

# BARRINGTON REVIEW.

VOL. 9. NO. 24.

BARRINGTON, ILL., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1894.

\$1.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

## BARRINGTON.

### CHURCH NOTICES.

ST. ANN'S CATHOLIC—Rev. J. F. Casey, Pastor. Services every alternate Sunday at 9 o'clock a. m.  
GERMAN EVANGELICAL ST. PAUL'S—Rev. E. Rahn, pastor. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. Sabbath school at 9:30 a. m.  
BAPTIST—Rev. Robert Bailey, pastor. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath school at 12.  
GERMAN EVANGELICAL—Rev. J. B. Elfrink, pastor. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sabbath school at 9 a. m.  
THE EVANGELICAL SALON—Rev. T. Suhr, pastor. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sabbath school at 9:15 a. m.  
METHODIST EPISCOPAL—Rev. E. W. Ward, pastor. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath school at 12 m. Children's services 3 p. m. Bible study Tuesday at 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Friday at 7 p. m.

### SOCIETY NOTICES.

K. O. T. M. No. 79—Meets at their hall the second and fourth Tuesday of each month. W. H. Snyder, P. C.; T. H. Crest, Sec.; C. E. Kendall, L. C.; L. A. Powers, S. R.; Rev. R. Bailey, Chap.; J. M. Thrasher, H. K.; Frank Plagge, F. K.; Arthur Jayne, M. A.; S. M. Jayne, 1st M. G.; E. W. Macher, 2d M. G.; C. H. Kendall, P.; H. Roloff, S.; Dan Caldwell, P.  
LOUISIANA LODGE No. 751—Meets at their hall the second and fourth Saturdays of each month. L. A. Powers, W. M.; H. A. Sandman, S. W.; C. H. Kendall, J. W.; C. B. Ous, Treas.; A. T. Ullrich, Sec.; F. B. Bennett, S. D.; J. P. Brown, J. D.; A. Gleason, Tyler.  
BARRINGTON POST No. 255, G. A. R.—Department of Ill.—Meets every second Friday of the month at Abbott's Hall. L. E. Runyan, Com.; G. W. Johnson, S. V. C.; W. M. Thompson, J. V. C.; A. Gleason, Q. M.; A. S. Henderson, O. D.; L. H. Butte, O. G.; Henry Reuter, Sergt.; Chas. Senn, Chap.  
M. W. A. Chapter 809—Meets first and third Tuesdays of each month at Meyer's Hall. F. E. Hawley, V. C.; P. A. Hawley, W. M.; John Robertson, B.; M. T. Lamey, Clerk; Wm. Antholts, W.; J. M. Thrasher, E.; H. P. Askey, S.  
W. R. C. No. 85—Meets the second and fourth Wednesdays of each month. Mrs. Lucy Townsend, Pres.; Miss Alice Meyer, Sec.

### VILLAGE OFFICERS.

F. E. Hawley.....President  
H. C. P. Sandman, John Robertson, H. T. Abbott, John Collier, Wm. Grunau, John Hatje.....Trustees  
Miles T. Lamey.....Village Clerk  
A. L. Robertson.....Treasurer  
C. D. Cutting.....Village Attorney  
H. A. Sandman.....Street Commissioner

### SCHOOL DIRECTORS.

F. E. Hawley.....President  
A. W. Meyer.....Clerk  
L. A. Powers.....

Last day of registration before the election is next Tuesday, Oct. 30.  
Herman Roloff is rushing the work on his new houses. He has a number of carpenters to work on it and the building is now well closed in.  
Mr. Silas Robertson has recently put in a new windmill and tank elevated several feet from the ground to furnish water for lawn purposes, etc.  
Floor oil cloth patterns cheap at A. W. Meyer & Co.'s.  
Assistant Superintendent Hovie of Hall Signal System made a visit to this place on Friday of last week.  
Mr. Robert Hager and family spent last Sunday at the home of Mr. Fred Reese.  
Mr. Charles Roehow entertained relatives from the city last Sunday.  
Twenty-two pounds granulated sugar for \$1 at A. W. Meyer & Co.'s.  
It is reported that George Schaffer, who is now in Minnesota, intends to remove back to this place.  
Miss Gertrude Meyer spent a few days at home last week.  
James Morehouse has been on the sick list during the past week.  
Bargains in all wool dress goods at A. W. Meyer & Co.'s.  
Mrs. Atkins spent a few days last week with her daughter, Mrs. Ben Castle, in Chicago.  
Cook County Superintendent Farr of Chicago made our schools a visit last week.  
Miss Ida Jahuke of Elgin spent a number of days the past week with her mother.  
Heath & Milligan's celebrated mixed paints can always be procured at J. D. Lamey & Co.'s.  
Those in arrears to the REVIEW will greatly oblige us in early settlement of the same.  
Wm. Barnett spent Sunday at home.  
Mrs. and Mrs. Edward Sadt, who have been visiting relatives in Milwaukee, returned home last Tuesday.  
A. W. Meyer & Co. have a large line of ladies' and misses' jackets.  
There will be a flag raising in the Porter School district, No. 3, two and one half miles northwest of Barrington, Tuesday, Oct. 30, at 1:30 p. m. An interesting program has been prepared, and a cordial invitation is extended to all to attend.  
The oyster supper given by the W. R. C. in their hall Wednesday evening, Oct. 24, proved quite a success.  
Lead, oils, varnishes, putty, etc., always on hand at J. D. Lamey & Co.  
Mrs. Flora Lines entertained her cousin of Englewood last week.  
The Epworth league held a business meeting Friday evening at the home of Miss Laura Wilmer, where the election of officers took place for the ensuing year. George W. Nightengale was elected president of the society for the coming year.  
There is no trouble in making good bread with A. W. Meyer & Co.'s Fancy Patent Flour.  
Miss Anna Krahn, who has been spending a number of days with her parents, has returned to Chicago.

Miss Bertha Seefert spent Sunday with Mrs. Robert Nightengale, nee Bertha Sawyer, who is very ill at her home in Carpenterville.

Mr. and Mrs. Bishop of California are visiting at the home of the latter's sister, Mrs. S. P. Parker.

Window glass in all sizes at J. D. Lamey & Co.'s.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sullivan of Erie, Penn., were guests at the home of Mr. H. S. Abbott, recently. Mrs. Sullivan was a former schoolmate of Mrs. Lombard.

Mrs. Hawley of Dundee is visiting her daughter, Mrs. E. L. Waterman. Mesdames Abbs and Landon are visiting relatives and friends here this week.

Liquid gold paint is sold by J. D. Lamey & Co.

Presiding Elder Haight was here on Friday and Saturday of last week on special business.

Miss Downs of Hampshire, Ill., has been accepted as teacher for the White district.

William Gilbert of Wauconda was a visitor at the home of L. E. Dunyan last Sunday.

Rio coffee 20 cents a pound at A. W. Meyer & Co.'s.

Rev. Bailey went to Pontiac, Ill., last week to attend the Baptist convention.

The reading circle met at the home of Mrs. A. J. Redmond last Thursday afternoon.

Mr. King and Miss Gould of Elgin spent Sunday at the home of Mrs. Carrie E. Kingsley.

Mr. Fred Snyder of Maywood spent Sunday with his brother, William H. Snyder.

Miss May Castleman, who has been visiting several days the past week with her uncle, Mr. S. Peck, returned to her home at Lombard last Sunday.

Miss Nellie Gray visited relatives in the city a few days this week.

The famous Gilbert tile are sold by J. D. Lamey & Co. Get their prices on ear load lots.

The Macabees dedicated their organ Tuesday evening. An informal musical and literary program was enjoyed by about fifty Sir Knights, after which came an oyster feast. M. C. McIntosh acting as chef de cuisine, ably assisted by S. M. Jayne and others. Cards and other amusements were indulged in until the proper hour for retiring, when the Sir Knights "like the Arabs" folded their tents and silently stole away.

W. H. Selleck of Chicago spent Sunday at the home of George Heimerdinger.

Mr. D. R. Holmes of Elgin was here on a visit Wednesday.

For Sale—Feed cutter. For particulars inquire of S. M. Jayne.

Miss Appiebee of Elgin was the guest of Miss Laura Wilmer Sunday.

Are you registered? Oct. 30 is the last day for registration.

Mr. A. W. Meyer is enlarging his barn.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Leonard were visitors at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Robertson, Sunday.

Mr. Chas. Shufeldt expects to return to Barrington and take charge of the Shufeldt farm in the near future. Mr. Henry Eilers will move to Park Ridge.

Mrs. C. F. Meyer and son returned home the first of the week after a visit in Chicago.

Rev. E. Rahn went to Wisconsin for a short visit Monday.

Fire insurance written in reliable companies by M. T. Lamey.

Mrs. E. Rahn is entertaining her sister.

Mr. M. Regan of Chicago, visited his mother, Thursday.

"Don't Tobacco Spit or Smoke Your Life Away."

The truthful, startling title of a book about how to be the only harmless, guaranteed to cure, if you want to quit and can't, use "No-to-bac." Braces up nicotineized nerves, eliminates nicotine poisons, makes weak men gain strength, weight and vigor. Positive cure or money refunded. Book at druggists, or mailed free. Address The Sterling-Kennedy Co., Chicago, 45 Randolph street; New York, 10 Spruce street.

Mrs. Mary A. Woodbridge Dead. CHICAGO, Oct. 26.—Mrs. Mary A. Woodbridge, general corresponding secretary of the International W. C. T. U., died at her home yesterday afternoon at 6 o'clock. She had been stricken with apoplexy the day previous and it had been known from the first that she could not live.

Bavarian Socialist Issue Settled. FRANKFURT-ON-MAIN, Oct. 26.—The socialist congress rejected by a vote of 141 to 48 Herr Vollmar's motion to drop the discussion of the action of Bavarian deputies because it was one of expediency. The matter is declared to be settled.

Czarina Breaking Down. ST. PETERSBURG, Oct. 26.—There has been a renewal of the serious reports in regard to the condition of the czarina. It is said she has to be wheeled into the czar's room in an invalid chair, and that she is only able to visit the emperor a few times daily.

Increase of the Gold Reserve. WASHINGTON, Oct. 26.—The cash balance in the treasury yesterday was \$112,712,451; gold reserve, \$60,636,301. The increase in the amount of the gold reserve was occasioned by deposits of gold in exchange for currency. Of these deposits \$352,805 was received at New York, \$123,763 at St. Louis and \$94,422 at Philadelphia.

Testimony Heard in the Riot Case. PEKIN, Ill., Oct. 26.—The examination of witnesses in the Dixon murder case was resumed yesterday morning, and six witnesses gave in their testimony as to what they knew about the riot at Little Miami and the killing of the negro Dixon.

Run on Discretionary Pools Over. PITTSBURG, Pa., Oct. 26.—The run on the discretionary pools has entirely ceased. Irwin & Co. decline to pay depositors or transact other business until they have closed out deals on the Chicago market now open. State Superintendent of Banks Krumpholtz has written a letter to the chamber of commerce defining the status of these syndicates.

Burlington Trains Blocked. BURLINGTON, Iowa, Oct. 26.—By an accident to the draw of the big Burlington bridge here all trains on the Burlington road were blocked since 9:30 last night, and it was some hours before the trouble could be remedied.

Mile in 2:03 1-2. LOUISVILLE, Ky., Oct. 26.—Flying Jib was on his bad behavior yesterday but after several unsuccessful attempts the erratic pacer was caught on his gait at the quarter pole, from where he and his running mate were timed a mile in 2:03 1-2.

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## BANDITS ON A RAID.

### ANOTHER ARKANSAS TOWN HELD UP.

Whole Country in Arms and on the Search for Outlaws—The Cook Gang Being Followed by a Determined Posse.

PORT SMITH, Ark., Oct. 26.—A report has come that the little town, of Gibson station has been robbed in pretty much the same fashion as was Waboba, the express office and several stores being looted. It is said six men took part in the holdup. Marshal Grump received a telegram Wednesday from Deputy Lambton, who had gone in pursuit of the Cook gang, that a fight between the bandits and officers was expected at any time. The whole country is up in arms and on the hunt for outlaws.

Valuable Documents Recovered.

NEW YORK, Oct. 26.—L. C. Weir, president of the Adams Express company, received a pouch yesterday containing a number of bonds, insurance policies, stocks, drafts, bills of lading and other valuable documents. These papers were stolen from the company's safe in the express car of the train which was robbed at Aquia creek, Va., Oct. 12. This reduces the loss of the Adams Express company to less than \$5,000.

Cook Gang May Be Captured.

MUSKOGEE, I. T., Oct. 26.—The Cook gang is headed for the mountains in the western part of the nation, with the Indian police, Indian sheriffs and United States marshals in pursuit. As heavy rewards are offered for the leaders of the gang, dead or alive, it is believed they will be captured soon.

### GREET WILSON AND M'ADOO.

Great Gatherings at the Clarksburg, W. Va., Fair Grounds.

CLARKSBURG, W. Va., Oct. 26.—This city last night was the scene of the biggest demonstration in the history of Harrison county. When the train bearing the Wilson party pulled into the depot 2,000 people surrounded the cars. At the fair grounds 5,000 people had assembled. Assistant Secretary McAdoo was most enthusiastically received and made a great speech. He was followed by Mr. Wilson, whose reception was flattering, and his address was equal to that delivered in Wheeling, and along the same lines. He also made a short speech at Proctor, this state, and during the day. At Parkersburg a meeting was at once convened on Court House square, the audience numbering between 2,000 and 3,000.

California Militiamen Scored.

SACRAMENTO, Cal., Oct. 26.—The military court of inquiry which was appointed by Gov. Markham to investigate the conduct of the national guards at Sacramento during the late railroad strike has made its report. The report says that companies A of Sacramento and G of San Francisco, the members of which threw down their arms and fraternized with the strikers, disgraced the national guard and would not be permitted to remain in the service.

New Counterfeit \$5 Note Discovered.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 26.—Chief Bahen of the secret service has received from Rochester, N. Y., a new counterfeit \$5 treasury note with the Thomas head. The bill is from a very poorly executed etched plate. The features of Thomas are blurred and the lettering and lathe work very poor. The panel containing the treasury number of the bill has parallel lines in the counterfeit, and in the genuine they are oblique.

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## CHINESE AGAIN DEFEATED.

Japanese Troops Fight Their Way Into Chinese Territory.

LONDON, Oct. 26.—A dispatch from Tokio dated yesterday says Field Marshal Count Yamagata has telegraphed to the war office that a detachment of 1,600 Japanese infantry crossed the Yulu river Wednesday and attacked the enemy. The Chinese force consisted of 600 cavalry and 100 infantry with two guns. The enemy fled. The Japanese captured a Chinese fort, two guns, and many rifles. The Chinese loss was twenty killed and wounded. The Japanese advance columns are advancing upon Lishiven.

Later advices from the front via Yokohama show the Japanese army immediately advanced to the attack of the Chinese at Kuilenstod. The battle is now proceeding.

### BYRANT REVISES HIS STORY.

He Goes Back on His Confession in the Arkansas White Cap Case.

MEMPHIS, Oct. 26.—The trial of twenty-five white caps was resumed yesterday at Helena, Ark. The sensation of the day was the testimony of Gus Bryant, the leader of the gang, who turned state's evidence last spring and made a confession. Bryant's evidence yesterday was directly opposite to that contained in his confession. The prosecuting attorney openly charges that the state's witnesses have been tampered with. Three negroes identified several of the defendants as being members of the whitecap organization. The trial will continue several days.

Panic in an Ohio Theater.

OXFORD, Ohio, Oct. 26.—The breaking of a bolt in the Edison electric works in this city last night at 8 o'clock was the cause of what for a time threatened to be a terrible panic and result in the death and maiming of scores of human beings. The lights in the theater went out suddenly and a scramble for the exits at once commenced. Finally the gas was turned on and quiet restored, but many of the audience left the hall. A number of persons were bruised in the rush, but none were seriously injured.

Liquor Spies Placed on Trial.

DARLINGTON, S. C., Oct. 26.—The trial of liquor spies for murder was commenced yesterday. The case against McLendon occupied the attention of the court all day and most of the witnesses for the state were examined. The testimony so far shows that the deed was cold blooded. The case will be continued in the morning and McLendon will be put on the stand.

Chased by 150 Armed Men.

BATTLE CREEK, Mich., Oct. 26.—Policeman Marcellus was seriously shot yesterday afternoon by a tramp while the officer was arresting three of them in a store in the east end. After firing twenty shots in the store the tramps took to the woods. Aid was summoned from the city and 150 men armed with rifles started in pursuit with instructions them back dead or alive.

Condition of the Czar Unchanged.

ST. PETERSBURG, Oct. 26.—A bulletin issued from Livadia at 8 o'clock last evening says: "Neither somnolence nor spasmodic symptoms were observed to-day. His majesty's appetite is satisfactory. The edema did not increase as usual." The bulletin is signed by the five doctors in attendance upon his majesty.

Report Denied by Judge Cole.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 26.—Judge Cole of the District Supreme court has authorized a denial of the report that he had decided to overrule the demurrer of Brokers Macartney and Chapman to the indictments brought against them for refusal to answer questions put by the senate sugar trust investigating committee.

Rosebery Eulogizes the Czar.

LONDON, Oct. 26.—Lord Rosebery made an address last night at the banquet of the Cutlers' society of Sheffield, in which he paid high tribute to the czar, as the European ruler who had preserved peace. Among those present were the duke of Norfolk, the archbishop of York and a large number of men well known to the political world.

Will Address New York City Republicans.

NEW YORK, Oct. 26.—A special republican mass meeting has been arranged to take place at Music hall next Wednesday night, at which ex-President Harrison will speak. Gen. Harrison spent the greater part of yesterday attending to private business.

Blew Up an Iowa Hotel.

CEDAR RAPIDS, Iowa, Oct. 26.—Early yesterday morning at Rochester, Iowa, fifteen miles south of here, a large brick hotel, occupied by Bradley Bernhart, was partially destroyed and completely wrecked by dynamite placed under the hotel by unknown persons.

To Be Christened by Mrs. Cleveland.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Oct. 26.—Mrs. Cleveland has consented to christen the steamship St. Louis of the International Navigation company, which will be launched from Cramp's shipyard Nov. 12.

## THE NEW SENATORS.

### THIRTY-THREE TO TAKE OATH OF OFFICE MARCH 4.

Interest Taken in the Situation—Legislatures of Many States to Elect at the Next Assembling—Political Indications.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 26.—The election of United States senators to succeed the senators whose terms expire March 4 is attracting much attention in political circles in Washington. Except in the cases where senators have already been chosen for the term beginning on that date the legislatures which are to meet next winter will perform this work. Barring unusual circumstances, there will then be thirty-three senators to be sworn in, including those who will succeed the thirty whose terms expire on that date, and one each from the states which failed to elect when they should have done so in accordance with the law two years ago. Of these six senators have already been sworn—viz., Donelson Caffery of Louisiana, to succeed himself; John H. Gear of Iowa, to succeed James F. Wilson; William Lindsay, to succeed himself; T. S. Martin of Virginia, to succeed Eppa Hunton; G. P. Wetmore of Rhode Island, to succeed N. F. Dixon; E. C. Walthall of Mississippi, to succeed himself. In the case of Senator Walthall, he had been elected to the term beginning 1895, when he resigned from the senate last session and was succeeded by the Hon. A. J. McLaurin. He did not state his intentions with reference to the new term and it is not known here whether he will resume his seat in 1895 or again tender a resignation to cover that term. In none of the above instances has there been a change in politics. Of the remaining twenty-four senators of the regular list whose terms expire in 1895, Senators Berry of Arkansas, Butler of South Carolina, Camden of West Virginia, Coke of Texas, Harris of Tennessee, Martin of Kansas, McPherson of New Jersey, Morgan of Alabama, Ransom of North Carolina and Walsh of Georgia (ten) are democrats, and Senators Carey of Wyoming, Chandler of New Hampshire, Cullom of Illinois, Dolph of Oregon, Frye of Maine, Higgins of Delaware, Hoar of Massachusetts, Manderson of Nebraska, McMillan of Michigan, Pettigrew of South Dakota, Power of Montana, Shoup of Idaho, Wolcott of Colorado (fourteen) are republicans. The term of none of the populist senators will expire in 1895. Senators Coke and McPherson have announced that they will not stand as candidates for re-election. Owing to the failure to elect in 1893, and to the fact that the terms of Senators Carey and Power expire in 1895, Wyoming and Montana will each elect two senators this winter, and owing to a like failure to elect in Washington that state will elect one, though his term and that of a senator from each of the other two states who should have been elected in 1893 will cover only four years. The first election in Utah can not occur until in November of next year, so that the election of senators from that soon-to-be state can not take place before the following winter.

Smallpox at the Capital.

Serious Scare Among Pension Office, Supreme Court and Treasury Employees.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 26.—There is a bad smallpox scare in Washington. The disease seems to have started in the family of a clerk in the pension office. Already there have been two deaths and six cases attributed to the same source. There are fifteen or twenty members of congress in town, who came here principally for the purpose of looking after pension cases, but not one of the party has visited the pension office to-day, owing to the fear which prevails that the contagion may be in the atmosphere of the big, barn-like building. There is great demoralization among the clerks and employees down there. There is also an uneasy feeling in the vicinity of the Supreme court, because the secretary of one of the justices is a boarder in the house where the disease was discovered.

Panic in a Church.

ST. PETERSBURG, Oct. 26.—During the consecration of a church in the village of Troich, near Ostroviansk in the Don province, a lamp was upset, a cry of fire was raised, and a panic followed. During the rush for the doors two women and three children were trampled to death and twenty-seven people were seriously injured.

Foundry Burns at Hubbard, Ohio.

HUBBARD, Ohio, Oct. 26.—The Hubbard Foundry and Machine company's plant was destroyed by fire last night. The loss is \$15,000 and insurance \$6,000. Fifteen men were thrown out of employment. The works will not be rebuilt.

Immense Warehouse to Be Built.

TACOMA, Wash., Oct. 26.—The Northern Pacific has completed arrangements to build here a wheat warehouse 750 by 200 feet, two stories high, to hold 2,000,000 bushels and to be completed at the commencement of next season's grain shipping business.

Explosion On a French Cruiser.

BREST, France, Oct. 26.—While the cruiser Arethuse was testing her engines preparatory to sailing for the east in order to reinforce the French squadron in Chinese waters, one of her boilers exploded, killing six men and badly scalding twenty.

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## CRANK AFTER GROVER.

Man Who Challenged Germany's Emperor Wanted to See Him.

NEW YORK, Oct. 26.—The first campaign crank materialized yesterday at the residence of Dr. Joseph D. Bryant, where President Cleveland was stopping. About 10 o'clock a well dressed, heavy set man, with a gray beard and wearing eyeglasses, rang Dr. Bryant's door bell. He told the servant who opened the door that he wanted to see the President. The servant called Dr. Bryant, who came to the door and at once recognized the caller as Dr. Richard Goerdeler, whose eccentricities, both in this country and abroad, have caused him to be stamped as a harmless crank. Dr. Bryant politely but firmly refused to admit Dr. Goerdeler. Goerdeler became excited and demanded to be shown in to the President at once.

"You have no right," he said, "to keep a citizen from seeing the President of the United States."

Goerdeler said he had been trying to see the President for nearly two years and have Mr. Cleveland remove the stain of insanity from his name. He began to tell about his having challenged the Emperor William to fight a duel, but Dr. Bryant interrupted him and closed the door.

Goerdeler was formerly a professor of music. He was once a lieutenant in the Prussian army and once challenged Emperor William to fight a duel. He was arrested and held a prisoner for several months. He was finally released, it is said, at the request of President Cleveland, and returned to New York in July 1891. He has since bothered prominent persons with his appeals for aid in righting his imaginary wrongs.

The President left New York late in the afternoon without having registered or said a word about the pending contest.

Chicago Board of Trade.

CHICAGO, Oct. 26.—The following table shows the range of quotations on the Chicago board of trade to-day:

ARTICLES.	High.	Low.	Oct. 25.	CLOSING.
Wheat—2				
Oct....	51 1/2	51 1/4	51 1/2	51 1/4
Dec....	51 3/4	51 1/2	51 3/4	51 1/2
May....	57 1/2	57 1/4	57 1/2	57 1/4
Corn—3				
Oct....	50 1/4	49 3/4	50 1/4	49 3/4
Dec....	48 3/4	48 1/4	48 3/4	48 1/4
May....	49 3/4	49 1/4	49 3/4	49 1/4
Oats—3				
Oct....	27 3/4	27 1/4	27 3/4	27 1/4
Dec....	28 1/4	28 1/4	28 1/4	28 1/4
May....	31 1/4	31 1/4	31 1/4	31 1/4
Pork—				
Oct....	12 20	12 20	12 20	12 15
Jan....	11 90	11 90	11 90	12 55
Lard—				
Oct....	7 00	7 00	7 00	7 00 1/2
Jan....	6 87 1/2	6 80	6 87 1/2	6 87 1/2
S. Ribs—				
Oct....	6 37 1/2	6 35	6 37 1/2	6 35
Jan....	6 00 1/2	5 95	6 00	6 00



## ABOUT THE CAMPFIRE

### INTERESTING STORIES OF WAR AND WARRIORS.

The Little Maine Man With Fighting Qualities—Their Last Song—The Man With the Musket—Incident in the Life of General Banks.

#### With One Hand.

Edward Kilby, Co. K, 1st Me. Heavy, was wounded in the left arm; went to hospital, thence home on furlough. When he returned he was in front of Petersburg, and as I shook hands with him I noticed that both his eyes were blackened. I asked:

"Ned, how did you get your eyes blacked?"

He answered: "I had a fight with a fellow at home in Dennyville."

"What," I said, "with a bullet-hole through your arm?"

He replied: "Yes, and I licked him."

I then in surprise asked: "How big was he?"

"He was a good deal bigger than you are."

"Now, I was five feet seven and a half inches high, and weighed in good health 145 pounds. As I could look right down on top of Ned's head, he couldn't have been more than five feet high, and as he was slightly and slimly built, he couldn't have weighed over 120 pounds at that time. Therefore, you see, he was a very small man."

He gave me the particulars, saying he was in the village store telling several of the neighbors about the war, how he got shot, etc., when a young man, who had made several unpleasant remarks, finally said:

"It's a pity the bullet hadn't gone through your head."

Ned was sitting on the counter with his wounded arm lashed to his side. He was mad, and said:

"I enlisted to fight such fellows as you are, and I may as well do it here in Maine as in Virginia."

And, jumping for him, he caught him by the throat with his well right hand, and with a jerk laid him on his back on the floor. He kept his grip on the fellow's throat and used both feet, choking and kicking. The fellow struck and struggled all he could and blackened Ned's eyes, but Ned did not let go or stop kicking and choking until the fellow sang out for quarter, saying:

"Don't kick me any more; I've got enough."

I looked at Ned while he told me this, and thought: "I've known you two years; I never heard you tell any big stories of your fighting. You have always been an unusually quiet, good fellow; never heard you brag in any way, and this must be true."

Shortly after this he was captured and taken to Salisbury prison.

Well, several years after the war I was in Windsor, Nova Scotia, and staid one night at the residence of Mr. Hobart, the American consul.

He came from Ned Kilby's home, Dennyville, Me. While talking of the war I told him of Dennyville men with whom I served, and mentioning Ned Kilby's name, I thought of the above story, and told it to him. He listened quietly, and when I finished, saying, "That's a big story, Mr. Hobart, but I believe it," he replied:

"You may well believe it, for I was there and saw him do it."

I then asked Mr. Hobart: "How big was the man?"

He replied: "He was nearly six feet high, young and a fighter."

I then said a little indignantly: "Why didn't you help Ned?"

He answered: "I intended to help him, but he didn't need any help; he whipped the fellow alone, with his left arm, with a bullet-hole through it, fastened to his side, and made the fellow beg for mercy."—National Tribune.

#### Their Last Song.

A letter to Lord Gifford from his son, sent through Reuter's agent, gives a touching incident of the battle in South Africa in which the English force under Major Wilson fell in their attempt to capture the Matabels king, Lobengula. Mr. Gifford obtained the facts from an Indiana, who was an eye-witness of the fight.

Major Wilson and his party numbering thirty-five men, were surrounded by nearly three thousand of the Matabels. The Indians ordered their men to shoot the horses first, but the Englishmen piled them up as ramps and fired over them.

The battle lasted three hours. The Englishmen refused to yield, in spite of the fearful odds, and so sure and steady was their aim that the Matabels warriors lay dead around them in heaps.

The Indiana states that as the afternoon wore on and the sun went down, large reinforcements arrived for King Lobengula's army. One by one the Englishmen had fallen, and their shots became slow and fewer. Their ammunition was giving out.

At last there were but a half dozen of them left alive, among whom was Major Wilson himself, a large man, who was streaming with blood and who fought desperately. Presently the shots ceased altogether. The last cartridge had been fired.

"Then," the Indiana said, "they all stood up together, shoulder to shoulder, and taking off their hats they sang a song in English, like those the missionaries sing to the natives. They sang until the Matabels rushed in and assassinated them."—Youth's Companion.

#### General Banks.

An incident in the life of the late General Banks is told us: During the war Congressman Mattison of Utica, N. Y., was a close personal friend of Stanton and Lincoln and rendered them much service from his intimate knowledge of Southern men of affairs.

He was looked upon by the Southerners as a renegade from their cause, as before the war he had received many gifts from them, and they therefore attempted to poison him. Somehow, General Banks incurred the hatred of Mrs. Mattison, and she at once sent him his own photograph with the head nearly cut off, which only caused him to smile, of course.

#### Typical of Freedom.

On a recent visit to Scotland I was assigned the pleasing duty of placing two grand army flags from Gen. U. S. Grant Post, 5, of Philadelphia, upon the statue of Abraham Lincoln in the old Calton burying-ground, Edinburgh, writes a comrade in the National Tribune.

While you have already noted the dedication of this monument, it appeared to me that this fact should be more widely known to our comrades, that this magnificent monument, bearing the figure in bronze of the martyred president, has been erected in memory of the Scottish-American soldiers and sailors who served their adopted country during the rebellion.

In the summer of 1890, Mrs. McEwan, the widow of a Union soldier, Sergeant John McEwan, Co. H, 63th Ill., called on the Hon. Wallace Bruce, then United States consul at Edinburgh, to aid her in procuring a pension. Mrs. Bruce also became deeply interested in the case, and after hearing the story and assuring immediate assistance, desired to visit the soldier's grave, that she might lay there a tribute of flowers; but the grave had already been leveled, as they had been too poor to obtain a burial plot of their own.

Following this Mr. Bruce determined to secure a burial-place for any other Scottish-American soldiers dying in or near Edinburgh, that their graves might be thus specially marked.

A request to the lord-provost, magistrates, town council for a plot of ground for this purpose was heartily granted, and then Mr. Bruce determined to have the site beautified by a worthy memorial, and on a visit to America he started the project. Comrade Henry R. Heath of U. S. Grant Post, 327, Brooklyn, N. Y., served as chairman of the committee to raise the necessary funds.

The design of Charles E. Bissell, the well-known artist, also a Union veteran, was accepted, and the work assigned to him, and it has been successfully completed. The monument is fifteen feet in height. The figure of Mr. Lincoln is of bronze, the pedestal being of polished red Aberdeen granite.

The figure of a freedman, also in bronze, is placed upon the base, with face looking upward to the great emancipator. The battle-flags, shield, and wreaths are also of bronze.

One objection may be noted by the visitor that it is necessarily somewhat crowded in position, when viewed with the large circular tower beside it, where lies buried the philosopher and historian, David Hume, but in such an old cemetery as this it was impossible to secure a plot with any more room.

I trust that all veterans visiting Edinburgh will feel it a privilege and a duty to see this first monument to the Union volunteers erected in a foreign country.

#### The Man With the Musket.

They are building, as Babel was built to the sky.

With clash and confusion of speech: They are piling up monuments, massive and high.

To lift a few names out of reach And the magnificent green laurel God of the great.

In a whimsical riddle of stone, Has chosen a few from the field and the state To sit on the steps of his throne.

But I will pass from this race of renown, This ant hill of commotion and strife, Pass by where the bronzes and marbles look down.

With their fast frozen gestures of life, On out to the nameless who lie beneath the gloom.

Of the pining cypress and pine: Your man is the man of the sword and the plume.

But the man with the musket is mine I know him, I tell you! And also I know, When he fell on the battle-swept ridge, That poor battered body that lay there in blue.

Was only a plank in the bridge Over the chasm should pass to fame That shall shine while the high stars shall shine.

Your hero is known by an echo in name, But the man of the musket is mine I know him, all through the good and the bad Ran together and equally free But I judge, as I trust Christ has judged the poor lad.

For death made him noble to me In the cyclone of war in the battle's eclipse, Life shook out its lightning sands, And he died with the names that he loved on his lips.

His musket still grasped in his hands: Up close to the flame a soldier went down, In the silent front of the line You may take for your heroes the men of renown.

But the man of the musket is mine There is peace in the May-laden grass of the hour.

That come when the day's work is done, And peace with the nameless who under the flowers.

Lie asleep in the slant of the sun Beat the taps! Put out lights, and silence all sound.

There is life pit strength in the grave. They sleep well who sleep by they crowned or uncrowned.

And death will be kind to the brave. —Army and Navy Union.

#### The 46th Iowa.

This regiment was one of a number organized in June, 1864, to do garrison duty. The term of enlistment was 100 days. David B. Henderson was colonel of the regiment. The 46th was engaged during most of its term in guarding forts and railways in Tennessee. It was engaged at Colliersville, Tenn., about the middle of August. One man was killed in action and twenty-seven died of disease and other causes.

#### An Unusual Privilege.

A member of Company C, Sixth Vermont regiment, who had been through the war, recently saw his own grave in the National cemetery at Antietam.

## LIVE IN THE FUTURE

### THE GREAT WRITERS OF THE PRESENT DAY.

Even the Great Writers of the Past Were Tainted with Visionary Ideas—The Theories of Howells, Donnelly and Bellamy.



OME ONE WILL yet write of the revolt of the literati. It will be a curious study. It is a fact of which very few persons take note, that about all the great writers of history have been more or less radical antagonists of the existing order of things. There are very few of our favorite authors who have not at some time or other of their lives uttered a burning protest against the injustice, the inequalities, and the brutal commercialism of our modern society. It is a point worth noting in considering the influence of literature, that, as a rule, these protests are very little read.

Take a few examples. Every one thinks of Longfellow as the sweet singer of "Evangeline" and "Hawthorne." Surely, he had no protest to utter. But read his bitter poem, "The Challenge." We think of James Russell Lowell as the elegant essayist, the delightful orator, the advocate of higher politics. But read some of his earlier

poems, "A Parable," "The Rich and the Poor," "Rent," and the like. Or, again, who, as he reads the novels of Victor Hugo, thinks of the great Frenchman as the fiery revolutionist and socialist that he was? Many other

the most pronounced. There are many others whose stars are still near the horizon. In England it includes such men as William Morris, the poet; George Meredith, William Michael Rossetti, Bernard Shaw, Sydney Webb and even Oscar Wilde. John Ruskin is almost to be included, although he really belongs to that group of an earlier day, which was really more revolutionary and less concretely socialistic in its aims. There is Gerald Mas-

sey and, perhaps, Walter Besant, and many others less known to fame. There is hardly a figure among all whom I have named that is lacking in the elements of the picturesque. Of a particular group of them there is a curious thread of history. Back, perhaps twenty years ago, two young men, with very radical ideas about art, went one day to paint some frescoes at Oxford. One of them bore the strange name of Dante Gabriel Rossetti. The other was Burne-Jones. While they were at work a young man with a shock of fiery red hair, a broad, pale brow and a diminutive frame came to watch them. He was a young poet with the soul of a Greek. He had not then published "Laus Veneris." This was the beginning of the famous pre-Raphaelite school. The three young men, Rossetti, Burne-Jones and Swinburne, were afterward joined by Rossetti's brother and sister, by William Morris, George Meredith and Millais, and together they revolutionized English ideas about art, and, perhaps, literature as well. Dante Rossetti is now dead. During his life the school almost entirely confined its energies to art and literature. Later, after his death, it developed radical political tendencies. Its present leaders are Morris and William Rossetti.

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## MATRONS AND MAIDS.

### WHAT SOME WOMEN HAVE DONE AND MORE CAN DO.

Take Care of Your Clothes and Save Money—Things for the Baby—School Lunch Baskets—How to Clean Furs—Fuddings of State Bread.

#### Daily Care of Clothing.

Not alone at the time of the semi-annual upheaval, known as house-cleaning time, should the clothing receive special care; much advice is offered in regard to putting away the summer clothing in the fall, and the proper method of packing and caring for the winter clothing during the summer months, but still more important is the daily care of the articles in constant use. In the average family clothing deteriorates as much from the lack of care as from the natural wear and tear.

A dress or coat should never be hung away with soiled spots on it, even for a few days, says the Chicago Times. It is much easier to remove the spots as soon as they appear than to wait until they accumulate, and, as is often the case, collect dust and dirt until it becomes almost impossible to remove all traces of them. It will take but a few moments to thoroughly brush and shake a dress, or hang it for a little while in the open air on a windy day, and you will be well repaid in its bright fresh appearance, even when it is necessary to give it very constant wear. The proverbial "stitch in time" must ever be kept in mind; of course, all rips should be sewed with strong thread, buttons replaced as soon as they come off, and button holes reworked when they become ragged.

All coats should be hung on the small wire frames which come for this purpose, or board frames made to fit the shoulders, and they will keep their shape much better than when hung by the loops in the neck or armholes. Pants should be well brushed and hung in a pants stretcher or frame. Fold them carefully, keeping the creases the same as when first bought, and they are quickly slipped in the little frame, and are thus kept looking fresh and new every time they are worn.

Boots and shoes should be carefully dried and oiled when they become wet, and should always be smoothed out and set in the proper position when taken off, instead of being thrown down just as it happens, to become unshapely; and those not in use should be kept in a bag or box out of the dust.

Buy only fast colors in stockings, and before they are worn darn the heels and toes, and if for children the knees also, with silk or other strong thread, the color of the stocking. If carefully done the stitches will not show on the right side and will add much to the wearing of the stocking. Darn all breaks when small, and when they are washed see that they are pulled into shape when damp.

Hats and caps should be kept well brushed and those that are not in constant use kept in a box. Ribbons and plumes and all trimmings on hats and bonnets should be arranged in proper shape before putting them in bandboxes. All lace ribbons, gloves, etc., should be folded as they were when new, and placed where they will be free from light and dust.

All starch clothes will keep nice much longer if they are carefully smoothed and folded when not in use. Small breaks in underclothing should receive attention as soon as they appear. Choose buttons with large eyes and sew them on with linen thread, and it will seldom be necessary to replace them as long as the garment lasts. Knit underwear should be patched with pieces of the old, saved for the purpose.

When dresses, coats, etc., become wet, hang them so that they will not be drawn out of shape when dry. Plumes, when wet, should be dried and curled over a knife blade and shaken over a hot stove. Clothing thus cared for will last much longer, will fit well until worn out, and, best of all, any garment will be ready to put on at a moment's notice, with the assurance that everything has the fresh, new appearance so desirable.

#### School Lunch Baskets.

The burning question of the hour in a good many households is what poor Jennie or Jocky, as the case may be, is going to have for luncheon. Unfortunately schools are not all so situated as to allow their pupils the privilege of going home at noon to partake of the noonday meal. The fond mothers whose children attend such institutions worry about the cold and dry quality of the repast which must sustain the scholars.

Fortunately physiologists say that it is not prudent for brain-workers to eat heartily before going to their tasks, and Jennie and Jocky are in a small way brain-workers. Therefore it is not altogether lamentable that a meal of many courses is unattainable at noon. A couple of dainty sandwiches, some crackers and jam, and some fruit are quite enough to sustain the small students through the short afternoon's work. When they get home a cup of hot chocolate or bouillabaisse and some wafers will compensate for the lack of drinks at the school luncheon.

The school luncheon should be neatly packed and temptingly arranged. Unless it is there is danger that Jennie will prefer to spend the noon hour in skipping rope rather than in obtaining nourishment, and that Jocky will devote himself exclusively to marbles when he should divide his time between them and bread. Sandwiches of chopped meat are easier for the children to handle

than those of sliced meat. They should be made of very daintily sliced bread, from which the crust has been cut. Egg sandwiches and sardine sandwiches will form pleasant changes from the unvaried meat sandwiches. They should always be wrapped neatly in oiled paper, both to keep the bread moist and to protect the other things from contact with it.

Crackers spread evenly with jam are delicacies esteemed by youthful persons, and they may fitly find a place in the school lunch basket. They also should be folded in oiled paper. Then three or four peaches or pears or a couple of apples may be added and a neatly folded napkin, and the fond mother need not worry over her children's repast. The napkin, by the way, should not be used to wrap the lunch up; that soils and rumples it. It should be as fresh and spotless as the one Jennie would find at her plate at home.

#### Things for the Baby.

Seventy-five cents is not a large sum for a fond mother to spend on her baby, but it is enough to make an exquisite little coverlet. Three yards of fine cheese cloth in a delicate color, a roll of cotton wadding, two rolls of baby ribbon and an envelope of sachet powder are the necessary materials. Since physicians have come to the satisfactory conclusion that perfumes are healthy and invigorating they may be used as freely as fond mothers desire in layettes.

The cheese cloth to the extent of one yard should be laid on the table, covered with sheets of cotton wadding and sprinkled liberally with sachet powder. A second yard of cheese cloth should cover this, the edges should be turned in, basted and overhanded. Then the coverlet should be stitched here and there to keep the cotton in place.

A design in overlapping circles may be basted into the coverlet and then stitched on the baby ribbon. This will serve to quilt the spread. The baby's monogram in the middle, and a double frill of cheese cloth, outlined with rows of ribbon, will finish a very dainty and very cheap comfortable.

A pretty and convenient pocket for the perambulator can be made of white, blue, or pink China silk embroidered with forget-me-nots, roses, violets, or daisies. Neatly made up and completely lined satin ribbons an inch wide should be run in a casing, sewed out for the purpose, at the foot of the ruffle. These ribbons should draw at either side to open and shut the bag, reticene fashion. The bag may contain several essentials—a couple of safety pins, the child's bottle of milk for emergency, with a bit of absorbent cotton tucked inside the nipple to keep it from leaking; an extra bib and handkerchief; a flannel square against sudden cold.

#### Fuddings of State Bread.

Marmalade Pudding—Let the bread soak in cold water until soft, then put into a clean muslin cloth, and wring all the water out; the old bread will then appear almost like fresh bread crumbs.

Mix well two large cupfuls of the prepared bread, half a cupful of finely chopped suet, three parts of a cupful of moist sugar, the same of marmalade, and moisten with a little milk.

Put into a well-greased mold or basing tin down with a floured cloth, boil or steam for two hours, turn out on a dish, sift over with fine sugar and serve.

Apple Charlotte—Grease well a deep dish and place a layer of the prepared bread at the bottom, then a layer of apples, peeled, cored, and cut into thin slices, then a sprinkling of moist sugar; repeat this until the dish is full, finishing with apples. Put over the whole the strained juice of a lemon and a few small pieces of butter. Cover with the apple peelings to prevent the top from browning, bake in a brisk oven for an hour. Remove the peelings, turn the charlotte out on a dish, and serve with fine sugar.

Peach Pudding—Well beat two large cupfuls of prepared bread with half a cupful of finely chopped suet, a cupful of moist sugar, and sufficient juice of preserved peaches to form a thick batter. Pour this into a well greased mold or basin and bake in a moderate oven for an hour. Turn out and serve with fine sugar and peaches or sugar alone.

#### Last Words.

Dear hearts, whose love has been so sweet to know, That I am looking backward as I go, An lingering while I haste, and in this rain Or tears of joy am mingling tears of pain Do not adorn with costly shrub or tree, Or flower, the little grave which shelters me Let the wild wind-sown seeds grow up unharmed, And back and forth all summer unarm'd, Let all the tiny, busy creatures creep, Let the sweet grass its last year's tangles keep And when, remembering me, you come some day And stand there, speak no praise but only say, "How she loved us! 'Twas that which made her dear." These are the words that I shall joy to hear —Helen Hunt Jackson.

#### To Clean Furs.

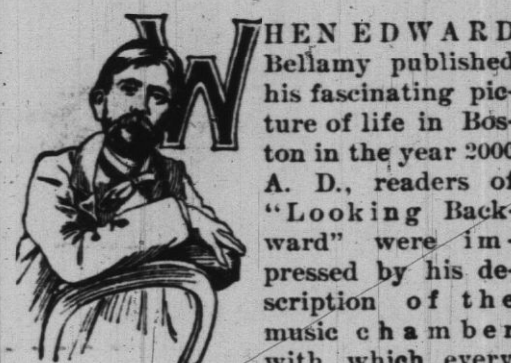
The Russians clean their furs after this fashion: Rye flour is placed in a pot and heated upon the stove, with constant stirring as long as the hand can bear the heat. The flour is then spread over the fur and rubbed into it with a vigorous hand. After this treatment the fur is brushed, or, better, gently beaten until the flour is removed. Furs treated in this manner are said to resume their natural color and luster and look like new.

Purchaser, angrily—That cheap suit you sold me only a few weeks ago has gone all to pieces. Dealer, benevolently—Mein freunt, you dake de clothing off an old man vot knows de adoring trade, und don't pay a cheap suit next time. Let me show you zome high-priced goods.

## TABLEAU AND STORY.

### A NOVEL IDEA IN STAGE PRODUCTIONS.

Pictures Instead of Actors—A Bit of Fiction Illustrated by the Photographer's Aid—Original Venture of Editor Black.



WHEN EDWARD Bellamy published his fascinating picture of life in Boston in the year 2000 A. D., readers of "Looking Backward" were impressed by his description of the music chamber with which every house was supposed to be supplied. Seating oneself in a comfortable chair at any hour of the day or night, by turning the proper key, vocal or instrumental music from singers or orchestra constantly performing at various halls, would fill the room as if actually being played there. This effect involved only the use of the telephone. The idea of conveying images as well as sounds by wire had not then become familiar enough to the general public for use in a popular novel. Yet this was only even years ago.

Since 1887 one nickel in a slot phonograph has shown us the possibilities



"THE ROSE OF THE ROCKIES." In the way of storing up music, songs, recitations and the like to be placed on tap at any time, without regard to the original performance. Who knows but that we may be able to store up light in a similar way, so that a continuous picture of a play long since acted or an opera performed by singers long since dead may be shown upon a screen while we hear the voices of the cast.

Some attempts in this direction have been made possible by the experiments of Prof. Muybridge and Thomas A.

## THE FRENCH-ENGLISH WAR SCARE.



ANTANANARIVO, CAPITAL OF MADAGASCAR.

France's blockade of the ports of the Island of Madagascar is believed to be tantamount to a declaration of hostility to England. Heretofore England has had most of the Madagascar trade, which is considerable. If the French blockade is effective no English ship will be allowed to land or leave the ports of that island. With a serious question to deal with in the east, it is doubtful if England will at present resent the encroachments of France. Trouble with France might mean the crossing of Panama by a Russian army, thus terminating England's rule in India. In any event, England now needs the guiding hand of a great statesman.

Edison. By a succession of instantaneous views following each other in great rapidity, I have seen Prof. Muybridge make horses trot or birds fly across a screen in a fairly natural manner, while the recently invented, kinetograph presents even more lifelike pictures of persons or animals in motion.

These inventions involve the picturing of a few motions only, however. The problem which Alexander Black, literary editor of the Brooklyn Times and one of the leading photographic experts, set himself some four or five years ago was quite another matter. It is nothing less than the complete illustration of a story to be presented with the stereopticon, while the story itself is being read by the author or another. In a lecture entitled, "Ourselves as Others See Us," delivered in a number of cities during the year 1889 and later, Mr. Black first experimented with pictures from life to illustrate fictitious narrative. A brief narrative of the career of a tramp was illustrated with views of the tramp standing up asleep to avoid the suspicion of a policeman at the battery in New York, the same tramp being hustled into a prison van and again actually in jail, all taken from real life.

The complete illustration of a story in this way long seemed too formidable to be thought of in busy times, and when Mr. Black began the actual work of preparing such a picture play last April he found that the difficulties of the thing did not diminish. First, he had to write a story in such form that his monologue might be fitly illustrated every fifty or sixty words. Then he had to cast his story with people who would in a particular sense "look" their parts. In making the pictures fit the story he had the advantage, however, of being able to change passages in the story when this was desirable, of making the story for the pictures, and throughout the work he was, of

course, helped by the fact that he was at once author, artist and stage manager.

Having gotten his story in shape, and having planned out the succession of tableaux to be presented, Mr. Black began to look about for a company to fill the cast of his picture play. The latter is to be called "Miss Jerry," that being the name of his heroine. All through the spring and summer a company of actors has been posing before Mr. Black's camera. Mr. Black has taken about 250 negatives, and as his story will occupy about an hour and twenty minutes in the reading, this will represent three dissolving views a minute.

The company which has posed for the tableaux is composed for the most part of experienced dramatic people. The character of the heroine, Miss Geraldine Holbrook, or Miss Jerry, the daughter of the owner of the Panther mine, has been taken by Miss Constance Arthur, which name is understood to conceal the identity of a very beautiful New York society girl with a penchant for acting. The part of the hero, who is city editor of a New York paper, is taken by William F. Courtenay, a young actor. The villain of the story, a mining sharp, but not a very villainous villain, after all, has been portrayed by Mr. Ernest Hastings, who made a hit as the Angel of Death in "Hannele" last winter; while Pink, the Bowers cowboy; his wife, Grace De Mond, the Rose of the Rockies, are taken by Mr. Henry White and Mr. Helena Chalmers.

Mr. Black found that the arranging of the poses of his tableaux was like painting with people and objects, with the difference that tableau making for the camera and with the camera has peculiar technical difficulties of which no one can be so fully aware as one who has tried to make a picture play.

In a number of instances he photographed his characters out of doors, using the outlines and pavement of an everyday thoroughfare, for example, as a background. Naturally, this was one of the most troublesome features of the undertaking, even to one as familiar with the hand camera as he is, but the result has fully justified his labor.

The labor and expense of getting the company together for the 250 views, in some of which over twenty people appear, has been very great. I asked Mr. Black what he thought it would cost to prepare a picture play by the kinetograph method of multiplying views. He seemed quite staggered at the thought, but finally sat down and figured out that it would cost about \$400,000 to get a play ready by that method, but he would not venture to estimate the cost of presentation. He said that the method would have to be greatly simplified for such a purpose. At the same time he seemed



MISS JERRY.

phesied its success. A private representation will be given in this city some time in September, to which a number of distinguished people among authors, artists and the dramatic profession will be invited.

#### His Elephantine Weight.

The fattest man was Daniel Lambert. A few days before his death, in his 40th year, he was weighed and turned the balance at 729 pounds.

## HOW STOUT GOT STOUT.

### THE REMARKABLE EXPERIENCE OF A RHEUMATIC SUFFERER.

At 30 Paralyzed—Lost His Flesh and Expected to Die—How He Got Well and Strong.

#### (From the Mt. Sterling, Ill., Republican.)

Few men are held in higher esteem by their fellow townspeople than Jas. W. Stout of Riply, Ill., and it is due no doubt partly to his popularity that the record of the case has created such wide spread interest. While his experience is not without an equal, yet it has been sufficiently remarkable to demand the attention of thousands of people, in Illinois, among whom are numbered some of the most eminent physicians.

In January, 1893, Mr. Stout was stricken with what was then believed to be sciatic rheumatism, and in a short time was barely able to hobble around on crutches, and it seemed to his friends that his days were numbered. To-day he is a strong, hearty looking man of 160 pounds.

How this wonderful change was brought about is interesting as told to a representative of the Republican by Mr. Stout himself:

"I was afflicted with sciatic rheumatism and lumbago in January, 1893. The sciatic nerve on the right side became affected in the hip, running down to the ankle and across the small of the back to the left side, and soon my whole system became afflicted, causing me excruciating pain. In a very short time I became totally unable to attend to any business whatever, and the disease rapidly growing worse I had to take to my bed, where I lay suffering almost continuously for months the most agonizing torture, scarcely being able to move or be moved. At one time I lay for six weeks flat on my back, the slightest movement causing me such pain as almost to throw me into convulsions. I can not begin to express to you the intense pain I suffered. I was drawn by the severeness of the malady, over to the left side; lost my appetite, had no desire for food, and what little I did eat I could not digest, the digestive organs failing to perform their duty, adding greatly to my already precarious condition. For weeks at a time I was unable to eat or sleep, suffering all the time most intensely and at times fearing I would lose my reason, and would have welcomed death to relieve me of my sufferings.

"I consulted with local physicians and some of the most eminent specialists of the larger cities throughout the country, some treating me for one thing and some for another, but without effect, and I received no relief whatever. One physician told me I had double curvature of the spine and would eventually become paralyzed. I spent hundreds of dollars in the short time I was afflicted without receiving the least benefit. My friends all thought that there was no hope for me whatever and said that I must die, and I, myself, had almost given up in despair, when in September, 1893, about eight months after I was first afflicted, my attention was called to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Without much hope I at once sent to C. F. Rieck & Co., druggists, Mt. Sterling, Ill., and procured some of the pills and immediately began taking them. Before long I became aware of a great change for the better in my almost hopeless condition. My appetite came back and my digestive organs performed their usual functions properly. I took some more and grew rapidly better—could sit up in a chair, and my body began to straighten out; continued the treatment and in a short time was able to be about on crutches. My recovery from that time on was very rapid and assured. My right leg, which before I commenced this treatment was numb and dead, now experienced a prickling, tingling sensation. I was enabled to throw away my crutches and walk upright, once more among my fellows, a better man physically than ever before. When first taken by the disease I weighed 160 pounds, was reduced to 115; I now weigh 166, more than I ever weighed at any time in my life. Yes, sir, I lay in recovery entirely to Pink Pills."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of a grippé, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, and all forms of weakness either in male or female. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price, 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50—they are never sold in bulk or by the 100 by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

#### Sunflower Seeds.

The mammoth Russian sunflower has but one bud at the top, which, when half grown, turns upside down, which completely protects its seeds from those little predators, the English sparrow and the yellow birds that are so fond of it, says Poultry Bulletin. For this reason poultry men should plant nothing but the mammoth Russian variety. All who raise poultry should have a supply of sunflowers for their fowls, which should begin to feed on them as soon as the seeds are fully matured. They will produce four times as much nutriment for fowls to the square acre as Indian corn, and are better suited to the health of the fowls than any grain. Bend down a few of the stalks a few times a week and let the fowls pick them out; it will be a good healthy employment for them. In addition to the supply of food they offer, they afford a shade from the heat in the summer which is very desirable. Single heads of the mammoth Russian sunflower measure from 16 to 24 inches in diameter. The seeds fatten poultry and give them a bright, lustrous plumage, which indicates a healthy condition. It is the most remarkably productive food known, and can be raised cheaper than corn. It is acknowledged to be an article of value wherever grown.

Policemen in Austria must understand telegraphy.

## CUTTING AWAY A BIG LEDGE.

A Work of Five Years Nearly Completed by the Reading Railroad.

After over five years of constant work the Reading Railroad has recently finished a really gigantic job, the completion of which will remove one of the most dangerous spots on the company's entire system, says the Philadelphia Record. This work is the cutting away of the lofty ledge of rocks which juts out from Ashland Heights, West Manayunk, necessitating two very dangerous curves in the railroad, which have been the scene of accidents innumerable to the Reading's long and heavy coal and freight trains. By the removal of the ledge a straight track of over two miles will be secured from Clegg's lane to Flat Rock tunnel, and the risk of accidents will be reduced to a minimum. The work was begun on June 16, 1889, during the presidency of Austin Corbin, and from that time to this there has been no cessation in the labor of cutting away the rock. James J. Ryan got the contract, and has had at his disposal men constantly at work. Some idea of the magnitude of the job may be gathered from the statement that the offending ledge was, when the work began, over 650 feet in length, 150 feet high on the average and 50 feet deep. During the progress of the work 210,000 perches of stone have been quarried out by the explosion of 78,000 pounds of dynamite and several car loads of powder. One man lost his life during the prosecution of the improvement, two were blown up and permanently injured and one lost a leg. The job is now nearing its end under the direction of James Walls, and the last of the ledge is expected to disappear within two months. The Reading's track will then be moved so as to take out the two dangerous curves, and the company will have a fine straight road from the mouth of the Flat Rock tunnel down to the curve just above the Pencoyd Iron Works. The expense to the company has been light, as the ledge has furnished a large amount of good building stone which has formed a portion of the contractor's compensation.

#### Old "Daddy-Long-Legs."

Almost every one is well acquainted with that extraordinary insect called "daddy-long-legs," which makes its annual appearance in the month of May. But every one does not know that Mr. S. H. Sender has recently abundantly demonstrated, that this strange little creature, towering high above its fellows on its thread-like stilts, is probably as its name may be thought to imply, a more ancient inhabitant of America than any representative of the human species.

Far back in tertiary time, at the very dawn of the modern world, its ancestors lived in great numbers in that part of the continent which we now call Colorado. The fossil remains of these insects, show the characteristic features that mark them to-day, although new species have taken the place of the old; for even daddy long-legs knows what evolution is, and has attained to something that in his view is, perhaps, a kind of civilized existence suitable to the exigencies of life in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries.

#### Severe.

The person who equivocates in order to pay a compliment is likely to have his indiscretion betrayed if the complimented person questions him at all sharply. The author of acertain book which had made extremely little impression, meeting one of his literary friends, insisted upon talking with him a long time about the volume. "Come now," said the author, "tell me what you hear about the book." "I assure you," I have heard nothing but the most favorable and enthusiastic opinions of it." "Oh, that's good! Well, tell me who has talked to you about it?" "I'm well, I can't tell you exactly." "Yes, you can't—I insist." "Well, then, since you insist, you're the only one that I've heard say a word about it."

#### How He Fought.

Old soldiers who have really seen war, are as a general thing, not much given to boasting, and are perfectly ready to admit that they were not always so reckless as to lose all thought of personal danger.

"Were you at Chickamauga, colonel?" an exchange reports a lady as asking.

"Yes, ma'am."

"It was an awful battle, they say."

"Yes, ma'am."

"Could you see what was going on?"

"Not very plainly."

"I suppose the smoke of the artillery—"

"It wasn't that, ma'am."

"What was it, then?"

"The trees."

#### Polite.

Relations of courtesy between physician and patient are always pleasant to see. It is related that Doctor B. of Boston, and Mr. S., an old-fashioned merchant who was his patient, were both very polite men, though the doctor was somewhat embarrassed in manner, and occasionally made queer remarks inadvertently.

Mr. S., at last came to his death-bed, and had but an hour to live. He was, however, extremely calm and collected.

The doctor came and sat at his bedside awhile. He had no other patients who needed him.

"Go, go, doctor; don't let me keep you," said the dying man.

"Ah, nor me you!" said the doctor, nervously, rising.

#### Better Than Nothing.

It is well to have more than one string to your bow. So, thinks Tommy Smithers, as reported by the Indianapolis Journal.

He was being entertained by his good by a well meaning visitor.

"Well, Tommy," she said, "do you think you will ever be president of the United States?"

"I dunno," answered Tommy. "Mebbe I'll try for it after I git too old to be a pitcher."



**CHANGE OF ADDRESS**—Subscribers should name not only the new address but also the old.

**DISCONTINUANCES**—A subscriber desiring to discontinue the paper must remit the amount due for the time it has been sent.

## NOTICES.

Notices of Deaths, Marriage notices and other notices free. Resolutions, Appeals and similar matter, eight cents a line, prepaid.

CHINESE defeats in Korea are said to be due to the lack of harmony between General Yeh and General Noh. Yeh and Noh never agree anywhere.

A MAN on trial for bigamy advances the collateral plea that his relatives are respectable. It is probably owing to this fortunate circumstance that the relatives are not on trial.

A MAN who tried to rush forward and shake hands with the duke of York has been declared an imbecile. It is not known whether or not there was any other evidence.

THE Khedive of Egypt has a bicycle which is entirely silver-plated and of gorgeous build and equipment. The Khedive is what is known among the "sports" in this country as "hot stuff."

If the new Krag-Jorgensen army rifle is as deadly as the experts claim, it will only be necessary to warn the enemy of its remarkable powers in order to induce retreat and disastrous flight.

TALENT runs in the Doyle family. Conan Doyle is great with pen and in the lecture field, while his father, "Dicky" Doyle, was about the best cartoonist and all-round pencil artist in England.

THE rifle competitions of the regular army for 1894 are drawing to a close and the records are pronounced excellent. The United States will soon have an army made up entirely of crack shots.

The football players and the spectators of football games seem never to discern quite as much objectionable roughness in the game as do the people who stay at home and never go near the field.

THE question has been raised in India whether it is proper for women to baptize converts of their own sex. It has special reference to the work of the Zenana missions, which is largely carried on by women.

A CHICAGO journalist died of a strange disease, which, he said, compelled him to fast. The same malady is not unknown among newspaper men, and even those engaged in other walks of life elsewhere.

It has been discovered that the rage for physical culture is giving the women big feet. However the dear creatures will not mind over-nutrition of the feet if it is a necessary accompaniment of the growth of their understanding.

THE reports come that coons are growing extra heavy coats of fur and that the chipmunks are getting up a corner in nuts, which, according to the veteran trapper, the old hunter and the aged Indian, are sure signs of a hard winter.

RICHMOND, Va., is enforcing an ordinance which makes it a misdemeanor to "unlawfully loiter and converse with school girls." The Old Dominion will have no Pollard-Breckinridge business within her borders if she knows herself.

THE war footings of European armies are: Austro-Hungary, 1,794,175; Belgium, 140,000; England, 6,662,000; France, 2,200,000; Germany, 3,700,000; Italy, 3,155,000; Russia, 3,400,000; Spain, 400,000; Switzerland, 485,000.

WHILE we are Japan's best customers we export but little to her in return. Japan buys half of her imports from England. Should she become sore over British action in the East we may fall heir to England's export business with her.

THE New York police apparently regularly graded themselves in the matter of "protection" money, the patrolmen accepting sprats, while nothing short of whales (in cash, jewelry and furniture) would content the higher officers.

THE Chicago astronomer who is exhibiting a model of his telescope in proof of his statements that he saw a patch of verdure in the moon is much like the Hibernian who carried a brick about with him as a specimen of the house he had to sell.

THERE has been a decrease of 17 percent in business failures in the past nine months in the United States as compared with 1893, and the reduction in the number is still going on. This is something over which the public, without distinction of party, will rejoice.

SHOULD Great Britain go to war with France over Madagascar or for any other cause her hold upon Canada would be greatly weakened. A large proportion of the Canadians are people of French descent who chafe under British rule and are ready to seize the first opportunity to throw it off. Annexation to the United States would be the easiest way out.

## SAVED BY A VISION.

### THE FIGURE THAT A GIRL SAW IN HER MIRROR.

An Assassin Stood With Uplifted Dagger Ready to Strike the Fatal Blow—On the Third Night the Murderer Came to the Flesh.

The hostess, an elegantly dressed lady of 60 with abundant white hair puffed above eyes still black and bright with a fire that must once have kindled a flame in many a heart, caught the ball of conversation as it came her way.

"In my youth we never heard of this thing we call mental telegraphy, theosophy and the like, but every now and then there took place, as now, occurrences which puzzled the thoughtful, though they had no name to give the phenomena.

"My own home was a country place some fifteen miles from a large city where I had several families of relatives whom I visited once or twice a year, or whenever there was to be given any ball or opera or festivity of sufficient importance for me to desire to attend it. I was just 17 when a royal personage from Europe came across the pond to get a peep at the Yankees.

"There was to be a series of entertainments given in honor of his highness, and I, like the rest of the world, must attend in all the finery my father's simple means allowed me. From my mother's side of the family I had inherited some very fine diamonds, amounting in value to over \$10,000, and even a great deal more in those days when these gems were not so common; and on this occasion I teased my father to let me wear them. I had no mother to tell me that such rich jewelry was not in the best of taste on one so young and an unmarried woman, so when I started for the city I carried the diamonds with me. But my maid was an elderly woman, who had also been my nurse since my motherless babyhood, and the jewels were in her care. Unfortunately, however, Marian fell ill the day after I left home.

"It thus happened that one night, after returning from a reception, I disrobed myself of my trained evening dress, and, slipping on a loose sack, sat down to brush my hair before retiring. My seat was just in front of a large glass above my dresser, or what was then called a 'bureau,' on which I had placed the jewelry I had worn—the diamonds I have spoken of.

"As I plied the brush my eyes naturally fell on this mirror, which reflected the room behind me, and as I continued to look I saw evolving itself apparently from empty air the figure of a man. He was well dressed, even stylishly, and was, after a fashion, handsome, but deathly pale, and his eyes glittered feverishly.

"He crept nearer and nearer to me, seeming to look only at the diamonds loosely strewn upon the marble before me, but his right hand was thrust into his breast, and, as he stood over me, he suddenly jerked it out and raised high above me a small Spanish dagger, the hilt of which was of a dead gold, or Etruscan gold, as it is called. This was set with rubies, which I noticed with that peculiar attention to trifles so often displayed in moments of danger. As he brought down his hand with a swift, murderous motion to strike me from my chair with a single blow, the spell that had held me snapped, and I sprang to my feet with a shriek of terror and rushed to the door.

"Even as I ran I wondered at not encountering the man, but though I could not remember afterward of seeing him at all I did not stay, but unlocked the door, flung it open, still screaming as fast as the sounds could issue from my lips. It happened that two of my young men cousins had lingered later than the rest of the family at the entertainment referred to, and, having just come in, were coming up the main staircase, close to my room. Rushing to these I threw myself into the arms of the nearest, Christopher, shrieking, 'The man! oh, the man!'

"The two young men hurried to my room, and looked about, but could see no one. So it was thought that I had fallen asleep in my chair and my vision had been the result of my late supper of minced chicken and champagne.

"By the next night I had so thoroughly been laughed into believing this that I took my seat before the mirror and began brushing my hair as nonchalantly as at first, when to my utter horror I saw that figure form itself from nothing, absolutely nothing, and again advance upon me with that menacing attitude. Again it raised its hands to strike, the terrible eyes seemed to glare into mine fixed on them in the mirror, and, as before, released from the horror that held me stricken into marble, I leaped to my feet and ran screaming into the corridor without. I was not to be stirred from my belief that my life had been threatened in that dreadful room by all the searching and arguments that were made, and announced my intention of returning home in the morning.

"But the next night was to be that of the grand ball given in honor of the prince, and that, with the fact that I had the prettiest gown in the city to wear, finally prevailed on me to alter my mind, though I made it a condition that Marian, my maid was to occupy a little ante-chamber opening into mine, and that my stalwart cousin, Christopher, who was afterward my loved husband for nearly forty years, was to sleep on a cot in the hall, just outside my door.

"I let down my hair, and though too fatigued, as usual, to brush it, sat for some moments looking at myself in the glass—I was a little vain in

those days—when all at once I saw behind me the man with his knife in his hand.

"But this time he did not evolve from air, but was there, real flesh and blood, his hot breath nearly scorching the back of my neck. I leaped to my feet with a scream, and as I did so he struck at me, but the blade glanced aside, wounding me only slightly in the shoulder. I screamed aloud, and he felled me with a blow just as Marian and Christopher came rushing in. Seeing them the robber and assassin sprang for the open window, and would have escaped by leaping—an easy feat for a muscular man—in the window of the house next door, which was also open and only about three feet distant. This had evidently been the way by which he had entered and which he used as an egress. But Christopher caught him and dragged him back, and, after a struggle, secured him, aided by his brothers, who had been summoned by Marian, so when I opened my eyes from my swoon it was to see the would-be murderer lying bound, while near me lay a small dagger, with a handle of Etruscan gold, studded with flawed rubies.

"But here is the strange part of the story. On the night of his capture he had entered my room for the first time, though on the two previous nights he had watched me through the shutters of the two windows. He was the son of the family residing next door, and from the love of dress and pleasure beyond his means had involved himself hopelessly in debt, and seeing my diamonds had conceived the idea of killing, or at least silencing me, and stealing them to pay his debts. But though his mind had dwelt persistently on the scheme, he had lacked courage to carry it out until the night of the ball, when, pressed by an importunate creditor, he had let himself into the room, where he had concealed himself until my arrival, not knowing of the protectors I had been warned to have near me."

## PLANTS FOR WINDOW BOXES.

Some Advice to People Who Are Fond of These Pretty Decorations.

The fashion of planting boxes very full and stiffly, till they appear at first a solid wall of bloom, is happily on the wane, says the Philadelphia Ledger. It is a system which thoroughly defeats its own end. The tighter and closer the roots are wedged into the narrow confines of a box, the more quickly do the plants go off at the top; the roots have not room to grow or feed, and there is often scarcely room to supply them with sufficient food in the shape of mold. It is the same way with ferns grown for table centers. They have to live entirely on water, and this is seldom supplied in sufficient quantity. Consequently the boxes need constant refilling. The owners grumble, while the nurserymen rejoice, well knowing that had the plants been less crowded they might have lasted throughout the season. Those who like a freer treatment may have a charming box by planting Othonna crassula—with its bright green leaves and tiny golden flowers that bloom continually—and Nicotiana glauca alternately to hang in front, with crimson fuchsias and torenias to hang at the back. This will make a broken line, as the Othonnas are shorter than the fuchsias; it is prettier to bring taller fuchsias up on each side, with shorter torenias in the middle of the boxes. The torenias have flowers mottled, so to speak, with purple and lilac, and thus form links between the lilac of the Nicotianas and the purple of the fuchsias. Some of the more rosy shades of double petunias also make very attractive subjects for boxes, intermixing well with white flowers and mignonette. Pallas is a new and good variety for this purpose. For low-growing plants in the first row musk will ever be a favorite; there is a new and brilliant variety of monkey-musk, known as Gloriosa, which is effective. No one who has not seen it would credit the rich and varied appearance of boxes filled with aspidistras, red-streaked dracaenas, scented-leaved geraniums, and fuchsias with variegated leaves, green and cream-color flecked with rose.

## A Fish With Gills and Lungs.

The academy of natural science has just come into possession of a rare fish, which can boast of a pair of lungs in addition to the gills with which alone less favored fish are endowed. The necessity of these two sets of breathing apparatus is readily seen when the habits of the animal are known. In Africa, where the fish lives, it inhabits lakes and ponds which are often completely dried up during the dry season. As long as the water remains the lung fish lives as do the other members of the finny tribe, and breathes by means of its gills; but when the ponds dry up he burrows down into the mud and makes a round nest, where he lives in a semitorpid condition, breathing by means of his lungs, until the rainy season releases him again.—Philadelphia Record.

## Revenge.

Tired Reporter—Mr. Shears, the man you sent me to interview got mad. Able Editor—He did? "And choked me." "Eh?" "And hit me in the eye." "Ye powers." "And kicked me down stairs." "The low-lived scoundrel! Spell his name wrong."—London Tit-Bits.

## He Could Do It.

Clerk—I really cannot read this letter, sir; the writing is too bad. Principal, impatiently—Nonsense! The writing is good enough—any ass could read it. Hand it to me!—Truth.

# BRAVEST DEED OF THE WAR.



THE lines of the Union army were closing around Petersburg like a shroud of iron, when General Lee resolved to break and drive them back, if possible. To that end he ordered an attack in force to be made on General Grant's line of circumvallation on July 19, 1864.

The point selected for assault was in the vicinity of an old country inn called "The Yellow Tavern."

The order was that the attack should be made just before the dawn of day, the time most favorable for a surprise, "when deep sleep falleth on man." It was the experience, however, of many Confederate officers charged with the duty of attacking in the gray of the morning that it was difficult to bring their troops into line at that early hour. Although they were generally "but in the gristle and not yet hardened into the bone of manhood," they were in one sense, at least, not of the rising generation.

Hence it was that General Johnston Hagood, whose brigade of South Carolinians was assigned to the right of the attacking force found that daylight had broken before he could align his command. General Hagood was as true a soldier as ever drew a sword in battle; to him the path of duty was the path of honor, and although he saw that his brigade was in plain view of the Union troops, who had already manned their intrenchments, he ordered it to advance to the assault. It had to cross a space of about 250 yards in width, which had an undulating surface, and the broken nature of the ground afforded some shelter until it debouched upon a level highway, within seventy yards of the works.

It then met with a terrific fire of artillery and rifles, but it was composed of seasoned veterans and never faltered. Where the dead fell the living stepped; and their leveled bayonets soon sparkled within twenty feet of the line of intrenchments. There the brigade came to an involuntary halt, for before it lay a wide, deep ditch, half full of water, which it had no means of crossing. Unable to advance, yet unwilling to retreat without orders, every soldier delivered his hopeless fire with the energy of despair.

As a merciful suggestion, no doubt, prompted by admiration for a body of brave men, doomed otherwise to certain slaughter, the Union soldiers called out to them to surrender; but the call was unheeded. At that deadly juncture a mounted officer was seen to emerge from the sally-port of an earth-work at a re-entering angle of the line of intrenchments, nearly opposite to the center of the brigade. He galloped up to the color bearer of the South Carolina regiment, and, holding out his right hand, demanded the surrender of the colors. Although mounted, the uniform and shoulder straps of the daring Union officer indicated that he was a captain of infantry. He was, apparently, about thirty years of age, with a noble and handsome face, and tall, heroic form.

The color sergeant, seemingly dazed, or perhaps paralyzed by the sublime effrontery of the demand, surrendered the colors.

The flag was especially dear to the regiment, for it had been presented by the ladies of the district in which the regiment was raised, and it had



## "GIVE ME THAT FLAG, SIR."

been borne aloft with honor on many battlefields. It was a state flag with the arms of South Carolina upon it, and a counterpart of that which the famous Palmetto regiment in the Mexican war had planted on the walls of the capital of Mexico, the first foreign flag to wave there since the time of Cortez. That it should have been delivered up to a single foeman when there were a thousand men—all veteran soldiers—to defend it, and the thrust of a bayonet or the pulling of a trigger could have disposed of him, was past all understanding. I have thought that, perhaps, being sorely perplexed with their comrades falling fast all around them, they may have thought at the moment that the delivery of the flag was intended as a signal to the troops in the trenches to cease firing. At any rate, they lost their heads for the once.

Not so, however, was it with General Hagood, who was distant about seventy-five yards, and saw with amazement the surrender of the flag. He was on foot, his horse having

been shot under him, and he came forward on a run to intercept the officer, who was riding slowly along the front of the regiment, obliging somewhat toward his own lines. General Hagood, on coming up with him, seized the bridle of his horse, and leveling his cocked revolver at the captain's breast, said to him, "Give me that flag, sir!" The answer was, "Who are you?" The general replied, "I command this brigade. I admire your bravery. Give me the flag, and you shall return unmolested to your own lines." The captain who had furlled the flag and was holding it upright, with the ferrule of the staff resting on the pommel of his saddle, responded: "General, you had better surrender to me yourself. Look behind you."

The general looked to the rear, and saw that a large force which had sallied from the intrenchments on his left was moving to cut off his retreat, all other commands having retired from the fruitless assault. Turning to the defiant captain, he exclaimed: "Once more, sir, will you give up that flag?" The answer was in a loud tone, "Never!" With the answer General Hagood fired, and the officer fell, shot through the breast. He still grasped the flagstaff as he fell backward, and it was wrested from his grasp. The general then mounted the horse and ordered a retreat, which was effected with a loss of nearly one-half of the brigade.

The captured horse was killed on the retreat by a shot from the Union lines, and as he fell he kicked out his heels, and, as if to avenge his fallen master, struck Dr. Taylor, the brigade surgeon, in the head, inflicting a wound from the effects of which he never entirely recovered.

Often within the lines at Petersburg, around many a campfire, Confederate soldiers discussed the strange incident of the flag surrender at Yellow Tavern. How it was that such a famous regiment should have allowed its flag to be surrendered in battle to a force consisting of but one man, was most puzzling.

The occult power of hypnotism might have furnished a solution, but it was then unheard of, and is still unknown to the art of war.

All agreed, however, that no braver deed was ever done than that of the Yankee captain who fell, still grasping that flag.

I was then a captain of engineers in the Confederate army. Sixteen years later General Hagood was the honored chief magistrate of the state of South Carolina. I was a circuit judge, and holding court at Columbia, and called on the governor at the capital to pay my respects. I found him highly elated, and he said to me as soon as I was seated: "You recollect that Federal officer that I was obliged to shoot in the battle of Yellow Tavern, to recover the flag? Well, thank heaven, I did not kill him! He is still living. Here is a letter that I have just received from him. Please read it."

I read the letter with the deepest interest, of which the following is a copy:

COUNCIL BLUFFS, Iowa, Dec. 4, 1880.

GENERAL JOHNSTON HAGOOD, Columbia, S. C.

GENERAL—If I am correctly informed, you are the Confederate officer who shot me in the right breast, in the battle of Yellow Tavern. The wound was inflicted to recover from me a regimental flag which had been surrendered to me by one of your color-bearers. I had apparently recovered entirely from it, but it has troubled me for some time, and I now find myself obliged to apply for a pension.

As I was within your lines and out of sight of my comrades when I was shot, I am obliged to request that you will aid me to prove that I received the wound in the line of my duty. You would do me a great favor if you will make affidavit stating the facts and forward it to me. Please state also that you have no interest in my claim. I am, general, yours respectfully, JAMES BAILEY.

Late Captain Fourth Iowa Volunteer Infantry.

I am unable to state the entire contents of the affidavit, but I noted this paragraph:

"Captain Bailey received the wound described while in the faithful discharge of his duty as a soldier."

"His act was the bravest that I have ever known or read of in military annals. Nor was it an act of mere inconsiderate rashness, for, in my deliberate judgment, had I not interposed as I did, my entire brigade of veterans might have surrendered to his single arm."

In his letter inclosing the affidavit, Governor Hagood extended to Captain Bailey a most cordial invitation to visit South Carolina as his guest.

He assured him of a most sincere welcome, and that he would be received by an escort of many thousands of ex-Confederate veterans, all now heartily loyal to the United States. He stated, further, that the flag with which Captain Bailey's wound was so honorably associated was still preserved, not as a hostile symbol, but as a souvenir of comradeship, and that he would be pleased to place it in his hands, and have him view it in the midst of friendly surroundings.

Captain Bailey made a most soldierly reply, expressing his grateful appreciation of the invitation so cordially extended to him to visit South Carolina as the guest of the governor.

He expressed his sincere regret, however, that the state of his health would not permit him to make the journey at that time, and stated that he hoped to do so, at some future day, as it would afford him the highest gratification to meet as friends in the walks of peace the brave men whom he had met as foes in war.—McClure's Magazine.

## Judge, Not.

Judge, charging jury—The examination is now concluded. Prisoner, have you anything to say in your own behalf?

Prisoner, formerly a deacon—Yes, your honor. I would recall the sacred precept: "Judge not, that ye be not judged."—Truth.

## FOUND HIM A BRIDE.

A Moon-Eyed Maiden Who Went East to Wed a Christian.

Mme. Sarah Grand's scruples about marriages of convenience do not disturb the ladies who conduct the Chinese mission home in Sacramento street—at least, not so far as their almond-eyed charges are concerned. This may be a violent assumption, but it is suggested by a business-like little romance which began at the home and came to its natural end at New Orleans a few weeks ago. It is the romance of May Lai, aged 20, who now presides over a small household in Louisiana's capital, says the San Francisco Chronicle.

Four years ago the good ladies of the mission snatched May Lai from the burning and from the highlanders. She was a very winsome and pretty girl, as Chinese girls go, and to her comeliness she added—so her Christian guardians say—a ready intelligence and a docile and obedient spirit. Indeed, she was just like the good little girls in the story books. Eventually she embraced the faith, and then she was complete. Probably she would yet be pursuing in the handsome mission home on Sacramento street, under the guardian eye of Miss Culbertson, the even tenor of her moon-eyed way, diverting herself with the occupation of being an exemplar to the wayward of her sex and race and perhaps thinking life insufferably dull, as girls—even Chinese girls—will at some times, had not Mrs. C. P. Radcliffe crossed her horizon.

Mrs. Radcliffe is the matron of the New Orleans Presbyterian Chinese mission, located on South Liberty street, in that city. Connected with the mission is a Chinese Christian association, the secretary of which is a celestial name unknown in these parts, who is described as being possessed of many graces of mind and body. He is 28 years of age, plays the organ, reads and writes English and is a sincere and devout Christian. His earnestness in that respect had long since won him the regard of the Christian men and women of the crescent city. When he learned that Mrs. Radcliffe was about to come here on religious work he charged her with a delicate mission, and she, being a woman as well as a missionary, at once agreed to his prayer. It appears that Ah Sam—being nameless and a Chinese, that will serve him as well as the next—wanted a helpmate. New Orleans has not many Chinese women and no pale-faced school teacher offered herself as an obligation, for there is a certain prejudice against oblations of that kind, especially down south. Ah Sam betthought himself to seek a bride among the legions of his country people who favor this neck of the vineyard with their presence.

So Mrs. Radcliffe came to San Francisco with a commission. In due course the subject was laid before the ladies of the home in this city. It was charmingly romantic. The commissionaire vouched for the character of the young man in the case, and the business was as good as settled. But on whom should this good young man be conferred? If the limit of choice had been unrestricted, it is said to think what a bone of contention this philanthropic affair might have become. But it wasn't. On the contrary the number from among which the selection was to be made was woefully small, the average Chinese female who comes to these shores developing a cross obstinacy with regard to conversion. It was not strange, therefore, considering her manifold charms of feature and form and her religious standing, that May Lai should have been hit upon. Being feminine, she liked the idea of marriage, and never having thought very seriously of woman's sphere and the tyranny of man, she was disposed to take her other half on faith. So the facts were laid before her, she was duly informed of the gravity of the step she was about to take, and she readily, even joyfully, agreed to accompany Mrs. Radcliffe on her journey to New Orleans. Her patrons and guardians got her up a nice little banquet at the home before she left, and sent her on her way rejoicing. They were married, Ah Sam and May Lai, in New Orleans by Rev. Dr. Nail, pastor of the Presbyterian church, and there the idyl ends.

## He Caught on to It.

A bright fellow from the West was talking to a Boston intellectual of the spectacles gender, and in the course of the conversation she remarked:

"The West is undoubtedly enthusiastic and energetic but those impromptu suspensions you indulge in are to be condemned by all law-abiding people."

It dazed him for a second, but he caught on then, and quite as if he were used to that sort of language, he replied:

"Well, yes, perhaps a lynching bee is a little harsh for you Eastern people, but they clear the moral atmosphere out of sight."

## A Considerate Editor.

Editor—Look at this blunder in the London Times. Write an editorial on "English Ignorance of this Country."

Assistant—I am not very well today, and am afraid I won't be able to write ten or twenty columns.

Editor—Oh, well, make a little paragraph telling what the English know about this country.

## A Long While to Remember.

Clarissa—I cannot remember when I did not have a whole school of men at my feet.

Ethel—Dear me. You must have married dreadfully young.—Detroit Tribune.



## DIAMOND MOUNTAIN.

AN AUSTRALIAN MINER DISCOVERS A BONANZA.

Strange Tale of a Miner's Lucky Find, Which Makes Him Owner of the Richest Mine in the History of the World—He Calls It the Monte Cristo.

All the world knows the magnificent opal from our White cliffs, and all the world will soon have an opportunity to admire the superb turquoise found at Herd, in Victoria, says the Australian correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette. We have pearl fisheries, we have the biggest silver mine in the world, and gold reefs so rich that a drive is sometimes described as a "jeweler's shop," but surely we have hit upon the gemmer's treasurehouse when we talk coolly of a mine with a "ton of diamonds in sight!" There have been such sentimental rumors of late concerning the diamond fields of Bingara, on the Horton, in New South Wales, that we had grown callously incredulous and are the more astonished to find from the report of a special commissioner just returned to Sydney that these rumors were less than the truth.

The diamondiferous tract is some thousands of acres in extent and the mine, the Monte Cristo, already opened up, belongs to one man. He has been working it by himself, determined to prove it before taking the public into his confidence, and that is why we hear so little of what is going on there. Before describing the field some account of his career is due to this Australian count of Monte Cristo. Mr. (captain by mining courtesy) Rogers is a Cornishman, active and resolute, but now over 80 years of age. After opening up tin mines in Java, Penang, and elsewhere he came to Victoria in the first flush of his gold fever and gained his colonial experience in several rushes.

His practical shrewdness was early demonstrated. He argued that instead of following alluvial gold should be traced to its matrix. Acting on this conviction, in 1853 he opened in Wattle Gully, Forest creek, the first quartz reef in Victoria, being jeered as a madman for expecting to find gold in a lode. His example, however, was quickly followed, and then came the difficulty of extracting the gold from the cruelly hard quartz. The captain claims to have erected the first quartz-crushing machinery in Australia.

Captain Rogers acted as manager to various mining companies, till in 1876 he was appointed expert to a Sydney syndicate. He was sent to report on Bingara as a gold field. It struck him the country was likely for gems, and he resolved to return at his leisure and inspect it.

It was not for eight years that this "leisure" moment came, but he had not forgotten.

Then he went to work all alone, sometimes not seeing another human being for months. He sunk a shaft, timbered it, filled bags with the dirt below, climbed to the surface and hauled them up. He drove and crossed on two levels and sunk again through about fifty feet of very hard oxidized cement. How a man of his age could have done this work unaided is a marvel, but of this drive he washed fifteen loads for a yield of 2,189 diamonds and proved the drift to be the commencement of a deep lode.

After this he sunk an air shaft, which was destroyed by flood and before he could get another one completed he succumbed to bad air and was laid up for six months. As soon as he was able to work again he followed up this drive with a tunnel 200 feet to test the extent of the drift, sunk a third shaft, and from this one opened up a shallow level so rich that he christened it the Bonanza.

So far, although sending parcels of gems to London, Captain Rogers had kept his own counsel, but now, having proved his property, he invited experts to visit it and very much astonished they were. They found that this dauntless octogenarian had with his own hand accomplished the work of opening up a great mine, displaying such consummate judgment that the upper level offered room for 200 men to start blocking; that the drift had been traced to within 150 feet of its matrix (which crops out on an adjacent hill), and sufficient of the forty feet laid bare to yield a ton of diamonds. The whole of this drift is diamond bearing; it is found to average 200 stones to a one-horse load of twenty-seven cubic feet, and in one part yielded 2,500 stones to the load. This one lease is for twenty acres.

The Monte Cristo mine itself is a veritable mountain of diamonds, pronounced by experts the richest mine ever known in the world. The stones are declared in London, Amsterdam and New York equal to the best Brazilian gems, but of so adamantine a hardness that special machinery has had to be erected in London for cutting them. Its output must influence, if not govern, the diamond market which has already had to be nursed because of the influx of Cape stones. Should the matrix prove as rich as the surrounding country indicates, the mine will be worth a kingdom.

The quite recent dispatch to England of twenty sample bags of wash dirt taken from all parts of the mine has strengthened the report that Captain Rogers has received overtures from a great house, believed to be the Rothschilds. His advanced age and partial blindness—which latter now compels him to

have an assistant at the sorting table—are strong arguments in favor of realizing; but the plucky old fellow says if he were twenty years younger, or had a son to take his place, he would not accept £2,000,000 for the property.

### SWEETHEARTS STILL.

They Courted by Telegraph and Kept Up the Ticking at Short Range.

There are in New York a man and woman who have been sweethearts for seventeen years, two years before they were married and fifteen since that time. When they were young and perhaps no more "love sick" than most sweethearts usually are they lived in New Hampshire. He was a country boy who was ambitious and worked hard so that he could not see the parson's pretty daughter down at the foot of the valley so often as he could wish. But it was just as hard for him to go for a day without talking to her as for any young man of the modern age who calls in evening dress and "spoons" unceasingly and untiringly.

This young country boy, who was so determined a chap that afterward in New York he climbed way up to the top of the heap in his business, went out one night and strung a wire from tree to tree down the wooded valley to the parson's house. Then he got some telegraphers' instruments, adjusted one in his house and one down where the parson wrote his sermons, and the maid her love letters, and the two set to work to learn telegraphy. Afterward till they were married they cooed over an electric wire when he could not come down from the farm.

The other evening a gay little party sat around a table in a handsome New York house. They were enjoying a chafing dish after the roof garden and everyone was full of merriment. Between the chatting and the gay laughter a woman picked up a fork and striking a glass gently with a prong made, apparently carelessly, a few clear sounds. They were repeated two or three times until a man, the head of the house, who was at the other end of the table, looked up with a surprised look on his face. Then the tinkle was again sounded and his eyes glanced quickly down the table.

He is a big, stout man now, with a full face, and he does not look a bit sentimental, but when he in turn picked up a fork and raised it to tap his glass he was as awkward as a bashful country boy. Her eyes were shy, too, and a pretty color showed on her cheek when the thin, tinkling glass answered her message. Rather a dull thing this trying to telegraph with a fork and a glass after years of lack of practice. Maybe it was silly, too, for a couple who had been married fifteen years to try to smuggle love messages across so short a distance as the length of a table. Dull and silly, perhaps, but then they were sweethearts.

### Scared.

The clocks of the city were pointing all the way from 1:35 to 2:17 a.m. It was, however, long past midnight.

"Who's there?" shrieked the woman in the brownstone house, upon which the electric light was throwing a garish glare as often as once an hour.

"I am a burglar!" responded the man who stood beside her with a pistol in his hand.

"I know better," she cried, "you can't fool me. You are my husband."

"Can I not convince you?" he faltered.

"Never. I'll teach you to come home at this time."

In wild affright he fled.—Detroit Tribune.

### MISCELLANEOUS SQUIBS.

"How did you enjoy the opera last night?" "Brinks—it was splendid, every bit of it, except the singing."

Aunt—"Well, Willie, what did you like best about school?" "Willie—Not havin' to stay home an' run errands."

He—Do you usually take a stick with you when you go climbing on the mountains? She—Oh, yes; would you like to go along to-day?

"What is your next novel going to be, Timmins?" "It will treat of the influence of tight shoes on women's moral and spiritual nature."

Copy-Reader—Here's a story about a negro dying of delirium tremens. How'll I head it? City Editor—"The Last Daze of Pompey," and let it go at that!

"You are nothing but a big bluff," remarked the river to the bank. "Is that so?" retorted the bank. "If I take a notion to come down on you, your name will be mud."

Harry—Do you believe in the old superstition that May is an unlucky month for marriages? Uncle Dick—Yes, decidedly; but why do you speak of May any more than any other month?

"Now," said she, after she had concluded a vigorous spanking for wilfulness, "I hope you have changed your mind." "No, mamma," he sobbed, "I always said I'd rather be spanked by you than kissed by any other lady in town, and I think so yet."

"Yes," said the proprietor of a barber shop, "he was a very good barber, but we had to let him go. He didn't understand the business."

"What did he do?" "He forgot to say to a bald-headed customer that his hair needed trimming to-day."

"I never saw any signs of such meanness in Hobbies." "You don't know him. Why, he gave his wife a life insurance policy executed in her favor as a Christmas present last year, and ever since then he has been practicing a regimen conducive to longevity."

## THE BAMBOO WAND.



COLONEL VALENTINE, a worthy but irascible army officer, just retired and looking forward to a life of well-

earned ease in England on liberal half-pay, was glancing over the recently arrived periodicals in a shady seat at the edge of the great military esplanade at Madras, on a certain blistering hot morning, when he looked up over his spectacles at three figures that were approaching him across the parade ground.

The approaching group consisted of two junior officers and a pale, intellectual-looking man, in the semi-civilian or fatigue dress of the navy.

"Ha!" thought Colonel Valentine. "Beckford and Dashwood, eh? with that ship surgeon, who is said to have been a detective in his time."

Then a gentle, almost stealthy step near at hand caused him to turn, and his face colored angrily at what he considered an intrusion.

"The devil!" exclaimed Colonel Valentine, as the newcomer, one of the mess stewards, a native Hindoo, came along the shaded path and paused obsequiously before him.

"Ah, no, sahib colonel," gently protested the man; "not the devil, but only poor Mahmudi, who has been so miserably unfortunate as to offend you, and would beg your excellency's forgiveness."

The man carried an ordinary long bamboo wand, or walking-stick, such as is a common custom with the serving men of the East, and which he kept softly balancing to and fro as he spoke.

But the officer, who had had some words with this man some days previous, and had, indeed, procured his discharge from the mess service, was little disposed to mercy just now.

"Out of my sight, dog!" he exclaimed. "How dare you take up my words in that way? Begone!"

Mahmudi made a trembling salaam, though with a glint of the dark eyes and a slight compression of the full, womanish lips that should have placed the other on his guard.

"My situation is gone, my family in distress," he expostulated, yet more whiningly. "Am I to understand that the sahib colonel refuses to withdraw his displeasure from his poor Mahmudi, and—"

"Understand what you please, and begone, or I'll help you to the right about!" roared the choleric old gentleman, and he grasped his heavy Malacca stick menacingly. "A pretty pass, truly, when an officer—"

He was cut short by a repetition of the servile salaam, even more abject than before, but in the course of which the tip of the bamboo wand, seemingly by the most absolute inadvertence, just touched the hand with which the old officer grasped his walking-stick.

The latter suddenly gave a sharp cry, his face first purpling, then paling to ashy whiteness, his eyes fairly popping out of his head, as he pressed the hand

to his lips, and then fell back on the rustic bench he had been so cooily occupying.

"The plague—the mysterious stroke. I am done for!" he gasped.

Then he fell off the bench insensibly, while the three gentlemen hurried up, with an astounded cry, and the Hindoo clasped his hands together over his wand, apparently in even greater panic and consternation.

They lifted up the stricken man, but a brief examination on the part of Doctor Mardyn, the navy surgeon referred to, was sufficient for him to announce it as a case of instant death.

"Thunder and lightning! the ninth victim," exclaimed Major Beckford. "When and how is this mysterious death-roll to end?"

"How did it happen, Mahmudi?" demanded the surgeon, after a ghastly pause. "You were speaking to him. Had you said anything to excite or annoy him?"

"Alas, no, shahis!" replied the Hindoo. "On the contrary, the sahib colonel seemed to be in the best of humors. Suddenly—ah, how shall I describe it?—I was bowing before him in my thankfulness—for he had just kindly said that I should be taken back in the mess service—when, poff! he gave a cry of pain, he clutched at his heart, and all was over."

"What is the latest news of the strike?" inquired the friend.

"The strike?" said the Philadelphia savant, becoming interested at once, "originated in Rome about 2,200 years ago. Some musicians who had not been allowed to participate in an annual banquet assembled together and marched out of the city, thereby depriving Rome of their servitude at a period when," etc.—Chicago Record.

What Mamma Would Think.

She, blushing—Oh, George, what would mamma think if she knew you kissed me?

He—She wouldn't think at all; she would say it right out.

"Never mind," interposed the major; "ran up to quarters and give the alarm. Be sure to bring back Doctor Palgrave with you, too."

For a little over two months now, a horror of mystery and death had hung over the garrison.

Officer after officer had been mysteriously and appallingly stricken down by death in rapid succession.

As Beckford had declared, Colonel Valentine made the ninth victim.

The symptoms were the same in each and every case—instantaneous paralysis, with intense speechless agony for the fleeting moment, then death as by an apoplectic stroke of unparalleled swiftness.

Medical authorities were equally at fault.

Snake bite was suggested more than anything else, but then the symptoms were different in many particulars from those attendant upon the bite of the cobra, which is responsible for nineteen-twentieths of the fatalities from this cause in India.

Moreover, why should a commissioned officer have been the victim in every instance—never once a private soldier or any one in comparatively humble employment about the post?

Thus an element of private malice or vengeance seemed to enter into the mystery.

Doctor Mardyn, who, as the colonel said, had once been a professional detective, took a great interest in the mysterious deaths. He found that there was one man who had been in the immediate vicinity of each of the successive victims, and this man was the Hindoo, Mahmudi.

The man had borne a good reputation at Madras, but upon making inquiries, the doctor discovered that along the coast, where he was employed before coming to Madras, he had the reputation of being vindictive and remorselessly revengeful to the last degree, although always under the cloak of a servile and treacherous amiability.

Moreover the Hindoo had lived long in Sumatra, where he was associated as a boy with the terrible thugs.

After the colonel's funeral, Mardyn was one of a group of officers who were discussing the last mournful event in the mess room, when Mahmudi—who had again been taken into the service—passed with his accustomed salaam, and carrying the inevitable bamboo wand.

An idea suddenly occurred to Mardyn.

"Here, Mahmudi—A word with you, my man!" he called out. "Let me look at that staff of yours a moment."

The man looked startled, but speedily recovered his self-possession, though instead of advancing he drew back.

"This, shahib," he murmured, holding up the wand, "A simple, inoffensive reed—that is all."

"Give it to me, I say!" cried Mardyn sternly enough now, and with a significant vehemence that at once aroused the interest of his companions. "A simple reed, yes; but why has it always been your companion just prior to each of these mysterious deaths with which your presence or proximity has invariably been associated? That is what I want to know. Let me examine the staff, I say!"

But at this juncture the Hindoo, to the surprise of everybody, suddenly took to his heels, with a terrified cry. The young surgeon, however, was after him in an instant.

The Hindoo was overtaken; there was a brief struggle for the possession of the staff, and then to the general amazement, Mahmudi uttered a shrill scream, and fell as if shot.

"It is fate!" he gasped, more composedly, as they surrounded him. "Accursed shahis! yes, I was the murderer of one and all of them, and I glory in the record."

He then stiffened out, and instantly expired.

A cry of horror then arose, as a little serpent was perceived darting its ugly head out of the wand which the naval surgeon carefully held in his hand.

Doctor Palgrave, the post surgeon, assisted Mardyn in the examination of the reptile that followed, and then the mystery of the successive fatalities was solved at last.

The serpent was a specimen of the echys carinata, which is never more than a few inches long, and is so horribly venomous that its bite is capable of causing death in a few seconds.

The murderous Hindoo had only revived an ancient custom among Indian criminals by confining it in the hollow of his bamboo wand, so that its head just barely protruded at the open end.

Then the merest touch of his unsuspecting enemy or object of his resentment with the tip of the innocent-looking but diabolical weapon would cause the snake to plunge its fangs into the defenseless flesh, and death ensued with the certainty almost the suddenness of the lightning stroke.

It was fortunate for the clever surgeon that, in the struggle for the bamboo wand, the horrible reptile did not bite him instead of the murderous Hindoo.

### Had Heard of It.

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What Mamma Would Think.

She, blushing—Oh, George, what would mamma think if she knew you kissed me?

He—She wouldn't think at all; she would say it right out.

## LYNCHED BY MISTAKE.

AN INNOCENT MAN HANGED BY VIGILANTES.

Circumstantial Evidence Against Him Was Conclusive and He Suffered the Usual Punishment for the Crime With Which He Was Charged.

It was nearing night when a solitary traveler, riding along a lonely way in a picturesque valley between two low lines of hills, paused at a vine-covered cottage and asked for food for himself and horse. It was freely given for no more hospitable section of country could be found than that in which this valley lies. After resting awhile the stranger made preparations to continue his journey. The host demurred.

"Do not go on to-night," he said. "You may meet trouble. There is a gang of horse thieves about. That is a fine horse and buggy you have there, and you might be relieved of it as a man was down the valley only yesterday. It was a bold piece of work and officers are after the fellow. Stay till morning. You're welcome."

"Thank you, friend," replied the stranger, "but I'm not afraid. My old mother lives up in the mountains. I haven't seen her for three years and I want to get home. I wrote her I would be there to-morrow, and if I don't travel to-night I won't make it. 'Tis bright moonlight and I don't anticipate any danger; besides I think I can take care of myself. Thanks for your warning, as well as for your generous hospitality. Good night," and the stranger dropped a coin into the old man's hand, sprang into his buggy, and drove away.

It was yet early bedtime when a second traveler halted at the same house and inquired if any stranger had passed that way. The old man recognized an officer of the law, and he felt almost dazed as a suspicion crossed his mind that the man he had entertained earlier in the evening was the daring horse thief. With that conviction he recounted the circumstance to the officer, dwelling upon the man's apparent haste to proceed and utter disregard of horse thieves, says a Western writer.

The stranger was riding leisurely along, drinking in the quiet beauties of the summer night and whistling softly to himself in a manner quite unbecoming a hunted desperado. The huge rocks by the roadside cast somber shadows in the moonlight and the horse frequently shied as his own shadow fell upon some big rocks they were passing, but the driver was not timid and no thought of horse thieves crossed his mind until he heard the galloping of an approaching horse in the rear. It seemed a daring and resolute face the stranger beheld as he glanced through the glass at the form behind him, and he determined his course accordingly.

"Halt!" ordered the newcomer. "By what authority?" questioned the occupant of the buggy.

"Who does that horse belong to?" "Me," was the firm reply.

"Since when?" "Yesterday," replied the stranger.

"I thought so," sneered the horseman. "I'll relieve you of it now. Halt! and deliver it up or I'll fire."

The command was followed by a quick report, but not from the speaker's weapon.

"That'll teach one horse thief to mind his own business," said the stranger to himself.

"I hope I didn't kill the fellow," he said again and again, "if he was a horse thief. I'd rather have given him the horse and buggy. Maybe I was too hasty."

Daylight dawned and our traveler was beginning to feel more cheerful when he again heard the clatter of hoofs. Not one horse was overtaking him, but many.

"What now?" he thought. He was not long in doubt. A determined-looking set of men soon surrounded him, and under pressure of a dozen gun muzzles, he was forced to lead his horse down the valley. He knew from the imprecations of the men and the suggestive coil of rope dangling from the leader's saddle that terrible danger threatened him, but not a word of explanation was vouchsafed until they reached a point some three miles below where he had shot the horse-thief.

If, as he supposed, he was in the toils of the gang, he knew that remonstrance was useless and that he must meet his fate. Some coats were piled up under a big oak tree, and near them sat two men. Here his captors dismounted and secured his horse and theirs to scattering saplings. He knew from frequent glances cast down the valley that they were waiting yet for reinforcements. They had not long to wait until a dozen men came in sight. They were well mounted and well dressed, but were evidently greatly excited. They proceeded at once to the pile of coats the stranger had noted. Some were thrown aside, revealing, as he had half expected, the dead body of a man, doubtless the victim of his shot. He could overhear a part of their conversation, and by degrees he came to understand that it was the county sheriff he had killed. The dead man's horse had not paused after its rider fell until it reached the house where it had stopped in the evening.

Bottle after bottle of liquor was drained to nerve the men to the deed of vengeance they felt called upon to perform. He pleaded for a chance to prove himself an honest man, but the excited and half-intoxicated men would listen to no explanations. The rope was thrown

over a limb, and breathing a prayer, not for himself, but for his mother, the helpless man was swung aloft, and one more was added to the long list of Judge Lynch's victims.

When the executioners regained their sober senses they began to doubt the wisdom of their hasty deed. An investigation was made that proved the stranger's statements true.

### FREAKS OF FASHION.

How They Manifested Themselves in the Olden Times of Henry III.

At Christmas, 1464, Bernard of Rohrbach, at Frankfurt-on-the-Main, donned a brown tunic that was so richly embroidered with silver that one sleeve alone weighed eleven and a half pounds. The wedding dress of Maria de Medici had a train five ells in length, and trimmed with lilies of pure gold, in which Maria shone like the sun breaking through the clouds. At the christening of her son, afterwards Louis XIII of France, this queen wore a dress trimmed with 82,000 pearls and 3,000 diamonds. On the same occasion, Marshal Bassompierre bought half a hundred-weight of pearls to trim his coat with. When Queen Elizabeth of England granted an audience to Marshal Biron, the French ambassador, she wore a dress on which 100 persons had been at work for three weeks. A very curious custom prevailed among the young gallants of the period of Henry III. After making their purchases of silk stockings, they would ask their belles to inaugurate them by wearing these integuments themselves for a few days. Henry IV brought masks into vogue, which were worn in traveling, walking, or visiting, in order to protect the skin from the effects of the air, the rain, and the sunshine. In the seventeenth century—before the existence of fashion journals—German ladies used to have large dolls sent to them from Paris, dressed up in the full costume of the day, and they also sent their tailors to the French capital to study the latest fashions.

During the reign of Louis XIV lace cuffs were worn which were almost an ell in length. We all remember to have heard of the giant pyramids of hair, ribbons, and flowers which last-century dames balanced on their heads. That inflated protuberance, yelet tournure, or dress improver, which has now happily disappeared, was all the go under Francis II, at which time the gentlemen sought to give themselves an air of dignity and respectability by the adoption of large false stomachs.

### The Emperor Was Jealous.

Baron Fedor von Rauch, whom you hear of at Newport as a member of the best of its best society when he cares to enter into its festivities, has now been in America something over a year. I don't know that the story of his leaving Germany has yet been told. It is a strange and an interesting one. Von Rauch was adjutant of the second battalion of Uhlands, and of course had a position in the German court society. At a court ball, I think it was, at which the young emperor and empress attended, Von Rauch was one of the group. The emperor left Von Rauch and the empress, with five or six others, chatting together. In half an hour he returned and found Von Rauch talking earnestly and standing close to the empress in a secluded corner. William was wild with jealousy, and several people who rushed up at the moment perhaps prevented bloodshed. In a moment the emperor calmed himself.

"The curse of my family prevents my fighting a duel with you," he said quietly. And Von Rauch was banished.

### They Ought to Have.

Bobby, at his history lesson—Oh, bother! What's the use of studying history?

Fond Parent—A good deal of good, Bobby. It shows the ignorant ways of our ancestors and teaches us to avoid them.

Bobby—Well, why didn't they study history? That would have let us out.

### ITEMS AND IDEAS.

Eusebius says that dancing was invented by Curetes, B. C. 1534, to celebrate a victory.

The Suez canal is only 88 miles long, but it reduced the distance from England to India by sea nearly 4,000 miles.

In France the population averages about 187 to the square mile. In this country the average is 31 to the square mile.

During the reign of Charles IX of France, 1560-1574, dancing in the churches to psalm tunes was not uncommon.

Only about one-twelfth of the lands of Idaho have been taken up, and some parts of the state are as yet unexplored.

The Chinese laundrymen of Boston are about to form a trust for the purpose of keeping prices for work up to the proper standard.

It is estimated that 1,200 tons of ostrich feathers have been exported from Cape Colony during the past thirty years, valued at \$50,000,000.

During Corpus Christi week at Seville a ballet is danced every day before the high altar by boys habited in the costumes of the time of Charles V.

The name ballet seems to be derived from the Italian ballota, a ballad, and in its earliest form the ballet closely approximated the song and dance now seen on the variety stage.

There are 119 first-class cigar manufactories in Havana. Many of the large manufactories employ upwards of 400 men. No women are employed in cigar-rolling, although a few wash and prepare the leaves.



**TEACHING HIM MANNERS.**  
The Cafe Molineau is where  
A dainty little mix  
Serves God and man as best she can  
By serving meats and drinks.  
Oh, such an air the creature has,  
And such a pretty face!  
I took delight that autumn night  
In hanging round the place.  
  
I know but very little French;  
I have not long been here;  
But when she spoke her meaning  
I broke  
Full sweetly on my ear.  
Then, too, she seemed to understand  
What I had to say.  
Though most I knew was "oony poo,"  
"Bong zhoor," and "see yoo play."  
  
The female wit is always quick,  
And of all womankind  
Tis here in France that you, perchance  
The keenest wits shall find.  
And here you'll find that subtle gift,  
That rare, distinctive touch,  
Combined with grace of form and face  
That glads men overmuch.  
  
"Our girls at home," I mused aloud,  
"Lack either that or this;  
They don't combine the art divine  
As does the Gallie miss;  
Nor be it from me to malign  
Our belles across the sea.  
And yet I'll swear none can compare  
With this ideal She."  
  
And then I praised her dainty foot  
In very awful French.  
And parleyed with in gulfed mood  
Until the sassy wench  
Tossed back her laughing Auburn head,  
And froze me with disdain;  
"There are on me no flies," she said,  
"For I come from Bangor, Maine."  
—Eugene Field in the Buffalo Courier.

## THE LAWYER'S STORY

At the time the following incident took place I was about twenty-four years of age, and had just been admitted to the American bar. I had studied hard, and my preceptor predicted for me great success in the profession I had chosen; in fact, I felt myself that I was sure of success sooner or later. This feeling was not that of vanity, but only a consciousness of power. I must confess, however, I anticipated many years of hard work before making any reputation; or even having any difficult case upon which to exercise my ability.  
  
One day I took up the morning paper according to my usual custom, and was soon interested in the graphic account of a cold-blooded murder and bank robbery. The Fifth National one of the richest banks in the city, had been robbed of one hundred thousand dollars and the janitor shot. The cashier was found the morning after the occurrence in a small closet in the inner office, and his death was expected hourly—the great wonder being that he had not smothered.  
  
Like many others I took an interest in the case, which was so mysterious, no clue being found, except a black mask and revolver which had been dropped in the office. The janitor occupied rooms on the lower floor, but his body was discovered in the room adjoining the office in which the cashier was found, and in which was the safe. The doctors all agreed that the janitor lived for about ten minutes after being shot; and that he must have struggled hard, for his head showed marks of blows from the butt of a revolver.  
  
That this could all take place in an adjoining room, and the cashier not be put on his guard, seemed absurd, and there were many who claimed that he was an accomplice, had opened the safe, and then been locked in the closet without considering the insufficiency of air. The cashier, contrary to all expectations recovered and told his story.  
  
He stated that he was detained at the bank by some work until nine o'clock. He heard no noise of any kind, but was seated at his desk busily writing; then he heard someone exclaim, "Look around, or make a noise and you are a dead man." ?  
  
Looking naturally ahead, he beheld in the mirror over his desk a man in his shirt-sleeves, who held a revolver close to his head. The fellow was about 6 feet in height, quite stout, and had on a black mask which covered his face to his mouth; his chin was bare, and his revolver was held in his right hand, the left being cut off at the elbow. This he saw in the few seconds that elapsed before the robber ordered him to get up, repeating, his injunction not to look around or make a noise.  
  
He then said, "I have come for the money in that safe. I have killed the janitor, and will kill you unless you open it. In order to show you that I mean business, I have brought the body of the janitor up stairs, and he is in the next room. Walk to the door and look at him. You need not try to escape, for the outer door is locked, and I will shoot you if you attempt it."  
  
The cashier walked to the door of the main office, and beheld the dead body of the janitor upon the floor.  
  
"Now, open the safe," said the robber.  
  
The cashier, frightened at the fate before him if he refused, decided to open the safe, hoping for an opportunity to overpower the ruffian; but when the safe was open, the robber quietly ordered him to enter the closet. This he was also compelled to do. The closet was so small that a person could not turn around in it, otherwise he would have pushed open the door and grappled with the robber when he heard him drop the revolver, which he was obliged to do to lock the door. He heard the robber at the safe, but in a few minutes became unconscious from lack of air, and knew nothing more until his recovery.  
  
This story created great excitement, the more so from the fact that the description was almost an exact one of Col. Coventry, one of the bank directors. The colonel had been an officer in the Civil War, and had lost his left fore-arm in the service. The cashier's story was corroborated by finding blood upon the carpet of the janitor's room, and it was found by experiment that a revolver discharged therein could not be heard in the office above. Two men informed the reporter that they had seen Col. Coventry walking by the bank at half-past eight on the

evening of the murder. This evidence was sufficient to cause his arrest, and he was placed in jail.  
  
As soon as I heard the cashier's story I determined to defend Col. Coventry, for I saw an opportunity to prove his innocence and make a reputation for myself. I ordered a hack, and driving to the jail, found the colonel consulting his lawyers. I waited till they had departed, then stated my reasons for coming. He looked at me in surprise, and smilingly said that he had older and more experienced lawyers.  
  
"What hope do they give you?" I asked.  
  
He blushed redly, and said in an angry tone: "They say the evidence is strong against me, and act as if they believed me guilty; but the rascals are smart."  
  
"Colonel," I said, "they, as well as all who read the papers, do believe you guilty; but I know you are innocent, and what is more, I can prove it."  
  
"Prove it!" said the colonel. "But how?"  
  
"If you will promise to give me the case if you are satisfied with my theory, I will tell it to you."  
  
"Of course I will give you the case if you can prove me innocent."  
  
I then related my plan of defense, and when I had finished, the colonel shook me joyfully by the hand, and said, "God bless you, my boy! You will save me from the gallows!"  
  
He discharged the other lawyers, who cheerfully informed him that he would be hung anyway, that he had no chance whatever with that young upstart for counsel, and deserved hanging for having him. I demanded an immediate trial, for which the government was entirely ready.  
  
As you remember, the case was the topic of the day, and Col. Coventry was thought crazy, the strongest proof being the fact that he had engaged me to defend him. I received many a cut from the papers, and altogether my name became very well known, though not in an enviable connection. I enjoyed it all, confident in the brilliant but simple defense I was to make. I knew that the reaction would be powerful, and that those who now reviled and sneered at me would, ere long, be sounding my praise. When I looked back on that time, I was surprised that no one thought of the defense I was to make, but then, it is often the simplest points that are overlooked in the haste to follow an unseasonable clue, whose only recommendation sometimes is its ingenuity.  
  
The trial came on; the government first brought forward the two men who swore to seeing Col. Coventry walking by the bank at half-past eight o'clock on the night of the murder. Then evidence was brought to show that the colonel, although a rich man, was just at that time in need of ready money to complete a speculation in which he was engaged.  
  
The last and strongest witness was Mr. Charles Brand, the cashier, who testified to the description of his assailant, which corresponded to that of my client, and swore in the most positive manner that the robber had lost his left arm at the elbow.  
  
This closed the testimony for the government, and was, indeed, a perfect network of circumstantial evidence. The government attorney, Mr. —, was a great sportsman and betting man. So, leaning over to him, I said: "How much will you bet that I will not prove my client's innocence?"  
  
He laughed, and then he said, "You cannot do it, unless you furnish the man who did the deed. You haven't secured him, have you?" This last in a sneering tone.  
  
"No," was my reply, "but I have as good a witness."  
  
"Tell me who your witness is, and then I may bet," he said.  
  
"My only witness is Mr. Brand, the cashier."  
  
"The cashier? Why man, you are crazy."  
  
"Well, what will you bet?" I persisted.  
  
"Oh! if you are anxious to bet, I will run up 500 hundred dollars," he answered, "though I dislike to bet on a sure thing."  
  
"I'll cover your bet," I said. "You think you have a sure thing, and so do I; so we are safe."  
  
This little by-play passed during the government's testimony. I arose and addressed the court, saying that I had but one witness to call; that I might bring many witnesses to prove that it was Colonel Coventry's invariable custom to take a walk after his dinner, and that he always came back by way of the bank; also many to prove that the colonel could have borrowed on his personal note, and did borrow in that way all the money he needed for his speculation; but that the one witness whom I was about to call upon could and would prove beyond a shadow of a doubt that the colonel was not the murderer and robber.  
  
All the courtroom was on tiptoe of expectation for my witness, but when I called Mr. Charles Brand, the murmur of surprise that rippled out through the room was ludicrous. Of all the surprised ones, none was more so than the cashier; so unexpectedly called upon as an infallible witness in favor of the man whom he had only a few moments before virtually condemned. He came forward reluctantly, and stood in a dazed manner while I questioned him.  
  
"You are positive that it was the right hand in which the robber held the pistol?"  
  
"Yes," he answered, "I am positive."  
  
"Could it not have been his left hand?"  
  
"No; his left arm was gone."  
  
"Is there no possibility of your mistaking the hand?"  
  
"No; I am sure that it was the right hand that was pointed at me."  
  
By this time, everyone thought that I was trying to confuse the witness, and there was some whispered comments on my sanity. I spoke a few words to my clerk, who went out, returning in a few moments with a large frame covered completely with a cloth, which I placed in front of the cashier.  
  
"Now, Mr. Brand I wish you to look at that without turning your head till such a time as I tell you."  
  
Having acceded to my wish, he sat down attentively studying the black cloth in front of him. I signalled to Colonel Coventry, who advanced, removed his coat, put on the black mask, which had been brought to the courtroom, took the revolver in his only hand, his right one, and stood behind the cashier's chair pointing the muzzle at his head. Everyone was interested in this dramatic scene. At a sign

from me my clerk pulled away the cloth, and displayed a large plateglass mirror. When the cashier saw the figure in the mirror he started from the chair in surprise, but I held him down.  
  
"Tell me," I said, "is this figure like that of the robber?"  
  
"The identical likeness," he answered.  
  
"Look closer! Is there no difference?"  
  
In a few moments he said: "Oh, yes! The figure is holding the revolver in his left hand."  
  
At this a murmur ran through the courtroom, which I silenced with a wave of my hand.  
  
"Is it possible, then, that this could be the man who stood behind your chair in the bank?" I questioned.  
  
"No, I am sure he cannot be the same, now that I look closer, for this man has lost his right hand and holds the pistol in his left, while the man at the bank held the pistol in his right hand, as I said before."  
  
"Turn around," I said. Then, as he did so: "What do you think now?"  
  
For there stood Colonel Coventry, with the mask off, holding the pistol in his right hand. Mr. Brand jumped to his feet exclaiming: "I see it all now! What a fool I must have been! The figures were just reversed in the mirror, and the man I saw at the bank really held the pistol in his left hand."  
  
Well, I will not attempt to describe the uproar that filled the court. They all saw it at the same time, and the applause was deafening as my client shook my hand and left the place a free man while no man seemed more truly pleased at the turn of affairs than Mr. Brand himself. Needless to say that my opponent paid his bet, and soon a cheque from Colonel Coventry for 10,000 dollars was presented to me. Of course, I was the talk of the city, and my reputation was made. So you see on what trifles a man's career may depend sometimes.  
  
Was the murderer ever apprehended? Yes, some time afterwards, while trying to negotiate some of the bonds. He was arrested, convicted, and hung, after making a full confession.

## MARCHING CATERPILLARS

Insects With Peculiarities Which Make Them Interesting.

The extensive pine forest which covers the dunes of Southwest France stretching from the "Bassin d'Arachon," on the north for many miles southward toward Biarritz, is the home of a curious caterpillar, Bombyx pythecampa, of the same family as the silk worm. These insects possess a few interesting characteristics. They pass the winter in nests at the pine tree top—very snug nests woven around a bunch of pine needles and large enough to accommodate a family of from 50 to 200.

Spring being arrived, each community leaves its winter home and prepares to set out into an unknown world. On leaving the nest they form a procession in single file, each caterpillar in immediate communication with the one preceding and the one following it. In this manner they descend the tall pine and reach terra firma. From this habit they acquire the local name of "Chenille Processionnaire," or procession caterpillar. Their principal object now is to bury themselves in the sand; and to achieve this some distance has often to be traveled before a spot suitable for the purpose can be found. Especially is this so when the pine trees happen to be situated in the streets or gardens of Arachon; and in such a case an interesting and rather amusing sight may be seen when a procession consisting of some hundreds of the insects, and perhaps fifteen or sixteen yards in length, winds its way slowly along the road.

Let us detach two or three from the middle—thus dividing it into two parties—and watch the results. The last of the foremost portion feeling the loss of his neighbor immediately stops, and this action is communicated all along the line until the vanguard is at a standstill. Meanwhile, the leader of the rear portion redoubles his speed and in a short time has caught up to the foremost party, and the touch being communicated, the whole procession resumes the march with as little delay as possible. When a suitable place has been found the party forms into a group, and by a gentle wriggling motion, digs a hole in the soft sand, in which the chrysalis is attained.—Chambers' Journal.

## COST OF THE CRIMEAN WAR.

John Bull Paid an Enormous Price to Keep Russia Out of Turkey.

On July 12, 1856, the Crimea was finally evacuated by the British forces after the war of over two years, says Spare Moments. All the remaining stores and the establishments have been embarked, a company of the Fifth British regiment was posted outside the town of Balaklava to receive the Russian Troops, and on their approach marched in with the Russian guard, which was composed of about fifty mounted Cossacks, and a similar number of Cossack Infantry. The usual salute took place, the Russians placed sentinels where they wished, and the English troops marched on board H. M. S. Algiers. General Sir William John Codrington, chief in command of the forces in the Crimea, and who died in 1884, embarked with his personal staff at the same time. During this war the British lost 3,500 killed in action or died from their wounds; 4,244 of cholera, and nearly 16,000 who succumbed to other diseases making a total of 23,744, of whom 270 were officers, and besides these 2,873 were disabled. The loss of French allies was estimated at 63,500 men, while the loss of the Russians on the opposite side was reckoned as high as 50,000 men. The war added to the British national debt over \$20,000,000. Notwithstanding the enormous amount expended Britain asked from Russia no pecuniary compensation, nor gained one inch of land; but the defeat of the Russians kept them out of Constantinople and made the way to India and the east clear. The memoirs of Earl Russell show that it would have secured for the Turkish Empire much internal benefit if the French had been as disinterested as the British, and not required in that case some territory for themselves.

## BURLINGTON WOMEN

DAMES AND DAMSELS OF THE HAWKEYE TOWN.

They Are Rich in Beauty and Talents and Keep the Social Life of the City at a High Ebb the Year Around—So Society As It Is.

[Burlington Correspondence.]

WO STURDY pioneers came this way in 1829. They crossed the beautiful Mississippi river from their lodge on the Illinois shore and toiled up the romantic hills that sit majestically above the rolling sweep of waters. Simpson S. White and Amzi Doolittle said to one another, as they beheld the view, that here was to grow an important city of the west. It was too beautiful a country, too much like a paradise, to be long held by Black Hawk and Keokuk and their warriors. This prophecy came true. White and Doolittle are asleep long since, but in 1832, when this region was first opened up to white settlement, these two pioneers took up claims on the site of Burlington. They named the place "Flint Hills," possibly from the geological features of the famous bluffs upon which the thriving city proudly sits. To-day one of Burlington's oldest and most respected citizens lives at a good ripe age to tell the story of the magnificent progress made by Burlington. William Garrett came here in 1836. He is probably the earliest of those sturdy pioneers now living who blazed the way. And his children and grandchildren are

features, of which few cities have a higher grade. Robert J. Burdette sparkled in the Burlington Hawkeye and caught the eyes and admiration of the world. Others have taken up the pleasant task of seeing that Burlington's name as a social, literary and musical city shall never wane.  
  
Miss Frances Wyman, daughter of J. H. Wyman, a leading pioneer and citizen, has recently completed a number of years' course of musical study in Berlin, her instructor being the well known composer, Prof. Moritz Moszkowski. Burlington is certainly honored in the brilliant musical attainments of this young lady. As

MISS GRACE CLEGHORN, daughter of A. B. Cleghorn of the Burlington route, is a decided favorite in Burlington. She is not only a prominent factor in the life of Burlington's best society, but is also a musician of rare ability. A course at the American Conservatory of Music at Chicago, in pipe, organ and cello work fitted Miss Cleghorn for the enviable position she holds in Burlington musical circles. She is organist at Christ Episcopal church, on North Hill, and her work is highly praised and appreciated. Miss Cleghorn is an especial favorite of her father's cousin, Melville E. Stone, manager of the Associated Press.

Mrs. C. W. Rand was a Chicago girl—Miss Cora Higgins. She is a pupil of Mme. Chatterton, the harpist, and plays the harp with delicate and artistic power. She is also a vocalist of high order, possessing a pure and brilliant contralto voice. The beautiful home of Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Rand—"The Pines"—is often the scene of brilliant social and musical assemblages. This home is blessed with every elegance and is brightened with the presence of three pretty children, who are the idols of their parents' hearts.

Social features of Burlington are of the highest order. The Burlington Boating association takes the lead in many very elegant social affairs, and its parties and receptions are always events to be pleasantly remembered. There are also the Lone Tree and Crystal Lake sporting clubs, which

honor in their relationship to this grand, good man.

As were Amzi Doolittle and Simpson S. White honored pioneers, coming to this country armed with clear consciences and willing hands, so were others of the earlier pioneers who, in building Burlington, "the orchard city," builded wisely and well. And so it is that the children of these pioneers—those young men and women who are to-day the social and literary and musical life of this typical western

city—may look back with pride upon their ancestry. The first journey of their illustrious ancestors may have been in the Mayflower, or they may have been the descendants of William the Conqueror; some of the dainty belles of this city may, and no doubt can, trace their blood back to the days when knights were bold. Some can claim undoubted kinship to the patriots who signed the Declaration of Independence, but no

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MISS FRANCES WYMAN.

a pianist she is thought to be one of the most brilliant amateur performers in America. Her musical sympathy and feeling is pure and deep; her touch is exquisite, and she has so thoroughly acquired Moszkowski's own peculiar style as to receive his cordial praise.

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Spiced Tomatoes.  
Take seven pounds of ripe tomatoes peel and slice; put them into a porcelain lined preserving kettle, with half of their weight in sugar, a pint of vinegar and a tablespoonful each of whole cloves, allspice, pepper corns and salt. Set them over the fire and boil them slowly for two hours, stirring them often enough to prevent burning, then cool them in the kettle and put them up in air tight jars of glass or earthenware; keep them in a cool, dark place.  
  
Young Yet.  
He—Have you been engaged before?  
She—Not often. You forget that this is my first season.

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Run Down  
feeling, or generally out of order. It will surely help any who give it a fair trial, if there is any help for them. I have found it of great benefit for  
  
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Son—How about bein' tarred and feathered?  
Mr. Lowland—Well, it would be a mighty good protection agin' musquitos.  
A Nocturnal Donor.  
Mrs. Blinks (at a boarding house)—Hark! I hear a strange kind of scratching under the bed.  
Mr. Blinks—Ham! So do I. Strike a light and I'll see whether it is the cat or a bug."



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Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.  
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But indigestion has the power  
To mar the soul's serenest hour.  
To crumble adamant trust,  
And turn life's certainties to dust,  
To banish faith and hope and love,  
Put heaven below and hell above.  
Keep only thy digestion clear,  
No other foe my love need fear,  
So wishing for thee perfect bliss,  
The sum-gift of the giver,  
I ask thee all in asking this,  
My darling, how's your liver?

Do not forget that a few doses of  
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SEND FOR CATALOGUE.  
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CONSUMPTION.

## FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

### INTERESTING SUBJECTS FOR THE YOUNG.

**Babieca, the Old Horse—Dangerous Courage—An Old-Time Boarding School—A Word for the Boys.**

What Babieca was to Alexander, Babieca was to the Cid—a faithful servant, a devoted friend, and a sharer of all his dangers on many a battlefield. Says the New York World, Babieca is said to have been more like a rational being than like an animal.  
The Cid when a youth asked his godfather, Don Pedro Pringos, to give him a colt, and they went into the paddock, to choose one. Rodrigo (that was the Cid's name) let all the horses and colts pass by and took none until the last of all, a very ugly colt, and he chose that one. His godfather was angry and said, "Booby!" ("Babieca") "you have made a bad choice."

The horse kept the name, but did not deserve it, for it served his master faithfully for forty-two years.

His first battle was with the Moors when his master was only twenty years old; and after that his adventures were many and varied. Once the queen led him up for the Cid to mount, because she wanted to do him honor. Babieca no doubted enjoyed himself. In all the wars with the Moors and in all the Cid's private adventures, which were numberless, this wonderful horse went with his master and though he must have been wounded in battle more than once, he always recovered and seemed not to lose his strength or show any signs of age. He understood his master's slightest touch on the rein and was as obedient as he was brave.

After a while the Cid became very ill and knew that he was going to die. He left directions which were to be



The Cid's Horse.

followed after his death. He told them to saddle Babieca and tie his dead body on his back, that they might go out once more to battle. He said also that Babieca when he died was to be carefully buried, that no dogs should eat the flesh of him who had trodden down so many dogs' flesh of Moors.

On the twelfth day after the Cid's death they led for Babieca. They set the Cid's body on his back, strapping it firmly to the saddle and tying his feet to the stirrups. The bishop of Valencia led Babieca by one rein and Gil Diaz his master's servant, by the other. So Babieca carried his master into battle for the last time. The Moors were beaten and the trio went on their way to Castile. Wherever they halted on the road they took the Cid's body from Babieca's back and set it on a wooden horse that was made for the purpose.

Babieca lived two years after this, carefully attended by Gil Diaz, who never allowed any one to mount the horse that had carried his master so faithfully. When the animal died at last he was buried before the gate of the monastery, inside of which his master's body lay.

### Dangerous Courage.

Besides the regular tamers of wild beasts, of whom the public know from having seen them at their work there are some more obscure heroes in a wild beast show, namely, the grooms. These are the men who live among the wild beasts; who go into their cages every day, and sleep within a few feet of the iron bars in order to be ready for any emergency. Cleveland Moffett, in McClure's Magazine, says that from living thus in an atmosphere of perpetual danger, the grooms come to have a curious indifference to claws and fangs.

Every one must admire a man who can bear pain and face danger. The lion-tamer, William Philadelphi, is such a man. Many times had I watched him in his "act" with Black Prince, and wondered whether the lion was really in earnest when he struck and roared with such apparent viciousness, or whether he had simply been trained to play a part. Certainly the lion looked as if his one desire was to kill the little man who teased him so with rod and whip, smiling all the time under his yellow mustache.

One night Black Prince sprang ten feet through the air straight at Philadelphia, who saved his life by dodging, but did not escape the sweep of the lion's forepaw.

No one knew that, however, for the tamer showed no sign of injury, but brought his heavy whip down with a stinging cut over the lion's head and went through the "act," holding a handkerchief to his face now and then, but smiling as before.

When he left the ring it was found that one of the lion's claws had laid his cheek open almost from eye to lip; and yet the man was smiling.

"He meant to kill me," said Philadelphia, as his face was being bound up.

"We will never show that lion again," said the manager, much excited.

"Oh, yes, we will," answered the wounded tamer. "I will make him work to-morrow as usual."

And he did, teasing and prodding

him that day as never before, as if daring him to do his worst.

### An Old-Time Boarding School.

Here is a glimpse of an old-fashioned boarding school for young ladies which may well make our modern girls equally thankful for the present scientific methods of instructing their minds and for the liberty and athletic training accorded to their bodies. The unfortunate little maiden of ten who records her impressions as a pupil was not, happily for herself and the world long condemned to such a repressive existence. She was in after years known as Mary Somerville, the great mathematician.

"Although Miss Primrose was not unkind, she had an habitual frown which even the older girls dreaded. My future companions, who were all older than I, came round me like a swarm of bees, and asked if my father had a title, what was the name of our estate, if we if we kept a carriage and other such questions, which first made me feel the difference of station. However, the girls were very kind, and often bathed my eyes to prevent our stern mistress from seeing that I was perpetually in tears.

"A few days after my arrival, although perfectly straight and well-made, I was enclosed in stiff stays with a steel busk in front, while, above my frock bands drew my shoulders back till the shoulder-blades met. Then a steel rod, with a semicircle which went under the chin, was clasped to the steel busk in my stays.

"In this constrained state I, and most of the younger girls, had to prepare our lessons. The chief thing I had to do was to learn by heart a page of Johnson's dictionary, not only to spell the words, give their parts of speech and meaning, but as an exercise of memory to remember their order of succession. Besides, I had to learn the first principles of writing and the rudiments of French and English grammar."

And this was the best to be had for the instruction of the most powerfully intellectual woman of her time! It is pleasant to think that she lived to hail, in her old age, the establishment of the Girton College for Ladies at Cambridge, to which, after her death, her scientific library was appropriately presented.

### A Word for the Boys.

The manly, energetic boy, is the one who asserts his right to be in the world, and who promises to be of still greater service when maturity has ripened his faculties to their fullness, and strengthened his mental and physical powers. Such a boy is the hope of the future and he justifies that hope. He may not be an immature intellectual marvel, and it is far better that he is not, for these youthful phenomena are usually a disappointment as they grow older, failing to realize the high anticipations they have aroused, and often, like too early ripening fruit, as quickly and unreasonably going to decay.

There is a place in the world for a good, healthy, industrious boy, who is fond of recreation in its season, and who is helpful, courteous and obedient at all times. Such a boy enters with an cheery smile into the performances of the home chores as he does into the boyish games and pastimes, and his bright, cheerful disposition is like a gleam of sunshine to all who know him. There is a bound ring in his voice, and an honest sincerity in face and word. He is a natural, healthy boy, brimful of youthful spirit and enthusiasm, and of the buoyant, sanguine temperament that becomes his years.

He is not self-sufficient miniature old man, who knows more than his parents. The latter is not a boy at all, however his years may classify him, for he has developed into a sort of nondescript, neither boy nor man, and a nuisance generally. All honor to the bright, helpful spirited boy, the joy of the present and the hope of the future! He is the one who is properly fitting himself to take up the serious business of life when comes the time that we have to retire and resign it into his younger and more vigorous hands.

### California's Queer Cavern.

On the north side of Table mountain and near its top is an opening in the lava that has since its early days been known as the "lion's den." It was so named from the fact that for years it was the lair of a band of ferocious California lions, that, when the country was largely devoted to sheep raising, made mighty depredations upon the flocks and caused the owners much annoyance and loss. When pursued, the animals would seek refuge in this den and no hunter would dare to enter it. The ground about the entrance was covered with the bones and remnants of sheep and other animals. With the increase of population the lions have gradually disappeared, although as late as last spring two of the animals were seen to enter the cave. A party of young men have made arrangements to explore it, and if possible penetrate to its bottom. That it is of great depth is certain, for one can stand at the opening and hear great stones down the declivity and the sound will gradually die away in the distance.

### Economy and Artifice.

"The Duchess of Buckingham in her 'Glimpses of the Four Continents,' tells an amusing Maori story belonging to the period when these natives were at war with England. All sorts of tricks went on, such as are not only fair but commendable in war.

When the Maoris were in want of bullets, they used to show a dummy in the bush; of course it was immediately fired at. A man in the background pulled it down with a string.

"Oh," thought the British soldiers, "we've done for him!"

Up came the dummy again, cautiously; bang, bang, went the British rifles. Down fell dummy, and this went on till some worse marksman than usual cut the dummy's rope. No Maori would go up the tree to splice it for that meant certain death.

The bullets were all taken out of the little earth bank which the Maoris had made behind the tree where the dummy appeared, and were used over again. It was a long time before this artifice was discovered.

## WOMEN USE BALLOTS.

### IOWA DAMES CAST THEIR FIRST VOTES.

One was Born in England but was Permitted to Vote the Same as the Others—The Sensation of the Day at the Polls.



THE SPECIAL election to determine whether the town of Sigourney, Iowa, should establish a water system to cost \$20,000 gave the women an opportunity to exercise the right of suffrage granted by the last Iowa legislature under that provision of the law which permits them to vote when an increase of the tax levy is involved.

The Australian ballot was used. The polls opened at 9 o'clock sharp. Men who were in favor of the proposition were lukewarm, but the "antis" were waiting for the polls to open. Whether women could vote was not fully decided, but the question did not remain long in doubt. Miss Ida Robison, Mrs. W. R. Hollingsworth and Mrs. W. H. Cohrs came up before the judges of election followed by several curious men, passed in and received their ballots. Then they looked at each other dubiously until some one told them to go into a booth to mark their tickets.

Miss Ida Robison presented her ballot first and went on record as the first woman to vote. She is a compositor on the Review, and she and her mother live together, the remainder of the family being dead. She is tall, dark, and is so praiseworthy for the Presbyterian church



MISS IDA ROBISON.

choir also taking an active part in the Sunday school. Her vote was cast as the result of a religious conviction that as there were no men to represent her home she ought to vote. She thought if she failed to vote on a proposition which she was in favor of she would not be doing right in the light of the Bible.

Mrs. W. R. Hollingsworth, who cast the second ballot, is the wife of the editor of the Review, is a leading singer of the town, and a society woman. It was she who influenced the other women to vote. Although she was born in England and no naturalization papers were ever taken out she was allowed to vote, nobody objecting.

Mrs. S. W. Brunt was the fourth woman to vote and the first to come with her husband, who is cashier of one of the banks. Mrs. Brunt was one of the most enthusiastic voters that the judges saw all day. She took her ticket, passed to a booth, and back to the judges as quickly and with as much self-assurance as if she had been voting at every election. She was the first mother to vote.

Not many more votes were cast until after dinner, when Mrs. Hollingsworth ordered out the family carriage and began earnest work at the polls, hauling in the women, who were favorable to the proposition. Then the women began to vote fast, and when the polls closed at night seventy-two had cast ballots. The result was 377



MRS. W. R. HOLLINGSWORTH.

for and 58 against the water system. Twenty-six tickets were not counted because they were not marked properly.

There were many women who would not vote because they did not think it was right. Some who were formerly the most enthusiastic woman suffragists "backed down" when the day came. They were afraid of seeming awkward in spite of the fact that an important question was at stake. One woman would not go to the polls because her new dress had not arrived from the dressmaker's. A man who lives in the north part of town and has considerable property brought his wife, who is very feeble, to the polls to vote against the system. In that way he hoped to save the tax.

### Took a Rest.

Housekeeper (angrily)—Why didn't you come around yesterday?  
Ice Man (wearily)—Too hot.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

# Royal Baking Powder

## ABSOLUTELY PURE

### COACHES WITHOUT STEPS.

Innovation in Travel Discussed by Railway Men—To Build Platforms.

"Shall the Coach Steps Go?" was one of the subjects discussed yesterday at the regular meeting of the Western Railway club in the Rookery building. A. M. Waitt, general master car builder of the Lake Shore road, said that he thought that car steps would be eventually done away with both on through passenger and suburban trains.

"There is plainly a movement now," he said, "to do away with the steps on suburban trains and I think that very soon a similar plan will be pursued on all mail, express and postal cars. It will probably be a long time, however, before the change will be made on through coaches, owing to the great expense of such a move. The railroads will have to be very much richer before any such step can be taken."

G. W. Rhodes of the Burlington system exhibited some pictures of railroad stations in Australia which are all provided with raised stone platforms from which to enter the cars. In that country no car steps are in use. "Our road is about 2,000 miles long with a station every five or six miles," said Mr. Rhodes, "and it would cost a very large sum of money to build platforms at every station, to say nothing of changing the cars."

### A Hong Kong Robbery.

An extraordinary and daring robbery was that which took place at the Central bank of Western India, Hong Kong, in 1865, when the thieves succeeded in getting clear off with gold and specie to the extent of nearly \$50,000. The robbers must have been at work for some weeks before they entered the bank's treasury. Their principal labor was in constructing a tunnel of sixty feet from an adjacent train to a spot exactly below the floor of the bank's treasure vault.

A perpendicular shaft of ten feet of sufficient diameter was then made to permit of the passage of one man to reach the granite boulders on which the floor of the vault rested. These gave way through being undermined, and a flag being forced up entrance to the vault was at once obtained.

Two boxes were removed containing gold bars or ingots marked with the bank's stamp, as well as all the paper money, some bags of dollars and a box of 10 cent pieces. No fewer than between twenty and thirty men were arrested on suspicion. One of them had \$6,000 in his possession and two bars of gold bearing the bank's mark.

The robbery was effected between a Saturday and Sunday; and the first thing that aroused suspicion was the fact of a small boy trying to sell a bar of gold to a hawk in one of the bazars in Hong Kong. A gentleman who was passing asked where he got the gold and the boy replied that it had been found at a certain place. He gave the youth what he asked for it—namely, \$1— and then informed the police.—Chambers' Journal.

### Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury.

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

Sold by Druggists, price 75c. per bottle. Hall's Family Pills, 25c.

### Omelet for Desert.

Take three eggs. Beat whites and yolks separately. Add a pinch of salt and three tablespoonsful of milk to the yolks. Just before it is to be eaten mix with the whites and beat well, then pour into a hot pan with a little butter in it. The stove should not be too hot. When brown underneath turn over with a knife and spread out on a platter. Cover it with a layer of jelly and roll up tight. Serve hot and sprinkle with sugar.

### One Fare Excursions South Via C. & E. I. R. R.

Round trip tickets will be sold from all stations on the Chicago & Eastern Illinois R. R. on Sept. 4th, Oct. 2d, Nov. 6th and Dec. 4th, 1894, at one fare, to points in Kentucky, Tennessee, Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, North Carolina, South Carolina and Florida. Tickets good to return for twenty days from date of sale. Stop over allowed on going or returning journey. For further particulars apply to any C. & E. I. R. R. agent or Chicago city ticket office, 230 Clark street, or to Charles L. Stone, G. P. & T. A., 355 Dearborn street, Chicago, Ill.

### Buttermilk and Beauty.

Buttermilk is an old time cosmetic. The beauties of Ireland and Scotland have no use for cold cream or almond meal while butter making is in progress. As a drink the thick milk is a medicine and a refreshment. It acts on the kidneys and liver and is recommended for biliousness.

If you're neuralgia, take St. Jacobs Oil—rub it on—rub it on hard—keep rubbing it on—it has got to stop the pain—that's what it's for.

As a safeguard against bigamy, it has been proposed that man and wife have each a ring tattooed on the third finger of the left hand.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth. Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP for Children Teething.

The monkeys of South America seem to comprehend the meaning of pictures, and often grin with merriment at a comic design.

Hegeman's Camphor Ice with Glycerine. Cures Chapped Hands and Face, Tender or Sore Feet, Chills, Piles, etc. C. G. Clark Co., New Haven, Ct.

Jewish guides in Rome never pass under the Arch of Titus, but walk around it. The reason is, it commemorates a victory over their race.

Karl's Clover Root Tea. The great blood purifier, gives freshness and clearness to the complexion and cures Constipation. 25c, 50c, \$1.

There is a way of making artificial ice in France so that when a big square of it is violently rapped, it separates into small and perfect cubes.

"Hanson's Magic Corn Salve" warranted to cure or money refunded. Ask your druggist for it. Price 15 cents.

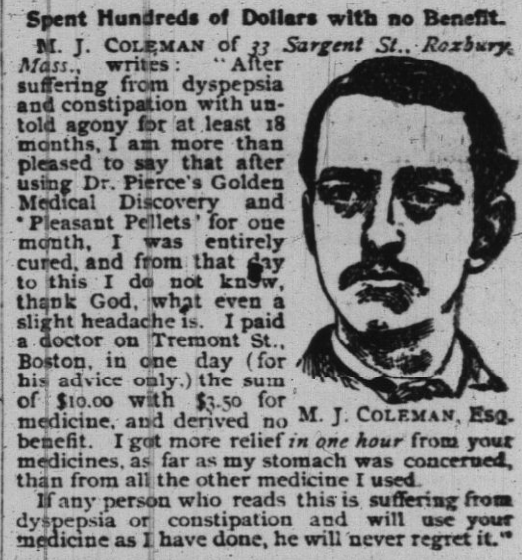
Unvaccinated persons are not permitted to vote in Norway.



### TO PUT ON

needed flesh, no matter how you've lost it, take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It works wonders. By restoring the normal action of the deranged organs and functions, it builds the flesh up to a safe and healthy standard—promptly, pleasantly and naturally. The weak, emaciated, thin, pale and puny are made strong, plump, round and rosy. Nothing so effective as a strength restorer and flesh maker is known to medical science; this puts on healthy flesh not the fat of cod liver oil and its filthy compounds. It rouses every organ of the body to activity, purifies, enriches and vitalizes the blood so that the body feels refreshed and strengthened. If you are too thin, too weak, too nervous, it may be that the food assimilation is at fault. A certain amount of bile is necessary for the reception of the fat foods in the blood. Too often the liver holds back this element which would help digestion. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery stimulates, tones up and invigorates the liver, nourishes the blood, and the muscles, stomach and nerves get the rich blood they require.

Spent Hundreds of Dollars with No Benefit. M. J. COLEMAN of 22 Sargent St., Roxbury, Mass., writes: "After suffering from dyspepsia and constipation with a strength restorer and flesh maker for at least 18 months, I am more than pleased to say that after using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery for one month, I was entirely cured, and from that time to this I do not know, thank God, what even a slight headache is. I paid a doctor on Tremont St., Boston, in one day (for his advice only) the sum of \$100 with \$2.50 for medicine, and derived no M. J. COLEMAN, Esq. benefit. I got more relief in one hour from your medicines, as far as my stomach was concerned, than from all the other medicine I used. If any person who reads this is suffering from dyspepsia or constipation and will use your medicine as I have done, he will never regret it."



## "COLCHESTER" SPADING BOOT.

BEST IN MARKET. BEST IN FIT. BEST IN WEARING QUALITY. The outer or top sole extends the whole length down to the heel, protecting the foot in digging and in other hard work. ASK YOUR DEALER and don't be put off with inferior goods.

COLCHESTER RUBBER CO.

## A NEW TRAIN THE "KNICKERBOCKER SPECIAL"

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"Through the beautiful Mohawk Valley and down the Hudson."  
Leave St. Louis, 12 00 noon  
Arrive Indianapolis, 6 50 p m  
Arrive Cincinnati, 10 45 p m  
Arrive Cleveland, 2 20 a m  
Arrive Buffalo, 6 50 a m  
Arrive New York, 6 30 p m  
Arrive Boston, 9 05 p m

SUPERIOR EQUIPMENT, WAGNER SLEEPING CARS AND DINING CARS, WILL BE INAUGURATED.

SEPTEMBER 30, 1894

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W. N. U. CHICAGO. Vol. IX. No. 43.

When Answering Advertisements Kindly Mention this Paper.



CHICAGO THEATERS.

AMUSEMENT ATTRACTIONS FOR COMING WEEK.

What the Managers of the Various City Play-Houses Offer Their Patrons—Drama, Vaudeville and Operatic Engagements.

SCHILLER THEATER.

It was practically assured that the talented Felix Morris and his superb company, now playing at the Schiller theater, would make a brilliant season at that house. In the bright galaxy of dramatic stars annually visiting Chicago, Felix Morris is a foremost favorite. His genius as a character comedian of the very first rank is now universally admitted and he is rapidly gaining that pre-eminent place in his art to which his rare talent and unremitting study alike entitle him. That his present engagement at the Schiller theater upon the occasion of this, his second visit to Chicago, was looked forward to with the keenest interest and pleasure by Chicago theater goers, is amply proved by the spontaneous and hearty welcome he received upon the opening night of his engagement. In the remarkable great London success, "The Best Man," Mr. Felix Morris, as Price Puttlow, an eccentric and provokingly funny character, scores another great hit and adds an additional and very strong comedy character to his splendid repertoire of character impersonations. So admirable, moreover, is all his work that the public, which has now grown to know and appreciate him as a dramatic star of the first rank, is eager to witness him in anything he undertakes. Mrs. James Brown Potter and Kyrie Bellw, with a superb dramatic company, follow Felix Morris at the Schiller theater. They present an attraction in the shape of a recent great dramatic success which will arouse more than a passing interest in Chicago, and which will again introduce these leading stars in characterizations especially adapted to their great histrionic talent.

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.

On Sunday Oct. 28, the famous Russell's comedians will appear for the first time in this city at the Chicago opera house in a new farce comedy called "A Review." The company is as it always has been, as strong an organization of artists as ever presented farce comedy to the amusement public. The company has for the past five years been at the head of American farces and in their new production is given full scope to show the versatility of its members. The action of the piece is rapid, the dialogue and situations humorous, one act being devoted to the butting of the popular plays of the day, among others being that of "The Girl I Left Behind Me," and the old time favorite, "Cammille." Amelia Glover, the most graceful of all dancers is one of the prominent members of the organization. Others who are favored in Chicago are Bernard Dyllyn, Harold Blake, Madeline Lack, John Jennings, John E. Donahue, Joseph Jackson, Margaret Fitzpatrick, Gerome Edwards, Amy Stuart, Lillie Herta, Minnie De Rue, Jessie Ralph, Helen Jewett and Allie Vivian. The engagement is for one week only as the regular fall season begins at the Chicago opera house on Nov. 4, when the Tavery Grand Opera company comes for a fortnight's season of grand opera, sang in English.

McVICKER'S THEATER.

"Rush City," a musical farce with very funny action and dialogue, very elaborate surroundings, and a great number of clever specialties, was written by Gus Heege, of "Yon Yonson" fame. It is produced by Davis & Keogh. The thread of the story on which the specialties are hung is more distinct than was to be expected in a musical farce. It concerns the schemes of one, "John J. Rush," a hustling speculator, who is seen in the first act dodging his creditors and selling lots in a boom town named after himself in Oklahoma territory. The first act passes in a top story office in New York. The second act is placed in the boom town itself, "Rush City." Here various complications ensue, involving the boomer, the politician, the preacher, the saloon-keeper, the rain maker, the dude policeman, the pretty widow, the typewriter girl and the Boston school-marm, who constitute the chief citizens of "Rush City." A cowboy, Oklahoma Tom, tries to terrorize the town. There is an election, the county seat is stolen, and finally a cyclone wipes "Rush City" off the face of the earth. The events of the last act occur in Cactusville, where the cyclone has deposited a good deal of "Rush City" in great disorder. The cyclone as represented in this production is a triumph of stage machinist's skill, houses, trees and people are caught up and born away on the swift current of the wind. The complete scenic equipment for every act of the play is carried by the company, which is a very superior organization of fun makers and versatile entertainers.

Theater Bulletin for Next Week.

Academy... "The Prodigal Father."  
Alhambra... "The Still Alarm."  
Auditorium... Theodore Thomas.  
Columbia... "Comic Opera."  
Chicago Opera House... "Russell's Comedians."  
Frank Hall's Casino... Variety.  
Grand Opera House... Sol Smith Russell.  
Gaiety... Variety.  
Hockey's... "Nat Goodwin."  
Haymarket... "Ward and Oakes."  
Havlin's... "The Captain's Mate."  
Lincoln... "Land of the Midnight Sun."  
Lyceum... Vaudeville.  
McVicker's... "Rush City."  
Schiller... "Behind the Scenes."  
Royal Winter Circus... "Wabash Avenue."  
Sam T. Jack's Opera House... Variety.  
Sam T. Jack's Empire... Variety.  
Standard Theatre... Variety.

A Cincinnati man cut his hand, and his physician recommended amputation. The sufferer took the medicine internally, and now he is sore all over, his wounded hand causing him the least pain.

An electric piano is the latest wonder. The keys are depressed by touching a wire at any distance from the instrument. The player may be in Boston, and the instrument in New York or Chicago.

It is said that a goose or a duck has never been run over by a vehicle.

A LOVING COUPLE.

The Tender Devotion of the Squire and Madame's Dependency.

The squire is not a literary man in a general way. He believes in the bible and Sir Walter Scott, and sometimes in the mellow, lamp-lit evenings he takes his Byron and rereads some of those wild love lyrics which in his youth, at a certain romantic time, he very likely knew by heart. He looks up from the book sometimes with very kindly old eyes at madame, sitting opposite to him. Madame is still upright and handsome, in spite of gray hairs and wrinkles. The world finds her indeed, a little too quiet and dignified for its liking.

And the squire says, with a smile half tender and humorous: "Do you remember this, Mary?" and reads her a line or two in some such voice as he reads the song of Solomon in church.

And the faintest delicate color starts in madame's old cheeks, and there is a little tender droop about her lips, and she remembers it—very well, indeed.

The squire is devoted to madame, says the Cornhill Magazine. Perhaps to him she is still bright-eyed and one-and-twenty. Or perhaps he thinks that seventy-two is the most charming and becoming age in the world. The old couple are still quite enterprising. Now the children are well advanced in middle life, madame feels that she can safely leave them—for a few weeks, that is—to themselves. So every autumn the old pair take a trip abroad. The squire's attitude toward madame is quite chivalrous and protecting and considerate. The squire studies Murray and Baedeker through his gold-rimmed spectacles, and tells madame, who is horribly submissive and old-fashioned, where it will be best for them to go next. The squire speaks languages in the perfectly precise and grammatical manner in which he learned them in his youth, and which considerably astonishes the natives.

Madame does a great deal of standing by and following her husband. She was young when such an attitude was common to all women. She is not learned. She is not at all ambitious. She is quite loving and simple. She knows very well how to manage a house. She is very proud of her table linen and her china. She used to be fearfully and wonderfully learned with her babies. She is ever so little shy and chilling in her intercourse with strangers, and is devoted to her husband with all the depth and strength of her faith.

HANTOM SHIP.

Tell us about it. Captain and With the Captain on Horseback.

The old Norsemen had a curious and vague tradition of a phantom ship, which they called Maanifaul. The French maritime chronicler Jal gives an account of her; so, likewise, does Thorpe in his work on "Northern Mythology." She was so gigantic that her masts were taller than the highest mountains. The captain rode about on horseback delivering his orders. The sailors going aloft as boys came down respectable, middle-aged men, and in the blocks about her rigging were dining halls where they sustained life during their heavenward wanderings. When passing through the strait of Dover on her way northward she stuck, but the captain, with ready invention, ordered her sides to be liberally besmeared with soap, and she slipped through, leaving the cliffs of France and England white forever afterward.

Down to within a century ago this gigantic ship was known among English sailors by the name of The Merry Dun of Dover, says Chambers' Journal, but she seems quite to have disappeared from the maritime lore of this country. The seamen of Normandy still believe in her existence, and call her the Chasse Frouda. They say that she is so immense that it takes her seven years to tack. On one occasion, in turning, her bowsprit swept away a whole battalion of soldiers from the Dover cliffs; while, her stern boom was demolishing the forts of Calais. When she rolls, whales are tossed high and dry by the swell. Many extravagant particulars of this colossal fabric are given by Jal; and in "Les Traditions Populaires" of Sebillot exaggeration runs into wild absurdity.

Not Sweet Seventeen.

The female grasshopper was obviously pleased.

"My dear," she observed, "some one tried to kill me to-day."

Her husband recoiled in horror.

"Heavens," he gasped.

"I thoroughly believe."

With a gratified smile she contemplated herself in the pool of clear waters at her feet.

"They took me for a 17-year locust."

Defly plucking a gray hair from her head she relapsed into silence.—Detroit Tribune.

Valuable Information.

Lady—Can you direct me to the elevator?

Hall Boy, training for position on police force—Top floor; just went up.

Lady—But I mean the place to take—

Hall Boy—Take nothin'! Elevator's wa't you want, top floor. Pass 'long an' don't block de hallway!—Truth.

A Brilliant Talker.

"How do you like your new neighbor, Mr. Snook?"

"He's a most charming man and a magnificent conversationalist. Why, last evening he listened to me explaining my evolution theories for two hours and never chipped in a word."—Chicago Tribune.

MONEY IN THESE THINGS.

Children now play with electric tops.

Ohio has nearly 12,000 drinking saloons.

Umbrellas made of oiled paper are used in Corea.

France imports one-third of the coal she consumes.

The woolen factories of this country employ 220,000 persons.

Over ninety per cent of the business of the United States is done by checks.

Housemaids in England receive an average of seventy-five cents a week and "found."

Belgium imports more wheat from the United States than from any other country.

Western New York farmers state that Poles "beat the world" as workers in the field.

The greater part of the grain imported by Germany comes from Austria-Hungary.



DR. G. W. STONE,

Veterinary Surgeon & Dentist

Office and Hospital, corner Lee and Ninie sts., Des Plaines Ill. Calls from neighboring towns promptly attended.



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Sausages of Every Kind—Home-Made

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

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Chicago Tailoring Dept.

TO TELL OLD PARKER STAND,

Where I will keep a fine line of fall and winter Samples. Also a choice line of

Ready-Made Clothing.

I request all to call and inspect these goods. Respectfully yours,

H. W. WALTER,

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Joliet Stone, Drain Tile, Salt, Etc. AMERICAN AND FRENCH WINDOW GLASS.



White Lead Zinc Oils Colors Varnishes Brushes Etc.

Floor Paints House Paints Buggy Paints Barn and Roof Paints Etc.

We are headquarters for Masons', Painters' and Builders' Supplies, which we have in stock in large quantities for prompt shipment and delivery. Our facilities for shipping car load lots are unsurpassed, having direct track connection with C. & N. W. and E. J. & E. railways, and as we make shipments of car load lots a feature of our business, we are prepared to name prices to any point, and would be pleased to figure on any material in our line. All orders given prompt attention.

J. D. LAMEY & CO.,

BARRINGTON, ILL.

A. W. MEYER & CO.

Dress Goods Dept.

We wish to call your attention to our large assortment of Dress Goods. We carry a full line of Henriettas, Cashmeres, Serges and Gingham. These goods were bought for cash and we will give you the advantage of our close buying.

Shoe Dept.

We make a specialty in ladies' stylish-fitting Shoes from \$1.25 to \$3.50.

Children's School Shoes—

We claim to carry the best School Shoes in town at the lowest prices.

We have a large assortment of Men's Shoes and can give you just what you want. We also sell the celebrated Douglas Shoes.

Clothing Dept.

We have a large stock of Boys' Clothing that will be sold very cheap for cash.

We also carry a line of Men's all-wool Pants, Vests, Overalls and Jackets.

We will be glad to show you our large stock of Men's and Boys' Hats, at prices that will please you.

Crockery Dept.

We carry the largest and most complete stock of Crockery in town. We make special prices on Dinner Sets, and are always pleased to quote you prices.

Grocery Dept.

A large and well-selected stock of Groceries always on hand.

A. W. MEYER & CO.,

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