



The Heroine of Donelson.

BY DAVID GRAHAM ADER.

Fort Donelson's horrors were wild and dramatic. That battle of terrors 'mong scenes panoramic. But an action that started the blood from its coldness. Where death missiles hurled was a brave woman's boldness.

The smoke of the battle swept Cumberland River. Mid rifles' sharp rattle and bayonets' quiver. Our regiment hurried the breastworks to carry. Our soldiers were worried, though no time to tarry.

"On, boys!" cried our Colonel, in intrepid manner. The fire was infernal. Oh, where was our banner? We met them all paining, as rollers meet rollers. Yet one thing was wanting—we had not our colors.

Our new flag unspun, the onset was sounded. With real undiminished, quick forward we bounded. They huddled like cattle as blindly they wondered. And there waged the battle; oh, where was our standard?

A spirited rally—a shout as of thunder. While in the dead valley our troops tore asunder. A woman ran fearless, wild waving our banner. Disheveled and tearless, while shot and shell ran her.

Hurrah for our war flag, hurrah for the woman! Who never lagged from field or from foe-man! God's blessing upon her, the hero of story. Who, wrapped in that banner, lies covered with glory!

A Plucky Southern Woman.

Several cases of the extreme to which the hatred of the North carried Southern people during the war, said Major Thomas B. Odell to a N. Y. Press man, came under my observation, and one was by a pretty and wonderfully plucky Southern woman near Port Hudson, La. I was then attached to Gen. Hamlin's staff. One day I turned off the main road and rode up to a good-sized plantation house. I noticed a lot of Union soldiers on the piazza and around the door. A very handsome woman, with long black hair, and flashing black eyes, said her respects to me and to the North in the most violent language, and the contempt she had for everybody from the North and for everything Northern was very great. It seems the men had overrun her house, and it made her mad. I ordered them away and reprimanded them. This action on my part surprised her greatly, and she seemed astonished that a Union officer could be a gentleman. When I asked her for a glass of water I sought, she urged me to take some food, which I declined, and she expressed regret that I did so. That woman, single handed, and with only her pluck and spirits as weapons, had defied a score of men, and in those serious times it was almost a foolhardy thing to do, for she was helpless and alone. Most women would have banished themselves in the garret. It seems that her husband was a Confederate Captain, and as I rode up I heard her declare like an enraged tigress that our boys would have 'rept out of her house if he had been around. I afterwards told her that it was lucky for the Captain that he was not around, as it would have gone hard with him, but she was as defiant as ever. I know of other instances of the plucky spirit of Southern women, and have had Confederates admit that this hatred on their part did much to spur on the young men of the South.

Mishap to a Big Gun.

The first 13-inch breech-loading rifle in course of construction at the Washington Navy-yard met with a serious accident about a month ago. While in process of placing the jacket on the tube, the jacket grasped the tube several feet below the point intended, and there wedged fast. To remedy this accident it was decided to send to Philadelphia and hire a hydraulic apparatus to force the jacket into its proper position. It has been ascertained that the hydraulic apparatus will have to be built expressly for this purpose, and, as it might never be wanted again, it was thought that the expense for this one occasion would not be justifiable, consequently the rifle has been placed in a gun-pit in a vertical position, and about the jacket is arranged materials for heating it and the tube also by means of an oil blast, and when sufficient heat has been acquired to expand both the tube and the jacket, a stream of cold water will be worked up into the tube, with the hope that the sudden cooling will contract the tube and allow it to drop down into the jacket and fit in its proper position. In the event of a failure a contrivance has been arranged near the end of the tube to use pressure and force the tube downward. If the last resort is unsuccessful the jacket will have to be cut away, causing a loss of \$4,000.

At Vicksburg.

O. B. Lawley, Company C, Twenty-second Iowa, McLeansboro, Ill., writes: "Capt. McKinney says the Seventy-seventh Illinois was in the charge May 23. The Captain is right. I was well acquainted with some of the Seventy-seventh boys—Lieut. John Eno, Ene Eno and George McCann. I have they belonged to Company K,

Seventy-seventh Illinois. It frequently saw them at Vicksburg. The Twenty-second Iowa was in Carr's Division, Lawler's Brigade, Thirteenth Corps, and we went into the charge together. The Twenty-second boys have never said a word against the Seventy-seventh. I believe they did their duty as soldiers. The Twenty-second Iowa wishes to take no laurels from any regiment. They did their work and did it well; they went wherever they were ordered, and that is all that is required of a soldier. Comrades, the war is over, and with victory perched on our flag the boys came marching home. Where are we now? The South is in the saddle again, and we are called a Grand Army of Beggars, and all kinds of insults are heaped upon us for our work of saving the nation. Comrades, do you remember that hot 22d day of May at Vicksburg? For that day's work, with many others, such as Champion Hills, Black River Bridge and Port Gibson, we are called paupers and thieves. Would you have thought then that the work we did would so soon be forgotten? What difference who took the first fort or led the charge, or was shot on the field of battle? We have given it all up. It is all turned over to the Southern Brigadier. What is the use of telling what we did thirty years ago? Let us be preparing for the next four years to meet the enemy again."—National Tribune.

Only a Fake.

When Gen. Butler visited San Francisco a decade or more ago, says the Examiner, a great crowd collected at the ferry landing to see and cheer him. As the people trooped off the boat the General walked quickly through the craning, cheerful throng, entered a hack and was driven to Market Street, followed by the throng. He left the hack at the Palace Hotel, where his hand was reached for right and left by men who said:

"General, I was with you at Petersburg!"

"I remember you from the days at New Orleans."

"I was under you before Fort Fish."

He walked, nodding affably to right and left, to a cheap clothing store, and there appearing upon a balcony began a harangue with:

"Ladies and gentlemen: Let me call your attention to our fine line of socks. And—"

It was an advertising fake. The real Gen. Butler arrived, almost unnoticed, by the next boat.

Grand Naval Review.

The Navy Department has at last outlined its plans for the Grand Naval Review in New York Harbor next April. Secretary Tracy has taken preliminary steps, and has issued Special Orders, No. 21, which reads:

1. Rear-Admiral Bancroft Gherardi is hereby ordered to assume command on March 1 next of the combined fleet for the naval review authorized by the act of Congress, approved April 25, 1890.

2. Upon the date specified the North Atlantic and South Atlantic Stations will be temporarily discontinued, until the close of the review, when they will revive under the same conditions as exist at the present time.

3. On the 1st day of March, or as soon thereafter as possible, Rear-Admiral Benham, Commander-in-Chief of the South Atlantic Station, and Rear-Admiral Walker, Commander-in-Chief of the North Atlantic Station, will report to Rear-Admiral Gherardi at such point as he may designate, with the ships of their respective commands, for duty in the naval review fleet, resuming command of the respective stations at the close of the review.

4. During the period named the Yantic will be considered as assigned to temporary special service on the east coast of South America, resuming her place on the South Atlantic Station at the termination of the review.

5. Upon the completion of the review and the duties connected therewith, Rear-Admiral Gherardi will haul down his flag and relinquish command as follows:

Demonstrated His Loyalty.

Here is a good war story by Representative Sayers of Texas, as given by the Washington Post:

"In the early part of the war," he said, "when nearly every Southern man in the North went back to his own section, Capt. Duncan McRae, stationed at Fort Craig, N. M., was an exception. His Southern birth was known, and he was regarded with suspicion. Life was being made very unhappy for him by insinuations of his Northern comrades just at the time when our brigade passed near Fort Craig on its way from Texas into Missouri. Capt. McRae's battery opposed us, and I never saw men fight with greater bravery than was shown in that brief battle by McRae and his men. Out of the entire company only five men escaped alive. McRae was killed, his body falling alongside of his guns."

"Under the flag of truce a Union officer came across the battlefield. I met him and happened to know him. He told me in the course of our conversation that McRae on the previous night had spoken to his comrades of their suspicions, and had said that he proposed to prove his loyalty on the morrow by his death. 'I shall never leave the battlefield alive,' he said. When morning came he seemed unusually happy. 'I have seen my specter in a dream,' he said, 'and now I know that we come death will come.' And so it did. The man had sacrificed himself rather than endure the imputations cast on his loyalty."

"What became of the guns? They were thrown down a well. I know where they are, and I have a letter in my pocket now asking me to see the War department and have them given into the custody of the State of Texas."

IT SPOUTS SIXTY FEET.

A CURIOUS PHENOMENON OF NATURE.

Geyser of Salt Sea Brine, Cutting Its Way Through Rocks During the Storm—Strange Freaks of Neptune Under the Beach.

One of the strangest things to be seen at Santa Cruz these days is a queer spouting rock, or rather a tunnel and rocky aperture, through which the sea water boils and bubbles furiously. Hundreds of people have been out to see it. The queer spouting rock was developed during the recent great storm. Every two or three minutes, alternately, a volume of water sixty feet high shoots into the air. To view it wholly from the surface it appears to be a gigantic geyser, compared with which those of the Yellowstone Park are at times insignificant, says the San Francisco Examiner.

The water, which is thrown up in such a great volume, is salt brine from the Pacific ocean. For a thousand years possibly, and may be more, for nobody knows, the waves of the ocean have been playing such an earnest game of hide-and-go-seek with themselves and the rocky shore that they have worn great chasms and tunnels into the land.

It is a rock-bound shore, but the rock for the most part is not very hard. It is mainly an illusive or micaceous sandstone of a light yellow hue, and if you walk over it while it is wet you must be cautious for it is almost as slippery as soapstone. In this curious stone the waves have cut long avenues and dug out caves far inland over which people walk and never mistrust that if the top should fall they would be precipitated into the sea.

In some places the tops have already fallen, or partly so, and one may peer over the edge and look through queer circular holes 50 feet down into the blue seething waters. The tunnels, open cuts and this strange spouting rock are two miles south of Santa Cruz, not far from the Esplanade and in full view of the crescent bay, the mouths of the Salinas and San Lorenzo rivers and the white shaft erected to the memory of the Franciscan friar, Junipero Seara. The azure of the ocean, the faint blue of the two wings of the Cascades and the varied colors of the sky, with the other surroundings, make the place one of singular beauty.

It was odd to see such a column extending out of what appeared to be a level stretch of land, covered thickly with grass, which for much of the year was redolent of wild flowers. Very fantastic the water appeared. Day and night, at intervals of two and three minutes, the column would shoot up, and as suddenly fall, only to appear again as before. Throngs went to see it and wondered at its fantastic colors. The wilder the storm the loftier the column. It varied from forty to sixty feet high, according to the force of the waves.

An examination of the grounds thereabouts revealed novel things. It was found that a long, narrow groove or cut led into the shore. It was widest at the sea end, like a wedge, and grew narrower as it reached into the land. It extended about eighty feet.

Into this the waves thrashed and hammered as they rolled in from towards the mountains across the bay which border the Salinas river. As the waves crashed against the end of the tunnel they kept wearing away the soft sandstone which composed it and a portion of the roof above. At length the waves extended far beyond the weak portion of the roof, and there was a rebound which was very powerful. Gradually it ate away the roof.

Suddenly during the storm it burst through, making an aperture about two feet square and looking much like a hopper to a grain mill. It appears to have been at a point where a peculiar strain was put on a portion of the caprock, which cracked and fell. When this occurred the water was partially freed from the queer underground prison, and as the waves played back and forth it sent the column skywards.

A loud sound accompanied it like the roar of artillery. The bending of the lythe eucalyptus trees, the incoming of the many white waves, the falling of the sheets of rain and the fury of the tempest made up a scene inexpressibly grand. As the waves died down the lofty column of water ceased to appear, but as they increased in power with the storm it again shot up into the air.

Star Stones.

The asteria or star stones are among the most wonderful productions of the mineral kingdom. They are corundums, the star sapphire being a grayish blue; the star ruby, bright red; the star topaz, straw yellow. The star appearance in the stone is caused, according to some mineralogists, by a foreign substance in the gem; others say it is due to peculiarities of crystallization. Whatever it may be, advantage is taken of it by the lapidary, who cuts the stone in the shape of a dome, beginning at the center of the star and making the points radiate to the circumference. The stone has six points, and as the light plays on the face of the stone the bright lines of the star change with the position of the gem and produce a singularly beautiful effect. These stones are very valuable, the best specimens being, it is said, worth as much as diamonds of the same weight. Barton, the great Oriental traveler, had a star sapphire which he always carried on his person, and in the heart of Arabia or in

the deserts of Africa the sight of this wonderful gem always inspired a respect that was akin to reverence.—The Great Divide.

OLD DICK.

He Was Rough in the Barn-Yard, But a Beauty in Harness.

"I had an old horse—Dick," said Billy Blanchard to a Globe-Democrat man, "who was the very devil in the barn-yard. No better horse in harness. Once got him in the shafts and he was all right. But to get him there wasn't so much fun some times. 'Twas no use to get mad about it. In one month I think I hired about fourteen men to come out from town and work my garden and take care of the horse and cow. Frequently they'd stay two or three days, but oftener they'd go back to town to rest a day. I nearly went broke buying railroad tickets and new clothes for the men."

"A fellow would come out from town and proceed to do the night's work; go in the stall with Dick to clean out his manger, bend over the board, and in two shakes of a sheep's tail lose his breeches or his roundabout and be dinged glad to get out of the stable alive. I remember one Sunday morning going into the stable yard to help Kate, the cook, harness up. Kate seduced Dick with sugar and sweetmeats of all kinds. He had a sweet tooth. But that morning nothing would touch him, and the prospect of gittin' my wife to church was particularly poor."

"Kate played her last card on him with some maple sugar, and while he was licking his chops, got the bridle and harness on, and had led him out of the stable. He utterly refused the shafts. Kate called me. As soon as I got in the yard he made for me, his ears laid back, his teeth all skinned and his eyes looking like the devil. I ran for a pig-nut tree in the yard and dodged him for a few moments. There was a stack of bean poles not far off. I made a dart for it, gathered the nearest one and wheeled just in time to give him a fearful swipe on the snout as he came at me. The blow took all the starch out of him. He turned at once and walked over to the carriage. I followed him, carrying the pole. He was done. I held the pole and Kate hitched up. I kept the old devil nearly two years, and I was the only person that could do any thing with him outside the shafts. Finally I sold him for a dray horse."

Shoes Made Waterproof.

Shoes can easily be made waterproof and snow resisting by the aid of a little paraffine dissolved in benzine. A very little paraffine is needed, and only enough benzine to dissolve it and make it flow easily. The preparation can be brushed over the uppers and even the soles, and as it dries almost as fast as put on the shoes are ready to wear without any delay. The paraffine presents a firm waterproof surface, and does not look amiss, although it will not take a shine like unprepared leather. But it is very convenient in snowy weather. The preparation differs from the bulk of waterproofers in that instead of making the leather stiff and hard it makes it very soft and pliable. The mixture can be applied to patent leather tips and to uppers composed entirely of that material, but it takes off the brilliancy of these stylish articles too completely to be used very extensively for the purpose, although when the paraffine has worn off the polish appears as brilliant as ever.

Children Use the Dagger.

Among the wilder tribes of the Caucasus every child is taught to use the dagger almost as soon as he can walk. The children first learn to stab water, without making a splash, and by incessant practice acquire extraordinary command over the weapon.

Wooden Shoes.

It is estimated that no fewer than 70,000,000 Europeans wear wooden shoes. Basswood is ordinarily used for the sabots, but willow is the best material. Poplar, beech, walnut and birch are also used.

IN THE LAP OF LUXURY.

Three of the four Dutch universities are open to women, namely: Leyden, Utrecht and Amsterdam.

The sum of \$4,016.79 is wanted to complete the Philadelphia city hall, on which some ten millions have already been spent. The tower alone is to cost \$700,000.

Some of the costly things in the sultan's treasure house at Constantinople are children's cradles of pure gold, inlaid with precious stones; divans covered with cloth of gold, embroidered with pearls; suits of mail, thickly incrustured with big emeralds and diamonds, and other relics of former Ottoman splendor.

Some of the more costly dolls can walk around and are even made to dance with one another by clockwork inside and to sing with a phonograph attachment while they dance. The cost of dolls with all these equipments runs up into the hundreds of dollars but they are sold to rich families and the demand for them increases.

There are in the toy market for the boy of mechanical tastes real steam engines and boilers, which run with a lamp under them, on sections of track with steel rails and miniature ties. Then there are toy factories, with a water-wheel or steam engine to furnish motive power, and with rollers or looms inside, where his mother's spools of thread can be woven into cloth. There are also small printing presses, with real ink and rollers and real type. There are sets of carpenter's tools made small enough for the boy's strength. There are engravers' tools with which he can cut things in their regular prepared blocks or on small engravers' plates.

QUEER COW NOTIONS.

Peculiar Ideas Cultivated for Ages Among the Buddhists.

For centuries the Hindoos have regarded the killing of a cow or the eating of her flesh a crime for which there is no forgiveness. The Emperor Aurungzeb was defeated by all the Rajpoot princes, as well as by the people of lower caste, because he ordered the slaughter of the cows of Rajpootana, not for the sake of the beef, but in a spirit of persecution and revenge. As late as the end of the last century Tippoo Sultan excited horror throughout Southern India because he compelled Hindoos to eat beef in order that they might be polluted and thus more readily take to the Mohammedan form of religion. A perusal of the historic facts above set forth will naturally cause the reader to ask: What is there about the cow to command such superstitious reverence? By way of answer I would say that cow worship is associated with the oldest forms of known religious worship. From remotest antiquity the cow has been regarded as the incarnation of the female element in nature.—The universal mother. The early Egyptians worshipped the goddess Isis in the form of a woman with the horns of a cow. The Hindoos worship the cow as an incarnation of Lakshmi, the wife of Vishnu, the holy, beautiful and pure ideal of woman, who rose, like Aphrodite, out of the sea. To wake up in the morning and see a cow the first thing is the best omen of good luck that can possibly befall the orthodox Hindoo.

The ideas of the Hindoos as to beef are altogether different from those of the Buddhists. The Hindoo regards a cow as a deity, and it is said that they would rather eat human flesh than taste beef. They have even been known to perish of starvation on shipboard rather than eat beef. Buddhists, on the contrary, have no superstition which teaches them that the cow is a deity; they only object to the killing of such animals for food because it is contrary to their laws of kindness, which forbids the killing of any of God's creatures. If animals die a natural death, or get killed through accident, the Buddhist's objection immediately vanishes. It is even recorded that Gotama Buddha himself died—or, rather, passed into the nothingness of Nirvana from eating too much roast pig!

Scrap Books.

In a certain Boston family each member of the household is provided with large scrap books, in which to collect pictures of various subjects. The father calls his three volumes "A Study of Human Nature," and portraits of men and women from all the different walks of life are collected therein. The mother gathers scenes from the life of Christ: the oldest daughter, reproductions or artists' pictures, while the three younger people divide among themselves the subjects of home scenes, animal pictures, Bible pictures and views from America, Europe, Asia and Africa. It is remarkable how rapidly these scrap books have grown. Magazines and pictorial papers have been a fruitful source from which to gather, and interested friends have contributed. The fact that the books are divided into separate subjects adds much to their interest, and their instructiveness to the children is great. Another scrap book soon to be made in this family is the outcome of a summer in Europe. A collection of over 150 photographs are to be mounted in this book, all of them being views which the owner has seen. They will be arranged in the order of his journey, and opposite each picture will be written a full description giving heights of mountains and other points of particular interest, and telling the exact circumstances under which it was seen. This album will be invaluable to its owner and entertaining to all who see it.

In Darkest New York.

There is one new ward in New York with a population of 75,000 and having but seven churches, or one church to 10,000 people. Another ward has 47,000 people and but four churches. It may be news to most people in the West that the majority of the wealthy nabobs of the metropolis, who pay princely salaries to preachers to administer to their own refined spiritual wants, have their places of business within a stone's throw of these places of spiritual darkness.

Poor Spanish Professors.

The professors in the colleges of Spain are miserably underpaid, often receiving no more than \$20 per year. They endeavor to make a small profit out of their text books, each requiring his own book to be used. These books are frequently in manuscript, or, if printed, are sold at unusual prices. The students, also poor, resort in consequence to second-hand shops and the annual fair, where a specialty is made of collegiate text books.

Exhausted.

A barrister tormented a poor German witness with so many questions that the old man declared he was so exhausted that he must have a drink of water before he could say another word. Upon this the judge remarked: "I think, sir, you had better let the witness go now, for you have pumped him dry."—Argonaut.

Beauty of Mankind.

Even among savages the women who are considered most beautiful by their fellow savages are those who most accurately conform to the best canons of the beautiful as recognized by the aesthetic Greeks.

PERSONAL POINTS.

It is related of Maximian, the giant Roman emperor, that he could grind pieces of hard stone to powder between his fingers.

Mrs. George Hearst, widow of Senator Hearst of California, is the most heavily insured woman in the world. Her policies aggregate \$500,000.

President Diaz is one of the hardest worked men in the republic. He is sixty-two years old, but his life has been so temperate that he looks much younger.

Mrs. Whitelaw Reid will soon be the possessor of one of the largest diamonds in the world. It is now being cut for her by a famous Dutch lapidary.

Ethel Mackenzie McKenna, the oldest daughter of the late Sir Morell Mackenzie, the great specialist, is a clever newspaper woman, well known as a London correspondent.

Queen Victoria wrote a volume of verses, it is said, long ago, and as she sent them to a publisher under a nom de plume, the empress queen experienced one of the delicious sensations of life by having the work promptly returned "with thanks."

Pope Leo breakfasts on coffee or milk alone, and his dinner consists of two eggs, a small piece of chicken, and some fruit and a little Bordeaux; and the czar of Russia partakes daily of five meals, one of which is an elaborate French dinner.

Were Carlyle now alive he might say of some modern Frenchmen what he said of the French nobility before the reign of terror: "One virtue they still required to have—for mortal man cannot live without a conscience—the virtue of perfect readiness to fight a duel."

The Wellington monument, which was erected to commemorate the victory of Waterloo, on the hills which separate Somersetshire from Devonshire, England, has just been thoroughly restored, and, after having been closed for two years it is again open to the public.

Edgar A. Poe's first volume of poems, "Tamerlane," has just been sold in Boston for \$2,500, the purchaser being William Barclay Danham, who has gained some reputation as a writer of dainty verse. The poems of this volume were written before the author was fourteen years old.

The original autograph manuscript of the "Poems of Two Brothers" (Alfred and Charles Tennyson) was sold at auction in London recently for \$2,400. The manuscript was chiefly in the handwriting of the late laureate, and contained three poems that do not appear in the published work.

General Trochu, the defender of Paris in the closing days of the Franco-Russian war, is a descendant of Racine. He was invited to attend a recent histrionic ceremony in honor of the eminent dramatist, but so busy is the old soldier with his memoirs that he could not spare the time to accept.

Israel Putnam, a great-grandson of the old revolutionary hero whose name he bears, is a resident of Rock Island, Clackamas, Ore. He is a pensioner of the late war and is very proud of his descent. He has in his possession the uniform, dress coat and cane presented to his great-grandfather by Lafayette.


FROM FOREIGN LANDS.

The revised German Bible has been completed.

The French still fight an average of 4,000 duels a year.

A party of six guns shot over 5,500 rabbits on Lord Ancester's estate in England last season.

The four principal gun factories of Italy are about to begin work on new rifles for the Italian army.




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WOMAN AND HOME.

CURRENT GOSSIP AND NOTES OF THE MODES.

A Chapter on Bonnets and Hair Dressing—The Evening Coiffure—The Elsa Bonnet—The Metal Hat—Fashion Notes.

Women Not Ambitious Enough.

A typewriter employed in the office of a prominent real estate firm of St. Paul has such accurate knowledge of the reality of the city that she is often consulted in preference to her employers. One of the firm said that if she were a man he would be the office boy himself, so great is her business ability; yet she receives only the regular typewriter's salary. Another woman in the West has for fifteen years conducted a large insurance business for the regular agent. He receives the agent's profits, she a meagre salary.

Men clerks and stenographers claim that their chief reluctance to women's entering these different lines of business is that the women reduce the salaries paid, not because of their number, but because they are too easily satisfied with small pay and are not ambitious enough for promotion.

Evening Coiffure.



A very dressy coiffure that needs only the use of the curling irons to reproduce. Divide the hair in six or seven strands and curl the ends over the largest sized tongs. Gather these up into a loose knot at the back. The tendrils in the neck are made curly over small tongs. A bunch of ribbon and a rose are set at the front of the carelessly graceful knot.

Cracker Jars, Etc.

Cracker jars, fruit and ice cream dishes are exquisitely lovely in the new designs with gold and silver fling of network over them, so fine that it resembles lace. Flower jars come also in these designs. The most useful are the glass dishes which come out of the metal covering. It can be washed and replaced after using.

Low chairs, with cretonne cushions, and low, short benches, also cushioned, are "slipper seats" that short women, or, indeed, any women, find especially useful.

Banana dishes for individual serving. The newest and most exquisite of all the season's novelties in china. Narrow, like a folded leaf, with handle at the end. In cream color, with dead-gold decoration; china, Limoges.

Arranging Rooms.

In furnishing and arranging rooms the fact that to produce the best results one color should dominate should be borne in mind. Furthermore, this dominant color should be either a primary or secondary, and all other tints must be subsidiary to it. In almost every instance the most perfect and beautiful harmony is produced by employing neutral tints for the large masses and then giving an airy delicacy to the whole by the introduction of small masses in the primary secondary colors, that they may form a proper contrast to the prevailing hue. Another point that should be borne in mind is that the eye is never quite satisfied when all the primal colors are not present in some form.

Metal Hat.



This very becoming hat is of felt, flat crowned, with a wide brim raised off the hair in front. The trimming is of velvet in black, dark red, green or other suitable tints, the strings of velvet or satin ribbon to match. Style adapted for young ladies.

Crinoline and Hoop Skirts.

If the prediction of the great and only Worth comes true the crinoline in all its glory will be with us this coming spring. There has been a league headed by John Strange Winter, who in private life is Mrs. Stannard, for the purpose of repulsing the invasion before it has time to get a strong hold on the feminine fancy, yet when one sees this quaint dress worn by a pretty girl it seems quite as becoming as the styles to which we are more accustomed.

A White Cushioned Divan.

A divan piled with white cushions, whose snowiness came from their sheer lawn covers, edged all around with a double ruffle of soft mull, gave a touch of freshness to an apartment recently seen. A riot of cushions and rugs

still seems the furnishing ambition of most women. And to vary her cushions is one of the problems of the modern chateleine. A unique cushion given to a bride by her sister was composed of bits of every gown in her trousseau skillfully and artistically applied upon a square of the white faille wedding gown.

Satinette and Mole-skin.

For the coming season satinette, mole-skin and satin sheeting will be used for scarfs, table covers and portieres. These are stained on light grounds in delicate flowers and leaves, or large, bold designs of scroll work, or dices in the old Persian colors. This is worked around in filo flosses or heavy raw silk, in the corresponding colors. These patterns cover the article all over and give it a very oriental look. The finish to scarf or portiere should be heavy Persian fringe.

At the Feet of Paderewski.

Now that Paderewski is again among us anecdotes of the adulation to which he is forced to submit are in order. The London Times gives us this—the latest: "At one of his last recitals a woman so debased herself as to fall literally upon her face at his feet—a proceeding which was certainly as uncomfortable for the pianist as it was lowering for the woman. The incident, however, had the happy effect of bringing the other women in the audience to their senses."

Fashion Notes.

In new stationery pale lilac, with address or monogram in darker tone, is shown. Light and dark green are also shown and dark blue, with white lettering, is also a novelty. Yet there are many who never use anything but the white Irish linen with the address in silver or gold. Unpunctuated letters are also growing to be a fashionable fad.

Chiffon jabots in a variety of pretty colorings are very dainty accessories and make an otherwise plain gown dressy and effective.

Smart jackets and topcoats have fringes of leather. The comfortable garments known as Dolgoroukis have belts of leather studded with barbaric-looking nail heads as large as a silver quarter of a dollar, and tassels of leather. Hoods are invariably shown on these garments.

A very handsome cape fashioned of sealskin is trimmed with the tails of Russian sable. A top cape is in close plaits and the bow is an entire sable skin. The cape is lined with rich silk and is extra long and elegant.

The turban is fairly fashionable. The most approved style fits rather closely to the head, and recalls the old days when a saucer-shaped headgear without trimming was looked upon as quite the thing.

The Elsa.



Hat of otter brown plaited chenille, trimmed with a large bow of velvet and ostrich feathers of a lighter shade.

Telodynamic Transmission.

The term "telodynamic transmission" is applied to the use of wire ropes for the transmission of a greater amount of power than would be possible with a weaker material, employed sometimes for direct haulage, and more rarely used like ordinary belts to connect rotating pieces. The rope most commonly used have six strands each containing six wires, and hemp strand in the center, and for these ropes with thirty-six wires the diameter of the rope is nine and one-fourth times the diameter of the single wires; the number of strands and of wires in each strand is, however, arbitrary, and ropes of eight strands, each of ten wires, of ten strands, each of nine wires, and various other proportions, are likewise adopted. The breaking strength of iron wire varies from 85,000 to 108,000 pounds per square inch, and the greater working stress has been fixed at 25,000 pounds per square inch. Steel wire ropes are preferred to iron ones; a rope running day and night lasts about 200 to 250 days if of iron, and 250 to 300 days if of steel.

Gossamer Clothing.

The manufacture of gossamer clothing, and also of rubber goods, in general, is, it appears, to be carried on by means of a new and improved process. The method proposed is for the compounding of colors in figures, checks, plaids, by printing these on the rubber surface on gossamer garments, giving to the latter the appearance of the most popular patterns of "mackintoshes," and at a very reasonable cost. An important advantage possessed by this method is that it does away with the use of cloth cemented to the rubber on the inside, and furnishes a light, elastic, durable, and water-proof garment. The rubber is on the outside and will not gum or crack.

To Be Expected.

Prof. De Science—Statistics show that men are growing shorter and women are growing taller.

Lady—Not unlikely. I don't know of anything that has such a stretchy effect as hanging onto street car straps.

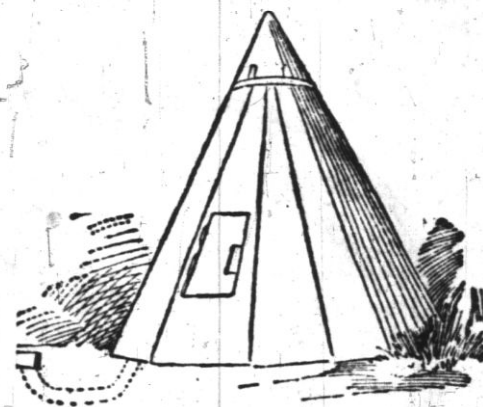
NOTES OF SCIENCE.

LATEST ACHIEVEMENTS IN THE PROGRESSIVE FIELD.

An Invention to Increase the Speed of the Sprinter—A House for Kansas Tornadoes—Miscellaneous Assortment of Wonder Workers.

Cyclone House.

A structure for use in countries where hurricanes and cyclones are liable to occur, and which will afford a secure temporary shelter during the heaviest storms, is shown in the accompanying illustration and has been invented by a Kansas man. A number of posts are arranged in a circle and inclined to connect with each other at the top, forming a conical shell, the lower ends of the posts being firmly secured to horizontal anchor beams some distance below the surface of the ground. This framework is covered by a sheathing of heavy planks, the top layers of which are nailed one upon the other and shaped to form a rounded top. The plank covering extends a short distance below the ground, and this covering is metal clad, making an earth connection for electrical currents, conducting wires also leading from the lower edge of the covering further down into the ground. A heavy door, also covered



THE CYCLONE HOUSE.

by sheet metal, allows access to the interior, which is suitably floored and is provided with a circular seat. In the top are a number of vertical ventilating pipes or tubes, and there is also an underground ventilating pipe, terminating in the outer air just outside the building and affording an ample circulation of air within when the door is tightly closed.

For Preventing Collisions.

A novel arrangement for preventing collisions between their cars at railway crossings with passing locomotives has been adopted for the electric street railway in Rochester, Pa. On each side of the crossing, which consists of four tracks, a derailing switch is placed, the normal position of this switch being open, that is, a car passing over it will be derailed; connected with this switch is a series of levers extending to the other side of the crossing, at which point is located a hand lever, by the use of which the switch can be closed and the car allowed to proceed without being derailed. The operator in handling the switch retains his hold upon the lever until the car has passed the point, as immediately upon his releasing it the switch opens automatically. The point here relied upon is that as a car approaches the crossing the conductor shall get off, cross the tracks and, by the use of the lever, hold the derailing switch closed until the car has passed. One derailing switch and a hand lever are located on each side of the track, but, in coming from either direction, the tracks must be crossed in order to operate the hand lever which controls the switch on the side of the track from which the approach is made. A regular block signal system is also maintained, thus reducing the delays at sidings to a minimum.

Lithocarbonic Properties.

The extensive introduction of the peculiar mineral known as lithocarbon is said to be probable. It is claimed that it makes a perfect insulator, that as a paint it will resist heat or gases of any kind, that it is capable of being rolled into a tissue free from odor and that it is practically indestructible when employed in the production of mackintoshes, canvas belting, waterproof tents, etc. Further, it possesses peculiar powers, such as enable it to enter and fill the pores of iron and steel, rendering those metals impervious to acids; common leather is rendered waterproof by it; by application to wood pulp, a transformation of that material is effected into a substance that looks or acts like ebony or horn; and the saturation of a ship's plates with hot lithocarbon is declared to frustrate the attack of barnacles, and the plate will neither rust nor foul; and a piece of sheet iron covered with lithocarbon Japan is stated to have been subjected to an actual heat of 415 degrees F. without crack or blister, remaining so tenacious that the iron could be bent at any angle without disturbing the glossy surface. Again, for varnishing railway and private carriages, painting iron bridges, roofs, steamships, houses, etc., this material is an insulator, and is said not to crack or blister under any known atmospheric temperature.

To Prevent Jolts and Jars.

By means of a simple arrangement, lately brought forward, it is found practicable to prevent the jolts and jars and vibrations common to vehicles that are driven over rough roads or upon street pavements when ordinary wheels of rigid construction are employed. Surrounding the outside of the periphery of the wheel, and in close contact with the tire, are a series of independent springs, which form the outer tread of the wheel; these springs are so arranged as to work in conjunction with each other, and when moving under a heavy load, their free ends are sprung in toward the rim, coinciding with the true or working periphery of the wheel, the springs

not coming in contact with the plane until the spring is nearly under the center of gravity. In this way the spring resistance is used in sustaining the load, and not retarding the movement of the wheel—the springs, after passing the center of gravity exerting a force against the plane over which they are passing to force the wheel ahead, thus making, as is claimed, a wheel that is not only easy riding, but easy propelling as well.

Metallizing Textile Fabrics.

Two interesting announcements are made in the French papers, one of these being the discovery of a process for metallizing textile fabrics, by which, as is claimed, the latter are rendered proof against the attacks of insects. The materials, such as wool, flannel, calico, etc., are for this purpose immersed about an hour in a boiling bath composed of two and one-half pounds of sulphate of copper, one pound of sulphuric acid, and sixty-two gallons of water, the fabric being calendered and dried after its removal from the fluid. The finish obtained by this process will, it is said, bear two or three washings before it is again necessary to subject the cloth to a repetition of the operation. Another process deserving of mention, as of similar ingenuity and utility, is a practical application of the well-known fact that a thin layer of magnetic oxide of iron will protect articles made of wrought or cast iron, the method, as now proposed, being to coat the surface of the iron or steel by electro-deposition with some metal or alloy which is capable of being volatilized at about 2,000 degrees; the article is then placed in the furnace heated to this temperature, the iron becomes oxidized—but only to the magnetic oxide stage—the metallic coating in the meantime volatilizing, and the whole operation requiring but a few minutes.

Single Surface Planers.

Recent improvements have been made in single surface planers which, it is asserted, immensely increase the power of that wonderful machine. One of these, and the most notable, consists in the 3 inch sectional rolls, so designed as to take different thicknesses of stock—that is, one of these sections will rise three-eighths of an inch above another, allowing this extent of variation in the stock. The bar is also made in sections to correspond to the roll, thus securing equal pressure throughout—this idea of sectional rolls allowing the feeding of several pieces of stock of varying thicknesses simultaneously. The feed is operated by a lever at the front end, and by means of friction clutches the speed is altered without leaving any mark in the board. The back pressure is operated by a screw, which, once set, is clamped in position, and the front roll pressure is given by weights and the back spiral spring. The speed of the cylinder is 4,000 revolutions per minute; the bed is raised on inclines regulated by screws on each side of the machine, and are operated by a handle at the front. All the shafts are carried in self-oiling boxes, and all oil holes are accessible while the machine is in motion.

To Increase Sprinting Speed.

"Fatty" Thompson, an Australian sprinter, has invented a device by which a runner may materially increase his speed. In fact, "Fatty,"



THE SPRINTING PROPELLER.

with its aid, recently lowered the 100 yard record from 10 seconds to 7 1/2, a feat that was simply astounding to athletes the world over.

Thompson's device consists of a hinged board fitted to a handle. The sprinter uses one of these with each hand. As he pushes it forward the two sections fold back against the handle and offer no resistance to the air, but when his arm is fully extended and he begins to pull it back the flaps open and offer a good deal of resistance to the air. Thus as he pulls his arm back he pulls his body forward, having anchored his fists in the air, so to speak. This scheme allows a man, as it were, to run with hands and feet at the same time, and is quite worthy of Australia.

Aluminum Bicycles.

According to recent statements some of the most extensive manufacturers of bicycles in Europe have for some time past been using aluminum in the construction of that instrument, and it would appear with considerable advantage. For this purpose the aluminum is alloyed with a small percent of titanium, a substance which is said to increase the strength of the aluminum very considerably. The following are given as the results of the tests of the alloy and metal employed in this case: Tensile strength of aluminum, 22,300 pounds per square inch; titanium alloy, 73,500 pounds. These statements, if correct, show that the alloy possesses a very great degree of strength; it is greater, in fact, than that of wrought iron and steel—43,000 to 67,000 pounds—though not so great as steel wire, which has a strength of nearly two hundred thousand pounds per square inch.

She Couldn't Be.

Miss Peart—Did you ever look at yourself in the glass when you were angry?

Rival Belle—No, I'm never angry when I look in the glass.

TO MAKE YOU LAUGH.

CURRENT LEVITIES BY FUNNY WRITERS.

The Slight Mistake of a German—A Despicable Emergency—A Shadow of the Awful Past—As in a Looking Glass.

Doomed to the Basement.

St. Peter—From New York, eh? Well, you didn't pay your grocer's bill, and never lost a chance to slip out of your flat without paying the rent. You can't come in.

New Arrival—Eh? Where shall I go?

St. Peter—Down below.

New Arrival—Great snakes! Have I got to go and room with the janitor?

Order Countermanded.

Foreman (job office)—What are you working at now?

Boy—Runnin' off some business cards of a young woman who wants to do mending for gents and families.

Foreman—Gee whizz! Didn't you get word not to print 'em? The order is countermanded. Quick as the boss saw the girl's card, he rushed off and married her.

A Slight Mistake.



Herr Brewer—Py chiminy, vot magnificent bolognas!

Unappreciated Philanthropy.

Friend—What's the strike in your factory about?

Workman—The boss wants to turn it into a co-operative institution, and make us work for a share of the profits.

"Well, what's the matter with that idea?"

"There isn't any profits."

Mysterious Robberies.

Police Captain—Did you investigate the robberies in the St. Closette Flats?

Detective—Yes, but have nothing to report.

"No clew?"

"None so far. I went around to the museums and arrested all the living skeletons on suspicion, but every one of 'em proved an alibi."

Her Interpretation.

Mrs. Grim—People know you a great deal better than you think they do.

Mr. Grim—How?

Mrs. Grim—Our church society is getting up some tableaux, and they asked me to take the part of "Patience on a monument."

Two Jokers.

Paraphraser—Here's a funny paper with a lot of jokes you might use.

Minstrel Man (with dignity)—We never use printed jokes, sir.

Paraphraser—Well, but don't you think they are an improvement on the jokes that were gotten up before the art of printing was discovered?

A Practical Adviser.

Miss Romancio—Oh, I just adore music.

Old Baldie—You play, I believe.

Miss Romancio—Play and sing both. What sort of a man ought a woman who loves music to marry?

Old Baldie—Well—er—I really can't say; a deaf one, I suppose.

Too Late for Him.

Mrs. Naggs—The papers say new laws are to be passed to make marriage more difficult.

Mr. Naggs—Hugh! Why in creation didn't they have 'em years ago?

A Deplorable Emergency.



Rudolph (the lion-king, to the manager, just before the show begins)—Look here, boss, I don't want to do anything unkind, but I've struck for 10 per cent. advance on my wages, and if you don't hand it over at once I'll let the lion go for a walk among the audience.

They Can Settle.

Great Traveler—The Chinese make it an invariable rule to settle all their debts on New Year's day.

American Host—Y-e-s, but the Chinese don't have a Christmas the week before.

His Bday Day.

Quarryman—Biddy!

His Wife—What do ye want, now sure?

Quarryman—Pour some kerosene on th' floor, an' make it hot, so Oi can thaw out me dynamite.

Not Very Wise.

Teacher—Who was the wisest man that ever lived?

Boy—Samson.

Teacher—No, he was the strongest. If Samson had been wise, he would not have let his wife cut his hair.

Boy—That's so. He'd a gone to a barber.

Getting Even.

Little Johnny—I got even with the teacher to-day.

Little Dick—How?

Little Johnny—It was my turn to speak a piece, an' so got up an' spoke, "Don't kill th' birds, th' pretty birds," an' I pretended to cry an' made it real affectin'—an' there she sat with one in her hat.

Wanted Them Nice.

Little Dot—We is goin' to have a picnic party at Dotty Dimple's nex' week. Will you make me a lot of cakes an' things to take?

Mamma—Certainly, my pet.

Little Dot—Make 'em real nice, 'cause things always is mixed up 'on the table an' I may get some myself.

Masculine Management.

Little Dick—Go ask mamma if we can have these crusts she was goin' to throw away.

Little Dot—I don't want crusts.

Little Dick—Neither do I, but if we ask her for 'em she'll give us a big piece of ginger cake.

A Weather Sharp.

Little Boy—What does the paper say about the weather for Saturday?

Papa—Well, let me see. It says there is a depression in the South-west.

Little Boy—I s'pose the folks there feels bad for fear in won't snow.

Getting Change.

Blifkins—Here's only \$2. I gave you a five-dollar bill to go out and get changed.

Boy—That's all they gave me.

"Huh! Pretty story! Where did you go to get it changed?"

"Just 'round th' corner, to a church fair."

A Genuine Antique.

Mrs. De Fad—That old clock is very handsome, and I'd like to have it, but I'm afraid it is not such a genuine antique as Mrs. De Rich's.

Store Boy—Does her's go?

Mrs. De Fad—Oh, yes.

Store Boy (triumphantly)—This one doesn't.

A Little Mixed.

Teacher—Who was Atlas?

Boy—Ooo! He was th' biggest high-woman there ever was. He robbed everybody.

Teacher—Nonsense!

Boy—Well, the book says he held up the earth, anyhow.

From the Past.



Mrs. St. Clue (visiting her son at Harvard)—Who is that coarse, horrible-looking female over your mantel?

Mr. St. Clue, Jr.—O, that's a little thing Grandma Niles sent me. I believe she said it was you, when you were a little girl.

Sure to Be Found.

Policeman—Well, my little dear, if you can't tell me your mother's name, or where she lives, how are we to find her?

Little Girl (lost while out shopping)—Jes' put me in a store window, an' mamma'll be sure to see me.—Street & Smith's Good News.

Real Bliss.

First Little Girl—Oh, I've got just the loveliest doll you ever saw, an' I'm so happy with it I don't know what to do.

Second Little Girl—Is it big?

First Little Girl—Big? It's so big it most breaks my back to carry it.

His Opinion of Girls.

Teacher—Spell heroine.

Little Boy—H-e-r-o-i-n-e.

"Correct." What does it mean?

"I-I forget."

"If a little girl should do something heroic, what would you call her?"

"A freak."

Plenty of Water.

Old Lady—If the train should happen to run off the track, wouldn't these stoves set the cars on fire?

Brakeman—No danger, ma'am. The only bad places in this road are on the bridges.

Needed Filing.

Little Girl—Please, are you the man who fixes skates?

Mechanic—Yes, my little lady.

Little Girl—Well, I wish you would roughen these so I can stand on 'em.

Tobogganing Doesn't Pay.

Maud—How do you like tobogganing?

Dora—I don't like it. Seems to me it's running an awful lot of risk for such a short hug.

Not Exclusive.

First Little Miss—Our family is awful exclusive. Is yours?

Second Little Miss—Of course not. We hasn't any one to be 'shamed of.

BARRINGTON REVIEW.

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E. T. GOVER, Managing Editor.
J. D. LANEY, Local Editor.

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

STATISTICS show there are over a thousand charitable institutions in London, and that there are over a hundred thousand people who go superfluous and frequently bedless to sleep.

The area of the Sandwich Islands is about one-ninth that of Missouri and the population is only 60,000. Their situation, however, renders them highly important as a coaling station.

NO BETTER proof of the urgent necessity of some radical action in the business of restricting immigration could be found than in the manner in which Wisconsin and Illinois is being un-Americanized by the enemies of the public school system.

If other nations send as many ships to the naval review as they talk of doing, the navy of this country will feel like turning into some babbling rivulet and hiding amongst the bulrushes. It is not yet ready to compete in the heavy-weight class.

THE latest dynamite released from an English prison on condition of leaving at once for the United States is about due at New York. Someday there will be some one bold enough to inquire by what right England uses this country as a penal colony.

GENERAL BUTLER left no will. He was a lawyer and understood the futility of such a performance. His professional brethren will see in this act a cold and clammy joke played by a man who could see more with one eye than lots of people could with a peck of visual organs.

THE Panama swindler Herz is a picturesque prisoner. Not only is he permitted to stay at a hotel, but that he shall not be disturbed by the noise of honest people, all other guests have been expelled. From the demeanor of Herz it may be judged that he will haughtily decline to go to jail.

ANOTHER effort is being made to inveigle England into the Sudan. The recent remarkable book written by Father Ohnwalder is being made the occasion and reason for an appeal to public sentiment to demand the reconquest of that territory by a British army under the Egyptian flag.

AN astute German newspaper, the Vossische Zeitung, objects to the translation of "Tom Brown's School-days" into the language of the fatherland on the ground that it is "not without danger to growing youths," and should be given only to such boys as are sure not to imitate the "mad tricks" of its hero.

THE very sphinx will be startled by the sound of the fell swipec that will lay the little khedive low and blot out his authority if he doesn't hire somebody to come along and give him some good advice. England does not regard him as vitally essential to the profitable conduct of her business on the Nile.

CHILDREN of fame about to cross the great divide would be more likely to receive handsome treatment at the hands of the press if they should defer the journey for a little while. The obituaries have been over-worked of late and have run their stock of pretty phrases so low that they could scarcely do a new death justice.

THE litigant who not long ago emerged from a Montana trial contest laden with the spoils of victory to the extent of millions fell downstairs at Victoria recently and no poor man's skull could have been more fatally cracked. There is at least the lesson in the incident that people who think fortune will always smile have not studied the caprices of the goddess.

THE London Telegraph, commenting upon the proposal to annex the Hawaiian Islands to the United States says: "We could not allow the United States to annex the islands." Tut! Don't get bumptious. It isn't a question of "allowing," dear Telegraph. Say "we could not afford to have the United States annex the islands" and then send somebody over to "talk business."

THE stories of the suffering of London's poor are almost beyond belief. Individual cases of suffering are always to be found in large cities, but the existence of such large classes of destitute and starving is unknown outside of the countries ruled by the gaunt spectre of famine. The apparent lack of interest shown by the municipality and by people of means argues that there is little benevolence to be found in the British metropolis.

MAKING due allowance for the ravages of thirty years on the memory and the natural tendency of the human mind toward embellishment, the average veteran can tell a pretty loud army story; but he isn't a marker to the average young man born since the war, when he gets fairly started on his army reminiscences.

SCHILLER'S THEATER.

"Surrender" will continue as the attraction at the Schiller Theater for one more week, beginning on Monday evening, Feb. 27, and it will not improbably continue to grow in public favor. It is a drama of American Southern life, and whatever be its fault, it has the genuine ring of Americanism about it. It has certainly made an impression; how much of this impression is due to the play and how much to the actors it is not now necessary to consider. It is quite sufficient that the play as presented by its remarkably strong group of actors, is earnest, thoughtful, truthful and at times beautiful, and that it deserves all the praise it has and will receive. The play is admirably, handsomely and artistically staged and the quaint crinolines costumes of the ladies is something new in the matter of stage dressing.

When John Drew returns to the Schiller March 6, with Sisson's successful comedy, "The Masked Ball," now crowding theaters in the East, he will be accompanied by the same excellent organization that supported him on his first visit; including Miss Mayde Adams, Harry Harwood, Harold Russell, Frank Lamb, Annie Adams and Leslie Allen—the pick of the Frohman forces. The sale for seats and boxes opens Monday morning, Feb. 27, at 9 a. m.

NORWOOD PARK

(Continued from First Page.)

at 6:30 a. m. in the Congregational Church on Wednesday last, was the work of our townsman, Mr. L. Larson, and the beautiful landscape adornment at the top of a brother of Mr. G. H. French.

We are pleased to learn that Mrs. Samuel Cochran is on the road to recovery; also C. R. Moore.

Don't forget the grand masquerade ball at Schlender's Hall Saturday, Feb. 25. The Park Ridge Band will furnish the music.

William Zentell, real estate, insurance and loans, Edison Park, Ill.

The subject of the Rev. R. H. Holliver's sermon on Sunday morning will be "The Joy of the Lord Gives Strength." In the evening, "Whither Are We Drifting?"

Thirty-three new members were received into membership at the M. E. Church during the recent protracted services—twenty-three on probation, eight from probation and two by letter.

There was a great display of stockings on our main street last Friday, P. S. Friday was a very slippery day.

Y. P. S. C. E. Topic Sunday, Feb. 26, at the Congregational Church: "Sending Portions to Others—What Have We Sent?" Neh 9:10 Acts 3:5-9.

Mr. and Mrs. Clark from Janesville, Wis., are visiting at Mr. J. G. Orr's. Geo. S. Wells has been traveling through the South on business.

Mr. French, brother of G. H. French, has been spending the past week in Park Ridge.

The Rev. C. S. Leeper will tell the story of Hawaii at the Congregational Church Sunday evening, Feb. 26. The male quartet sings every Sunday evening.

"Washington and Lincoln as the Servants of Christ" was the text of the discourse at the Congregational Church on Wednesday evening.

Insure in the "National" of Hartford. Wm. Zentell, Edison Park, Ill. J. I. Stott, undertaker and embalmer, Desplaines, Ill.

At a workingman's meeting in this city recently the following resolution was submitted:

Resolved, That the good people who are demanding in the name of religion that the World's Fair should be closed Sunday during the six short months of its existence can find a richer field for their zeal in closing the sweat shops which work from morn till night Sunday, year in and year out. And the friends of the workingman who ask that the World's Fair be open to the toiler on his weekly rest day must, to finish their good work, provide a weekly rest day for the tens of thousands of sweater clothing-makers who have none, and who now look forward to the sick-bed and the grave-yard for their holidays.

When this resolution was read the effect was extraordinary. That great audience, workingmen and idlers alike, rose and cheered again and again the blow it gave the "Sabbatarian" pretenders.

Christians there were in plenty at that meeting. Clergymen lent their approved interpretation of the tolerant, joyous teachings of their Master to this struggle for justice to the poor. He began centuries ago. But without exception these Christians had already lent themselves to that other labor of love, the Sunday opening of the Fair. The Park Ridge Herald is, and has always been, in favor of Sunday opening, but we fear the measure is lost.

Six Thirty A. M.

Did you ever, dear reader, sit up all night to get up early the next morning? No. Well it is said, (how truthfully we don't know,) that quite a number of people in Park Ridge went through that experience preparatory to attending the "Sunrise" Meeting at the Congregational Church on Wednesday morning. George Washington, could he have arisen from his tomb and seen the goodly number who were paying tribute to his memory at early dawn, would have wept for joy; but mingled with his tears of thanksgiving he probably would have exclaimed, in bitterness of heart, even so, the sons arose, but "a-lack a-day" where are the daughters? About eighty people attended the meeting.

Too True.

Rev. M. W. Chase of Ogdensburg, who is preaching a series of sermons on "Ten roads to hell" leading from that city, has this to say of some members of his congregation: "The meanest people are those who contract debts

they cannot pay, don't intend to pay, never had any idea of paying." The class referred to are not all members of Brother Chase's congregation. Park Ridge has a "few" who are entitled to beat the head of the class, particularly when it comes to paying their newspaper dues.

A Rousing Success.

"That's what it was and no mistake" is the verdict of all who attended the illustrated lecture given by Mr. James Abbott at the M. E. Church on Monday evening under the auspices of the Loyal League. The subject, "A Trip to Pike's Peak," was one which claimed attention throughout the evening, and the promoters of this most excellent evening's recreation deserve the hearty thanks of our people.

Off For California.

Mr. C. M. Davis and family left for a three months' sojourn in California on Thursday. Mr. H. Ratigan and J. E. Morey also left the same day.

DUNNING.

Mr. Andrew Dunning is reported as somewhat improved in health.

Mrs. Henry Kolze has been of late somewhat indisposed, but not seriously.

Look out for a first-class masquerade or sociable dance at Kolze's after Lent. Mrs. Martin was out to see her husband, Mr. Mike Martin, chief cook at the Poor House, last Wednesday.

The union called on the steam-fitters last Wednesday from the asylum, as the county was not paying union prices according to agreement. Mike Bolton and the boys responded faithfully. Mike put on a white collar and was ready to go to town on the evening train, but, meanwhile, the committee arranged matters satisfactorily, and as a result the veteran Mike will, hereafter, receive an advance in salary of \$11. Mike hasn't a word to say.

And they are still waiting for Dan to sing that song at Coulahan's. "Long Live the Noble 'Three'" for the "Cumberland Crew" isn't in it any more.

August Gertz and the boys have been patching up the sewer again. It needed it badly.

He Is Supposed to Mind His Own Business.

Editor SUBURBAN TIMES:

As a resident of Jefferson and as a patron of the Chicago & Milwaukee Railroad Company, I would like to ask if that company employs station agents to transact their business at the depot and in the neighborhood or for the purpose of talking politics and thrusting his political opinions down the throats of poor farmers and common ordinary citizens who have not the luck to work for great corporations? INQUIRER.

IRVING PARK.

On the 17th inst. Benjamin F. Butler Post, No. 762, Department of Illinois, was mustered by Assistant Adj. Gen. Spink. The following officers were elected and installed: George W. Smith, Commander; D. W. Blair, Senior Vice-Commander; George W. Vandenberg, Junior Vice-Commander; J. B. Seymour, Chaplain; W. E. Gooding, Quartermaster; Charles L. Webster, Officer of the Day; A. Slusser, Officer of the Guard; Joseph E. Winn, Adjutant. The next meeting will be held on Friday, March 3. All comrades who desire to be placed upon the charter list must be present on that occasion and have their transfers or discharge papers with them. Let every old soldier, sailor or marine come out and join with us in making the post the pride of the Northwest.

DIED—On Monday, Feb. 20, Mary, wife of Andrew Slusser, aged 42 years. The funeral was held on Wednesday to Rose Hill.

We are pained to announce the death of Madam Cora W. O'Rourke, superior of the Academy of the Sacred Heart, Providence, R. I., on Saturday, Feb. 18. Madam O'Rourke was the only sister of Mrs. D. W. Blair and the widow of the gallant Col. O'Rourke, who fell at the battle of Gettysburg, July 3, 1863. After his death Madam O'Rourke retired from the world and entered upon the life of a religious. Always kind to the poor and with a loving disposition, she was loved by every one who came to know her. Mrs. Blair is prostrate with grief over her loss.

MADE OVER FOR SAMMY.

How a Boy Was Rendered Wretched by Gray Cloth Gloves.

There was a wretched boy coming down town on a New York street ear the other morning. He was about 10 years old and was accompanied by a neat and thrifty-looking mamma. He himself had a well-scrubbed, well-laid appearance, but intense gloom overcast his youthful countenance, and he kept his hands thrust deep in the pockets of his overcoat.

"Sammy," snapped out his mother every few minutes, "take your hands out of your pockets directly, or I'll whip you when I get you home."

And Sammy would reluctantly drag out a pair of hands clothed in gray cloth gloves, which gave his digital extremities an appearance strikingly like those of a kid-bodied doll. Finally he slid his hands out of his gloves and left them in his pockets.

"Sammy," said his mother, severely, "Why ain't you wearing your gloves?" "I don't like them, ma," whimpered Sammy.

"You don't like the gloves I cut out of your pa's old gray pants and made for you yourself?" exclaimed Sammy's mamma. "Just you put them right on, and if I catch you slipping them into your pockets again I'll make you sorry. I won't make over your pa's alpaca coat nor cut down his neckties for you."

And the unfortunate Sammy meekly put on his gray gloves again and evidently felt no disposition to join in the smile that went round the car.



R. C. CRAFT.

The above named gentleman, editor of the Chicago WEEKLY RECORD, is just now being pushed forward by his friends as a candidate for councilman from the Thirtieth Ward of Chicago. Perhaps a better man could not be found in that ward, taking everything into account. Mr. Craft has made a wonderful advance in the financial world since coming to Chicago, in 1882. He practiced law for a year, and then entered the dry goods business as manager, and for two years followed that business, when he resigned and entered the insurance business, as general agent for the New York Life Insurance Co., and about that time he built



RESIDENCE OF R. C. CRAFT, 61st AND HOMAN AV.

the above residence at the corner of Homan Avenue and Sixty-first street, where he now resides. Mr. Craft then started the newspaper he at present owns and edits and has been wonderfully successful as a newspaper manager, and last year bought the above property on Wabash Avenue, which is in plain view of the World's Fair-buildings.

If Mr. Craft can give his time to the work of a great ward like the Thirtieth, with 70,000 of a population, the citizens should lose no time in placing him in the Council. He is a Republican in politics, but popular all over the city as a public speaker and philanthropic gentleman. He is 42 years old and a

"I shall vote and work for the election of R. C. Craft."

REV. JACOB HARTMAN, Methodist Minister.

"I will vote for any good man. I cannot, and will not support some of the names I have heard mentioned; but I have no objection to R. C. Craft." HON. DAVID WARD WOOD.

"Give Craft the delegation west of Halsted Street and I think he is a winner." HON. C. S. DENZEN.

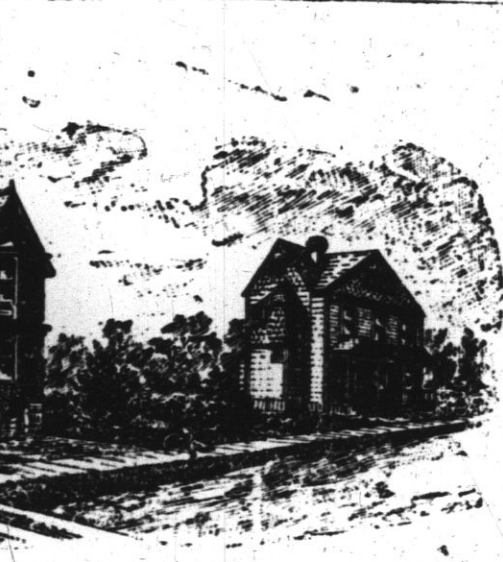
"The Democrats have not yet named the man that can win out against R. C. Craft, and I say that as a Democrat." HARRY WILSON, Thirtieth Ward.

If Mr. R. C. Craft should be elected Alderman from the Thirtieth Ward we sincerely hope he will lose no time in having that much-talked-of plank road between Chicago Lawn and civilization constructed.—Editor Goodall.

David Ward Wood is again being dragged before the public as a candidate for Alderman. As Mr. Wood has hardly had time to catch his second wind after last fall's campaign, we presume this is being done without his consent.—Editor Goodall.

R. C. Craft has developed great strength all over the ward, and would not lose a Republican vote, and would gain many Democratic votes. I wish they would settle on Mr. Craft for Alderman, and I'll spend a hundred dollars myself.—A Prominent Merchant.

"Mr. Craft saved me from losing a good position and I am not going back on him."



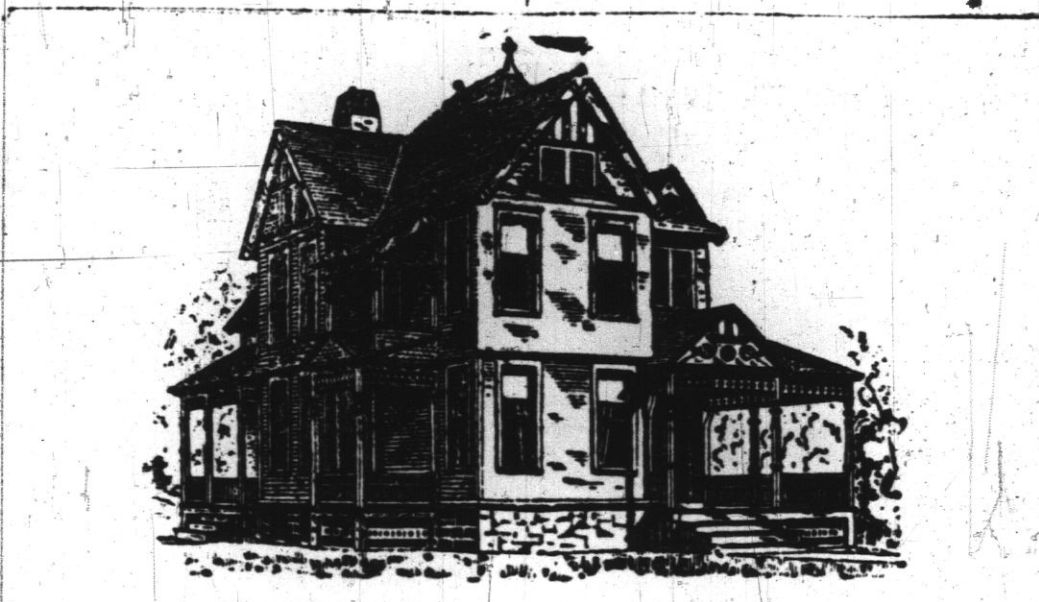
RESIDENCE OF R. C. CRAFT, 61st AND HOMAN AV.

"The people who know Mr. Craft best, like him best. He is situated so that loyalty is his crowning attribute, and nowhere is that fact more exemplified than in his home. When a man's wife is with him he is all right."

MEN WHO WEAR DIAMONDS.

They Look Far More Vulgar Than Women Ever Do.

It is always shocking to a foreigner when he sees an American woman adorned with jewelry in the morning. Diamond ear-rings at the breakfast table but confirm his notions of the barbarism of this new country, yet, in



PROPERTY OF R. C. CRAFT, 6642 WABASH AV.

member of several societies and clubs and an all-around good fellow, that never allows a friend to call on him in vain.

An instance or two of his popularity all over the Thirtieth Ward is told by his neighbors. When Mr. Craft moved to Chicago Lawn there were perhaps fifty houses in that place and he took the breath out of the people by suggesting that the town be annexed to the city. In this he met the opposition of the Hon. John F. Eberhart, Hon. C. Porter Johnson and many others, but he had the people with him, and Chicago Lawn was annexed to the city by a large majority.

Mr. Craft then turned his attention to public improvements, and his efforts resulted in a general building of sidewalks that has made property in that part of the city very valuable.

He has caused the city to put in street crossings and street lamps, without going through the formality of a long fight in Council, and has been instrumental in having three new crossings placed over the Grand Trunk Railway, in which he had the assistance of Alderman John F. Kenny, only.

Mr. Craft suffered a reverse in the town at one time about four years ago that would have destroyed the usefulness of most men, but it only endeared him to the hearts of his neighbors and friends, and he made a fight that brought him out of his financial difficulties that was inspiring. Mr. Craft has shown himself to be a most self-sacrificing man and by his personal effort has placed in positions of trust and emolument many worthy ladies and gentlemen.

Mr. Craft is not the candidate of any certain portion of the ward, but his friends are pushing him forward as the man who can represent the entire ward. We give below the expressions of many gentlemen, all over the ward.

WHAT THEY SAY.

"I am for R. C. Craft for Alderman." J. P. BISHOP, Real Estate.

I tell you, Mr. Craft won many friends by his manly speech last Thursday evening at Dunn's Hall.—W. A. HUFFMAN.

In these days it is comforting to meet unanimity, and Chicago Lawn is said to be unanimously for R. C. Craft for alderman.—Englewood Exchange.

"Give us Craft in Council and I am with you." NATHAN GASKILL.

WHAT CURED HIM.

The Empty Cradle Appealed to the Auctioneer's Heart.

There was a resting spell with the auctioneer, and the new reporter standing by his box looked at him.

"Gone?" inquired the reporter, as the auctioneer sat down, tired.

"Well, I've been going all the morning, and I ought to be," responded the auctioneer.

"You ought to be a funny man, a great American humorist, or something of that sort," suggested the reporter.

"Josh Billings was one, and he got his start at the block," said the auctioneer, reflectively, "and some auctioneers are given to that sort of thing yet. I was that way myself when I first began, but I had an experience that cured me of that habit before it had fixed itself permanently."

The reporter turned a face full of interrogation points on the auctioneer, and he kept on.

"I was called on once to sell by auction a lot of household furniture belonging to a man and his wife who had been married four or five years. All I knew about it was that a death somewhere necessitated their removal from my town, and, as they had no money, they were compelled to sell their effects to get enough to move on. Well, I was having a picnic, in my young and foolish way, gying and bantering, and making brilliant and witty side remarks on the articles as they came under the hammer, so to speak, though I don't remember ever having used a hammer or seen any other auctioneer use one. After I had disposed of a lot of stuff, a cradle was put up. There were several young men of my acquaintance in the crowd, and I smiled at them as I turned the cradle round and began to rock it, humming a lullaby as I did so. Empty is the cradle, baby's gone, I said, and was going on to say something else to get a laugh when I happened to look down into the face of a woman close to the platform I was standing on. She was dressed in faded black, evidently given her by some woman larger than she was, and there was a look in her eyes and a tension of the lines across her forehead and a pitiful weakness about her quivering lips that made me stop. She stood close to the platform, and the crowd was all at her back, so they had not noticed her. She didn't speak, but as I stopped, she looked up at me with the tears starting, and lifting her hands in a mute appeal of remonstrance no words could describe, she gave a great sob of agony and turned away."

"I didn't know" was all I could stammer in apology. And I didn't know that it was her baby's cradle I was selling, and because the cradle was empty her heart was broken and she could no longer live in the house that the baby had left."

The auctioneer was feeling his story visibly.

"No, my boy," he went on, "I didn't know, nor did the crowd, but they all did pretty soon, and I told them a story that had no fun in it for any heart there, but it took just the same, and I got \$150 for that cradle before I was done with it, and then gave it back to the poor young mother in the faded black dress."

The auctioneer remounted the block, and the reporter, blowing his nose viciously, ambled off after some news.—Detroit Free Press.

THAT AWFUL TOBOGGAN.

Thrilling Description of a First Ride on It Among the Canucks.

A queer-looking contrivance, with a snub nose, and almost as flat as you are, is placed in position. It is a toboggan and it hath a devil. In obedience to directions you squat down on its long, flat cushion and tuck in your feet. Others get on behind; a voice exclaims, "Hold on tight!" and you are a dead man!

You give one mighty, convulsive gasp and contraction of the muscles, like a man shocked by electricity; some evil-minded brute hit you over the head with a club and made you see myriads of stars, and you fell off the fool toboggan and are whizzing down from that dizzy height.

Half way you struck a stake which pierced your chest and drove its point up into the roof of your mouth; somebody tried to save you and tore away half of your whiskers, an entire ear and your silk tie—and you're falling still, falling to a shattering doom.

That's all right; the imaginary stake is only your heart trying to get out of your mouth; you have lost your tie and one ear-muff, temporarily, and the zephyrs rough a bit freely through your hirsute appendages, but those Canuck savages don't want to kill you and are only laughing cheerfully.

You have fallen 10,000 feet now, and the final crash must be close at hand. Whizz-izz-whizz! You gradually become conscious of an amazing, birdlike, forward flight; the sparks pale from your frightened eyes; your halted blood surges wildly through your veins, and you feel a sensation of glorious exultation. You have escaped!

Your hat is recovered for you, with your lost ear-muff; you manage to close your mouth again; somebody asks you what you think of it, and you answer vaguely, "Fuff-fuff-fine."

—Outing.

Significant.

"So you think that Charlie means to marry you?"

"I am sure of it."

"Did he say so?"

"No, but he asked permission in the future to only give me useful presents."

—Harper's Weekly.

CHICAGO AMUSEMENTS

A List of Chicago's Most Popular Theaters.

McVICKER'S.
Something of a novelty will be the attraction at McVicker's theater next Sunday evening. It is a patriotic, spectacular drama, entitled, "The White Squadron," which has for its main incident the American navy in review, said to be done very effectively. The cast will contain such people as Robert Hilliard, King Hedley, Ernest Hastings, William Harcourt, Ernest Evans, Herbert Carr, Miss May Wheeler, Tessie Deagle, Lillian Leach and Nellie Maskell.

The scene of the play opens in Brazil. A man-of-war from each of the principal nations in the world arrives in the harbor of Rio de Janeiro to protest formally against the holding of their various citizens by organized bands of brigands in Brazil. On the general idea a splendid story including, of course, the love element, is built that offers grand opportunities for dramatic work. Among the scenes incidental to the play are the grand plaza in Rio de Janeiro, a pillaged monastery and the harbor of Rio and the vessels of "The White Squadron" under sail and steam. This is one of the most striking features ever utilized for stage purposes.

CHICAGO OPERA-HOUSE.
At the Chicago Opera-House this week the irrepressible Fanny Rice and her excellent company of comedians have been greeted by large audiences at every performance, and the same rule will hold good when Hermann the Great, comes to the same house for his return engagement on Feb. 26, for one week. The programs of this King of Comedians are always of the most entertaining character, pleasing alike to young and old, and the one for the present engagement promises to be the most delightful Hermann has ever given in Chicago. The great Chinese mystery known as "Ya-ko-yo" is his latest and most startling illusion. In this he illustrates how immigration from China is made easy. It is the greatest trick of legend and Hermann has ever invented and in presenting it the audience is always mystified as to how it is possible to accomplish such a startling feat. Hermann's entertainment combines both mirth and magic in equal degrees and he will attract large audiences next week to witness his marvelous illusions.

THE AUDITORIUM.
Friday afternoon and Saturday evening. Popular program. Chicago Orchestra under the direction of Theodore Thomas. Note—On account of an injured finger, Mr. Paderewski's dates have been changed to March 3 and 4. Seat sales for these concerts will begin next Monday.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Last week of De Wolf Hopper, Wang, the jolliest of all burlettas. Matinee Saturday only.

HOOLEY'S.
The new triple bill a great success. Rosina Vokes, supported by Felix Morris and London Comedy Company. Monday, Feb. 27.—Ramsey Morris Comedy Company in "Joseph."

WINDSOR.
Matinee Wednesday. A great big hit. Fitz and Webster and merry associates interpreting "A Breezy Time." Sunday matinee. Martin Hayden. "Held in Slavery."

HAVERLY'S CASINO—EVEY MURRE.
The program presented by Haverly's United Minstrels is without doubt the most pleasing and complete of all entertainments ever afforded at the popular Haverly's Casino. Col. Haverly continues to exercise his well-known energy and the bills of the past and coming week are evidences of his care and ability as a caterer to public taste and desire of amusement-seeking public. Commencing with to-morrow matinee another new bill will be offered, consisting of new ballads by the superior corps of vocalists, Messrs. Shattuck, Brydies, Walling and Stanley, and Mr. W. H. Windom, who has just recovered from a severe sick spell of ten days' duration, will make his reappearance. Griffin and Marks, the elastic grotesques, will be seen in new features and their song and dance specialty. "The Silent Dances," and the comedians, Billy Rice, Press Eldridge, E. M. Hall and Percy Denton, aided and abetted by Stage Manager Kayne, will delight with new end-songs and witticisms. An additional feature of the program also will be the first appearance of the new Excelsior Hungarian Band, a company of thirteen of the most skilled Hungarian musicians that has ever visited this city. They will appear in new and gorgeous costumes and play the choicest pieces in their repertory.

MADISON STREET OPERA-HOUSE.
Flynn & Sheridan's "City Sports" have caught the town and began their second week at Manager Sam T. Jack's elegant little theater Sunday with two overflowing audiences. The novelties presented are clever and the musical farce, "Murphy's Reception," introduces the entire company in a number of new songs, besides creating a great deal of innocent fun. The performance concludes with "The Merry Huccaneers," a pretty trifle in which handsome women and "fetching" costumes figure largely. The show is conspicuous for its entire cleanliness and utter freedom from anything indecent or suggestive. Next Sunday the famous "Forty Thieves," with charming Emma Ward in the lead, will be seen for two performances and with the Monday matinee the old Chicago favorites, the May Russell Burlesque Company will take possession of the boards for a fortnight's run. All the familiar faces will be seen but the specialties are all new for this engagement.

EPSTEAN'S.
At Epstein's New Dime Museum on Randolph Street, near Clark, this week visitors are given a good show for their money. The attraction is, of course, the walking match between a score of young and comely women who are earnestly contesting for the money prizes and diamond medals offered by the management to the swiftest pedestrians. There are other interesting features in the curio hall, and pleasing hourly stage shows are given in Theater No. 1 by the American All Star Specialty Company, and in Theater No. 2 by Prince Halo Davis' Spanish Troubadours.

TO BE A HOWLING SWELL.

A Book Has Been Issued for the Guidance of the Dudes.

A book has been issued anonymously in New York called "Gentlemen." It discusses men's dress in bad English, which seems to give some color to the report that it was written by two well-known young clubmen. It says of underclothing:

"The material may be flannel, balbriggan or silk. Have the drawers fit tight or the trousers will set ill. Half hose—These should fit very tight. They should match the shirt and drawers in material and color. They should be in solid colors only. For evening dress white or black only."

"Underclothing should be changed at least twice a day. Silk is worn always with evening dress. Indulge in baths as frequently as possible."

The old-fashioned night shirt formerly worn by men is put down as vulgar and uncomfortable, and pajamas are the things that must take their place. They consist of a short loose coat and ample trousers made of any shade of silk preferred. A gentleman, however, of rubicund countenance is advised against red or yellow pajamas, and a sallow-skinned dude is conjured against blue or black.

The bath robe is declared a useful and beautiful garment, but it must be worn only to and from the bath and in the privacy of one's apartment.

The white shirt must be open in front only, be supplied with two or three buttonholes, and the cuffs, which must be attached to the shirt, should extend to the first thumb joint. Three changes a day should be made, and detachable collars and cuffs are not to be tolerated. Each pair of trousers should have its individual pair of suspenders. "Great care must be exercised also in adjusting them, for if they are not adjusted properly the trousers will set awkwardly."

Here are more rules taken verbatim from this interesting volume:

"The Umbrella—This is worn out in doubtful or wet weather. It is worn at any time of the day. Silver is the only proper metal. The material should be of silk or part silk. Never wear the case in the street."

"Among the best dressers and beaux of this city the walking stick is no longer carried or worn, either with morning wear or with afternoon dress. As went, the rapier, so goes the walking stick."

"Fans—These may be carried at an evening reception by a gentleman, if he desires so to do when there is to be dancing. Folding fans with a heavy black or white silk cord and tassels are recommended. As a rule, fans are carried only for summer dances. A gentleman will find it convenient and comfortable to have his own fan."

"Wigs—The wearing of wigs is a custom of the past. Whether it is to be revived or not the future alone will show. It is perfectly proper for a bald man to wear a wig. There is no reason in his hiding the fact either. A young man may wear a wig if he is prematurely bald. He certainly will make his appearance more presentable to others by so doing."

"Trousers Crease—This may be worn in trousers or not, as the taste dictates. It certainly improves the set of the trousers and keeps the knees straight."

"The Monocle—This is worn any time of day. Narrow black silk ribbon or cord is worn on it for morning and afternoon. For evening a wide black silk ribbon is used. Wearing a monocle is an English custom. The monocle is seldom worn in this city. When worn it is placed in the right eye."

Deportment is treated in the same graceful style, and there are many special rules under the head of "Actions In-doors."

No properly regulated young man, this work declares, must call before the hour of 3 o'clock in the afternoon, and he must not stay later than 4:30 unless the hostess presses him to stay to afternoon tea. He can do this if he chooses, but under no pressure must he take more than two cups of tea. The caller is also severely warned to keep his curious eyes and hands off all objects of virtu during his visit, and in order that tippety stands and tables may be saved, is positively forbidden to bow himself out the room.

Three Future Stars.
Wilson Barrett tells the following story of his childhood: "Forty years ago three little boys advertised a show to be given in the barn belonging to the father of one of them near Manchester, England. The price of admission was three pence, or six pence for a reserved seat. The play was an adaptation of 'Julius Caesar,' and the parts of 'Caesar,' 'Marc Anthony' and 'Brutus' were taken by three boys, none of whom was over four years of age. A retired actor, then living in Manchester, came to see the children play, and after the performance remarked that he had never seen anything just like it before. One of those children was myself, the others were my dear friends, Henry Irving and John Toole."

A Woman as a Stableman.
The now oft-repeated assertion that the sphere of woman's work is widening has received a curious illustration at Dexter, where a young woman has been employed by a farmer for a year or so past to take care of his barn and stable. It is said by the "gossips" that she cares for the horses and stock "just like a man," and is in every way equal to the occasion.—Lewiston Journal.

AMONG THE SONS OF TOIL.

Roumania is the highest taxed country in the world.

A recent estimate places the amount of standing timber in the state of Washington at 300,000,000,000 feet.

Of the 70,000 people in Arizona a large majority are whites, and the gold, silver, and copper mines are steadily attracting immigration. They produced \$9,000,000 last year.

Pittsburg now claims the largest glass flattening oven in the world. This new oven will take a sheet 75 inches by 141 inches, or in narrow glass one of 55 inches by 131 inches.

Cooks in Boston average not more than \$1.75 per week. This fact was ascertained from the statements of 574 men questioned by officers of the state bureau of labor for Massachusetts.

At Minore the fisherman simply dives to a depth of seventy feet with a weight in one hand to carry him down. With the other hand he brings up as many oysters as he can carry and brings them up to the boat.

A great shingle district, Whatcom county, Washington, has forty-one shingle mills, which turned out last year, 1,123,200,000 shingles. It required 140,850,000 feet of logs. The shingles in price averaged \$1.75 1,000.

Joseph Barstow, who went to learn the craft of a printer, on the Norwich, Conn., Weekly, in 1824, still works at the case in that city. He is now 84 years old. Mr. Barstow is especially proud of having set type beside Horace Greeley, of whom he was for some years a comrade.

Joseph Matvin, who lives near Stanwood, Wash., discovered a peculiar head of grain in a field of barley about four years ago, and has since been propagating, until now he has considerable land sown to this strange grain, which yields about 100 bushels to the acre. The grain is of a deep brown color, resembling scorched wheat grain, and is similar to wheat in form. The bran or shell is thin and tough. The grain is not fit for milling purposes, and a brewer who examined it said that it was useless for brewing purposes. It makes, however, excellent feed for chickens and hogs.

Birds Killed by Unkind Words.

It is well known that birds are sensitive to tones of the voice and are terrified at loud, angry words. A lady who wished to make a bobolink stop singing, at last scolded it in a loud voice, and then took up a scarf and shook it in rebuke at the caged bird. In a moment the bird was still, but a short time after made a fluttering about the cage. Its owner turned to the bird, and was shocked to see it fall dead. We know of two cases similar to this. In one case a canary bird and in the other a mocking bird died within five minutes after having been spoken to in a violent, angry tone.

Jas. H. Walker & Co.

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Some of the Features of our Famous February Sale.

Thin Flint Glass Water Tumblers.....	4c each
12 Crystal Glass Water Goblets.....	75c
12 White Stone China Tea Plates.....	90c
12 " " Breakfast Plates.....	75c
12 " " Dinner ".....	90c
6 " " Cups and Saucers, 12 pieces, for.....	90c
Thin China Tea Cups and Saucers, hand painted.....	25c
" " Plates, hand painted.....	15c
" " Pitchers.....	19c
" " Fruit Plates.....	13c
" " Square Cupboards, hand painted.....	45c
Imported Flower Pot Jardiniers.....	15c
" Art Pottery Vases.....	25c
Rich Cut Glass Salt Shakers.....	47c
Parlor or Table Lamp, complete, with hand-painted Shade to match.....	81.25
English China Wash Stand Set, 12 pieces, with Jar.....	4.90
Real French China Dinner Set, hand painted, 100 pieces.....	24.00
English China Dinner Set, 113 pieces, for.....	12.00
SILVERWARE. 5 Rogers' Silver Tea Spoons.....	87c
Specials for this Sale. 6 " " Table ".....	1.74
6 " " Dinner Knives.....	1.37
Silver Tea Sets. Quadruple Plate, Satin Hand Engraved (Tea Pot, Sugar, Cream and Spoon Holder) for.....	7.00

Carpets & Upholstery.

The Great Semi-Annual Sale—gathering force—gaining prestige daily. The true test of the values offered is the remarkable increase in sales over any previous week.	
\$1.25 Best Body Brussels Carpet—now.....	11.00
\$1.35 Best Body Brussels Carpet—now.....	1.10
Grey Odorless Goat Rugs, 36x72—were \$2.50, at.....	1.95
Made-up Carpets, very much under the regular prices.	
Tambour Nets, a handsome lot, at from.....	3.75 up
Irish Point, 200 pairs, reduced from \$5.75 to.....	4.75
Genuine Brussels Lace Curtains, reduced from \$9.50 to.....	4.75
75 pairs Pleated Swiss Novelty Curtains down to.....	2.75
24 pieces of Silk Stripe Grenadine, for Summer Portieres and window draps, real value 75c yd, at.....	55c yd
Horse Bedsteads and Bedding at reduced prices will be a conspicuous feature of this great semi-annual offering.	

A Cunning Thief.

Since October 1, Joseph Johnson of West Salisbury township, Chester county, Pa., has lost 200 chickens, geese, ducks and turkeys. The snow at last enabled him to track the robbers. He found their home in a hole in the hillsides near by. With a little powder and a pick he unearthed the thieves, and was astonished to find two large polecats that his blast of explosive had killed. The cavity in which the polecats lived was immense, and in it were the skeleton remains of his lost flocks and fully feathered enough to make two large feather beds.

BROCK.

An elegant SOUVENIR and VISITORS' GUIDE, showing the World's Fair buildings, size and cost, and silk POKER NORE Book with calendar and map, showing location of Brock, the new manufacturing town on the Chicago & North Western Railway, fourteen miles from the Court House. Copies will be mailed on receipt of TEN CENTS IN POSTAGE, by Wm. S. Young, Secretary Brock Land Association, Home Insurance building, corner Adams and LaSalle, Chicago.

Clairvoyants.
Madam McCollier, 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.

MEAT MARKET

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—DEALERS IN—

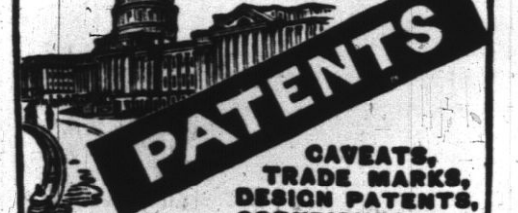
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Ask any one who has worn them about the R. P. & Co.'s Overcoats and Ulsters. See what they say about the linings—how the buttons stay on? how the colors stand service? how these garments hold their shapes? Don't take our word for it if you're skeptical,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

MR. WM. J. KING,

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

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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 see yourself as to time. We are open evenings until 10 P. M. on Sundays until 1 P. M.

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STRAIGHT TIP

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Finest and Largest Stock On Milwaukee Ave.

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

CHILDHOOD OF THE HEART.

Oh, the rosy days of childhood,
How blissfully they sped,
When not a charm had vanished,
And not a wonder fled!
The year was full of promise then,
The tongue was full of praise—
But I think the cup is sweeter now
Than in the childish days.

Oh, the laughing world of childhood,
Of ignorance and ease!
The lightest touch could quicken,
And the least pleasure please:
Yet the upward path was dearer,
With all the thorns they bear,
Than a garden of a hundred flowers
When ignorance is there!

Oh, the beating heart of childhood—
That little heart of snow,
That doubt has never entered,
Nor sorrow has brought low!
Trust me, not all the rapture
Its eager life can span
Can shadow forth the perfect love
That warms the breast of man.
—Dora Read Goodale in Harper's Weekly.

THE LOVE POWDERS.

When he first saw her she was a widow. She was still quite young, not over six-and-twenty, and her short, curly hair, of dark-brown shade, made her look even younger.

There was a pathetic look in her gray eyes that first drew Marshall Kendall's attention to her—that one and one other thing that had appeared extraordinary to him.

He had been loitering around the little suburban station, waiting for the train to the city until the heat had brought on one of the severe headaches he so much dreaded. A man can not abuse nature as Kendall had, working all day and half the night in the mines for months at a stretch, without nature resenting the neglect of her laws.

So it happened that while the spirit of the mines had rewarded his zeal by casting gold galore into his toil-worn hands, nature had retaliated by visiting him with a severe headache every few weeks.

An accident had delayed the train for an hour, and Kendall took advantage of the delay to look up a drug store and obtain temporary relief for his aching head.

Not two squares from the station he found what he was looking for. A little one-story building displayed the sign, "Drugs and Medicines," and Kendall entered the store and looked around for the druggist. A slight rustle behind the prescription case made him turn his eyes in that direction in time to see the person emerge.

It was the young woman with pathetic gray eyes and short curly hair, and she advanced with an air which strove to be business-like and brisk. The years that he had spent away from civilization had not robbed Marshall Kendall of his innate reverence for women. He removed his hat with a courteous, if somewhat ungraceful bow, and asked for the druggist.

"I am the druggist; what can I do for you?" asked the young woman, a little smile playing round the sad curves of her mouth and chasing the shadows from the depths of the gray eyes.

Kendall's perception was keen and after another glance at her he noticed the dress of black, unrelieved by a single glimpse of white, and thought she had taken the place of her dead father, or possibly her husband, and was trying to breast the billows of commercial life.

A woman conducting such a business was a novelty to him, but during the ten years he had been away strange things had happened, and Kendall accepted this as one of them.

Reluctantly, however, for he was one of those men who think of a woman adorning a home and making it the brightest spot on earth for husband and children, not as a bread winner.

"What would you advise for a severe headache?" he asked, recovering from his first surprise.

The little curly head was bent slightly sideways as the druggist reflected. "Antipyrine is good, and antkamnia, too," she said, "but perhaps these are still better," and she took a box from a shelf and extracted some grayish-looking capsules from it.

"These are marked 'sure cure,'" she said, "and I have no doubt if you have faith enough they will carry out their promise."

Man is a creature of such imagination that as soon as he had swallowed a capsule, washed down with a glass of cold water, Kendall's headache began to subside.

Reluctantly he left the store and stepped into the hotel across the street. He wanted very much to know the history of the young woman, yet shrunk from asking about her.

He was relieved of this necessity by the landlord, who was only too glad to have some one to talk to.

"Guess you was surprised to see a woman runnin' a drug store, wasn't you?" he asked with a little chuckle.

"I was, indeed," replied Kendall, and the question in his eyes led the loquacious landlord on.

"She's Widow Kingsberry and her husband was a druggist. He was a triffin' kind of a fellow, never half good enough for her, and he took from bad to worse. They had been married six months when he died of a protracted spree. Then she found he had taken the money that she had toiled and worked for to pay his insurance premiums and spread with it."

"It was perfectly heart-rendin' to see her despair when she found out how he had deceived her and left her only the little store. She was sick after his death, that accounts for her curly hair—but as soon as she could creep around she opened up the store and has kept pluckily at it ever since."

was reasonable he concluded not to take it. But now, for obvious reasons, he changed his mind and feeling much better walked around to see the agent and close the deal.

That night he remained in the village and again dropped into the little drug store to buy a box of capsules. He flushed redly as he asked for them, saying that it was "always better to be prepared." Nor was this the last box of them he bought from the widow. After his removal to his new home he rarely passed a day without dropping in and purchasing some.

The widow's tender heart was touched with pity for the poor man who needed so much medicine for his headache, and "pity is akin to love." Had she seen the stack of unopened boxes of the magic capsules in Kendall's medicine chest the inconsistency of her sex would doubtless have prevented any change in the widow's sentiments. About two months after his first visit to her store Kendall came in and found an awkward country girl going in just ahead of him.

"Want a nickel's worth of love powders?" he snickered.

With a flush in her cheeks the widow bowed to Kendall and turned to wait on the countryman. She took down a bottle of fine, white powder and weighed the amount. As he took it the fellow said: "My chum spread it on candy and gave it to his girl and they wuz married last night. Hope I'll have as good luck."

Kendall looked at the druggist questioning as the fellow departed. "It's what they call love powder," she said, with a little forced laugh. "I hate to sell it but they will have it. Of course there's nothing in it—only their imagination. They think that if they can get a person to eat it their love is secured."

She stepped behind the desk to attend to something and Kendall was alone. Quick as a flash he drew a box of bonbons that he had bought for the widow and noisily moved over and secured the jar of love powder. He sprinkled it generously over the confections and slipped the bottle back into place. As he did so he lifted his eyes and saw the widow was regarding him in a mirror that hung behind her desk.

Perhaps it was the expression in her eyes that gave him courage, for he turned and went back to her.

"I have brought you these," he said, handing her the box of bonbons.

A demure smile which she could not repress played around the corners of her mouth as she gravely thanked him and opened the box.

One, two, three pieces she ate, and then Kendall, whose heart was wildly beating as he endeavored to speak, coolly asked: "Has it done its work?"

"I think it has," she said, faintly, and Kendall's arms were around her, and her head was on his breast, the sad look gone forever from her lovely gray eyes.—Caroline Valentine, in Pittsburg Chronicle.

ALMOST A DISCLOSURE.

But He Recovered Himself Just in Time.

The subject of "kissing before engagement for marriage" came up at the whist club of half a dozen married couples at the Boston Herald. It turned out that not one of the women had been kissed until her troth was plighted. One of the men had a poor memory.

"We used to kiss sometimes, didn't we?" he said to his wife.

"No sir," she said with deep indignation, "you never kissed me until after we were engaged; you tried, and you fought for the privilege, but you never succeeded."

"Is that so?" the husband remarked. "I've kissed so many—"

"What? What did you say?" the wife asked.

There was a pause.

Intense but suppressed excitement was visible on the faces of the other married men.

"I say," said the husband, "I have kissed you so many times that I can't remember when I began."

Then the other married men breathed freely.

A Valuable Hindoo Idol.

The famous Hindoo god Lingam is now owned by an English gentleman of culture, who paid a sum equal to \$13,000 for it at an auction sale of East India relics in 1888. This sacred image stands but twelve and one-half inches high, but, small as it is, it is well worth its weight in first water diamonds. The base of the figure is of pure hammered gold, and around it are set nine gems—a diamond, ruby, sapphire, chryso, beryl, cat's-eye, coral, pearl, hyacinth, garnet, emerald and moonstone. The apex of the figure, which is in the shape of a pyramid, is encircled with a plinth set with small but very fine diamonds. The pinnacle of the pyramid is a topaz one and ten-sixteenths of an inch in length and nine-sixteenths of an inch in depth; this in shape of a horse shoe, the center being a cat's eye of exceeding brilliancy. When the "Bad Shah," last king of Delhi, was captured and exiled to the Andaman islands, his queen secreted this idol, and it was never seen again until recent research brought it to light, whereupon it was brought to London and disposed of to Mr. Spencer.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Rather Expensive.

Featherstone—Well, old man, I am glad to hear that you are engaged to be married. Falling in love, sir, brings out qualities in a man that he never suspected.

Ringway—I agree with you. I never knew before (sadly) that I had the capacity for spending so much money.

THE MARRYING 'SQUIRE.

ONE OF THE HOOSIER STATE'S FAMOUS FEATURES.

He Has United 6,500 Couples—Some Experiences After Being Thirteen Years in Business as a Magistrate.

Squire Ephraim Keigwin of Jeffersonville, is entering upon the fourteenth year of his service in the magistracy, says a letter from Louisville to the New York Sun. In one respect he is the most remarkable citizen the town can boast. The squire is not famous for his judicial decisions. Few litigants bring their claims before him for adjudication, but he marries more runaway lovers, probably, than any other man in America. He claims, and offers to prove it by a well-kept set of books, that he has tied the nuptial knot for 6,500 pairs since he became a justice of the peace. He is known all over Kentucky and Indiana as the "Marrying Squire," and business has always thrived with him.

He was born at Jeffersonville, and began business life as a druggist. Then he kept a small store, but when his few customers abandoned him he abandoned the city and took up life on a farm. While living in the country he married twice, and perhaps it was his own experience that suggested to him his future course of action. From whatever course the idea came it was an inspiration. He was easily elected to office, and from the time he became a magistrate he determined to turn his attention to marrying couples. He succeeded wonderfully. Two out of every three runaway pairs that take advantage of the lax Indiana matrimonial laws have had the knot tied by the squire.

When other magistrates saw what a fine business Squire Keigwin was building up they tried to take it away, but without success. He hit upon the happy expedient of rewarding the driver if the clippers came to him in a carriage, and the guide if some one showed them the way. At first, indeed, the little squire used to go down to the ferries, spot the lovers as they came up the wharf, and offer them his services before they had fairly made up their minds how to find the way. He did not keep this up long, however, for he argued, with a becoming sense of the proprieties, that this was too undignified for a magistrate. Besides, it might spoil future custom. He made friends with every man upon the ferries, and was sure of a good word from them whenever inquiry was made or other opportunity presented. The county clerk was also high in his favor, and every newsboy or bootblack knew that a favor to Squire Keigwin would be repaid. No wonder he prospered at his strange calling.

Experience soon taught the squire all about the tricks of the trade. At a glance he can "size up" a pair and estimate the fee that he will receive. This last consideration is an important one, for it determines what kind of ceremony he will employ. One form is severely simple and so brief that half the time the people do not know that they are married until the squire tells them. He uses this ceremony upon greenhorns and poverty-stricken lovers. The other is lengthy and elaborate, garnished with poetical quotations and scriptural texts, frequently interlarded with straps of magisterial moralizing, and concluded with sage bits of advice. Sometimes he makes a mistake.

"Upon one occasion," said the Squire, "a nicely dressed couple came into my office on matrimony bent. I was a little short that day and I set it down as a \$25 fee. The license was procured, and I performed my most impressive ceremony—I spread myself, not forgetting to ring in a verse of beautiful poetry and to compliment the bride upon her loveliness. It was a perfect gem in the ceremony fine, and would have done credit to Washington Irving. Well, I got fifty cents for the job. I wouldn't marry either of those people again for love or money."

"Marrying is not a matter of sentiment with me, but business, and I am satisfied when I get a liberal fee. Not a day passes but I marry people from Kentucky. They know me in every section of the state, and when I marry a couple from one county they are sure to recommend me to their friends, and I get to tie another knot or two in consequence. I treat everybody nicely for that reason, no matter whether I get a big fee or a little one. Often I receive invitations to visit people whom I have married, and last Thanksgiving day there were more than a score of letters asking me to come and take dinner. I ate at home, though, thinking some unfortunate couple might need my services. As I am in good health now, I think I shall be in this business when the twentieth century is rounded out."

Squire Keigwin does not believe marriage a failure, even though the matches be runaway ones. In fact, he claims that these are the happiest of all, because they are love affairs. He does not object to keeping the wedding secret, and will always do so if the fee is large enough. The Indiana law favors this, as the officiating minister or magistrate is not required to turn in a marriage certificate for record before ninety days have elapsed.

In the Good Old Days.

In 1640 the general court held at Saco, Me., ordered the councilors for the province to notify all inhabitants "from the Piscataqua to the Kennebec" to "look diligently over their respective families," and if they found any child unbaptized to

"bring the said child to baptism." Any parent refusing was to be summoned before the next general court for contempt. On another page of the court records of York county, in which Saco is situated, is a copy of the verdict of the coroner's jury in the case of a spinster named Haley who died under suspicious circumstances. The jury reported that she died "of overmuch eating."

WAS SLOW BUT DIGNIFIED.

When the Visitors Began to Shoot at Each Other He Retired.

He was without doubt the slowest man in the mining camp, says the Detroit Free Press. Slow to anger and slow to quit if he ever got started. That everybody liked him had gone into a proverb, and to speak of a man as "Jim's friend" didn't mean any man in the camp in contradistinction to any other. He had killed his man, possibly two, or three, or four of them, but that was long ago and he had forgotten the exact number. It was enough for him to have peace in the present without going back a year or more into the past. Nothing seemed to disturb him now, and his was the same imperturbable good nature whether the occasion was a wedding or a funeral. One day in the shack where he took his meals two ill-tempered miners from over the mountain appeared and sat down at the slab table with him. He didn't know them, but nodded to them pleasantly, and asked a question or two in accordance with the mountain custom, then relapsed into silence. The men were evidently not friends and in a few minutes began cursing each other. This was followed by a plate hurled across the table; next went a molasses can and a meat dish and a few knives and forks. Jim went on eating, perfectly unmoved. Then the men began circling around the table, dodging and shooting and shooting and dodging. Jim arose to his feet slowly as the bullets were pinging against the wooden walls of the shack.

"Gentlemen," he said with dignity, "excuse me. As I am not being consulted in this affair I think I shall retire," and he backed out and shut the door on the consultation.

About Ancestors.

William S. Walsh writes in the New York World: A family like a race or nation, does indeed bud, flower, and run to seed, and the seed must be transplanted to new soil in order to bud and flower again. Now, a part of the foolish ancestor worship of the past resulted in the creation of aristocracies built on the foundation of an illustrious ancestor. We are getting wiser and better. We are putting our aristocracies closer to the primal source. We are learning no longer to respect a man because his ancestor was better than himself, but because he himself is an ancestor. The farce of royalty is played out; the farce of rank and caste is in a moribund condition. All men will soon learn to laugh at the claims of long descent. Many men laugh at them now. And this in itself is an immense step in advance.

Snobbery, vulgarity, pretension—these hideous traits will soon be of the past. Our grandchildren freed from the absurd ideas, the absurd restrictions of semi-savage inception, will be larger, more generous, more tolerant—better, in short, than ourselves. Fresh and vigorous blood will intermix with the worn-out descendants of great men, and in due time greater men from the stock will be born to the future. Every succeeding age sees the abandonment of some superstition which has checked the progress and development of the race in the past.

Knew His Customer.

Mrs. Ann—I ordered a dress pattern here yesterday, to be sent. I wonder if it has been cut yet?
Floor Walker—Certainly not madam. The salesman said you hadn't been in yet to change your mind.—New York Herald.

MANY MATTERS.

Sofa pillows have grown abnormally large.

France has 69,352 public schools and 14,500 private ones.

Neckties that are never thrown aside—Female arms.

The rainbow fan is composed of a combination of different colored laces.

Ezra Boissac of Southold, N. Y., is reported to have voted regularly for the past 72 years.

Miss Luella Cook of San Francisco, has been placed in charge of distriety at the Stanford university.

The back of the piano is now exposed to the room instead of being crowded against the wall.

In olden times torches were used at weddings, a practice in fact dating as far back as the time of the Romans.

Brown rice kernels are recommended as a palatable and wholesome substitute for coffee for children or invalids.

A social innovation in New York city is the "Blue-Ribbon Invitation" to diners, indicating by a knot of blue ribbon in the lower left-hand corner that wine will not be served.

Long hair has come to stay in football. Various styles of headgear have had their day, but the advantages of the natural covering for the head has been so generally recognized that it is likely to remain the only protection for the head of a football player.

Reasoning from the fact that a spot on a white shirt from a dead-end banana marks the garment forever, a chemist suggests that this fruit may be used in making a first-class indelible ink. He says that the juice from a banana thoroughly decayed is a bright, clear carmine, and is valuable for marking purposes.

THE FIRST PAWNBROKERS.

Money Lensed on Goods by Monks in the Sixteenth Century.

The continental monks deplored their origin in the Italian mont di pietà large numbers of which were founded in Italy throughout the sixteenth century, and the objects of which were, in the first instance, essentially charitable, the avowed purpose of the institution being to counteract the injurious effect of usury by lending money on deposits at an almost infinitesimal rate of interest. The Franciscan monks were the first to lend money on goods, and in 1515 they were allowed by the pope to receive a moderate amount of interest; but, the London Telegraph says, that in process of time the Italian mont di pietà became extensive banking corporations, which were occasionally plundered or half ruined by forced loans exacted by tyrannical princes, and sometimes brought to entire collapse by injudicious financial speculations.

The Paris mont de pieté, which was not established in France until 1777, was suppressed at the revolution, but re-established in 1814 by Napoleon I. It has been ever since a business carried on under the direct control of the state. To the central offices only the poorest classes of the population resort, and they are as little inconvenienced by the shamefacedness or "mauvais hôte" as their congeners in London, while for those who may be described as "gentled," the thoughtful provision has been made of installing the "commissionnaires du monts, du pieté," or branch pawnbrokers, in offices which are generally up three pairs of stairs, in houses inhabited by numerous other lodgers. A tri-colored flag projecting from an upper story informs ladies and gentlemen in reduced circumstances or temporary financial stress of the whereabouts of the commissionnaire's bureau, but the staircase is common to all, and the lady or gentleman who wishes to pawn diamonds worth a good many thousand francs slips in unnoticed, and may, for aught the passers-by are aware, be bound on a visit to the tailor on the first, or the milliner on the second floor.

ABOUT WORMS.

Some Interesting and Peculiar Facts Concerning Them.

A leading authority of the United States agricultural department at Washington is responsible for the assertion that there should be at least 50,000 angle worms to every acre of fertile farm land.

One of the wonders of the worm world is *Nematodes cecena*, a creature that eats ice with as much avidity as the silkworm does mulberry or osage orange leaves. Professor Pintori, a Smithsonian institution authority, of a few years ago, believes that these ice-eating wonders will finally (on account of their rapid increase in the Arctic region), gnaw through the icebergs and make a trip to the pole an easy task.

The earthworms of Cape Colony, South Africa, specimens of which may be seen in any well-regulated American college museum, have a maximum length of six feet five inches and are thick accordingly. When V. Meer and the other Dutch explorers first visited the Good Hope regions these slimy creatures were a regular article of diet.

In China there is a kind of worm that regularly falls a prey to a species of parasitic fungus. In the course of time this fungus pervades the poor worm's entire anatomical structure, converting him into a woody fiber, in which state he is esteemed as being a valuable medicine.

New Zealand, Australia, the Samoan and Solomon islands, as well as portions of the Hawaiian group, are the homes of various species of worms with thick, heavy bodies, and with a well-defined neck connecting the body with a head that is a startling reminder of the monkey. In the Sandwich islands they are called "me-tu-ki," which means "creeper with a child's head." An old New Zealand says that one time they were of immense proportions and threatened the extinction of all human life on the island.

Long Distance Rides in Australia.

In Australia, where population is sparse and distances are great, some remarkable feats of endurance in horse-riding are credited to the mounted police—feats more remarkable in some instances, taking into account all the circumstances, than those accomplished by the winners in the military ride between Vienna and Berlin. Trooper Power, in February, 1889, undertook an arduous journey across most inhospitable country in pursuit of a horse-stealer named John Smith. This zealous officer traveled 766 miles in twenty-six days without changing horses. For one stage of eighty miles he was wholly without water, and the country was in such a bad state for 130 miles that his two horses had nothing to eat. His powers of endurance may be judged from the statement that he did thirty miles a day, on worn-out horses, along long dry stages, and with bad water or no water at all to drink. Trooper Willshire, on another occasion, rode eighty-five miles in twenty hours on one horse. This was on May 28, 1887; two days after the natives had "stuck up" Eriduna Station. The same man traveled 200 miles in four days when he heard that a comrade named Shirley had died of thirst. He did not have macadamized roads and plenty of fresh water, like the German officers, but he had a broiling sun to endure, sand-hills to climb, "mulga" scrub to penetrate, and was sometimes compelled to take dead animals out of native wells before he could use the water.

Novelists. German dentists now make false teeth of paper. They are said to be a very natural imitation of the real article and last for years.

For every hour's pleasure a man has he has to spend two hours getting ready for it and as many more in recovering from it.

There were 4,300,000 tons of bituminous coal mined in Alabama in 1891. In 1892 the production was 5,272,000 tons, an increase of nearly 22 percent.

Experiment has shown that a "Yankee pumpkin" will lift two and one-half tons, provided the weight be so placed as to interfere with the growth of the vegetable.

The largest sheep ranch in the world is in the counties of Dimmet and Webb, Texas. It contains upward of 400,000 acres and yearly pastures from 1,000,000 to 1,600,000 sheep.

The settlers on the Quillayute prairies, in Washington, are afforded fine sport in thousands of wild geese that come there in the fall and make the region their winter home.

It is not an easy matter to freeze out trichina. After subjection to a temperature of 25 degrees below zero for two hours they again become active when exposed to light and heat.

A Mussulman candidate is to contest for a seat in the Legislature at the next election in Cape Town. He is the first non-European candidate there since the Cape constitution was granted.

Forty-four guns are fired for a national salute, one for each State. The national flag is saluted with twenty-one guns, the President with twenty-one and the Vice-President with nineteen.

The Oldest Government.

A student of comparative politics points out the fact that the government of the United States is among the oldest of civilized governments now existing in the world, since most European countries have been to a considerable degree revolutionized since the first election of George Washington to the Presidency. The French republic, the present German empire, and the Italian kingdom considered as political entities, are but youngsters beside the century-old American republic.

American Ribbons.

American ingenuity in holding the ribbons is extending very rapidly to the manufacture of ribbons as well. The product of American looms has increased, according to the figures just published, from \$6,023,100 in 1880 to \$17,081,447 in 1890.

Dr. Carver's Story.

Dr. Carver relates the story of a paving-stone, weighing eighty-three pounds, which was raised from its bed (when joined on all four sides by stones) by such a soft substance as common "puff-ball" mushroom.

Whenever attention is called to the child a woman has with her, she begins to slap its hands and scold it for picking its nose.

PURELY VEGETABLE.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They're a compound of refined and concentrated botanical extracts. These tiny, sugar-coated pellets—the smallest and the easiest to take—absolutely and permanently cure Constipation, Indigestion, Sick and Bilious Headaches, Dizziness, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the liver, stomach, and bowels.

They cure permanently, because they act naturally. They don't shock and weaken the system, like the huge, old-fashioned pills. And they're more effective. One little pellet for a corrective or laxative—three for a cathartic.

They're the cheapest pills you can buy, for they're guaranteed to give satisfaction, or your money is returned.

You pay only for the good you get.

YOUR HEALTH

May depend upon the way you treat the warnings which nature gives. A few bottles of S. S. S., taken at the proper time, may insure good health for a year or two. Therefore act now, for it

IS IMPORTANT

that nature be assisted at the right time, never fails to relieve the system of impurities, and is an excellent tonic also.

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"Permit me to add my name to your many other certificates in commendation of the great curative properties contained in Swift's Specific (S. S. S.). It is certainly one of the best tonics I ever used."

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THE MEANEST OF BIRDS.

THE MAGPIE BEARS AN UNSAVORY REPUTATION.

In a Chronic State of Hunger He Eats Anything He Finds—He Has the Faults of Crows and Jays and Not Their Virtue.

I think it has never been my lot to know a meaner bird than the magpie. We may admire his tact, his business-like industry, his wonderful ability to "take care of number one," but it is only as we admire the genius of the burglar or the skill of the pick-pocket. There is nothing about him that can be really liked.

He seems to be in a chronic state of hunger; his life is one of constant search for something to fill his capacious crop. He may turn aside now and then to brawl with some of his fellows, or with a crowd of cowardly companions, to tease the life out of some smaller bird; but even his flights and his frolics have to do with the question of a dinner.

Once on the roadside, I found a company of these birds formed in an irregular circle around two combatants who were down in the sand engaged in a fierce struggle, writes James Newton Baskett in Youth's Companion. There was a wonderful flourish of wing and tail and beak and I suspect the long sharp claws were not idle.

The birds had so exhausted themselves that, as I drove by they were just able to flutter a few feet apart, watch me and glare fensively at each other. It was in September, so that it could not well have been an "affair of the heart." I suppose it was simply, as usual, an affair of the gizzard.

There is nothing eatable that the magpie will not consume, though it is said that good, clean grain goes very hard with him. Flesh, living, newly dead or decaying, young birds, fish, eggs, insects, fruits—he devours them all with equal gusto.

Aside from eating his life is one persistent chatter. He goes at his work like a whistling boy. Only when he is robbing some absent bird's nest, or stealing some forbidden thing from camp or farm yard, does he cease his jabber; then he knows the worth of silence as well as anyone.

His notes are many and varied, and when you come upon a company of birds unalarmed in the woods, there is a social and gossiping tone about their prattle that is really pleasant.

As I once passed an unoccupied tent I was sure that I heard the voices of children playing just around the bend of the road, but I found that all the sounds of childish laughter, talking and screaming came from a flock of these garrulous birds. As I approached them there were clamorous shrieks of alarm, and the whole crowd went flitting from bush to bush up the mountain side, complaining at being disturbed.

One of the magpie's favorite resorts is the roadside, especially if the road winds along in company with a running stream.

He proves a source of great annoyance to campers and ranchers in and near the mountains. He will steal almost anything, and, while he has a sharp eye for portable goods, he grows wondrously expert at keeping out of danger. He seems to have a real genius for projectiles, and knows the range of bird shot better than the average hunter.

In the three years' camping in the Rockies I never had much trouble with this noisy thief. Once, in Estes Park, Colorado, my tent was under a tall pine, and for many mornings a single pie perched on the topmost branch of the tree long before we were ready to get up and began a series of calls and squawks that made further sleep impossible.

Morning after morning there was the pantomime of a not over-dressed figure sneaking out under the tent fly, preceded by a shotgun and followed by the mocking laugh of a white and blue-black bird as he fluttered away far beyond the range of small shot. But one day the bird miscalculated his distance—perhaps he had grown careless—and after that our morning nap was no longer disturbed.

His calls had been for the double purpose of finding out if anyone was within and of trying to induce some of his companions to come and test the danger of the situation. He was too cowardly to venture down himself, so he sat and cried: "Here's a find, fellows! Why don't you come and get some of it?"

One of the most annoying traits of the magpie is his habit of preceding the hunter and vociferously heralding his movements. At the head of a certain canyon I knew that some deer were in the habit of playing.

Late one afternoon I was creeping toward the place with cautious tread and hopeful heart when, from a low bush, there broke out a demoniacal screech. A hundred voices took it up and "squack! squack! squack!" went the intelligence, a fourth of a mile ahead of me.

It is needless to say that I got no deer, as most animals soon learned the meaning of this cry. I believe that to each other the birds can even indicate the form of danger so variable is the voice, and, perhaps, on this occasion the shout of the magpie fargon signified, "Man coming! Got a gun!"

Like wild geese, they keep a sentinel out while feeding, and faithfully he performs his duty. Next to eating I think the magpie delights in nothing so much as in warning.

There is a faintness about the bird—an eminent belief in himself and a general air of satisfaction with his lot in life that, if it were not so

mixed with selfishness and impertinence, would be decidedly prepossessing. His intelligence and garrulity, and especially his ability to talk, make him an interesting pet, but it is to be regretted that so large a part of his conversation is only a cry for more meat.

A LIVE MASTODON!

Alaskan Indians Claim to Have Seen Them Frequently.

Science knows of the mastodon only as "an extinct fossil proboscidean pachyderm, closely allied to the elephant of modern fauna." Who knows, however, but that those "supposed-to-be-extinct" creatures may be as plentiful in the "land of the midnight sun" as mule-footed hogs seem to be in Arkansas, Missouri and the Indian territory? Three weeks ago I would have been much more surprised had I met a real live mule-footed hog than I would have been to have met a whole herd of the afore-said "fossil proboscidean pachyderms." Since that time everything has changed. The hundreds of letters sent in by kindly disposed friends of the St. Louis Republic's "Curious Man" are convincing proof that mule-footed hogs are more plentiful in the South than office-seekers at Washington. But this is no place for a mule-footed hog article—in fact, I commenced this "Note" with the intention of telling you about a live mastodon which some Indians recently encountered in Alaska. The account given below was clipped from the Juneau, Alaska, Free Press.

The Strickland Indians positively assert that within the past five years they have frequently seen animals, which, from the descriptions given, must be mastodons. Last spring, while out hunting, one of these Indians came across a series of large tracks, each the size of the bottom of a salt barrel, sunk deep in the moss. He followed the curious trail for some miles, finally coming out in full view of his game. As a class the Indians are the bravest of hunters, but the proportions of this new species of game filled the hunter with terror and he took to swift and immediate flight. He describes the creature as being as large as a post trader's store, with great, shining, yellowish-white tusks and a mouth large enough to swallow a man at a single gulp. He further says that the animal was undoubtedly of the same species as those whose bones and tusks lie all over that section of the country. The fact that other hunters have told of seeing these monsters browsing on the herbs up along the river gives a certain probability to the story. Over on Forty Mile Creek bones of mastodons are quite plentiful. One ivory tusk nine feet long projects from one of the sand dunes on that creek, and single teeth have been found that were so large that they would be a good load for one man to carry. I believe that the mule-footed hog still exists; also that live mastodons play tag with the aurora borealis every night over on Forty Mile Creek in Alaska.

A MISTAKE.

To Think That Texas Cow Boys Have no Book Learning.

"A word of advice to you, now that you are going to Arizona and New Mexico to rough it with the cow boys," said Captain Ambrose Jorbeau to a pale complexioned, studious-looking young man. "Don't be pedantic or sophomoric with those fellows; don't try to display your book learning, for if you do the chances are nine to one that you will encounter a class of men of more knowledge and of superior college training to your own. I went down into Texas in the early days. I had just finished college and had a yearning thirst for adventure."

"I joined the Texas Rangers when the service had hard work and perilous duties to perform. The men were all bronzed and hard looking, and I thought they were ignorant and coarse. With that dilettantism which the young collegian can hardly divest himself of I thought if I used big words and Latin and French phrases to them they would worship me as an oracle. About the first break of this kind I made I noticed some of the men winked ominously and a sort of suppressed giggle went around the camp-fire circle."

For two or three days I persisted in this course until a stop was put to it by the greatest and most embarrassing surprise of my life. They took up subjects I had in my vanity suggested to discuss, and had, as I thought, discoursed upon them learnedly, and they literally dumfounded me. They analyzed them with a profundity which I thought none but my college professors possessed, and with a sarcasm keener than a razor's edge they cut my pride to the quick by their criticism. I then learned that four-fifths of them were even more thorough college-bred men than I was, that their reading was more general and comprehensive than mine, and that, though far removed from the centers of civilization, they had kept up with the world better than I.

"Those were the cow boys of that early day, and the same condition exists at present on the frontier. The cattle ranges of the West support the most cosmopolitan life on this continent. You will meet on them, and in the rough garb and calling of the cowboy, the Spanish grandee, the French count, the British noble, the German baron and the Harvard graduate. Of course there is a sprinkling of the ignorant and uncouth among them, otherwise the life would not be so picturesque, but these are the exceptions. Therefore, I warn you not to be too fresh, young man, when you get out there."

HIGH POWER BURGLARS.

STEAM AND ELECTRICITY COME TO HIS AID.

Great Feat Once Performed By John Gilmore Many Years Ago—Chance Prevented His Making a Big Haul—A Drill.

In this age of machinery it is not surprising to find a certain class of clever mechanics who, by negative methods, have done much to bring the art of safe manufacture to its present state of perfection, discarding the time-honored "jimmy," "hand-drill" and "drag" in favor of modern "power" processes.

That steam machinery should rapidly come into universal use for burglarious purposes is unlikely, owing to considerations of expense, and the difficulties connected with the application of the power, but there is at least one instance of its adoption on a magnificent scale.

The felonious genius to whom is due the dubious honor of being the pioneer in this department of mechanics was John Clare, alias John Gilmore, a truly scientific cracksmen, who is now in temporary retirement in consequence of being found in possession of a number of cleverly constructed instruments evidently constructed for use in his "business."

He first came into notoriety in 1865, when he was arrested in Baltimore for shooting and killing Henry B. Grove, was convicted and sentenced to death.

He succeeded, however, in getting a new trial, which resulted in his acquittal. For nearly ten years after that he was the associate of such eminent felons as Mike Marsh, Timmy Hope, "Big Frank" McCoy and "Eddie" Geary.

His master-stroke, which gave him his unique fame, and only failed of complete success by the merest accident, was made in 1874.

In the early spring of that year a dapper, smartly-dressed glib tongued young man, who introduced himself as John Gilmore, recently of Boston, entered into negotiations for the purchase of the premises at 83 Eighth avenue, New York, with a view of opening a first-class oyster and chop-house.

He paid \$3,000 down and gave a mortgage of \$4,000 payable on August 1. The owner said he would have no objection to extending the mortgage, but Mr. Gilmore replied that he guessed business would be good enough to enable him to clear off the mortgage.

Pretty soon Gilmore leased the building at 303 West Fourteenth street, on the other side of the bank building and opened a billiard hall. The billiard room had a passageway leading to the rear of the oyster saloon, so that he had the bank building completely surrounded.

Toward the middle of June a big truck drove up to the saloon door and a boiler and a five horse-power upright engine were dumped on the sidewalk. Jocular customers asked Gilmore whether he was doing such a big business that he was going to have his oysters opened by steam.

Gilmore smiled softly and said that the engine was to run a dish-washing machine and a set of ventilating fans. At that the customers said:

"Enterprising man, that Gilmore. I tell you, he's a daisy!"

He was! In due time the boiler and engine were erected in the cellar, and then Gilmore had a double plank partition erected across the cellar. He said it was to deaden the noise of the engine.

It happened that year that July 4 fell on Saturday, and that as this would leave all the banks closed for two days the police, as is customary, were directed to exercise vigilance.

There was no reason why Policemen Keller should have been especially anxious for the safety of the two banks, but as he passed by shortly after midnight on July 3 his ear caught a sound like the whirring of machinery from the basement of Gilmore's saloon. It was probably, he thought, only Gilmore's engine, but on listening again he was convinced that he detected the sound of a drill.

Hurrying to the station-house he soon returned with a sergeant and a squad of men. In the bank all seemed quiet, but the sound continued. A sharp rap at the door of the saloon brought the proprietor to a window on the second floor. "Hello, sergeant!" he cried, "what's up. Hold on a minute and I'll be down."

Then he closed the window and the police waited for nearly five minutes before it dawned upon them that Gilmore wasn't coming. He had beat a hasty retreat over back fences and roofs of Fifteenth street, leaving three of his comrades in the cellar.

These three worthies were sighted as they made a dash for the rear, and were captured after a sharp chase. They proved to be William Morgan, alias "Bunker," James Simpson and Charles Sanborn.

Gilmore owed his escape to the fact that he happened to be upstairs when the police arrived. His trail across the roofs was followed, and at one point he was found to have leaped an alley twelve feet wide and then lowered himself to the ground with a rope ladder which he carried with him.

On descending to the cellar the police found the engine running at full speed, driving a drill through a hole that had been dug in the cellar wall, into the massive granite vault of the savings bank.

At the rate at which the drill was working it would not have required more than two or three hours to make a breach in the rear of the vault.

There were in the vaults money and securities worth \$3,000,000. Gilmore's companions were sentenced to long terms of imprisonment but he himself evaded capture for nearly two years, when he was arrested and sent to Sing Sing for four and one-half years.

A HAUNTED ASYLUM.

The Attendants Terrified by the Nightly Visits of the Ghost.

The Kings county insane asylum, in the town of Flatbush, L. I., is the scene of nightly visits of a ghost, clad in black and with an annoying habit of swishing suddenly upon unwary attendants in a certain corridor after the unusual hour of midnight. The attendants are wrought up over it, and the doctors even say something, they can't tell just what, has happened, says the St. Louis Republic.

All agree that a rustling, swishing noise, like that made by trailing skirts, is heard in that corridor at times in the night, and no one has been able to tell what causes it. The other night one of the nurses, Mrs. Mary Geary, had occasion to go through the haunted corridor. Suddenly she heard that dreadful, unaccountable noise behind her. She was petrified by fear. The next moment the ghost was upon her and whirled quick as a flash and peered into her face. Mrs. Geary gave one shriek and fell fainting on the floor. She has not yet recovered from her fright sufficiently to be about her duties.

She is positive that she saw the ghost, and as the days go by and she gets calmer, she is able to give more intelligent accounts of its appearance. It is very tall and skeleton like, draped in black, and gives out a sensation of cold. Except for the matter of color, this corresponds very well with the accepted accounts of the appearance of these visitors. The asylum people became so wrought up over the matter that Dr. Chanlon and Mrs. Mollie Clay sat up one night and watched for the ghost. They had a club and revolver with them and would have made it warm for any spook.

The visitor did not appear that night. The mysterious rustlings, however, continue. The insane patients in the rooms on either side of the haunted corridor have been wrought up to a high pitch of excitement, and the presence of the nocturnal visitor is the signal for an outbreak of frenzied fear among them. It is next to impossible to persuade the attendants to pass through the corridor after nightfall, except under a strong escort. Dr. Chanlon has employed two brawny watchmen to run down the ghost.

ROMANCE IN LITERATURE.

Followed the Professor's Advice, But He Got There.

There is a well-known gentleman in this city, who, when a young man at college, fell in love with a professor's daughter. Of course, there is nothing remarkable about that. Both were young, and she was beautiful. The professor was poor, but he was wise. There is nothing remarkable about that. Wisdom is often associated with poverty, especially that sort of wisdom that comes from books. The young man was also poor, but he was not wise—he wanted to marry the girl right off. And there was nothing remarkable about that. But the poor, wise professor told the poor, unwise young man:

"Go forth and do something. I don't care what you do, but go and do it. If she really thinks she can't get along without you she won't mind waiting a year or two. If she won't wait you won't want her."

The poor, unwise young man filed the usual demurrer, but was promptly overruled. Then he went forth.

The first thing he did was to go and buy a package of cigarettes and sit down and think. He did so much thinking of this kind that he nearly starved to death. Then he tried something else and picked up \$2 a week and \$20 worth of self-respect. But he didn't see any opportunity for matrimony and tried something else. This, too, failed. Then he tried something else.

The professor said he was a shiftless fellow—a rolling stone.

The daughter said he was a noble young fellow and would get there.

The young man had that girl in his eye all the time. Yet he seemed to monkey with the great world. He tried literature—newspaper literature.

The professor said that settled it. So did the girl.

It did settle it—for the young man, now unwise and young no longer, grew to fame and wealth as the head of a great syndicate, makes \$15,000 a year, married the professor's daughter, and hires the professor at \$15 a week to kill copy.

In Big Luck.

Lady, in butcher shop—You can put aside half a dozen of your plumpest partridges.

Butcher—Yes, ma'am. Shall I send them right away?

Lady—No, my husband is out shooting partridges to-day, and he will call for them this evening.—Texas Siftings.

He Had Had Experience.

She—If you really think, dear, that the stone in my engagement ring ought to be re-set, why, of course, take it; but (anxiously) how long do you think it will take?

He, carelessly—Oh, not more than a month.

One View of It.

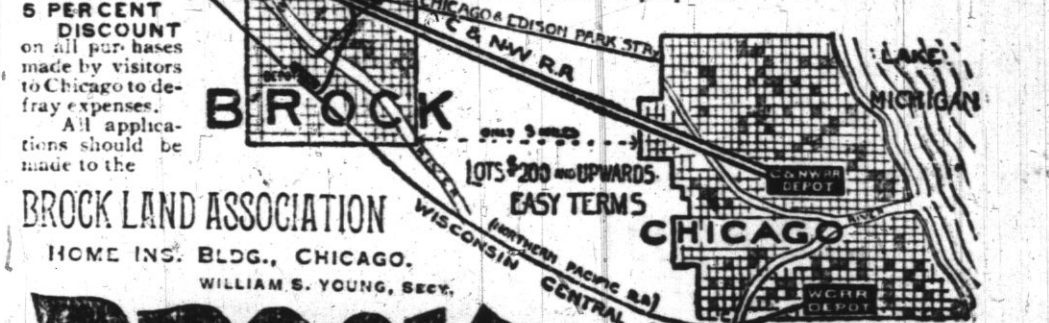
Watts—I don't like this re-incarnation idea a bit.

Potts—No.

Watts—No. Just fancy yourself a mule and hauling stones for your own monument.

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Now is the time—before prices advance—to invest in a lot in Brock, the new factory suburb of Chicago. Brock is solid as a rock. Only 4 miles from Chicago limits, only 1 1/2 miles from Court House, yet 12 miles from Lake Michigan's breezes. Good for manufacturing. Good for residence. Good for investment—especially good. Look at the Map. It was Chicago's 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 Edison 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—100 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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Set of best teeth. \$7.00

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Silver. 50c to 75c

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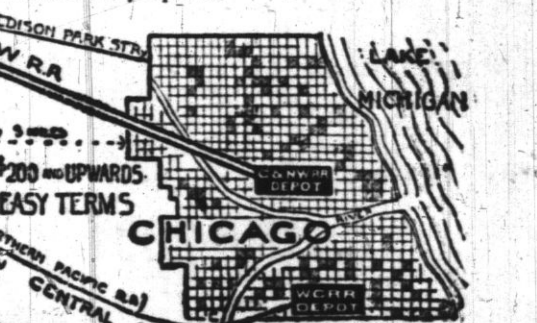
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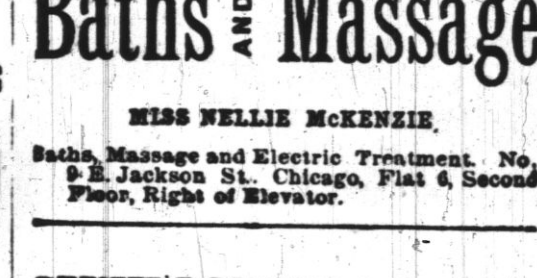
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