and Largest Stock On Milwaukee Ave.

And that we turn out the noblest garments at regular prices that can be made. We will make:

Black Clay Worsteds Suits for \$20.00

Pancy Cheviot and Worsteds Suits for 18.00

Kersey, Melton and Chinchilla Overcoats for 15.00

If you know of no one to ask about this come and see for yourself. Seeing is believing, and you can suit yourself as to time. We are open evenings until 10 P. M. Sundays until 1 P. M.

JOS. HUSAK MERCHANT TAILORING CO., 1509 Milwaukee Avenue.

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Will devote himself to the general practice of law.

Money to Loan.

Office, 218 LaSalle Street, Chicago. Residence, Harrison, where he can be consulted morning or evening. Inquire at the Vermlay House.

NORWOOD PARK DRUG STORE.

O. W. FLANDERS, Manager.

PURE DRUGS, MEDICINES, CHEMICALS,

PERFUMERY, BRUSHES, COMBS, etc.

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178 STATE STREET.

FOR A LIMITED TIME—FULL UPPER OR LOWER SET OF TEETH.

\$4.

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LAIES AND PENATES.

"The screen should not be placed to hide that lovely Dresden set. But then, I explained the pretty bride, 'We are not settled yet.' 'You see, we've six unbrideled lamps. Which makes the room look small; while our piano rather cramps the entrance from the hall.' 'I'll put the big Hungarian plaque above those shelves of books, and scatter bits of bric-a-brac about in all the nooks. That group in bronze, 'The Arab Chief,' takes too much room. I wish this little table had a leaf. To hold our chafin dish.' 'And that big leather-covered chair? Oh, well, Ned will insist. Unless his ancient friend stood there, its presence would be missed. What dear, romantic things men are! I manage not to choke at them. While he enjoys his black chair—There's where we sit and smoke!'"

—Harry Romaine in Puck.

THE ORCHARD GHOST.

The Rev. Exodus Sarcosie, pastor of the colored Baptist church up Green Turtle bayou, in Arkansas, was dead.

He was a very popular divine, and it had been his boast that he had plucked mo' dirty sinners in de mississipp' than any other brother minister in the state. Naturally he had a great following in the colored community in which he dwelt, and when the tidings of his sudden decease became generally circulated there was much wailing abroad in the land. His cabin was soon thronged with visitors and lamenting friends from all parts of Green Turtle bayou, who had hurried in to pay their last sad respects to the memory of Exodus Sarcosie.

About a half a score of friends volunteered to remain and sit up with the corpse, which was not to be interred until the following afternoon.

Among those holding this solemn vigil was the good man's favorite niece, Miss Venus Louisa Sarcosie, who had come 40 miles from her home up in the hills to gaze her last upon the venerable face of her uncle.

Miss Venus was a maiden past 30, with stout, rotund figure, and a crown of jetty kinks covering a head always held defiantly high. Like all of her race she did not look her age, and had not her friends possessed fertile memories, she might easily have passed for 20. But Miss Sarcosie had no ambition to appear younger than she really was. The ridicule of being an old maid had never disturbed her. Her intimates had always feared her caustic tongue too much to attempt passing jokes on her age.

Ten years before Venus had passed several happy months in the Rev. Sarcosie's household, assisting his wife in various domestic duties. At the same time Job Robinson, Mrs. Sarcosie's nephew from Alabama, was employed to help with the cotton and the yams on the little cultivated patch over on the hillside.

Job and Venus, thrown almost constantly together, formed a warm attachment for each other. At every campmeeting, or place of amusement which she attended, the Alabama darkey was her shadow. When the girl gave up dancing and joined her uncle's church, the lover followed suit; and if, as his associates dared assert, Job had "gal religion," the time had been when he had made some powerful prayers.

Job and Venus, with the full approval of uncle and aunt, became engaged to be married. But a trifling quarrel ruffled the surface of their stream of love, and they foolishly drifted into the frigid sea of estrangement.

Despite the honest, if blundering, efforts of the Rev. and Mrs. Sarcosie to bring about a reconciliation between the separated lovers, the gulf widened and the engagement was declared off. Venus returned to her home among the hills, and Job consoled himself by backsliding and "going with" other belles of Green Turtle Bayou.

Venus Sarcosie had never married, but Job took for a wife one of the sable daughters of the neighborhood, and for eight years he had been wretchedly hen-pecked. At last death had removed his dark Antipope, and the young widower was again strutting about with all the freedom of a man rid of an incubus which had unmercifully held him pinned to the wall for eight remorseless years.

Now, Job Robinson, too, was one of the watchers at the Sarcosie cabin. Since their disagreement 10 years before he and Venus had not met. Although they had brushed against each other in the cabin, had shed tears side by side over the pastor's dead body they had never spoken to each other.

Venus went out doors and sat down on a bench in the moonlight. Job had been to the spring for a bucket of fresh water. Having deposited his burden on a table near the door, and having quaffed liberally from a big gourd dipper, he remarked:

"Miss Venus, I beliebe," and he approached her.

Venus looked up from her meditation.

"I low no one's almin' to hinder yo' from beliebin' it, she returned unencouragingly.

Job had been through the mill. He had been subjected to far sharper things from woman's tongue than that, else he might have gone away without making a further attempt to open conversation, for Miss Sarcosie's tone was decidedly cool.

"But yo's must—member dat it's been or powerful sense I's done saw yo's las', Miss Venus," he pursued in his most deferential manner. "Couldn't be quite sho' dat it was yo's until yo' speak. Yo's hain't changed much in all dese years, 'cept to grow mo' beautifuller."

"Don't yo's tink I's changed much?" she asked, half-placated by his seductive compliment. But, quickly resolving not to be won over so easily, she changed her tone: "Well, Job Robinson, I's plumb unable

to 'ciprocate de compliment to yo's. Yo's changed fo' de wuss right sma't."

There is no telling into what channel the conversation might have drifted had not some of the watchers just then come out of the cabin and interrupted them.

"Dem fall pippins' mighty fine jest now," remarked Job. "I'll go down to de orchard an' bring yo's up some te nibble at," and catching up a large willow basket, he walked away toward an orchard of apple and peach trees that stood some little distance from the cabin.

"Job acts right to home hyer ef Brer Sarcosie's," whispered Sister Johnsing to Sister Jackson, as they watched Job disappear down the path.

"He's er grit han' to 'sume 'thority," returned Sister Jackson. "Reck on he's got his eye sot on Venus now. Dey done say dat Brer Sarcosie lef dis place to her, 'cause she am his best belobbed niece."

"Yes, dat's er fac'," "It's er plumb wondeh," remarked one of the other watchers from the doorway, "dat Job kin be injuced to leave de cabin erlone at dis hour ob de night. Why, Job Robinson am one ob de bigges' scared-ob-a-ghost yo's eber seed. Cats! He'd shore run like er plumb white-head ef he'd see suffin 'cious an' white-lookin' down dar'."

"Yes, an' it'd be jes' like de pa'son to be prowlin' roun' in de sperit down dar' in his orchard 'cause he was allus right sma't 'posed to folks mekin' demselves too free wid his fruit widout axin' leaf," put in Sister Johnsing.

"Dat he was," agreed Brer Isaac Waxhide. "It'd sarve Job right, 'cept some ob dem pippins would eat plumb fine, ef he done 'counche de pa'son's ha't down dar'."

"Why didn't he go to de water-melon patch and let dem pippins erlone?" said Sister Jackson. "De pa'son lobed to treat his frin's to watermelons, an' I don't reckon his ha't would 'pose our tekin' er few jes' to keep up our sperits on dis solemn 'casion."

Brer Waxhide coincided freely with Sister Jackson's views, and the upshot of the matter was that the sorrowing brother, followed by the sympathetic sisters, Jackson and Johnsing, set off forthwith in the direction of the deceased divine's watermelon patch.

The dialogue touching Job Robinson's superstitious proclivities gave Venus Sarcosie an idea. She arose from the bench, as the trio passed her on their way to the melon patch and entered the cabin.

She was opposed to Job's taking so much authority, without consulting her or her mother, who was inside the cabin; then, she was not ready to forgive him for having married another, hard as she had suffered by that union, and she resolved upon a plan, which, if speedily carried out, she hoped and believed might drive him away.

Snatching a sheet off the bed, she crept out of a back kitchen window, and cautiously picked her way through a burdock thicket toward the orchard.

A rude rail fence around the orchard made an inclosure for the hogs. Job had just cleared the fence and was rapidly filling the basket which he had brought, with apples, when, happening to glance over his shoulder, he saw an awful looking object that made his knees quake and his blood turn cold.

Elevated on the big rail fence, only a few yards away, was a figure in white flowing robes, waving its arms slowly, as if seeking to drive away the apple culprit.

Job was satisfied it could be no creature of this earth; in fact there was but one thought in his distorted imagination, that was that it must be his Uncle Exodus Sarcosie's spook.

One thrilling moment Job Robinson gazed, as if transfixed, at the frightful object, then, basket and fruit alike forgotten, he started away across the orchard, as fast as his shaking limbs would carry him.

Glancing back he saw with fresh horror that the awful apparition had descended from the fence and was disposed to pursue him.

On and on he ran, stumbling over the gnarled roots of the trees, until he reached the other side of the inclosure. He attempted to vault the fence, but his muscles were too frightened to carry him over, so he started away in another direction.

He could hear distinctly the terrible object in white tearing along after him, but he dared not so much as glance back, lest it blast him with its uncanny breath.

Suddenly he ran headlong against the trunk of a tree, and same violently to the ground.

His first inclination was to cry aloud for help, but his voice died away in a hoarse whisper. He could see the apparition fluttering along almost upon him.

At that trying moment, however, Job felt his strength slowly ebbing back to him. The ground was thickly covered with fallen apples, and as the ghost floated toward him, he prepared to defend himself.

Gathering up an armful of the hard windfalls he let drive directly at the approaching specter.

The first charge took immediate effect in the stomach of the ghost; the next struck violently on the ankle (the ghost happened to have those parts of the human anatomy), and uttering a very genuine howl, Job's spook went limping painfully back the way it had come.

Vastly emboldened by the success of his attack, he armed himself with windfalls and pressed deliberately after the ghost.

It now became the ghost's turn to

retreat. There was a wild racing and chasing among the trees in the orchard; the spook performing some very peculiar pranks for the disembodied spirit of so eminent a divine as Exodus Sarcosie of Green Turtle bayou.

Despite the crippled ankle it might have got off all right had it not been for an accident, which changed the whole complexion of the affair.

In the orchard were several deep hog-wallows. Some of them were of liberal dimensions and filled with water from the heavy rain of the night before.

With a shrill shriek that echoed wildly through the orchard and reached the ears of the watchers at the cabin, bringing them rushing toward the scene of disaster, the luckless spook went floundering into one of the largest of the wallows.

When the foremost of the vigil-holders reached the fence around the orchard, the silvery moonlight gave them a clear view of Job Robinson assisting a limp, despoiled figure out of a deep hole.

They were not long in recognizing in the limp and dripping figure the late pastor's niece, Venus Sarcosie.

"How did this happen, Job Robinson?" demanded one of the watchers, harshly.

Job was equal to the occasion, and with a desperate resolve to save his own and Miss Sarcosie's reputation, he answered:

"Miss Venus jest kem down in de orchard to help gadder de pippins, and had the solemncholy misfortune to step inter one ob dem nasty hog-holes hyer."

Satisfied with the explanation, the brethren walked back to the cabin, leaving Job and Venus to follow more slowly.

"Venus," said Job in a soft tone, "yo's done sear me pow'ful. Wot fo' yo's play spook on me?"

"Oh, 'cause!" with a crest-fallen expression only half veiled by the moonlight.

"'Cause why, Venus?"

"I ain't gwine to tell yo's."

"I know, 'cause you likes me yit, an' yo's almin' to mek me de happies' niggah on dis side ob bayou. Dat's de reason," said the conceited fellow.

And Venus never corrected his view of the ghost business, and when he urged her to be Mrs. Robinson No. 2 she promptly complied with his wishes.

IS SPELLING A LOST ART.

Words That Puzzle the Great Majority of People.

Eighty-five teachers entered a spelling contest at Teachers' institute in Lockport, recently. Their participation in the contest was compulsory, although a prize, a dictionary, was given to the winner. Of the entire eighty-five only five spelled "Rensselaer" correctly. "Acknowledgment" was misspelled by sixty-three, or about seventy-four per cent of the entire number of contestants. "Supercede" was misspelled by fifty-eight contestants; "resuscitate" by fifty-four; "excellence" by fifty-six; "benefited" by fifty-eight; "business" by fifty; "medal" and "maintenance" by forty-five each; "milliner" by forty-eight; "pretentious" and "gaseous" each by forty-three, and "concede" by forty-nine. That is, each of these words was missed by over one-half the contestants. In the local columns we enter more fully into detail as to the other words misspelled by a large percentage, but the instances noted above will be sufficient for our purpose and show the general character of the words propounded and misspelled, says the Lockport Sun.

Now, when so large a proportion of teachers misspell so heavy percentages as these, and it be borne in mind that no obsolete, unusual or "catch" word, properly so called, appears in the entire list, it justifies, we think, the inquiry with which we introduce this comment. It must not, however, be hastily concluded by any ambitious neighbor that Niagara is alone in the poor spelling of her teachers. Far from it; on the contrary, Instructor Sanford informs us that she averages well with other counties in which he has instituted similar spelling contests. In Rensselaer county, for instance, the seat of literature, laundrying, breweries, enlightenment and the Troy Press, seven contestants could not spell the name of their own county. It appears, in fact, to be a puzzler everywhere Prof. Sanford gives it out.

"Genesee" never fails to bag a goodly number of victims; and "Niagara" can always be relied on for a few. Shall we confess to Prof. Sanford that we are not so sure "Niagara" if propounded might not have been misspelled by a half dozen or so? One-fifth of our letters from points within the county come directed "Niagra." Nor do we doubt that a similar number of Chautauquans would fail on the name of their county, and we imagine it would be a safe wager that seven teachers, at an institute held in that place, provided no previous hint was given, would misspell "Skaneateles."

Yet it can not be denied that these are common geographical names, mostly of localities in our own state. Surely, no great proportion of teachers should misspell them. Again, "alleged," "changeable," "eligible," "chrysanthemum," "parallel," "paralysis," "catarrhal," "hemorrhage," "separate" and "symmetry" are words so persistently misspelled that the very fact should attract notice in our schools, and the teachers should not only spell them correctly and without hesitation themselves, but teach their scholars to do likewise.

Restore the spelling bee!

A Philadelphia dentist gives every patron a pound of gum drops while their false teeth are being repaired.

FROM THE OLD BLOCK.

AND HIS FATHER WOULD NOT WORRY ABOUT HIM.

A Story of Life in the Tall Forests of the Pine Tree State—The Wonderful Boy Sportsman of Piscataquis County.



shooting more big game than any two men in that section and who is credited with being one of the best guides in the country.

He began his career in the woods when he was 12 years old. Father and son were then on a hunting trip, late in the fall, with a party of three Eastern sportsmen. One morning as the weather looked very threatening, they decided to remain in camp till it cleared up, fearing that if they got in the woods, the storm might overtake them. But to be cooped up all day in a log hut did not suit the taste of the hunter's son, and taking up his rifle he started out, saying he thought he'd put in a couple of hours and see if he couldn't come across something.

This was about 7 o'clock in the morning, and his father and the others then sat down for a game of pitch. The morning passed quickly and they soon found it was time to prepare their midday meal. When it was ready one of the sportsmen called the hunter's attention to the fact that his son was not there.

"We'll eat, anyway," said the old man. "I guess he'll be in before long." When the meal was eaten the coffee-pot was left on the fire, that it might be hot for the lad when he came in. A light snow had fallen during the night and there was enough to see where the youngster had entered the woods which surrounded the little clearing in which the camp was located. The game of pitch was resumed, and the hunter never once mentioned the boy, appearing as if he had forgotten all about him.

Soon darkness fell upon the little camp. The old hunter threw big pine knots on the fire and began to prepare the evening meal.

"I'll make the tea strong enough tonight," he said. "There is nothing like something strong and warm when the weather outside is like this."

When they had eaten, the guide cleared away the dishes, and, throwing more wood on the open fire, filled his pipe, lit it, and sat down to enjoy a good smoke. Nine o'clock came and still the boy did not appear.

"He's all right; don't you worry," growled the guide, when the sportsmen suggested that they ought to go out and look for him. Then he rolled himself up in his blankets, took a huge chew of tobacco, and was soon sound asleep, his respirations sounding like steam escaping from a ten-horse power engine.

At noon the next day the lad had not turned up. It began to snow, and during the afternoon and evening the storm increased. The sportsmen again wanted to go in search of the boy, but the hunter only laughed at them, and said the youngster was all right, and then played pitch with as much interest as ever.

In the evening the three city men could stand it no longer, and, leaving the hunter smoking inside, they went a short distance into the brush, and discharged their rifles, thinking that possibly the lad might be wandering in a circle near the camp. This experiment proved fruitless and they returned to their quarters, only to be again laughed at by the boy's father, who insisted on them playing another game of pitch before they turned in.

The morning came of the third day, and still no boy. His tracks had long since been covered up in the snow, and if he had met with any accident to find him would be impossible. Still the hunter said nothing, save to remark after a bit that they might as well



HE WENT ON WIPING DISHES.

"play pitch, seeing low it's too rough like to go out." But this time no one assented, and all three of the sportsmen began to tell the guide what they thought about his strange behavior, and asked him what he meant to do.

"Do," was the answer. "What would yar have me do? My boy knows well how to take care of himself. Guess he must have struck a trail. Let's see, how long has he been away?"

On being informed that the boy had been gone two whole days and nights, and that it had been snowing a great portion of the time, he said, "Well, the storm will soon drive him in;" then he took another chew, fixed up the fire, and proposed cards again, but the sportsmen were not at all reassured by his nonchalant manner, and refused point-blank to play, for they believed the lad had been left to perish in the snow. What was their surprise then

about 5 o'clock to see the rough door of the shanty pushed open by the object of their solicitude, who, kicking the snow from his feet, walked in with a cheery "Hello there, all; how you been making it?"

"Did yar git him, babe?" were the hunter's first words as he threw a look at the sportsmen, which said, "There now, what did I tell yer?"

"I just did, pap."

"Hungry?" "You bet," said the boy. "Only took a bit o' bread and deer's meat with me. Struck a caribou soon after I left yar and did not run him down till last night about sundown, so had to make my lunch do me till then. Hurried to get back, and ain't stopped to eat since



"HELLO THERE, ALL." "This mornin'. Think we can go for it. He's about a day's trot from here." Then he sat down as though he had come in from half an hour's shooting and proceeded to help himself to some cold meat and hot coffee.

TO INDUCE SLEEP.

Wooling Morpheus by Means of Self-Hypnotism.

One of the technical words used in scientific descriptions of the phenomenon of hypnotism is "transfixion." This relates to the position of the eyes just before hypnotic sleep comes on, and it is believed, though not yet fully explained, that in adjusting the eyes to this position some nerve center of the brain is affected, producing an effect like switching off electricity from a keyboard, and unconsciousness follows almost instantly.

It is a common observation among nurses that babies "get cross-eyed" just before they fall asleep. Almost invariably the eyes are directed inward and generally downward, though sometimes upward. True hypnotic sleep, if undisturbed by suggestion, soon turns into what we call "natural" sleep, as is shown by the sleeper awakening refreshed as from natural sleep.

A writer who was formerly afflicted with chronic insomnia effected a permanent cure by what he terms the hypnotic method, and gives his recipe with illustrations for the benefit of the many sufferers from the tortures of prolonged wakefulness. Its worth may be easily tested by one with strong will power. That many eminent men—Napoleon, Horace Greeley, William H. Seward, for example, possessed the secret of going to sleep at will is well known.

In using the following directions the



only caution necessary is that before the hypnotic sleep merges into natural slumber the sleeper is apt to answer unconsciously any question that may be gently asked, and thereby reveal secrets that might cause domestic disturbances. But the innocent need have no fears.

Turn on your right side; close your eyes gently. Forget that the lids are barriers to seeing and turn your eyes inward and downward, so that you can see your breath as if it were vapor in the nostrils and curling off into the air. Then watch it return up the nostrils and then out again. Concentrate your power of vision until you seem actually to see this—then you are asleep.

STONES THAT WILL BEND.

Peculiar Variety of Sandstone Found in Brazil.

Of most stones rigidity is one of the most marked characteristics, and it is hard for uninformed people to believe that there are any stones that can be bent. There are some, however, that are more flexible than wood and bend readily under slight pressure without breaking. The most abundant of these is itacolumite, or flexible sandstone, which is found in large deposits in Brazil. This stone is composed of separate grains of sand cemented together with a mineral closely resembling mica or sericite. The minerals being quite flexible in themselves confer the same property upon the stone as a whole. The way in which the cementing material was introduced into the itacolumite is not easy of explanation. Mica and sericite are not soluble and could not have been deposited by water like calcite or silica. It is most probable that they were originally introduced in the form of clay or some similar material and afterwards metamorphosed by test, pressure and superheated steam into micaceous mineral. Instances of a similar change of one mineral species into another are very common.

Nearly Done.

Teacher—Have you finished your composition?

Little Girl—Yes'm, it's all done but this potscript.

The Range.

While we are having the severest winter for many years past in the Eastern and Central States of the Union, the Western and Rocky Mountain regions have, says "Live Stock Report," enjoyed a remarkably mild and delightful season up to the end of January. So far as climatic conditions are concerned, there has been nothing to mar the prosperity of the stock raiser on the plains, whether he owns cattle or sheep. When winter set in grass was far above an average, and cattle have kept their condition. Another month of good weather and we will have passed the Rubicon so far as steers are concerned. Cows and heifers, more especially those in calf, have to face the month of March, which is always a trying period no matter how good the previous months have been. The prospect for good steers was never better, and except we have some bad turn in the weather we may confidently anticipate heavy shipments of prime beef from Northern Wyoming, Montana and the Dakotas. In other parts of the Northwest, such as Nevada, Idaho, Utah, Southern Wyoming and Colorado, the supply of cattle is short. Herds have been sold out, and even where stock herds of any size are left, the steer portion has been reduced by heavy sales. Aged steers are in limited supply. This shortage will be offset by the increased number in the first named States. Our accounts from the South and Southwest are not so favorable. A long dry summer and fall have been followed by a disagreeable winter. All classes of cattle are below an average in condition. Winter losses are sure to be heavy, and the prospects—except in the matter of prices—are far from favorable. The demand for young cattle is not so brisk as anticipated, although matters may improve later. Three-year-old steers and up are in active demand for feeders, and such cattle are selling nearly a dollar per 100 pounds higher than last fall.

Curacao is made by digesting orange peel in sweetened spirits, and flavoring with cinnamon, cloves or mace.

Dr. Kilmer's SWAMP-ROOT



MRS. LEROY G. COVILLE, McDonough, N. Y.

CURES RHEUMATISM.

A LETTER THAT CAN BE VERIFIED BY TWENTY GOOD RELIABLE PEOPLE!

Well Again after Years of Suffering!

Mrs. Coville writes: "I had suffered terribly from rheumatism, was confined to my bed, could scarcely move or stir and was completely used up. Words cannot tell what I suffered. Had doctors with physicians, but grew worse all the time. As a last resort I began to use your Swamp-Root. I only took two bottles and was completely cured. If this statement will benefit you, you may use it, for I can prove it by more than twenty good reliable people in this vicinity. Words cannot tell what I suffered." Mrs. L. G. Coville, McDonough, N. Y.

Garfield Tea Cures Sick Headache

Intoxicating liquors have been made from the sap of the birch, the willow the poplar and the sycamore.

There are a large number of hygienic physicians who claim that disease is a virus a rest of a transposition of Nature's laws. Proprietors of Garfield Tea are the physicians and have devoted years to teaching the people how to avoid sickness by following Nature's laws. They give away with every package Garfield Tea a little book which they claim will enable all persons, if its directions followed, to avoid sickness of all kinds; a to have no need of Garfield Tea or any of medicine.

The best champagne corks are also seven cents each.

Bargain, Chicago's Scientific Optician, Spectacle and Eye Glasses a specialty. Consult us about 7 eyes. 107 N. La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.

Catherine de Medici introduced use of liquors in France.

Wanted.—A lady in every community who for a popular company endorsed some of the best women in the country, peddling. Can earn from \$2 to \$20 per week. Enclose stamp for reply. Address, D. I. Gifferty, Lanark, Ill.

Bacon advised the use of elder perry on sea voyages.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth, Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, WISLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething.

The Egyptians attributed the invention of beer to Osiris.

"Hansen's Magic Corn Salve," warranted to cure, or money refunded. Ask druggists for it. Price 10 cents.

The Assyrians had seventy-two ferent kinds of wine.

Brunnelli's Cough Drops. Use Brunnelli's Cough Drops. The one have A. B. on each drop. Sold everywhere.

Over three hundred mixtures known as purely American in use.

Baker's Emulsion. The great nourishing food. Cures coughs, croup, etc., palatable as honey. Sold by druggists.

Champagne grapes are very larger than red currants.

FITS—All fits stopped free by DR. KILMER'S SWEET RESTORER. No fits after first day's use. Various cures. Treatise and \$2.00 trial bottle free. Send to Dr. A. H. Kilmer, 100 N. 3rd St., Philadelphia.

When tea was first brought to land the leaves were eaten.



Syrup of Figs

ONE ENJOYS

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

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

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

"August Flower"

My wife suffered with indigestion and dyspepsia for years. Life became a burden to her. Physicians failed to give relief. After reading one of your books, I purchased a bottle of August Flower. It worked like a charm. My wife received immediate relief after taking the first dose. She was completely cured—now weighs 165 pounds, and can eat anything she desires without any deleterious results as was formerly the case. C. H. Dear, Prop'r Washington House, Washington, Va. ©

ELY'S CATARRH

when applied to the nostrils, will be absorbed, effectually cleansing the head of catarrhal virus, causing healthy secretions, relieving inflammation, protecting the membrane from additional colds, completely healing the sore and restoring sense of taste and smell.

TRY THE CURE HAY-FEVER
A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at Druggists or by mail.
ELY BROTHERS, 54 Warren Street, New York.

SHILOH'S CURE

Cures Consumption, Coughs, Croup, Sore Throat. Sold by all Druggists on a Guarantee. For a Lame Side, Back or Chest Shiloh's Porous Plaster will give great satisfaction.

JAMES G. BLAINE, Authorized Life by Ridpath Remedy for Agents. Outfit only 25 cents.
B. F. Johnson, No. 3 So. 11th St., Richmond, Va.

All cannot possess a

\$10,000 Souvenir

(This sum was paid for the first World's Fair Souvenir Coin minted.)
in the shape of a coin, but many can have fac-similes of this valuable work of art—only special coin ever issued by the U. S. Government—for \$1 each.

World's Fair Souvenir Coins—

The Official Souvenir of the Great Exposition—

\$5,000,000 of which were donated to the World's Columbian Exposition by the Government, are being rapidly taken by an enthusiastically patriotic people. As there early promised to be a demand for these Souvenirs that would render them very valuable in the hands of speculators, the Exposition Authorities decided to place the price at

\$1.00 for Each Coin

and sell them direct to the people, thus realizing \$5,000,000, and using the additional money for the further development of the Fair.

Considering the fact that there were but 5,000,000 of these coins to be distributed among 65,000,000 people, in this country alone (to say nothing of the foreign demand), and that many have already been taken, those wishing to purchase these mementoes of our Country's Discovery and of the grandest Exposition ever held, should secure as many as they desire at once.

For Sale Everywhere

Realizing that every patriotic American will want one or more of these coins, and in order to make it convenient for him to get them, we have made arrangements to have them sold throughout the country by all the leading Merchants and Banks. If not for sale in your town, send \$1.00 each for not less than five coins, by Post-office or Express Money-order, Registered Letter or Bank Draft, with instructions how to send them to you, all charges prepaid, to Treasurer World's Columbian Exposition, Chicago, Ill.

A CITY'S GOOD FORTUNE.

St. Louis About to Receive a Million Dollars from Unusual Sources—Educational Advance.

St. Louis, Feb. 10.—Before the end of the year St. Louis will have a million dollars which it will not know how to spend. The sale of the old city hall, and its site, which will be abandoned by all the city offices this summer for the great building in Washington Park, has been decided on, and the Union Market, ugly but valuable, will follow. The two are worth together considerably over a million dollars, but part of the money obtained by their sale will have to be spent in buying another market place for the hucksters. City officials generally believe that this money should be spent in a lump, but there have been a dozen ways proposed of spending it. The city may build a conduit system; it may run another great sewer along the bed of the River des Peres, or it may establish free baths. The money will be enough for one of these objects but not all.

St. Louis was the first city in the United States that took from Germany the plan of teaching children in kindergartens and from here the idea spread all over the country. This whole week has been devoted by the teachers of the city to the celebration of the twentieth anniversary of the opening of the kindergarten here. Exhibitions of kindergarten work were given in some of the schools each day, and there were several lectures and essays on the system, among them one by Prof. William T. Harris, the first superintendent of public schools here, and after that one of the teachers in the famous Concord School of Philosophy.

Visitors to the St. Louis Exposition this year, as well as the tourists at the World's Fair, will be surprised by the exhibit this city will make at both places of the excellent work its manual training schools are doing. Educators generally so well understand the superiority of the St. Louis schools of this kind that one-fifth of the entire space reserved at the World's Fair for this sort of exhibits has been given to our manual training men, and they will make a much more complete show of the work at the local Exposition. The manual training classes here are attended by the sons of the very wealthiest parents, and many a young heir to a fortune, coming out of the University with his degree, is as well able to build his own house as his father is to pay for it.

Signal Officer Hammon is a man of very original ideas, and all which he has put into operation in the weather office here have proved to be of great advantage to the people living in the country. It is the farmers whom the Observer wants to benefit. He was the first to send out through the country the weather signals by whistles of the mills in the country that warned the farmer of approaching changes. He has just begun to collect weekly reports from all the great wheat-growing sections of the West, showing how the weather is affecting the wheat in those parts. These reports he sends out free to the small country towns and the farmers are thus kept advised of the crop prospects quickly and satisfactorily. If snow is hurting the wheat in the Northwest, and is coming this way, the farmer learns of it two or three days before it gets to his fields.

The schedule committee of the Southern League will meet on Feb. 11 either Chattanooga or Birmingham.

To-day party or parties intending to move to California, should correspond at once with the undersigned, sole agents for the Pictio Colony Lands. P. FRY & SON, Pictio, Monterey County, California.

A dozen different beers are made in Borneo.

AN OLD HUNTER'S YARN

HE HAS AN ADVENTURE WITH A MOUNTAIN LION.

Lost His Dog and Got a Terrible Clawing—A Tragedy That Was Witnessed While Too Far Off to Give Help.

"After all, the wust sort o' critter out in this Montana kentry," said the old man as we jogged along together over the trail out of Missoula, "is one which the papers don't seem to hear of very often. They print a heap o' stuff about grizzly bears and rattlesnakes, but this here critter I'm speakin' of is wuss'n bears and snakes rolled together. What they calls the mountain lion, sir, ain't no lion. He's half lion and half panther with a big sprinkle of general cussedness throwed in to make him slyer than a Injun and uglier than a mad wolf. Cum around on the other side of this cayuse and notice that claw mark. Look at the scars on his rump! Them was made by a mountain lion, and at the same time he bit through to the bone of my right arm and clawed most of the clothes and hide off'n me. It jist starts the sweat when I think of it!"

"My pard and I planned to hev a hunt one day, and soon arter breakfast Jim went up the river and I down, bath hossback and heeled for bizness. At about 10 o'clock I got into an old trail between the river and a chain o' hills. The trail was rough and full of turns, and I war jist windin' around a mass of rocks and bushes when a wild screech lifted me in my stirrups and a durned mountain lion hit on the hoss at my back.

"The hoss jumped me outer the saddle and run off and my tumble seemed to skeer the varmint into makin' off into the bushes. He worked mighty fast durin' the few seconds he had. I've got ten claw marks on my back and side and leg, and the way he bit into my shoulder would hev made ye think he was uncommon hungry fur breakfast."

"I walked some and crawled some and finally got home to be laid up for a month," he replied. "We thought the hoss would die fur sure, but he somehow pulled along."

"I'll tell ye what I saw with my own eyes down in Cold Spring Valley, beyond Emmetsburg," he continued, as I pressed him for another incident. "Thar was a party campin' out thar—a party of about twenty men and women. A can't jist remember whar they was from, but back in the states somewhar. They was huntin' and fishin' and hevin' a happy time, and had been thar ten days when I went up into the hills west of 'em to look fur an old claim I had got track of."

"Bimeby I cum on a spot whar I could look down and see four or five of the campers fishin' in a creek fur trout. The nighes' ones to me was two young gals. I could see 'em, plain as day, though I guess they was a good two miles off. I set down on a stun to rest and was kinder wonderin' if gals had any luck in fishin' when I suddenly seen a sight which made ha'r curl. It was one o' them mountain lions stalkin' the gal nighest to me. He'd crept out a thick and was skulkin' for'd jist like ye've seen a cat do. He'd twist and dodge and shelter himself behind every stone and bush, and she was a-fishin' away and perhaps singin' to herself."

"And you were helpless?"

"I was, and you don't know what an awful feelin' it gin me. I fired my Winchester as fast as I could pull trigger, hopin' the reports might be heard down thar and skeer the varmint off or bring one of the men to the rescue, but the wind was agin me. I also yelled at the top of my voice and waved my hat, but it was no good. I jist had to stand thar and see that critter creepin' nigher and nigher and know that the gal hadn't a chance in a hundred. Mebbe if she'd hev turned her face or started and walked off or dun sumthin' sort o' sudden like the lion would hev been skeered off, but she didn't."

"I saw the beast make two jumps from behind a rock and seize her. I don't think she even cried out, because none of the rest of 'em heard a sound. I watched and saw him drag the body off into a thicket and then I started down. You kin bet thar was an awful time when I got to them and told what I had seen. We went to the thicket and routed out the lion and got the poor gal's body. He hadn't started to eat it yet, perhaps not bein' very hungry, but he'd mighty nigh tore the head off in draggin' it along. He got away afore we could get a shot at him, and though the men gave me \$100 to hunt him down, I never got sight of him again. The cunnin' critter probably 'spected what was up and made tracks for a safer locality."

sure to See Him.
Mrs. Bilkins.—Oh, goodie! Here's a letter from Cousin George.

Mr. Bilkins.—Hah! Who cares for him?

Mrs. Bilkins.—Eh? Why, he lives in Chicago, and his house is close to the fair grounds, and its the very place for us to go next summer. I wrote to him, tellin' him we were all jist dyin' to see him and his lovely family. I wonder what he says.

Read it! I'm too nervous.
Mr. Bilkins, reading.—"My Dear Cousin: You will soon have a chance to see us all once more. I have rented my house, and we shall make you a good long visit next summer."

Dumskizzle.—Young Timberwheel has a suit of clothes for every day in the week. Skimgillet—I never see him wear but one. Dumskizzle.—Yes, that's the suit.

The Diamond

Outfielder John Galligan is going to return to the diamond next season if he can secure an engagement.

If Capt. Tebeau gets into good playing form this season the chances are that he will go back to third base.

Leon Vian is to travel for a Chicago house. He prefers to be a commercial tourist to life in a minor league.

Perhaps Buck Ewing's objection to the proposed change in the diamond is influenced by his inability to throw.

President Buckenberger of Pittsburg is looking for still more young pitching material for experimental purposes.

President Genslinger of New Orleans is very enthusiastic over the prospect of the Southern League for next season.

The Macon Club has released from reservation John Kirby and Frank Donnelly.

Effervescent waters were first made on a large scale by J. Schweppe, of Geneva, in 1789.

What Dr. Bu's Cough Syrup has done for others for nearly two generations it will do for you. If you will try it once you will be convinced that it is the best family medicine, and you will never be without it.

The natives of Siberia prepare a singularly intoxicating beverage from a common mushroom.

The attention of baseball players who receive wounds of one kind or another every day, from bat or ball, is directed to the fact that Salivation Oil is the best application in use for cure of cuts, bruises, and sprains. 25 cents.

Mead was made from honey and water fermented.

"Brown's Bronchial Troches" are excellent for the relief of Hoarseness or Sore Throat. They are exceedingly effective. —Christian World, London, Eng.

Over a hundred kinds of wine are made in Australia.



TWO KINDS OF WOMEN need Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription—those who want to be made strong, and those who want to be made well. It builds up, invigorates, regulates, and cures. For young girls just entering womanhood; for women who have reached the critical "change of life"; for women expecting to become mothers; for mothers who are nursing and exhausted; for every woman who is run-down, delicate, or overworked. For all the disorders, diseases, and weaknesses of women, "Favorite Prescription" is the only remedy so unfailing that it can be guaranteed. If it doesn't benefit or cure, in every case, the money will be returned.

"Each Spoonful has done its Perfect Work,"

Is the verdict of every woman who has used Royal Baking Powder. Other baking powders soon deteriorate and lose their strength, owing to the use of inferior ingredients, but Royal Baking Powder is so carefully and accurately compounded from the purest materials that it retains its strength for any length of time, and the last spoonful in the can is as good as the first, which is not true of any other baking powder.

WORTH READING.

MT. STERLING, KY., Feb. 13, 1889.

F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O.

Gentlemen:—I desire to make a brief statement for the benefit of the suffering. I had been afflicted with catarrh of the head, throat and nose, and perhaps the bladder for fully twenty-five years. Having tried other remedies without success, I was led by an advertisement in the Sentinel-Democrat to try Hall's Catarrh Cure. I have just finished my fourth bottle, and I believe I am right when I say I am thoroughly restored. I don't believe there is a trace of the disease left. Respectfully,

WM. BRIDGES, Merchant Tailor.

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IF SO TRY

ERIE CATARRH REMEDY

IMMEDIATE RELIEF. POSITIVE CURE or money refunded. Always specify "ERIE." Take no other. PLEASANT, HARMLESS, CONVENIENT. 50 Cents by Mail or at Druggists. Sample for 5 Cents in Stamps. E. P. HALL, ERIE, PA.

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Will be in great demand this spring and will fetch big prices. To have the earliest, plant Salzer's seeds. 50 pgs. Earliest Vegetable Novelties \$1. postpaid.

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To introduce our seeds everywhere, we send, postpaid, upon receipt of 14c:

1 package Six Weeks' Radish.	10c	In all 9 Packages, listed nowhere under 90c.
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1 " Brilliant Flower Seeds.	25c	ALL FOR 14c.

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No tools required. Only a hammer needed to drive and clinch them easily and quickly, leaving the clinch absolutely smooth. Requiring no hole to be made in the leather nor burr for the Rivets. They are STRONG, TOUGH and DURABLE. Millions now in use. All lengths, uniform or assorted, put up in boxes.

Ask your dealer for them, or send 40c. in stamps for a box of 100; assorted sizes.

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W. N. U. CHICAGO Vol. VII No. 7.

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J. M. JOHNSON, Malvern, Ark.
BRADFIELD REGULATOR Co., Atlanta, Ga.
Sold by Druggists at \$1.00 per bottle.

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Wormy Fruit and Leaf Bight of Apples, Pears, Cherries and Plums prevented; also Grape and Potato Rot—by spraying with Stahl's Double Acting Excessor Spray. Best in the market. Thousands in use. Catalogue, describing all insects injurious to fruit, mailed free. Address WM. STAHL, QUINCY, ILL.

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Consumptives and people who have weak lungs or Asthma, should use Piso's Cure for Consumption. It has cured thousands. It has not injured one. It is not bad to take. It is the best cough syrup. Send 1 cent for a bottle.

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DEAFNESS AND HEAD NOISES CURED

YOUTH AND AGE.

When all the world is young, lad,
When all the trees are green,
And every goose a swan, lad,
And every lass a queen,
Then hey for boot and horse, lad,
And around the world away,
Young blood must have its course, lad,
And every dog his day.

When all the world is old, lad,
And all the trees are brown,
And all the sport is stale, lad,
And all the wheels run down,
Creep home and take your place there,
The spent and maimed among,
God grant you find one face there
You loved when all was young.

—Charles Kingsley.

A FORTUNATE MISTAKE.

It's all no use, I can see," said Bob Morgan, stepping back from the sketch he had just made of a pretty bit of scenery. "If I finish it, and take it to Stanton, he'll only laugh. I am not cut out for an artist; neither can I get even bread and cheese, let alone an income to marry on, out of literature. I'm sure that was a capital tale I sent to the editor of The Snowflake last week, and he just sent it back with the old insult, that I've got so used to 'declined with thanks.' I really don't know what I can turn to, brought up to nothing, and expecting a fortune; it's hard enough for fellows to make a position, who have studied from boyhood, with everything in their favor. I must either enlist or emigrate; but there, I'll go and talk to my pretty Mabel. Thank heaven, I can still see her bright face occasionally."

A few minutes later, Bob Morgan was sitting on the trunk of an old tree, on the outskirts of the wood, with his arm round the waist of a pretty girl, his betrothed wife, whom he was now obliged to meet secretly, in consequence of his loss of fortune. She did not look mirthful herself to-night; her eyes were heavy with tears recently shed, and her pretty mouth was even now quivering with partially suppressed grief.

"Why, my darling little May," Bob was saying. "What is the matter? The sight of your bright face clouded makes me feel as if the world were wrapped in gloom, this fair summer evening."

"Oh, dear Bob, I am so unhappy. You remember me telling you that Mr. Falkland, an old friend of papa's, had come to stay with us on a visit? Well, it is too dreadful, Bob; mamma says he wants to marry me, and that if I do not say yes, when he asks me, we shall be ruined."

"To marry you, Mabel," exclaimed Bob indignantly. "The old fright, how dare he? Why, didn't you tell me that he was eighty?"

"Oh no, Bob, but he is over sixty; and that's quite as old, I think," said Mabel illogically.

"And what does your mother mean about being ruined?" asked Bob.

"Oh, I don't quite understand it," answered Mabel thoughtfully. "Something about a mortgage, which papa let him have."

"Well, mortgage, or ruin, or whatever else happens, Mabel, don't let them frighten you into marrying your grandfather. We can run away together, and live on fifty pounds a year, first," said Bob, stoutly; and then followed much loving talk and many castles in the air, for Bob's presence seemed to bring back all Mabel's light-heartedness.

But when she had left him, and he returned to his home alone, all the fears and anxieties he had shaken off, returned with ten-fold force.

"I know what you are capable of, my good Mrs. Walton," he soliloquized, apostrophizing his mother-in-law elect. "It's quite possible that the mortgage story is all made up, to try and frighten my poor little girl into the idea that she is making a noble sacrifice of herself, for the benefit of the others. And I suppose that horrible old fellow follows her about, and grins at her, and forces his odious presence on her, when he ought to be thinking of his grave, the old villain. He's sure to be a coarse old brute, for all the money was made in trade."

Bob felt all the contempt for such a sordid manner of amassing wealth that the son of an over-worked rector with a large family and small stipend, would naturally feel.

Next day, he went off and had an interview with Jemmy, the old man at Walton Lodge, with which pretentious name Mrs. Walton had dignified her small house. Bob used to be a favorite of old Jemmy's, on account of the numerous packets of tobacco, etc., which found their way from his pockets to the old man's, before Mrs. Walton had forbidden him the house, on account of his altered prospects.

From Jemmy, Bob learnt that the old gent, as the old man designated the rich man, would probably go down to fish in the mill stream, between breakfast and luncheon.

"Thanks, Jemmy, and now tell me exactly what he is like," said Bob. "But this information Jemmy was not able to impart with much success, so Bob felt he would have to trust to chance to show him the right man, if more than one old gentleman should select the same time and place for his fishing."

"Ah, there he is!" said Bob to himself, as he descried a solitary figure on the bank.

But when he drew nearer, he was not at all sure of his man. This gentleman was a jolly sprightly-looking man of fifty-five, with an air of refinement about him which could hardly have belonged to a trader.

Bob drew out his easel and set up all his paraphernalia ready to sketch, feeling all the courage of last night deserting him.

"Good-morning. Hope you will be very lucky," he said when the angler had just landed a fine trout.

"Thanks I've had one or two very fair takes this week," responded the old gentleman, and he then became quite talkative, so that Bob soon had

his doubts set at rest. He was Mr. Falkland, the man who had come to marry Mabel, and rob him of his love, who had been his since they both wore pinafores.

But though he made many attempts to broach the subject, and though he had never disgraced a piece of canvass with a worse daub than he put on that morning, the hours slipped by, and the old gentleman rose to return, without his having said one word to let him know that Mabel was not free to be wooed by him.

Now, desperation made him "screw his courage to the sticking point," and with a very red face and faltering voice, he said:

"Sir, I have a most—that is, I want to say—I would speak to you in private, if you please."

"Yes," answered Mr. Falkland, looking surprised but quite unconscious. "I shall be most happy to hear any communication you please to make; and, as I cannot invite you to Walton Lodge, being only a visitor there, and as there is no one to hear except the birds and squirrels to overhear our conversation, perhaps we can talk now?"

"Yes, certainly," came on purpose. "stammered Bob, growing more and more nervous; 'I want to tell—that is, you must please understand that I—you—you—in fact, you can't marry Mabel Walton, and what's more, you shan't!'"

Bob's sudden and defiant conclusion arose more from rage at his unfortunate loss of words, than from any other cause.

"Sir!" said Mr. Falkland, looking at him with displeasure mixed with the slight alarm as if he had been an escaped lunatic. "Will you kindly explain yourself?"

"There is nothing to explain, sir; I only wish to accept the fact," said Bob, now thoroughly exasperated by the other's coolness. "I was engaged to Mabel Walton, with the full consent of both our parents, when I was heir to my uncle's fortune. But he, enraged because I would not marry his adopted daughter, left her his fortune and me only fifty pounds per annum. Then Mrs. Walton told me Mabel should not marry a pauper, and so broke off our engagement though it was for Mabel's sake I lost my fortune."

"But really, young man, I think you have acted very meanly; you have persuaded a girl to wait for you when you have no prospect of marrying her; and you encourage her to disobey her parents, who very properly, wish her to accept the richest suitor. This is very sad."

"You wicked old hypocrite! If you were my own age, you would soon have my fist in your face! However, as you have no honor, I can't appeal to it; only, if you dare worry my poor girl, I'll make you repent it."

And in fearful wrath, Bob picked up his easel, and strode away. "Stop, stop, young man! One moment; I cannot let you go like that," cried Mr. Falkland; and Bob did stop, and as he glared at the old gentleman with savage eyes, the latter suddenly burst into a loud peal of hearty laughter.

"It's very amusing, no doubt," sneered Bob, longing to hit him on the head with his own fishing can. "It is amusing, sir. It is the best joke I have heard for many a long day. So Mrs. Walton had match-making on her mind when she invited me down here for a quiet fish. She really thought I was likely to marry that pretty little blue-eyed girl, did she? A girl several years younger than my own daughter. Ha, ha, ha! Excuse me, young man. Ha, ha, ha!"

"Really, sir, if I have been mistaken," began Bob, feeling foolish, yet delighted. "My dear young fellow, you never were more mistaken. I do assure you. Now you mention this, I can see it may possibly be the old lady's idea, but, believe me, nothing is farther from my thoughts than marrying any one, still less that sweet child. But, come, accept my apologies for not undeceiving you at your expense. Will you walk back with me to prove your forgiveness?"

Bob readily assented, only too glad of any excuse to go near Mabel's home.

Then the old gentleman drew from him an account of his unsuccessful attempts to get a livelihood, and, in return for his confidence, made a proposal which gladdened his heart, and caused his hopes of marrying Mabel to rise again.

"I have a great business as a merchant; my ships are on every sea, and I have no son to help me. My only daughter's husband is an independent gentleman, with an ample fortune of his own. There is absolutely no one to take to my business when I am gone. If you find all the fine arts positively closed to you in getting a living, what say you to making a trial of merchandise? Will you come into my office for a month, and if you like it, and show the aptitude necessary, I would do a great deal for the daughter of my old friend, who is as sweet an English rose herself as ever gladdened the eyes of a lonely old man."

Six months after Bob was plunging heart and soul into the mysteries of the craft he had once despised, and Mrs. Walton smiled as sweetly as ever on the protégé of the great merchant.

Bob soon became the happy husband of pretty Mabel, and was wont to think with a shudder of his past hopeless days and nights of unsuccessful toil at arts for which he had no capacity, while now he is continually adding large amounts to the balance at his banker's.

Mr. Falkland often visits them and always enjoys a hearty laugh at

recollection of Bob's attack on him at the mill stream.

"You may enjoy your joke as much as you please, my dear sir," says Bob. "I only know that for me it proved a lucky mistake!"—Saturday Evening Post.

THE GUESTS TURNED COOKS.

Had All the Help He Needed on That Yachting Trip.

There is a certain yachtsman who loves a joke, especially one of the practical kind. He is rich and can therefore indulge this weakness with less fear of the consequences than most people would have. Last summer he made his headquarters at a hotel on the Jersey coast, taking frequent cruises on his schooner yacht. Being liberal with his money, he was the "star boarder" at the place, and the proprietor put up with his eccentricities rather than lose his valuable patronage.

One day in August the yachtsman said to the hotel-keeper:

"Your servants have to work pretty hard don't they?"

"Well, yes," was the hesitating reply.

"They seem very faithful and I think they deserve a little treat."

"Yes," said the hotel man, wondering what was up.

"I have been thinking that it would do them lots of good to take them a sail on my yacht."

"Oh, that would be too great a favor," replied the other. "Besides they haven't time to go on such a trip."

"Yes, they have. They can go directly after luncheon and get back in time to cook dinner."

"You would be sure and bring them back in two or three hours?"

"Certainly; you needn't worry about that."

Consent was given, and the guest invited all the servants for an afternoon's cruise. They accepted the offer eagerly. The next day was named for the time. Luncheon was hurried through with, and the start was made without washing the dishes. The yacht was of good size, so that there was room for every one. All the employees of the hotel went, except the clerks. The cooks and their helpers, the waiters, hall boys, baggage-handlers, dish-washers, and all the rest put on their best bibs and tuckers for an afternoon "off."

The day was a fine one, and the sail was immensely enjoyed. The owner of the vessel was even more delighted than his guests. Four o'clock came and the vessel was miles from the hotel. The cooks began to get anxious. They were assured it was all right. After an hour or two a capital supper was served, and Mary Ann and James forgot all about their duties on shore. When their host said: "I wonder what the people at the hotel are eating?" there was a great shout of laughter. All consented to the mutiny against their employer, and didn't mind sailing until 10 or 11 o'clock, when the schooner finally landed.

In the meantime the guests were in a fine state of mind and the proprietor was beside himself. At 6 o'clock some of the people went into the kitchen, washed a few dishes, cooked coffee and got together some cold food. A few thought it a great joke. When the yacht party returned the hotel-keeper couldn't scold his employees and didn't dare offend the rich guest. He therefore smiled, in a forced fashion it is true, when the yachtsman asked him cheerily: "How did you enjoy your dinner?"

HE WENT ALONE.

He Could Not Take His Wife Along on His Last Mission.

It all happened in one of ocean's caves, where the star-fishes love to linger and seaweeds cling affectionately to the insensible rock.

An oyster rushed wildly into the humble home his industry and frugality had provided. He was very much agitated.

"Oyster alive," she gasped, "what has happened?"

"My darling," he impressively exclaimed, "good-by!"

She sank into a seat with a low moan. A terrible fear gnawed at her breast.

"Are you called to the upper world?" Her voice died on her lips. She read in his face that her worst fears were confirmed.

"Merciful heaven! Burying her face in her hands she wept copiously. Hastily gathering together a change of underclothing, the oyster stood at the door and cast about him one last glance at the beloved place he would see no more.

Suddenly his wife sprang to her feet. "My life," she cried, "I will go with you."

He shook his head.

"No," he groaned, "I must go alone. I am wanted for a church sociable."

Dashing a tear from his eye he kissed her cheek and was gone.—Detroit Free Press.

His Reproof.

Minister—Those wicked boys were playing ball again in Jones' lot as I came from church.

Minister's Wife—Didn't you stop to reprove them?

Minister—Yes, but it didn't have any effect. Young Cowles made a daisy three-bag hit and let in three runs, and the crowd didn't have any use for me.—Judge.

The Ragman's Cry.

The ragman's prolonged and some what doleful cry, which used to be heard more frequently than at present in our streets, has its prototype in Genoa, from which it came direct to this country.

ELECTRIC CAR RUNS AWAY.

Three People Killed and Many Injured in an Accident at Portland, Ore.

PORTLAND, Ore., Feb. 16.—A frightful accident occurred on the City & Suburban Electric Railway yesterday afternoon in which three persons were instantly killed and a dozen severely injured. A car was going down-hill, when its motorman lost control of it and it plunged down two blocks at terrific speed. When the car reached a curve at the bottom of the hill it left the track and was overturned. The momentum was so great that the car, leaving the track, was dashed to pieces.

There were forty-five passengers aboard, among them being twenty young people who constituted the graduating class of Williams Avenue Grammar School. The dead were: J. O. DENNIS, aged 33; BERTHA DENNIS, his son, aged 18; T. T. JOHNSON.

James Menefee was probably fatally injured. Nearly everyone on the car was cut or bruised. The motorman and conductor were arrested, but subsequently released. A police officer who was on the car said the motorman was not to blame; that the brakes would not hold the car.

DUST EXPLOSION IN A MINE.

One Man Killed and Many Injured Near Albion, Iowa.

DES MOINES, Iowa, Feb. 16.—By an explosion of dust ignited by a shot in the Cedar mines, three miles from Albion, one man, Joseph Gallagher, was killed and ten others seriously burned in their faces and hands, and as many more received lesser wounds. About one hundred men were in the mine at the time, and but for the fact that they were close to the cold-air shaft many would have been killed. The man who fired the shot, Joseph Gallagher, was beheaded by the explosion, and the concludist igniting, shot a flame for 100 feet about, throwing all the miners within that distance to the floor, rendering some unconscious. Those in a critical condition are:

HARRY LONG
CHARLES LONG
JOHN ROBINSON
ALBERT ANDERSON
GEO. ANDERSON
THOMAS IRWIN
R. H. LORRIGAN
H. H. WAPFIE
GABRIEL JOHNSON
MICHAEL NOOKINS.

ANOTHER CABINET CERTAINTY.

Mr. Cleveland Says Hoke Smith Will Be Secretary of the Interior.

LAKESIDE, N. J., Feb. 16.—Mr. Cleveland has announced the name of the fifth member of his Cabinet. It is that of Hoke Smith of Georgia for Secretary of the Interior. In making the announcement Mr. Cleveland said: "I met Mr. Hoke Smith of Georgia in my office in New York yesterday. He called at my request. I offered him the position of Secretary of the Interior. He accepted. I wish to say that I have not written him or received any letters or other communications from him and that yesterday was the first time I have seen him since election."

Mr. Cleveland went to New York on the 8:30 a. m. train. He remained at his office in the Mills building all day and saw only those who called by appointment. Mrs. Cleveland accompanied him to and from the city. The selection of Hoke Smith, with that of Gresham, Carlisle, Bissell and Lamont, fills all of the positions except the portfolio of the Navy, the Attorney-General and Agriculture.

Will Be At His Office To-Day.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., Feb. 16.—Positive advices from Gov. Altgeld warrant the statement he will be here at 12:30 to-day over the Alton road. He is said to be much improved in health. Some of his friends expected to see him at noon to-day. Reddick Ridgeley was at the depot with a carriage to receive him, but the Governor didn't come. He will be at the executive offices for the first time since his inauguration to-morrow, and according to the say-so of his friends will do something to tighten up his party in the Legislature and see if he cannot bring about some concert of action.

Michigan Insurance Association.

LANSING, Mich., Feb. 16.—The following were elected officers of the State Association of Mutual Fire Insurance Companies for the ensuing two years: President, E. S. Burnett, Bancroft; Vice-President, C. F. Miller, Mason; Secretary and Treasurer, John E. Taylor, Greenville. A committee was appointed to oppose the passage of the Hammond bill to require companies to pay the full amount for which they receive premiums.

Warrant Out for a Banker.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Feb. 16.—A warrant has been sworn out for the arrest of Elmer Williams, President of the defunct Continental Bank. The warrant was issued at the instance of John J. Porter of Hannibal, Mo., who charges him with felony by getting money from him by fraud. Williams is in Kansas and Porter's attorney has gone to Jefferson City, Mo., to obtain from Gov. Stone authority for his requisition.

Will of Mrs. W. C. Whitney.

NEW YORK, Feb. 16.—The will of the late Flora Fayne Whitney, wife of Ex-Secretary of the Navy William C. Whitney, was yesterday filed for probate. The will was executed Jan. 31, 1893, and leaves all of her property, real and personal, to her husband and makes him sole executor. The personal estate is valued in the petition of Mr. Whitney at \$3,300,000 and the real estate at \$750,000.

Earthquake in Western States.

OMAHA, Neb., Feb. 16.—Northwestern Nebraska, Southern South Dakota, and Eastern Wyoming were visited by an earthquake yesterday. A slight quiver of the earth was noticeable, accompanied by a low, rumbling sound.

Now is the time
to invest
in the
new factory suburb
of Chicago
(Special Inducements for Factory Sites)

Now is the time—before prices advance—to invest in a lot in Brock the new factory suburb of Chicago. Brock is sold as a rock. Only 2 miles from Chicago limits, only 14 miles from Court House, yet 12 miles from Lake Michigan's breezes. Good for manufacturing. Good for residence. Good for investment—specially good. Look at the Map. It was Chicago a position which made Chicago. It is Brock's position which is making Brock. Brock is close to the most growing city in the world. Chicago is growing faster than New York. Brock is between two of the greatest railroads of the country—the Chicago and North-Western and the Wisconsin Central (Northern Pacific). Brock is the terminus of the Chicago and Elston Park Electric Railway. Brock has one and a half miles of river frontage. Brock has two square miles of land, all platted and owned by the Brock Land Association. Over 400 acres are specially reserved for manufacturing purposes. The residence section is high, dry and healthy—125 feet above the lake. Now is the time to invest, as this property will rapidly become five times more valuable than at today's prices.



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