

BARRINGTON REVIEW.

VOL. 9. NO. 27.

BARRINGTON, ILL., SATURDAY NOVEMBER 17, 1894.

\$1.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

BARRINGTON.

CHURCH NOTICES.

ST. ANN'S CATHOLIC—Rev. J. F. Cancy, 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 9:15 a. m.
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 SALER—Rev. T. Subr, pastor. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sabbath school at 9:15 a. m.
METHODIST EPISCOPAL—Rev. T. E. Rasm, pastor. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath school at 12 m. Children's services at 3 p. m. Bible study Tuesday at 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

SOCIETY NOTICES.

K. O. T. M. TENT NO. 79—Meets at their hall the second and fourth Tuesday of each month. W. H. Snyder, P. C.; T. H. Crost, Com.; C. H. Kendall, L. C.; L. A. Powers, S.; Rev. R. Bailey, Chap.; J. M. Thrasher, R. 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 Callow, P.
LOUNSBURY 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. Olin, Treas.; A. T. Ullrich, Sec.; P. B. Bennett, S. D.; J. P. Brown, J. D.; A. Gleason, Tyler.
BARRINGTON POST NO. 25, 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. A. Zimphrey, J. V. C.; A. Gleason, Q. M.; A. S. Henderson, O. D.; L. H. Bute, O. G.; Henry Reuter, Sergt.; Chas. Senn, Chap.
M. W. A. CAMP 809—Meets first and third Tuesdays of each month at Meyer's Hall. F. E. Hawley, W. C.; P. A. Hawley, W. A.; John Robertson, B. M.; T. Lamey, Clerk; Wm. Antholiz, V. J.; M. J. Thrasher, E.; H. P. Askew, S.
W. R. C. NO. 85—Meets the second and fourth Wednesdays of each month. Mrs. Lucy Townsend, Pres.; Miss Allie Meyer, Sec.

VILLAGE OFFICERS.

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

SCHOOL DIRECTORS.

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

THE BARRINGTON BANK ANDMAN & CO., Barrington, Illinois.

A general banking business transacted. Interest allowed on time deposits. First-class commercial paper for sale.
JOHN ROBERTSON, Pres.
A. L. ROBERTSON, Cashier.
JOHN C. PLAGGE, Vice-Prest.
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MILES T. LAMEY, Notary Public and Fire Insurance Agent.

Collections Given Prompt Attention.

BARRINGTON, ILL.

MURDERED AND BURNED.

Ohio Farmer Killed and an Attempt Made to Cover Up the Crime.

CLEVELAND, Ohio, Nov. 16.—William Gletzer was murdered in his barn near Elyria Wednesday, and an attempt made to burn the barn after the commission of the deed by the unknown perpetrator. Gletzer was a well-to-do farmer, and the murder has caused great excitement in the community. The coroner of Lorain county is now investigating the matter. When the body was recovered the legs and arms had been burned entirely off. It was evident that a rope had been strung around the neck. There was a bullet hole over the left temple and three bullet holes in the top of the skull, as though some person had stood above him and shot into his head. Gletzer's stepson, who is said to have a bad reputation, is missing. It is believed that he knows something about the murder.

Can't Settle Railway Problem.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., Nov. 16.—The state grange wrestled all the forenoon yesterday over the transportation problem and finally laid the entire subject on the table. The committee on transportation reported in favor of government ownership of railroads and an animated discussion followed. An amendment recommending the present syndicate ownership but government control of railroads was adopted, and then the whole subject was laid on the table. It will be called up again.

British Ship Goes Down.

LONDON, Nov. 16.—The British ship Culmore, Capt. Reade, foundered eighty miles off Spurn head, county of York, yesterday. Twenty-two persons were drowned.

JAPAN DON'T LIKE IT.

GREAT BRITAIN'S OFFER NOT REGARDED FRIENDLY.

Bloody Battle Is to Take Place—It Is to Be Fought at Port Arthur—Von Hannekin Is Promoted—War News.

YOKOHAMA, Nov. 16.—The newspapers here resent Great Britain's offer of intervention, which they regard as entirely a movement in behalf of China. They add that Great Britain's influence in the east is in jeopardy by this offer, which wounds Japanese feeling. The newspapers of this city say that the defenses of Port Arthur are reported to be stronger on the land side than on the sea front. Fully 100 guns are said to be in position. The Japanese expect that if the Chinese make any defense the assault will be bloody.

Coreans Join the Tonghaks.

CHEMPOO, Corea, Nov. 16.—The Korean government officials, who have a pro-Japan leaning, are engaged in preparing a constitution which will be promulgated early in 1895. Numbers of Korean soldiers, who have been sent against the Tonghaks, have joined the rebels, whose numbers are increasing daily. The country south of Seoul is in a state of great turmoil.

Von Hannekin Has Full Command.

TIEN TSIN, Nov. 16.—The present whereabouts of the Chinese army which was defeated at Kiu Lien Cheng is unknown here. Col. von Hannekin has been given supreme command of the Chinese navy.

WAR ON TUBERCULOSIS.

Massachusetts Establishes a Quarantine Against the World.

BOSTON, Mass., Nov. 16.—The new state quarantine regulations which have gone into effect and which are of the greatest importance to western cattlemen, mark the second stage of the active warfare against tuberculosis in cattle recently inaugurated by the state officials. Under these regulations every state and territory in the union, together with Canada, Great Britain, Mexico and South America, have been declared by the officials to be infected districts and

lifted not a single animal can come into the state except through the quarantine stations at Watertown, Brighton and Somerville. All infected animals are at once to be slaughtered and the state will pay to the owners of such stock one half of their value.

Drugged with Loco Weed and Robbed.

TULSA, Okla., Nov. 16.—F. J. Hanley, an American, who came here for the purpose of buying a vanilla plantation, started out alone and nothing further was heard of him until he was brought back by two Mexicans, who found him wandering. He is demoralized and all the money which he had on his person when he left is gone. It is believed that he was drugged with loco weed and robbed. From a card found in the pocket of the unfortunate man it is learned that his home is in Pittsburg, Pa.

Newspaper Men Are Acquitted.

CHEYENNE, Wyo., Nov. 16.—J. F. Egan, associate editor of the Carbon County Journal; E. T. Burke, District court clerk of Carbon county, and city marshal Healy of Rawlins have been acquitted in the United States District court of the charge of interfering with the Union Pacific receivers during the railroad strike. The prosecution broke down completely, and at the request of District Attorney Clerk the judge instructed the jury to find a verdict of not guilty.

Lithuanians for Virginia.

BALTIMORE, Nov. 16.—John Cooper of Baltimore, who recently bought 1,000 acres of land near Wheaton's wharf on the Rappahannock river, Virginia, has just obtained an option on 6,000 acres adjoining his first purchase. It is said he wants the land for a colony of Lithuanians who want to come to this country to settle and engage in farming. He is endeavoring to secure 15,000 additional acres, so as to make the whole tract for the colony 22,000 acres.

Death by Splenic Fever.

NEW YORK, Nov. 16.—W. H. Seymour, United States consul at Palermo, who has arrived by the steamer Letimbro, reports that anthrax or splenic fever prevails to an alarming extent among the cattle of that district. Several people have died from eating the flesh of cattle so affected.

Loss of \$1,500 Induces Self Murder.

ALBUQUERQUE, N. M., Nov. 16.—Jacob Hirsch, a dry goods clerk, formerly of New York, committed suicide here by taking morphine. Despondency over the loss of \$1,500 at gambling is supposed to be the cause.

Fatal Floods Sweep Cyprus.

LARNACA, Island of Cyprus, Nov. 16.—The seaport town of Larnaca, on this island, has sustained much damage through the recent floods, during which twenty-one persons perished.

THE KNIGHTS OF LABOR.

General Master Workman Sovereign Makes His Annual Address.

NEW ORLEANS, La., Nov. 16.—The afternoon session of the Knights of Labor convention began at 2 o'clock yesterday and adjourned at 5:30. General Master Workman Sovereign delivered his annual address, which was an exhaustive and elaborate resume of the work of the order from its inception. He attributed the decreased membership of the order to the depression in business circles, prevalent idleness of the laboring classes. He said that he had traveled 35,464 miles since his stewardship had begun and had organized eleven new assemblies and made ninety-seven public addresses. He characterized the writ of injunction from the United States Circuit court of the eastern district of Wisconsin as a despotic injunction. Referring to the American Railway Union affiliations, he advised a coalition with this as well as all labor organizations. His resume of the Pullman strike terminated in severe criticism of Major-General John M. Schofield and the recommendations of that officer for an increase of the army. He urged that the assembly take strong grounds against an increase of the military force of the nation, and that they "advocate a decrease in the regular army and the abolition of the state militia, for from them are coming to the surface the sentiments of a military despotism."

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GOES BACK TO BE A COUNT.

A. Nowy, a Russian, Thinks Czar Nicholas Will Restore Him.

EUREKA, Cal., Nov. 16.—A. Nowy has started for Russia to claim his title and estate, confiscated twenty years ago by the Russian government. He is a count and owned large property which he forfeited for criticizing the czar. He fled to America and during the last twenty years has supported himself and his family by various occupations. A year ago he came to Eureka to take charge of a ranch. Since the death of Alexander III, he has been advised by friends that, with the accession of the new czar, his restoration to rank and fortune is practically assured. Should this be done, not only will Nowy receive his title and estate but, under the law, the accumulation of this property during all these years will also be his.

The West Virginia Miners.

WHEELING, W. Va., Nov. 16.—There are no noteworthy developments among the miners. The West Virginia men being apparently content to await a meeting of their fellow workmen in Ohio and Pennsylvania. The dissatisfaction with present wages appears to be on the increase, however, and if any break is made at any point the West Virginia miners will be quick to take advantage of the lead thus made.

To Abolish the Company Stores.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Nov. 16.—The company store, that bone of contention and cause of so much trouble in mining circles, seems on the eve of being abolished by a mutual agreement between the miners and certain leading operators of this vicinity. Leading miners' officials and company men are now in conference over the matter.

Cash in the Treasury.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 16.—The cash balance in the treasury at the close of business yesterday was \$103,019,178, a loss for the day of \$692,000. The gold reserve to-day was \$61,878,374, which shows a net loss since yesterday of \$73,488. Since Oct. 31 the cash balance shows a loss of \$9,389,785 and the gold reserve a gain of \$518,319.

Captain and Crew Drowned.

GRAND HAVEN, Mich., Nov. 16.—The small schooner Antelope of Chicago capsized off the harbor early yesterday morning. The three men comprising its crew were drowned. None of the bodies have come ashore, although some of the wreckage has been thrown on the beach.

British Minister Calls for Help.

VALPARAISO, Chile, Nov. 16.—The British minister to Peru has asked for help and has protested against the attack on the British ship Seren at Salverly early this month. The Peruvian government claims it is not responsible, as rebels were the attackers. A British squadron is expected shortly.

Expect No Strike in Indiana.

TERRE HAUTE, Ind., Nov. 16.—The Indiana coal operators and miners do not expect there will be any strike in this state whatever may be done in the Pittsburgh district. Secretary Kennedy of the miners' organization, says there is no sign of trouble.

Exeta Says He Will Fight.

CITY OF MEXICO, Nov. 16.—Gen. Antonio Ezeta has left this city for San Francisco. He says he proposes to invade all Central America with renewed forces.

Barred By Her Color.

CHICAGO, Nov. 16.—The committee on membership of the Woman's club has definitely rejected the application for membership of Mrs. Fanny Barrington Williams, colored.

FLEEING FROM FIRE.

FOREST FIRES IN THE COLORADO FOOTHILLS.

Fifteen Hundred People Homeless and Seeking Refuge—Snow Storm Adds to the Terrors of the Situation—The Tennessee Fires.

DENVER, Colo., Nov. 16.—Two million dollars in property and eight miles of timber went up in smoke in the foot hills of Boulder county yesterday, and at midnight there was little prospect of the flames being checked. A furious snow storm has set in, but this only adds to the terrors of the situation, for there are from 800 to 1,500 people homeless, and flying before the flames, which threaten to block their path every moment. The towns of Gold Hill, Ward, Sunset and Copper Rock were in the path of the fire, and the latter is the only one of which anything remains. Among the destroyed property are some of the best mines in the county, but their condition can not be learned as yet, as there is no means of communicating with the district except through the fugitives who are arriving in the valley towns. Late reports from Ward say the town can not possibly be saved. Ward has a population of 1,000, Gold Hill 500, Copper Rock 300, while all the way through the hills are small settlements that are not down on the map. Many of the families escaped from the flames by seeking refuge in mining tunnels until the fire swept past, when they emerged and made their way to the valley, tired and exhausted. At 4 o'clock in the afternoon a heavy wind came from the west and the thermometer went down 30 degrees, accompanied by a snow storm. Among the important mines at Gold Hill for which fears are expressed are the Alliance and Cash Beckin. A courier reports the destruction of about one half of the property of Camp Talcott and Prussian mine and mill. The timber around Gold Lake has been swept bare by the flames. Many people are reported injured.

BOULDER, Colo., Nov. 16.—Over 300 men are fighting the fire approaching West Gold Hill, which seems to sweep everything before it in its trend of the mountains and through the valley ranches. Women and children are arriving in this city for protection and the scene is one of excitement and destruction. Sunset will be wiped out before morning if the wind continues in that direction. Ward is said to be safe. One life is reported lost.

TENNESSEE FOREST FIRES.

Lives Lost and Much Property Devoured by the Flames.

JACKSON, Tenn., Nov. 16.—Forest fires are raging near this city and adjoining towns. At Millington a negro, Fannie Woods, was in her cabin when it caught fire and the flames approached so rapidly she was unable to escape. Another victim was a 9-year-old boy, son of Pitt Ray. The remains of a man were discovered near Big Creek bottom, but his identity is unknown. Vast fields of cotton have been burned and miles of fences destroyed. A train of fifteen cars loaded with cotton on the Tennessee Midland railroad caught fire as it was leaving the city, and before the flames could be stopped and the cars removed out of danger one containing forty bales was completely destroyed.

Many Men Thrown Out of Work.

WILKESBARRE, Pa., Nov. 16.—The large breaker over No. 3 mine of the Delaware and Hudson company at Plymouth was entirely destroyed by fire last evening. The upsetting of a coal oil lamp was the cause. The breaker has an output of 600 cars a day. Six hundred men are thrown out of work. The loss is \$160,000. It will take eighteen months to rebuild the breaker.

Five Men Badly Scalded.

MUNCIE, Ind., Nov. 16.—Shortly after 6 o'clock last evening five men were dangerously scalded and burned in an explosion at the Muncie muck bar mill. A stream of hot mud, boiling water and steam was thrown out the length of the mill, and five men, who were standing in the line of the steam, fell to the ground either burned or cooked. They were carried to their homes, where a number of physicians were summoned. It is thought two of them will die. The factory was slightly damaged. The men injured all have families.

Fear a Revolt Among Poles.

VIENNA, Nov. 16.—Advises received here convey the information that Gen. Gourko, governor of Warsaw, who declined to permit a delegation of residents of Warsaw to attend the czar's funeral, has reported to Czar Nicholas that the attitude of the Poles justifies the proclamation of a minor state of siege.

New President Installed.

CHAMPAIGN, Ill., Nov. 16.—Dr. Andrew Sloan Draper was yesterday officially installed as president of the University of Illinois before 5,000 persons.

TURNING THE TABLES.

Gen. Nieh Says He Drove Back Japanese at Malien Lung.

TIEN TSIN, Nov. 17.—Gen. Nieh reports he was attacked at Malien Lung Nov. 11 by the Japanese troops and he succeeded in repulsing them. The Chinese general adds the Japanese made a second attack upon the positions he occupied Nov. 12, but it appears the Japanese were again repulsed, and the Chinese pursued them towards Fung Wang, which Gen. Nieh expected to reach soon after sending his report. The similarity between this reported defeat of the Japanese and the defeat they are said to have sustained at Motien on the road to Peking would make it appear that the two engagements may be identical. Reports from Port Arthur say the Japanese have not yet captured Tallien Wan. It is also reported a portion of Gen. Sung's army have recaptured Kinchow and the Japanese have been driven out of Motien on the road to Aeking by the Chinese, who afterwards pursued them for several miles.

W. C. T. U. CONVENTION.

Executive Committee Meets to Prepare for Session at Cleveland, Ohio.

CLEVELAND, Ohio, Nov. 16.—Yesterday was a lively day among the ladies of the National Woman's Christian Temperance union. The executive committee held a protracted meeting at noon in the Hollenden parlors. Miss Willard presided. The discussion related wholly to the work of the coming convention, which begins to-day. The national vice-presidents also held a meeting to provide plans for certain work in the convention. It is announced that Neal Dow would not be present on account of illness. This announcement was a great disappointment, because he was billed for a lecture and was to be a great attraction for the convention. Up to last evening about 500 delegates had arrived to attend the convention.

National League Proceedings.

NEW YORK, Nov. 16.—The National league took some important action yesterday. After nearly five hours' work magnates voted to rescind the 10 per cent assessment rule. It was also decided that each club competing in a championship game shall draw 50 per cent of the net receipts. The abolition was carried by a vote of 7 to 5. President Young was re-elected for the three years next ensuing. Mr. Young was elected secretary and treasurer by the national board. The national board, consisting of A. H. Soden, C. H. Byrne, and President Young, was re-elected. There will be no change from a twelve to an eight club circuit. Nothing of the American association has turned up.

Schaefer Gains on Ives.

NEW YORK, Nov. 16.—The fourth night's play in the 14-inch balk line billiard match between Schaefer and Ives began last night with Ives far in the van. Schaefer succeeded in reducing the discrepancy in the scores somewhat, making two brilliant runs. The score:
Ives (1,800)—6, 81, 0, 0, 17, 177, 49, 0, 59, 118, 3, 22, 58, 0, 10—2,400.
Schaefer (1,082)—28, 2, 6, 244, 16, 34, 0, 149, 62, 45, 7, 104, 12, 2—1,793.
Averages—Ives, 42.6-7; Schaefer, 54.9-13.

Calls on Secretary Gresham.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 15.—The Chinese minister, accompanied by two of his suite, called on Secretary Gresham yesterday. In view of the pendency of negotiations for United States mediation between China and Japan, the call occasioned much comment, although the officials and diplomats said it was without significance.

Recall of Bismarck the Best Plan.

BERLIN, Nov. 16.—The Vossische Zeitung says: "If it be true Chancellor Hohenlohe seeks Prince Bismarck's advice it would be better to recall Bismarck in order to clear the situation. Probably Bismarck, in the present circumstances, does not desire to become a responsible minister, preferring to criticize from afar."

Major Will Contest.

LINCOLN, Neb., Nov. 16.—It is now asserted on good authority that there will be a gubernatorial contest in Nebraska. It is said the committee will file the necessary papers before Nov. 26, the date on which the time for beginning a contest expires. Many leading republicans oppose the contest.

Hastening the New Orleans Case.

NEW ORLEANS, La., Nov. 16.—Judge King renewed the interest in the impeachment trial against the mayor yesterday by announcing that the court would hold night sessions until the case is completed.

Jenkins Grants the Permission.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., Nov. 16.—In the United States court yesterday Judge Jenkins gave the receivers of the Wisconsin Central Railroad company permission to issue \$2,000,000 worth of certificates.

Dr. McCosh May Die at Any Time.

PRINCETON, N. J., Nov. 16.—At this hour (2 a. m.) Dr. McCosh is sinking rapidly and may die at any moment.

THEY CALL IT MURDER.

CORONER'S JURY BLAMES COL. COIT.

Declares Him Responsible for the Washington Court House Tragedy—Dastardly Work of Two Tramps—Attempt to Wreck a Train.

WASHINGTON COURT HOUSE, Ohio Nov. 16.—Sheriff Cook, Oct. 17, called on Gov. McKinley for a detachment of state militia to help him guard W. Dolby, a colored man. The prisoner was taken from the jail to the court house, and sentenced to twenty years in the penitentiary. On account of the large crowd on the outside of the court house the militia, 100 strong, was afraid to attempt to take the prisoner to the train. He was kept in the court house, and at 6:30 p. m., while some persons were pounding on the court house door, the militia, which was on the inside, fired through the doors into the crowd, killing five and injuring twenty persons. Since then Coroner Edwards has been holding an inquest. Col. Coit refused to come here and testify. Last evening the coroner rendered a verdict, finding that the men killed were innocent of any crime, and intimating they were victims of the haste of the sheriff and Col. Coit, in charge of the militia. Coit's evidence was not heard. Some great questions will arise in this case, such as to how much provocation the national guard must first have before firing to kill in an effort to save property or the lives of prisoners. Some say a special grand jury will at once be empaneled to investigate the charges against Cook and Coit.

Attempt to Wreck an Alton Train.

JOLIET, Ill., Nov. 16.—The St. Louis and Kansas City express on the Chicago & Alton road that left Chicago at 11:30 Wednesday night, arriving at Joliet at 12:55 yesterday morning, ran into a pile of ties piled on the track about a mile from this city. The train was coming at such a rate that the engine pushed the ties a hundred rods before a stop was made. The train was badly damaged. No arrests followed. It is thought Chicago car wreckers are at the bottom of the scheme.

HAMMOND, Ind., Nov. 16.—Tuesday afternoon three tramps who have been camping near Tollestson for some time went to the home of August Berger, aged 75, and after binding him, hand and foot, with a heavy bludgeon, until he was insensible, they unpacked his little house and secured about \$20. Then they went to the home of Mrs. Mary Fulgraf, whom they maltreated in the same manner. Mrs. Fulgraf is badly gashed and may die.

HEAVY LOSS OF LIFE.

Ships Sink and Go Ashore on English Coasts—River Avon Is High.

LONDON, Nov. 16.—Stormy weather and floods continue to prevail over the south part of England, and the loss of life and damage to property is increasing greatly. At Bath, Somersetshire, the River Avon has reached the highest point of the century. Thousands of people are homeless and are being fed by the authorities in various schools and other public buildings. Dispatches received here from Dover say that the gale is blowing with renewed violence. Several ships have been washed ashore along that portion of the coast. Many ships have been driven ashore and their crews drowned.

Strikers Battle for Scanty Food.

NEW YORK, Nov. 16.—Yesterday at a meeting of the striking cloakmakers a dozen loaves and a box of herring were ravenously consumed by the poor fellows, who fought like tigers for a share of it. When the striking bakers heard of this, one of their number announced that to-day he would bake 500 loaves for distribution among the hungry cloakmakers. A conservative estimate of the amount of money that has already been lost in wages to the striking cloakmakers placed the aggregate at close to \$750,000. The manufacturers estimate their losses at over \$5,000,000.

Attempt to Lynch Murderers.

BRUSSELS, Nov. 16.—Several men accused of the brutal murder of an innkeeper were being conveyed to the prison by the gendarmes when a crowd attacked the escort with the object of securing the prisoners and lynching them. The officers resisted the mob, and a desperate fight occurred, during which several men on both sides were wounded. The crowd was finally dispersed, and the officers lodged the prisoners safely in jail.

Adventurer Clarke Arrested.

DENVER, Colo., Nov. 16.—Clarence W. Clarke, the adventurer who eloped with Mrs. Gertrude Hutclips, has been arrested at Castle Rock, Colo., and brought back to Denver by Detective Clark. His wife came with him. Clarke is charged with stealing money from a Miss Elliott just before his marriage.

OUR ONLY DAY.

Were this our only day.
Did not our yesterdays and tomorrows
Give
To hope and memory their interplay.
How should we bear to live?
Not merely what we are,
But what we were and what we are
To be
Make up your life; the near days each
A star
The far days nebulae.
At once would love forget
Its keen pursuit and coy delights of
bliss
And its delicious pangs of fond regret
Were there no day but this.
And who, to win a friend,
Would to the secrets of his heart in-
vite
A fellowship that should begin and end
Between a night and night?
—Chicaguan Tribune.

A MEE-OW FAVORITE.

I was born on the shores of Cape Cod, at a summering watering place. I first remember a small child in a pink sun-bonnet, bending over me and saying: "Pretty Kitty," which tribute to my charms I accepted with the equanimity of a truly well-born youthful feline.
I enjoyed life greatly. I had a kind, gray and white mother, who attended to my wants in the lactical line and instructed me in the art of making my toilet modestly and unobtrusively, yet effectively, with the aid of nature's own sapollo.
My young mistress, she is of the pink sun-bonnet, over-whelmed me with affection and made a cosy nest for me under the nasturtium vines at the side of the house. There I led an innocent happy life, gazing dreamily out upon the blue sea and listening to the conversation of the summer boarders, who sketched me and painted me and flattered my vanity generally. I need not state that I was a very beautiful kitten. This fact is well known to those who have seen me during my theatrical career. I may say, without undue vanity, that I was, at one time, a perfect Mrs. Langtry among cats. I had, as a kitten, and still possess, a coat of pure white lustrous hair, large golden eyes and pink tinted ears. In every respect I was adapted to the show-business and I was it.
I had reached the age of four months, when, among cats is equal to budding girlhood, when I began to experience a restless discontent with my surroundings. I yearned to see the great world from which the summer boarders came. The injudicious flatteries of girls in blazers and young men in tennis shirts had inspired me with a desire to conquer fresh regions of admirers.
I determined to go on the stage. I was just dying to play Juliet, especially to the Romeo of a fascinating Maltese who lived next door. He alas! was soon drowned off the shore when he was fishing for a rock pool for the shellfish he loved. I was inconsolable over his loss, although we had never been formally engaged, and my mother was so absorbed in climbing ragpoles after her own affinity, who resided three houses further down the road, that she did not observe my sorrowful deportment, or if she did, she attributed it to too much mouce.
After my Maltese friend's death my longing to be an actress returned. One of the summer boarders, who was a pupil at the Boston School of Oratory, was in the habit of sporting Shakespeare as she walked up and down among the nasturtium beds. I made up to her constantly, pulled against her feet, gazed at her with my large soulful, golden eyes, nestled in my best contralto voice and hid the list, sweet thing in mine at her feet. I hoped she would offer to purchase me on account of my fascinations, but no such good luck occurred.
It was not until I was taken to the village store in a basket to be exposed for sale on the counter among rolls of ribbon and bars of soap that my great opportunity in life came before me.
I was taking a comfortable afternoon siesta on the counter when I heard a rough voice inquire: "How much do you want for that cat?"
I shuddered at the coarseness of the rough-looking person who placed his hand, red hand upon my lovely white head. Although I was a plain country cat, I was an aristocrat by instinct.
"Five dollars!" replied the clerk.
I faintly smiled with joy to hear my self valued at so high a price. My self-esteem rose considerably. How I hoped I should now get a chance to see the world and have some nice adventures!
"I'll give you three," said the vulgar person, stroking my head. "I'm looking for a cat for the show business. I've got a first-class combination show and we're going on the road next month. I want a cat to do the Lottie Collins act. I guess this cat'll do."
I began to purr with delight at the prospect of entering upon the theatrical career. But what was the Lottie Collins act? I queried. I had never heard of that bawling British female.
"Waal, I'll take three," said the clerk, and it was not long before I found myself boxed up and sent to the village tavern, where the showman, was staying. I was kept for some hours in this box and did not like it at all. Then I was let out for a time and given some nice milk, after which I was jolted and bounced about in a railway train until finally I found myself in a large stable filled with curious stails and boxes and cages. I was allowed the freedom of the place.
In the cages and stails were animals. Half a dozen large dogs were yelping, and grunting, about me. They were tied up so that I did not feel afraid of them.
"So you're the new actress, are you?" said a large grayhound, gruffly. "Have you been long on the boards?"
"This is my first season," I replied, timidly.
"Be sure and look out for your salary," said he. "The old man will cheat you if he can. What's your figure?"
"I don't know," I replied. "He did not say."
"Mine is a pound of liver a day and bones every other day. Look out for him. He'll cheat you if he can. What do you do?"
"The gentleman said something about

my doing the Lottie Collins act," was my reply. "I don't know what that is yet. What do you do?"
"I'm a leopard,"
Here there was a loud chorus of howls. "We are leopards; we are all leopards."
"You are not leopards; you are dogs," I retorted.
"We are leopards. He put us into leopard skins to do tricks. We are billed as the 'Celebrated Royal Leopards of India.' After we have done our great leopard act, he unbooks our leopard skins and we do our great greyhound act. We double up, don't you see? But we don't get double rations."
"I'm going to strike for an increase of salary," bellowed a white goat, with a horn in the middle of his forehead.
"You won't get it," neighed the smallest pony in the World, who was munching hay in a stall by himself.
"I've tried it. He says I'm too small to warrant a large salary. All you'll get out of him will be board and lodging."
On the following day—a most singular thing happened. The showman took me from my nice snug basket placed me on a table, gave me bread and milk in a saucer and then left the room. He presently returned with a woman evidently a seamstress, who measured me at various points in a manner which savored of low familiarity. She had the impudence to address me as "Pretty Pussy."
For several days I amused myself as best I could in the society of my fellow-professionals. I found life rather dull, as the dog-leopards began to display professional jealousy, and the smallest pony in the World neighed loudly on purpose to disturb my sensitive nervous system. I was much pleased when the same sewing woman appeared, carrying a box, and accompanied by the showman, who took me up and told the seamstress to open the box. Great was my pleasure at seeing a lovely set of white tartan dancing skirts, evidently intended for me, and surmounted by a blue satin bodice made on a sort of stiff box-like corset.
Now, what do you think happened? The showman took me by the middle, thrust me into the night box covered by the blue waist, and I found myself standing on a wooden platform. He thrust my paws into the sleeves of the huge satin bodice and fastened them with strings to the white tartan skirt. I then discovered that under the skirt were dolls' legs in pink silk stockings and blue satin boots. My own hind paws did not appear. They were crowded together in the sort of box into which I was thrust.
"Isn't she a daisy," said the showman to the sewing woman, holding his head on one side and eyeing me critically.
"She's a perfect beauty," returned the seamstress with enthusiasm.
The showman then took me into a room where a number of stuffed black cats were seated on a platform, playing on musical instruments. He pulled a string and the music began while the cats moved their instruments in time. My manager stood me up in an alcove above the stuffed cats, and the concealed music began to play "Tarnadoun-de-ay."
He pulled the string from behind and my tartan skirts flew up and the stuffed legs danced away merrily and my paws were jerked hither and thither. At first, I was terribly frightened, but the approving smiles of the showman reassured me that I knew that I was doing the great Lottie Collins act, as well as the original Britisher herself.
"Never shall I forget the thrill of delight which shot through me the first time I faced an audience. The sensation was simply enchanting. How the children laughed! The trapeze act, the Hungarian giant, the Royal Leopards, and the smallest pony in the world received no such public appreciation and applause. I was presented to the audience in a little speech by the showman. He spoke of me as Miss Lottie Collins of London.
After my sawdust legs had danced until they were tired, the kind showman remarked confidentially to the audience: "Miss Lottie Collins was an late last night. She requires a little refreshment."
He handed me a nice tidbit on a fork, which I daintily nibbled, greatly to the delight of all the children, who were now convinced that I was a real live cat, quite unlike the miserable stuffed cats who played in the orchestra at my feet.
My progress from town to town was one long triumph. I traveled in a luffed trunk lined with pink satin and had a pretty rubber mouse to play with in order to relax my mind after my histrionic efforts. Children and grown people, too, flocked to the stage door to see me come out in the arms of the showman, carefully wrapped up in a pink flannel blanket, with my mouogram, L. C., embroidered in red upon it. I was given warm milk and breast of chicken for supper, and altogether I may say that no cat ever had a more agreeable life.
I soon began to receive mash letters from infatuated cats who desired to make my acquaintance, or who worshipped me from afar. One feline millionaire sent me a rhinestone collar, which I wore on the boards, making the dog-leopards extremely jealous.
I was serenaded by bands of wandering cats, who endeavored to entice me away from the show on the ground that I could make a great deal more money by starring alone and giving open-air moonlight performances. I paid but slight attention to their manifestations of popular regard for I was so sure of myself that I was above the silly vanity of the general run of actresses.
At last, however, a missive arrived which struck the right note. It came from a prosperous ex-dealer in pickled rats' tongues who had accumulated a large fortune, which he had carefully invested in shares in a syndicate for the cultivation of catnip.
There was no mash nonsense about this letter—no rubbish about champagne and diamonds. It was a genuine bona fide offer of marriage. The writer stated that he would provide me with a brownstone front, Redfern and Connelly clothes, and a settlement of fifty thousand shares in the catnip syndicate.
I consulted with my manager and he recommended me to accept the ex-dealer in pickled rats' tongues. I have since learned that the gentleman who is now my husband paid my manager

a heavy sum for the privilege of calling me his wife.
We were married quietly, for I despise ostentation. This stage proved a stepping stone to a high position with me. I reside in a most delightful villa in Cat alley, and I am the patroness of a home for "Cats That Have Gone Wrong," one for "Ash Barrel Kits," and one for "Superannuated Mousers."
My favorite sphere of usefulness is found in the "Midnight Mission of Meowsy," which disposes of superfluous and non-productive cats with gentle firmness. I am the mother of four charming kittens, two white and two gray. There is no doubt that the stage offers superior advantages as a matrimonial agency for cat-actresses as well as for human ones.

WAS IT ELECTRICITY OR STEAM?

An inventor of the Seventeenth Century and His Mysterious "Engine."
The following petition found among the Massachusetts archives (CXCVIII. 60) at the state house suggests a wide range for the imagination, says a writer in the Boston Journal. It bears no date, but as Andros was deposed on April 20, 1689, it must have been written before that time. Did Mr. Talbot, the writer have in mind the application of steam to machinery? Or was it electricity propelled his "engine?" He may have been the Bell or Edison of that century, who died without making his mark.
To Sir Edmund Andros, Knight Captain General and Governor in Chief over this Majesty's Territories of New: E
The humble petition of Christopher Talbot Turner in Boston
Humbly sheweth
That whereas your petitioners with great pains and expence hath found out an Engine usefull for divers trades men as turners ropemakers smiths & all sorts of mills for corn siders sawmills & almost any thing that is to be done by wheels with sails & also hath discovered to make a boat sail against the wind & tide & sundry other things with more ease & expedition then hath bin discovered hitherto either in Europe or America & whereas his Majesty & his royal predecessors have at all times been pleas'd graciously to Encourage all undertakings of this nature yt whoeever finds out any new engine or invention profitable for ye common good to grant their letters patent for the sole use thereof.
Therefore y^e petitioner is humbly bold & begs yt yr Excellency will be pleas'd to grant him yr letters patent for ye sole use & improvement of the said Engine in these his Majesty's territories of New: E for 14 years as is accustomed & y^e no other person shall make use of the same or any such like without yr petitioners consent.
who is in duty bound & shall for ever pray.
CHRISTOPHER TALBOT.

THE BOER LANGUAGE.

It Differs Materially From That of Holland.
The "Afrikaansche Taal" is not the Dutch of modern Holland. In its origin it represents the old Dutch of the country districts in the Netherlands, together with a tendency toward the Flemish dialect. It has incorporated a great deal of English and a little French says the Fortnightly Review. Above all, its pronunciation is quite different to that of classic Dutch, and it lends itself much more readily to English tongues and palates. It is almost impossible for a Dutchman of Holland on arriving in South Africa, to understand the native Dutch dialect.
Words are greatly clipped, and, although the abominable guttural "g" is still retained, the equally fatiguing Dutch pronunciation of "sch" is happily changed into a simple, "sk." The vowels are pronounced almost as they would be by an Englishman. For instance "beest" is pronounced like "beast," not like "baest," as it would be in Holland. A Cape Dutchman talks of "De Beers," he does not pronounce it "De Bares," as the real Dutchman would do. Needless to say, the "Afrikaansche Taal" has no literature behind it, and all the best things written in Holland have either made their appearance in Latin, French, or even English, or have rapidly been translated into those languages if intended to be widely spread. The adoption, therefore, of the English language throughout South Africa is a necessity forced on that community by commerce, manufactures, mining enterprise, and all dealings with the outer world.
As a matter of fact, a young Boer will learn English as quickly as a raw Scotchman, would exchange his harsh dialect for the incisive, clear, quick speech of southern England.

EYESIGHT IN SCHOOLS

According to This Report It Is Growing Poorer All Over the World.
Shortsightedness among scholars in public schools in this country and Europe has increased alarmingly in late years, and in the majority of cases it shows no signs of abatement. It is, however, satisfactory to know that a cure has been obtained to account for its frequent occurrence, and its supposed remedy is easy of application. In the French public schools 24.2 per cent. of the scholars are short-sighted; in the German, 25 per cent; in the English, only 20 per cent. From investigation by M. Martin into the annals of the French schools it appears that the percentage is highest in the rhetoric and philosophy classes. The hygienic condition of the school does not seem to affect the percentage, and M. Martin thinks that want of physical exercise is the cause of the trouble. By modifying the work of the classes the proportion of shortsighted scholars at the college of Giessen has fallen from 26.6 to 17 per cent. in five years. M. Martin recommends reasonable periods of physical exercise between the hours of study. Where these periods of recreation have been allowed, while short sightedness has decreased there has been no diminution of general productivity on the part of the scholars.

MATRONS AND MAIDS.

THE COLLEGE GIRL WHO JOINS A SECRET SOCIETY.

Some of the Orders She Is Called Upon to Face—A Model Chest for Napery—Height of the Ridiculous—Sashes and Throatlets.

Joining the College Society.
If she is rather good looking, prosperous and bright the freshman may enter college with an easy mind. Girls of that type are promptly accepted as desirable acquisitions to society by the upper classes, says the New York World, and in some colleges they are violently "rushed." That means that the girls from the other classes show a flattering fondness for her presence, seek her out at all times, shower courtesies upon her and warn her against rival societies. No sooner does she accept an invitation than she discovers that she was not much more to either society than the doubtful voter is to the political party that tries to win his vote. She finds that she is a very ordinary person indeed. The older members of her own society treat her with a sisterly kindness very different from the court they paid to her before. All this tends to make the freshman humble again, and is undoubtedly very good for her.

The awful rites by which she is made really a member of the society which she decides to accept are never divulged to the public. With what vows she rivets herself to secrecy, she never tells. What ceremonies impress her with a sense of the awesome responsibilities she has undertaken, no one ever learns. The popular impression, however, gathered from the chance words she lets drop, indicate that the rites are gruesome in the extreme. The uninitiated pictures a large, dark hall, lit dimly by a few ghostly lights, peopled by a strange body of beings, clad in clinging robes like shrouds with black masks concealing their features. Into the silence and chill of the room the blindfolded candidate is led with becoming solemnity. Ghostly voices speak to her; she is commanded to do strange things. She is told to repeat poems of which she has never heard, and shrill, demoniacal laughter taunts her failure. She is branded with burrowing irons which turn out to be ice. She is made to climb and climb ladders which do not exist, and fiendish voices mock at her lack of success. Maybe she is bidden to ride the goat. At any rate, these are the rites the public pictures her as undergoing, and even the uninitiated are able to guess that a banquet concludes the ceremonies and that there are toasts and society songs, and the next morning various freshmen appear wearing important looks and little gold badges.

Model Chest for Napery.

A country woman up to date gave us some clever suggestions about napery.
She kept her generous supply in a wooden chest, about one yard long, two feet high and two feet wide.
The chest was placed in the embrasure of a dining room window, and served also as a window seat. It was made of pine, finished with yellow enamel paint, ornamented with extensive brass hinges, handles and key hole. A flat hair cushion covered in gay Matteeu chintz fitted its top. It moved easily upon rollers, and opened readily to the insertion of the key kept in the good woman's possession.
A wooden tray five inches deep greeted the eye inside. This held napkins, doilies, carving cloths and centerpiece. Beneath was ample space for a good assortment of table linen used in the home. The bottom of the tray and that of the chest was nicely padded with a satchet bag made of yellow cheese cloth perfumed with lavender and orris root.
Such a chest is readily made out of a pine box, and its position in the dining room has the extra advantage of being directly at hand in case of emergency, or upon the advent of an unexpected guest.
Housekeepers usually have a care to expense; they set their dinner table with fresh napery and use the same for the breakfast and luncheon following. The digestion is usually weak, after the night's inactivity, and one likes to be greeted in the morning with fresh napery, whatever its quality may be, glassware and silver that sparkle from hot water and ammonia, crisp fruit, invigorating coffee and hot rolls, as a stimulus to the day's work.
The laundry will attest that frequent washing of slightly soiled napery is much better in results than hard washing of really dirty linen occasionally.
For breakfast and luncheon napkins our good woman tells us she uses unbleached muslin. Suitable quality may be purchased for six cents a yard; one yard will make nine napkins of useful size.
Breakfast napkins have an inch hem, hemstitched about their edges. A half inch inside the hemstitching threads may be drawn, after which a deft needle will overlap the remaining threads of the material, producing a decorative border. This is the simplest process of drawn work, and easily mastered. Luncheon napkins may be fringed, the fringe being overhanded or caught in bunches by means of needle and thread for durability. An initial outlined in one corner finishes a napkin nicely.
Cloths to match these napkins are attractive made of Ozenburg, which is as cheap and as durable and comes in greater width than the unbleached muslin and matches it well in texture and surface.

Freshly laundered and daintily kept, such homespun napery will have a charm of its own, for it is a pleasure to use and to touch.
The hostess explains that, being of German extraction, since her girlhood she has been accumulating and embellishing for her own future household linen, towels and napery, feeling that anything so closely approaching the household needs as these are best and most delicate when providently prepared against the future. This had been her training. She added that, while living in the country, each Sunday she brings forth the best of her home and her larder for general family use, and saves nothing better "for company," as she wishes to rear her children in touch with the very best that she knows, that later, when they go into the world, mayhap, they will not underrate the simple home and its tender memories and sacred associations, because overawed by finer qualities.
Economy in household matters must rise from judgment, and in its pursuit a wise wife and mother will not forget that the familiar associations about the home are very educating.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

The Height of the Ridiculous.

I wrote some lines once on a time
In wondrous merry mood,
And thought, as usual, men would say,
They were exceeding good.
They were so queer, so very queer,
I laughed as I would die.
Albeit, in the general way,
A sober man am I.
I called my servant, and he came,
How kind it was of him,
To mind a slender man, like me,
He of the mighty limb!
"These to the printer," I exclaimed,
And in my humorous way,
I added (as a trifling jest),
"There'll be the devil to pay."
He took the paper and I watched,
And saw him peep within
At the first line he read, his face
Was all upon the grin.
He read the next, the grin grew broad,
And shot from ear to ear.
He read the third, a chuckling noise
I now began to hear.
The fourth he broke into a roar.
The fifth his waistband split.
The sixth he burst his buttons off,
And tumbled in a fit.
Ten days and nights, with sleepless eyes
I watched that wretched man,
And since I never dare to write
So funny as I can.
—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Helps to Their Husbands.

The remark of Oliver Wendell Holmes to the effect that literary men often play the part of great, imposing, beautiful ships, while some busy little tug of a wife is pulling them along and not being much admired for it, is exemplified in numerous literary men of the present.
Thomas Hardy was debating whether to be an architect or to write the greatest novels of the age, and was decided in favor of attempting the latter by his wife. She is his amanuensis, and took the burden upon herself of copying his first novel and sending it out herself. She keeps herself in touch with the literature of the day much more thoroughly than her husband does, and he relies upon her to keep him posted on all possible subjects.
Mrs. Rider Haggard is another woman who is invaluable to her husband in every way. It is not only her duty to read and criticize every word he writes before it is submitted to a publisher, but she is equally one with him in all his occupations, and rides and tramps about the country with him as tirelessly as any man could.
"To Mrs. Oscar Wilde has fallen the lot of being an exemplification of her husband's aesthetic doctrines, wearing the draperies and colors of his choice, creating the 'atmosphere' in which the erratic genius could work and generally impressing the public.
"Yes," said the Old Jeweler.
"Very few women know how to put on their brooches and lace pins. Let me see how you would do it." So Aminata took it up by the setting, to oblige him, and proceeded to work it into the bit of velvet at her throat.
"Yes, I thought so," he continued.
"That's just the reason it will break soon again, and you will be bringing it back for repairs. It may be against my business, but I'll tell you how it should be done. Take hold of the brooch by the pin. Don't make a leverage by using the jeweled part as a handle. Take it up by the pin and put it in by the pin, handling the ornament only when you clasp it, so you will save your 'quarters' for renewing the pin."

Sealotop Fish.

Flake the cold fish. Put a pint of milk in a double boiler, add a tablespoonful of corn starch mixed smooth in a very little cold milk, and a tablespoonful of minced onion. Let it boil five minutes, then add a heaping tablespoonful of butter, a little minced parsley, salt, pepper, Worcester sauce and the flaked fish. Let this boil a few minutes, then stir in the yolk of an egg. Pour this into a dish, cover with bread crumbs and bits of butter, and bake twenty minutes.
Sashes and Throatlets.
Sashes and throatlets of a different color and material from the gown are very popular and do much to dress a simple toilet. A dainty arrangement is to fasten a sash on the left side of the bust with about one-third of its length falling down on the skirt; the sash then passes under the left arm about the figure and fastens on the right side at the waist line, with the long end falling almost to the hem of the frock.
Raised collars.
Take a quart of wheat flour and mix it smoothly with a pint and a half of lukewarm milk, half a teaspoonful of yeast, two eggs, well beaten, two tablespoonfuls of melted butter and a little salt. Place the batter where it is warm to rise.

Clever Electric Illusion.

Those who are familiar with operas of Wagner will remember that in the opening of Rheingold the Rhine maidens are discovered swimming around a rock in the river. On this rock is placed the "treasure of the Rhine," which they are guarding. Hitherto the simulation of swimming, as seen in presentations in this country, has been attained by a cumbersome and somewhat dangerous device. The performers were fixed in a horizontal position on an iron framework, which rested on tall supports springing from a wagon under the river bed. This wagon was pushed on a line with the progression of the swimmers by four men. Being nearly entirely covered by the long flowing robes of the Rhine maidens, it was supposed to be invisible in front of the curtain; but for the audience in the upper part of the house the illusion of the beautiful scene was completely destroyed, as there the manipulation of the queer perambulator and the odd notions of the legs of its industrious propellers could be distinctly seen. Moreover, the singers who were perched aloft complained of the feeling of seasickness that almost always accompanied the unwanted movement, and more than once the opera had to be postponed because the performers were unable to pass through the ordeal at rehearsal. The terrors of this trying part have now been removed, for an arrangement has been designed whereby the singers are suspended by invisible wires, and they regulate their own movements by means of an electric button which they hold in the hand. The illusion is said to be perfect, and the new device, which was recently successfully operated at Dresden, will probably be introduced in all operahouses.

Protection From Lightning.

Alexander McAddie states that the danger from lightning is five times greater in the country where lightning rods are few in number than in a town where they are generally used. He recommends that the lightning rod, where it passes near gas or water mains, should be connected to them by soldered wires, but an independent connection with the earth or ground by an "earth plate" is even preferable to this. The protection of ships in dry dock is the subject of a recent article from the veteran electrician, Lord Kelvin, who states that an iron ship simply resting on wooden blocks and without any connection by metal with the water of docks or river or even in the neighborhood is beyond question dangerous to persons standing on the ground and touching any part of the hull during a thunder storm. He insists that to secure men working under a ship in dry dock from danger there should be a thorough metallic connection, by wire, rope or otherwise, between several points of the ship's iron, such as bollards, ring bolts, etc., and iron pipes leading to the water outside the dry dock. Similar precautions ought to be taken in respect to the frames of ships on the stocks in the course of building. Lord Kelvin's opinion was elicited in consequence of the death by lightning of two men who had sought shelter under a vessel in the Norfolk, Va., dry dock during a thunder storm, and the result of its expression is that the precautions he recommends are to be adopted in all the English government dock yards.

Shark-Fishing Industry.

A new industry has sprung up in many parts of the Northwest Pacific. Formerly the making of copra was the staple business of the natives, but they now find that catching sharks pays them much better. A drouth, such as that which has been experienced for the past two years in the Gilbert and Kingsmill groups, means a bad time for the copra trade, as the nut can only be used for food, and the only way to make money open to the natives is to fish for sharks. Until two years ago the fins and tail only were taken, but off and dried and sold to the local white traders, but recently the German firms in the Pacific have insisted that a special method of drying the shark skin has been discovered in Germany, whereby its usefulness and adaptability are largely increased. The dried shark fin is \$300 per ton. The great shark center of New Guinea is Green Island, a curious, solitary spot about 925 latitude, inhabited by a noisy, intractable race, allied in race, language and savagery to the King Island Islanders. The swarms of sharks that infest the place are described as appalling. They are caught with the most effective tackle, and the people of the island about 300 kill something like thirty tons of fins and tails annually. Whale ships nowadays kill all the sharks they can get, and find it extremely profitable.

Bread a Health Factor.

H. W. Hart, an English socialist economist, has very decided views as to bread reform, which he considers one of the most important problems of the day. He states unreservedly that "the source of all civilized countries is white bread," and predicts that unless there is a revolution in the bread eating custom of the people the physical and mental condition of the people will be impaired and the children that are brought into the world will be inferior in type, weight and physique by reason of the deficiency of lime and silica in the food, which are absolutely essential to the normal growth of the bones, skulls and teeth of the rising generation. If people are to be healthy they must eat bread made from the whole grain of wheat. The proper kind of bread contains all the properties of the wheat, including lime, iron and silica. These are all necessary for the creation of pure healthy blood, and it is the want of them that is forcing the American people to employ thousands of dentists to supply artificial teeth in place of the natural teeth that would grow to perfection "if nature were not handicapped by the ignorance of the natural laws of dietetics." Mr. Hart believes thoroughly in Brillaud-Savarin's maxim: "The destiny of the nation depends on the manner in which they feed themselves."

ABOUT THE CAMPFIRE

THE OLDEST EQUINE VETERAN OF THE CIVIL WAR.

Old Jim, Who Lives at Aiken, South Carolina, Claims the Honor—The High Tide at Gettysburg—Appomattox Immortal.

A Confederate War Horse. W. G. Chafee, the mayor of Aiken, S. C., writes that the horse Belle Mosby, whose picture appeared recently in the New York World, is not only not the only equine veteran of the war, but not the oldest.

Many of the annual visitors to Aiken have seen or heard of old Jim, an old gray horse, better known to some as Wheeler. This old horse is owned by Mr. W. T. Williams of Aiken. Old Jim is 14½ hands high and weighs 900 pounds when in good health.

For thirty years he has done service on the plantation of Mr. Williams, his work being gradually lightened as infirmities have crept upon him. At the present time he has the run of the pasture and enjoys a well earned rest. For ten years after the war he followed the foxhounds each winter.

Old Jim came from the mountains of East Tennessee, and took part in the battle of Atlanta. Falling back before Sherman's advance, or hanging on the flank of his army, old Jim's coat was daily stained by the red mud from the hills of Georgia. Crossing into South Carolina, he bagged through the swamps of the low country and bore his rider gallantly in the fight at Great Saltcreek, in Barnwell county, in South Carolina. From that point, accompanying Pickett's command, under General Wheeler, he brought his master, Lieutenant McMahon of East Tennessee, on the left flank of the invading army, to Aiken.

When Sherman's army, passing through Barnwell county, reached the line of the South Carolina railway, General Kilpatrick, with his cavalry made a bold dash westward for the purpose of destroying the cotton mills at Graniteville, five miles west of Aiken, and possibly the Confederate powder mills in Augusta, Ga., thirteen miles further west of Graniteville. At Aiken they met with the forces of General Wheeler and were repulsed after a sharp skirmish, and retired to the main body of the army. The fight determined the future fate of old Jim.

His rider, Lieutenant McMahon, charged with him down a road, now South Boundary avenue, right in front of the house of Mr. Williams. They had hardly passed the front door when both horse and rider fell, the rider with a mortal wound in the breast and old Jim with a bullet in his neck.

Lieutenant McMahon was taken into the house of Mr. Williams, where he died in the dining room a few hours later. The stain of his lifeblood is still on the pine floor. Jim was condemned as worthless and ordered to be shot, but Mr. Williams begged for his life and nursed him back again to health and usefulness. From that day to this the old horse has never known a sick day, and the indications are that he will yet be able to show for several years the scars of battle and the brand "C. S." upon his shoulders.

Judges of horseflesh pronounced Jim seven years old when he fell into the hands of his present master, which makes him now 36 years old.

Lincoln's Anxiety.

When the fighting began in the Wilderness, in May, 1864, the bloodiest month of the whole war, Dana was summoned to the war department last night, when he was at a party. He hurried over to the department in his evening dress. The president was there, talking very soberly to Stanton.

"Dana," said Mr. Lincoln, "you know we have been in the dark for two days since Grant moved. We are very much troubled and have concluded to send you down there. How soon can you start?"

"In half an hour," replied Dana.

In about that time he had an engine fired up at Alexandria, a cavalry escort awaiting him there, and with his own horse was aboard the train at Maryland avenue that was to take him to Alexandria. His only baggage was a toothbrush. He was just starting when an orderly galloped up with word that the president wished to see him. Dana rode back to the department in hot haste. Mr. Lincoln was sitting in the same place.

"Well, Dana," said he, looking up, "since you went away I've been thinking about it. I don't like to send you down there."

"Why not, Mr. President?" asked Dana, a little surprised.

"You can't tell," continued the president, "just where Lee is, and what he is doing; and Job Stuart is rampaging around pretty lively in between Rappahannock and the Rapidan. It is a considerable risk, and I don't like to expose you to it."

"Mr. President," said Dana, "I have a cavalry guard ready and a good horse myself. If it comes to the worst we are equipped to run. It's getting late, and I want to get down to the Rappahannock by daylight. I think I'll start."

"Well, now, Dana," said the president, with a little twinkle in his eyes, "if you feel that way, I rather wish you would. Good night, and God bless you."—McClure's Magazine.

Appomattox Immortal.

Appomattox is a name historic as Marathon or Thermopylae, and like them, destined to eternal memory and association with one of the momentous events of time. Why it should have entered the head of any-

body to change this now renowned designation for one so flat and ridiculous as "Surrender" is an enigma which defies solution, but the suggestion has not only really and seriously been made, but the change has actually taken place, so far as the list of Virginia postoffices is concerned, the responsibility resting somewhere in the postoffice department. This is in the first place preposterous. In the next it is an outrage deserving such penalty as the bible decrees to him that changeth a landmark, which an old name really is, in a deeper sense than a boundary stone. The absurd appellation should be instantly blotted out of the gazettes and the postoffice list and the old one restored to its place. If it were held to be necessary to preserve some memory of the new designation, it might be tattooed in red and blue upon the expansive and tenacious cheek of its originator, which would assure it all the duration it deserves.—New York Tribune

The High Tide at Gettysburg.

A cloud possessed the hollow field. The gathering battle's smoky shield. Apathetic the lightning flashed. And through the cloud some horsemen dashed. And from the heights the thunder pealed.

Then at the brief command of Lee Moved out that matchless infantry. With Pickett leading grandly down To rush against the roaring crown Of those dread heights of destiny.

Far heard above the angry guns A cry across the tumult runs. The voice that ran through Shiloh's woods And Chickamauga's solitudes. The fierce South cheering on her sons.

Ah, how the withering tempest blew Against the front of Pettigrew. A kamish wind that scorched and stung. Like that infernal flame that fumed. The British squares at Waterloo!

A thousand fell where Kemper led. A thousand died where Garfield bled. In blinding flame and straining smoke. The remnant through the batteries broke. And crossed the works with Armistead.

"Once more in glory's van with me!" Virginia cried to Tennessee. "We two to either come what may Shall stand upon these works to-day. The reddest day in history!"

Battle Tennessee! Reckless the way Virginia heard her comrades say: "Close round this rent and riddled wall! That time she set her battle flag Amid the guns of Doubleday."

But who shall break the guards that wait Before the awful face of Fate? The tattered standards of the South Were shivered at the cannon's mouth. And all her hopes were desolate.

In vain the Tennessee set. In vain Virginia charged and raged. Address in her wrath unceasing. And all the hill was red and wet.

Above the bayonets mixed and crossed. Men saw a gray. A frantic shout. Resounding through the battle cloud. And heard a roar the tempest loud. The death cry of a nation lost!

The brave went down! Without disgrace They leaped to ruin's relapse. They only heard the thunders wake. And saw the dazzling sunburst break In smiles on Glory's bloody face!

They fell, who lifted up a hand And bade the sun in heaven to stand! They snote and fell, who set the stars Against the progress of the stars. And stayed the march of motherland!

They stood who saw the future come On through the flight's delirium. They wrote and stood who held the hope. Orations on that slippery slope. Amid the cheers of Christendom!

God lives! He forced the iron will! The clutch and held that tremulous hill, God lives and reigns! He built and lent The helms for Freedom's battlement. Where floats her flag in triumph still.

Roll up the banners! Smite the drums! Love rules. Her gentler purpose runs The mighty Mother turns in tears The pages of her battle years. Laughing all her fallen sons!

Hotel Andersonville.

C. Procter, Chicago, Ill., who was a guest of Landlord Wirz at Hotel Andersonville for seven months, says that in some ways Wirz was an ideal host. He kept all the gates shut and took great care that no Yankee soldiers should come in and rob his guests or abduct them; he registered them without inquiring whether they had any baggage for security; he never asked for pay in advance, and, indeed, the guests never had to pay any board as long as they honored him with their presence. He did not put up very good fare, and was very irritable, and had strong objections to his boarders wandering around outside at night, but he evidently thought that too hearty eating led one into lazy habits, and that the night air outside the stockade was not healthy, as, indeed, some of those who ventured out found to their cost.

The 8th Minn.

The regiment was organized at Anoka, Forest City, Stillwater, Lake City, St. Paul, and Fort Snelling, Minn., from June to September, 1862, to serve three years. It was mustered out of service July 10, 1865. Colonel Minor T. Thomas, commander of the regiment, was brevetted brigadier-general February 10, 1865. Lieutenant-Colonel Edwin A. Folsom was brevetted colonel July 31, 1865. The regiment participated in the battles of Tah-kah-e-kuty, Two Hills, Overhill's Creek and Murfreesboro. In the last named battle the loss was fourteen killed and seventy-five wounded. The total loss while in the service was one officer and twenty-six men in battle or of wounds received in action, and fifty-six men of disease and other causes; a total loss of eighty-three officers and men.

His Brave Deed.

A medal-of-honor has been awarded to Comrade Luman L. Cadwell, Colonel Hughes Post, 168, Decorah, Iowa. He was sergeant of Company B, 2d N. Y. Cavalry, and at Alabama Bayou, La., 1864, he volunteered to swim the bayou in the face of the enemy and bring over a boat, upon which his command subsequently crossed and routed the opposing forces. This deed of bravery was performed while the fire of the enemy was concentrated upon the volunteers.

WOMEN IN THE RANKS.

VETERAN FEMALE CHARACTERS IN THE LATE WAR.

They Made the Most Desirable Spies and Were in Demand on Both Sides—Major Pauline Cushman and Capt. Annie E. Etheridge.

WOMEN OF ALL rank and positions took part in the civil war, not only as spies, but also as private soldiers and holding honorary commissions. It is difficult to say whether their motives were those of Joan of

Are—the salvation of their country—or merely love of excitement. But it is astonishing to find, in talking with ex-officers, how many of the other sex did share the hardships of battle, some openly confessing their sex, others disguised as men. Every one knows of Belle Boyd, the famous spy, but there are many whose work was as subtle and as daring. Brig.-Gen. Baker of the secret service during the civil war tells of the work of a Miss Ford, who was a divorced little rebel and lived at Fairfax Court House. Her father's home was headquarters for the staff officers of the union, and Miss Ford was quite a belle among them. She was, to all purposes, for the union, and officers believed in her to the extent of telling her much of the strength of the army. By careful investigation and close observation she obtained in

resented herself as a southern woman, asking protection to reach the confederate lines, and the two women became friends. In a burst of confidence Miss Ford showed the detective the sealed commission of aid-de-camp, which she kept between her mattresses. She was arrested and sent to Old Capitol prison.

There was another distinguished female captive at this prison at the same time, and she was a southerner. Dis-



CAPT. ANNIE A. ETHERIDGE.

guised in soldier's clothes, she had entered too far into the lines and was arrested for a spy. In telling of her Major-General Townsend says: "She had no friends in the city to supply her with appropriate clothing. It was at last reported to me that, being greatly mortified regarding her raiment, she stayed in bed all the time rather than appear in it after her sex had been detected. I mentioned her



DAMSELS OF THE CITY OF ST. LOUIS—NOTED FOR THEIR BEAUTY.

a seemingly careless manner all information necessary for the use of the confederates. The only frequent visitor she had was an unpretentious provincial youth, who would sit on the piazza with her in the afternoon, exciting no suspicion. The "youth" was Mosby, the famous guerrilla, and Miss Ford, who was honorary aid-de-camp to Brigadier-General J. E. B. Stuart, was giving him the whole scheme and strength of the union forces, where the pickets were stationed, the strength of the outposts, the names of officers in command, the nature of general orders, the places where officers' quarters were established and the number of officers present. Once when she was riding with a union officer Mosby joined them in his unfashionable citizens' clothes; Miss Ford introduced him under his assumed name, and joining them for a few miles he learned much that he wished to know. That night Mosby was enabled through Miss Ford's information to make the attack upon Gen. Stoughton, carrying off officers as prisoners, also valuable property, and capturing 100 fine horses. It was this affair which called forth Lincoln's well known remark that "it was a great pity he could not make brigadier-general, but couldn't make horses."

The true circumstances and mode of attack, the accurate information in possession of the confederate leader, all pointed unmistakably to the existence of a spy within the lines, so a woman was sent to meet a woman. One of the female detectives of the secret service went to Miss Ford, rep-

dilemma to that most worthy, true hearted Presbyterian divine, Dr. John C. Smith, and suggested that his wife might be disposed to visit the little prisoner and provide her with female apparel. Some time after the doctor told me that Mrs. Smith went to see her and found the young woman in bed, but it transpired that in the



MAJOR PAULINE CUSHMAN.

course of the interview the little soldier expressed to Mrs. Smith so sympathetically her opinion of "Yankees" and all their doings that the clergyman's wife grew indignant and left, declaring that the woman soldier might remain in bed forever or wear her mael garb until it dropped off, before she would help her out." So the brigadier-general and the Presbyterian minister

stood helpless between the two women's temper.

One of the women who distinguished herself nobly in the soldiering of the army was Mrs. Annie Etheridge of Wisconsin, who was in the second battle of Bull Run, and had public recognition from Gen. Kearney of her services. His death prevented her promotion. She was often under fire. An officer was once shot down by her side, and once, when a rebel officer was captured, Mrs. Etheridge escorted him to the rear by the general's command. At Spottsylvania Heights, when the soldiers were retreating, she remonstrated with them, and brought them back, altogether proving herself a daring soldier. She received a government appointment after the war. Mme. Turchin, another woman of high birth, fought on the Union side. She was the daughter of a Russian officer, born in a Russian camp, and was the wife of Col. Turchin of an Illinois regiment. During an illness of her husband she took command of the regiment and proved herself an intrepid leader.

Miss Cushman was employed by Gen. Rosecrans, and was for months with the Cumberland army. Major Cushman knew every road and every house for miles, was the most daring of scouts and intrepid of fighters. She visited the confederate lines time after time. Twice she was suspected of being a spy and arrested, but both times she escaped by keenest strategy.

Once Miss Cushman was sent as scout toward Shelbyville from Nashville, which was held by union forces, to ascertain the strength of the enemy. Returning she was captured, placed on a horse in charge of two scouts and taken to Forrest's head-

AN INDIAN FIGHTER.

WHO HAS SETTLED DOWN AND WILL WAR NO MORE.

Now He Tells Stories of Hairbreadth Escapes While With Custer—A Celebrated Character Found in Pond Creek, Oklahoma.

AMONG THE MANY interesting characters to be found in Oklahoma is Daniel Doran, a lawyer of Pond Creek. His friends call him "Judge" Doran, probably because he never was on the bench. He is a typical son of the

Emerald Isle, and kissed the Blarney stone many, many years ago. His hair is long and bushy and curls around his head in long, wavy curls. "Judge" Doran drifted west when he was a young man. He was with Custer three years, having joined that lamented Indian fighter after the Salt Fork massacre of 1852. Like all men who lived on the border in those days, Doran can



DANIEL DORAN.

tell stirring tales of adventure when so disposed, which is not very often. One of these relates to "Wild Bill," who is described by Doran as a remarkable shot. Bill was in Junction City, Kan., one day, drunk and ugly. John A. Anderson, a Presbyterian preacher, was holding services in a church, when Bill rode into the sacred edifice. The preacher ordered him to leave and for reply Bill drew a revolver and ordered Mr. Anderson to dance. The preacher vainly remonstrated. It was dance or die, and he danced. A Mexican scout who could throw a lasso with wonderful precision was brought from a house near by.

"Bill was still seated on his horse, laughing in a drunken glee at the preacher, who was dancing for dear life," says Doran in telling the story. "The Mexican crept up to the door. He paused, twirled the lasso above his head, there was a swish through the air and the loop fell over Bill's head; it dropped below his shoulders and the Mexican gave it a quick jerk. The rope drew tight about Bill's body; it pinned his arms to his side. A strong pull unseated Bill and we hauled him out of the church. You can imagine that the preacher felt relieved. Services were immediately dismissed. It was a narrow escape for Rev. Anderson, for Bill surely would have killed him had he not complied with his commands. We took Bill to the train and kept him until he sobered up. Then he went to Rev. Anderson and apologized."

AMEER OF AFGHANISTAN.

The Ruler Whose Death May Mean Much to Europe.

About three months ago a visit which the ameer of Afghanistan was to make to Queen Victoria early in the spring was arranged by Sir Mortimer Durand. This would no doubt have a political significance, and would tend to make it still more difficult for Russia to push forward her boundaries in that direction. So long as Afghanistan remains independent, it is practically impossible for England and Russia to make any additions in that region. The ameer's death would tend to bring about complications that might result in war between the two powers. Afghanistan, too, would be apt to suffer, for Abdurrahman Khan has been most liberal in his policy, and most earnest in his reforms for the people. He has opened large factories in Cabul, where the people are taught European trades; and it is due to his personal influence that the hate of the



ABDURRAHMAN KHAN.

Afghans to the Europeans at Cabul is suppressed. The ameer is about 60 years old, and was given the title July 22, 1880.

Professional fortune tellers roam from house to house in New York, seeking fools, to whom they reveal the future, at fees ranging from 50 cents to \$1 a head.

FAIR ONES OF ST. LOUIS.

Some Beauties of a City Noted for Lovely Women.

St. Louis has more pretty women than any other city of the country. The Post-Dispatch of that city, out of a spirit of local pride, recently published a group picture of some of the leading beauties of the city. The same is reproduced on this page. The women are, of course, leaders of society.

Up to the Average.

Jimson—Any strikes while I was out of town?

Bilson—Yes, the trolley cars made a few.

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 Obituary notices free. Resolutions, Appeals and similar matter, eight cents a line, prepaid.

COLONEL HOHENLOHE—SHILLINGS—First starts right out by showing that there may be a great deal in a name, after all.

W. S. GILBERT, the English comic opera librettist and sarcastic writer, has fixed the commercial value of an interview with himself at \$110. This English idea will never be generally adopted by American public men, for most of them are only too anxious to see their names and views "in print."

A trolley car runs through the streets of Jerusalem. Jeremiah must have had some idea of this when he lifted up his voice and predicted the judgments which the future reserved for the punishment of Israel.

The latest news from the Sandwich islands states that ex-Queen Liliuokalani is not suffering from insanity, but chagrin over the action of the United States in recognizing the new republic. She will have to grin and bear it.

FARMER SWAYNE of Huntington, Pa., who has unearthed the skeleton of a mastodon on his farm, is watching the mouths of the scientists water as they angle for his prize. It is the best crop Farmer Swayne has raised in several years.

When New York has annexed as many of her neighbors as possible she will have a population of 2,900,000. And when Chicago, in due course of time, overtakes that number New York will feel obliged to annex and take a census of the oyster beds in the Atlantic ocean.

The man who only devotes a week to the advertisement of a new thing, and then racks because he did not get great returns, is like the boy who studied with a lawyer for two days and then came home and said, "The law ain't what it's cracked up to be. I'm sorry I learned it."

Present signs indicate that it is going to be a smallpox and diphtheria winter. For the smallpox we have to thank those well-meaning people who are constantly getting up meetings and disseminating pamphlets to strengthen the prejudices of the ignorant against vaccination.

There is a great excitement over the newly-discovered gold fields in Coalbridge, Western Australia, where, it seems, the precious metal is being mined like iron ore. "Four cuts of rock yielded 555 ounces of gold" and "the London assay mine has been sold to an English syndicate for \$1,250,000."

There is positively no safe place outside of the tomb. The abnormally apprehensive had better put aside their apprehension and eat as many grapes as the appetite craves. There is no more wholesome fruit than that which the sly old fox refused to eat, fearing it was sour or that a seed might injure his vermiform appendage.

China's god of war has 3,000 names and nearly 400,000,000 worshippers. Think of all these devotees taking all these names in vain daily through a protracted war! In trying to conceive of such illimitable profanity the imagination stretches and recoils vainly as a measuring-worm on a picket-fence reaching for the belt of Orion.

Everybody has heard of the "Little Church around the Corner" in New York, which came into view years ago through the tolerant Christianity of its rector in regard to an actor's burial, and will be pleased to learn that the parish has been very prosperous of late years and that the Rev. Dr. Houghton will be enabled to carry out many long contemplated improvements.

London has "reformed" its music halls by making stringent regulations as to the character of both performers and frequenters. In a selfish sense American moralists have little reason to rejoice over this much-needed reform. Unless proper arrangements for fumigation be made at New York this country will be devastated by noisome "Gaiety" and "Folly" theatrical companies as never before.

That the students at the Northwestern university should have to organize to suppress cribbing among themselves at examinations would seem to suggest that President Rogers and his cabinet have failed to use their disciplinary powers sufficiently. The examination cribber is a contemptible sneak-thief and should be punished accordingly. He has no rightful place among decent students.

The rumors that the Vanderbilt family differences have been "quietly settled" are a sufficient indication that a quiet settlement also extends to Madame's bills. The dismissal of all causes of war will be a sad blow to the scandal loving public which has expected much from this eruption in high society. The chances are, however, that the public will not have long to wait, and that the trouble, really based on irreconcilable differences, will break out in more virulent form.

TOLD HIS SAD STORY.

PATHETIC TALE OF AN OLD MAN IN A JUSTICE COURT.

He Accuses Himself of Murdering a Chance Acquaintance—An Officer Says the Prisoner Is Insane Through Loss of Employment.

An old man, tall, graceful, bearded, handsome, was brought before Justice Mueller, says the Chicago Inter Ocean. He stood for a moment after entering the room, looking about him at the dingy furniture, and then, slightly bowing to the justice, said:

"I must ask, sir, the privilege of telling my own story. This fellow that brought me here may think that he knows it all and that he can tell it better than I can, but he can't. Never mind what charge he has against me, for we all know that a man who makes an arrest is a sort of prosecuting attorney. I will be my own prosecutor, and if I fail to go deep enough into my motives, why then I may call for assistance from him."

The justice sat looking at the prisoner, was absorbed in a strange contemplation of him, and said not a word. The prisoner continued:

"In the eye of the law, the crime that I have committed is black, but the law is now old enough and should have enough sense to explore a man's motive. It all came about this way: The other night several friends and I went to a hotel to play a mild game of poker, and while we were playing a man named Harvey came in. Some of my friends were acquainted with him, and one of them asked him to sit in the game. I have made it a rule not to play with strangers, but on this occasion I decided not to object. Well, he sat in. Before he came I had been winning; after he came I lost steadily. And every time I opened a pot he would raise me. Twice I stood his raises and he beat me. The play was perfectly square, but it angered me. I said nothing, but deep within me there seethed something, and I knew that it was murder. Yes, I had not played long until I knew that I should have to kill that man."

"He kept on beating me, and my murderous intention kept on boiling. Once I looked at him as he was raking in a pot and mused: 'If you only knew what I do, you would feel more disposed to pray than to play poker. You are bluffing on the edge of eternity.' I think we must have closed the game at 3 o'clock in the morning. It was too late to go home and we decided to sleep at the hotel. And this man Harvey said that it was too late for him to go to his room and that he would also sleep in the hotel."

"There was a bed in the room in which we played, and he said that he would sleep there. I am not a married man, he added, and I usually sleep where the game ends. I said to myself, 'Yes, you will sleep where this game has ended, and if you play again it will be in another world.' Well, we went to bed. I secured a room just across the hall. I lay down without taking off my clothes, and listened—heard him move around, heard him whistle with the merriness of a winner, a successful bluffer. Gradually all noises ceased. I got up and went to his door. I was locked. I tapped. A voice asked me what I wanted. I replied that I had left something in his room and should like to get it. He opened the door and I stepped in."

"I looked about, pretended to find something, and then asked him if I might sit down and play solitaire, that I could not sleep and that I was so nervous that I dreaded to be alone."

He said "certainly," and then with brute confidence tumbled back into bed. I sat there, slowly placing the cards in front of me, watching him. He soon fell asleep. I took out my knife and opened a long, keen blade. He was lying on his back. I softly approached the bed and gently drew down the cover from his breast. What a broad breast, the breast of a bluffer. I stood there looking at him, not faltering in my design, but holding in reserve the sweetness of my vengeance. Suddenly he opened his eyes, and I plunged my knife into his breast. His blood squirted up into my face, into my eyes, and for a moment I seemed to be gazing into a red cloud."

"Well, I stole out. It was now daylight, and I walked up and down the street. After a while I returned to the hotel, and I saw that the murder had been discovered. Why so soon, I wondered, and I looked at my watch and found that the noon hour was nigh. I did not wish to deny the murder, so I gave myself up and this man brought me here, after keeping me in jail."

The justice and the officer looked at each other.

"Your honor," said the officer, "this old man's only offense was trying to preach in Lincoln park. He was thrown out of work some time ago and has gone crazy."

The old man laughed.

"Thrown out of work? Why, I never did a day's work in my life. I am rich; I can buy you all."

The grief-stricken face of a woman appeared at the door. "Your honor," said the old man, looking round, "I should like to present you to my wife, the noblest woman in the world."

The justice, "bunching" a handful of papers, said to the officer: "Take him to the proper authorities; and, mind you, be as gentle with him as if he were your father."

One Really Fine Statue.

Five new statues have recently been set up in the parks and squares of New York: The Columbus, designed by a Spaniard, in Central park; the Roscoe Conkling, in Madison square; the Greenleaf, at the junction of Sixth avenue and Broadway; the Ericsson,

in Battery park, and the Nathan Hale, in the City Hall park, and among these the last named is the only one which can be called worthy of its cost and its place, either as giving pleasure to the eye or as likely to inspire imitative ambitions and patriotic thoughts in the minds of our fellow citizens.

THE APPENDICITIS FAD.

Popular Errors About Grape Seeds Exploded by a Prominent Surgeon.

A prominent doctor who had performed a score of successful operations for the removal of that troublesome and inexplicable part of human anatomy, the vermiform appendix, says that the general impression that appendicitis is caused by the presence in the appendix of a cherry stone or a currant seed or a seed of any kind, is entirely erroneous. I have not found a seed in the appendix of a single one of my cases," he said.

"A small bit of digested matter gets into the little sac, if the neck of it is open far enough to receive it. It may remain there for years and cause no trouble, and then again it may bring on appendicitis almost immediately. Where the patient's health is in good condition, in four cases out of five the operation of removing the appendix is successful. There is a great difference in the length of time taken by surgeons to perform this, or in fact, any delicate operation. There is one surgeon in the city who has performed the operation in eighteen minutes, which included the time from the moment the patient was brought in on the operating table until he was ready to be taken out. This is half the time that it takes the majority of skillful surgeons to do it. Of course speed is not everything."

"The appendices fad, as the craze among rich people to have their vermiform appendicitis removed is called, still continues unabated, and there are few surgeons of prominence now who are not familiar with the performance of the operation. A story is told of a doctor who is constantly ordering the removal of the vermiform appendix for patients. He was called to see a gentleman one evening who had been seriously injured. The gentleman when he recognized the doctor, said:

"Oh, is it you; then I must have appendicitis!"

"Doctors who have allowed the appendicitis fad to carry them away have performed the operation upon a great many people whose vermiform appendices were in good condition, and in some cases patients having weak constitutions have died because of the slit in their abdomens. I am very glad to explode that story of the grape seeds and other seeds. People who have heard about appendicitis have given up the luxury of small fruit for fear of appendicitis, and some of the extremely sensitive ones have even been constantly worried lest some seed that they had swallowed in the past might give them this disease—which is among the rarest diseases, anyhow."

How It Felt.

Not long ago the young son of a well-known ex-congressman from Massachusetts began to attend Sunday school, in accordance with the wish of the family that he be early instructed in the way he should go. At the dinner table, after the exercises of the morning were over, he suddenly observed:

"Papa, have you the love of Jesus in your heart?"

"I hope so, my son. Have you?"

"Yes, papa."

"And how does it feel?"

"Like a lump of lead."

He Was a Villain.

Friend—Well, Eliza, how do you like your husband?

Eliza—He is a villain.

Friend—All men are; but what has he done?

Eliza—You know he was a widower. Well, I found out that all his love letters to me were copied verbatim from the ones he wrote to his first wife when they were courting.

Friend—Well, I wouldn't mind it. He will never send you any more.—Texas Sifters.

WITS AT WORK.

Banks—What do you think of the story about Jonah being three days inside of the whale? Tanks—It's a good thing, I've given my wife worse excuses than that.

Sally—Ethel and I are so interested in you! Jim—Kind, certainly; but why? Ethel—We had our fortunes told. One is to marry you, and the other is to be bridesmaid.

Distressed Young Mother, traveling with a crying infant—"Dear me! I don't know what to do with the baby! Thoughtful Bachelor, in the next seat—Shall I open the window for you?"

"Is it really true, as Miss Old Girl says, that she never married because her lover was lost at sea?" "Yes; another girl cut her out of his affections on a trip across the Atlantic."

Anxious Wife, at an altitude of 500 feet, to husband, who is accompanying her on her return trip to earth after having been blown up at a steamboat landing—"John, we are coming down among strangers. Is my hat on straight?"

Husband—Do you know that every time a woman gets angry she adds a new wrinkle to her face? Wife—No, I did not; but if it is so, I presume it is a wise provision of nature to let the world know what sort of a husband a woman has.

Fashionable Wife—Did you notice, dear, at the party last evening how grandly our daughter Clara swept into the room? Husband, with a grunt—Oh, yes, Clara can sweep into a room grandly enough; but when it comes to sweeping out a room, she isn't there.

LONG-LOST MANUSCRIPTS.

The Czar Has Ordered a Rigid Search for Them.

The recent order of the czar to search the subterranean halls and rooms of the great Kremlin, at Moscow, for hidden treasures has aroused interest not only in Russia but throughout the civilized world. The prime reason for the order is the belief that in some far away cell is hidden the famous library of Ivan IV., surnamed the Terrible. Ivan IV. was the Louis XI. of Russia. It is known that the famous ruler devoted the little leisure left him by war and politics to collecting Greek and Latin manuscripts, and it is believed that more than 800 of these precious documents are concealed in some underground cavern of the palace in which he spent much of his time. Most of these manuscripts, according to Russian scholars, upon whose recommendation the czar has acted, are unknown to the Occidental world and may change many of the accepted Greek and Latin traditions.

The result of the tour of discovery is, therefore, awaited with deep interest, not only by Russian savants, but by scholars all over the world.

Many other things of value—intrinsic and historical—may be brought to light by the search in these caverns. The Kremlin is the most important building in all Russia. The name alone exercises even to-day a mysterious influence over every son and daughter of the golden-domed country. It is the monument of the glory—and misery of Russia. It has been devastated by the Tartars, it has been burned by the Poles, it has been occupied by Napoleon. It saw Peter the Great grow to manhood, it saw the fall of Boris Godounov and the False Dimitri. It has been spotted with the blood of the innocent and stained with the blood of the guilty. But with all its history, it inspires a Russian to-day with feelings to which words can give no adequate expression.

In the dark caverns are supposed to be not only manuscripts of Cicero, Caesar, Tacitus and the Greek writers, but documents relating to the history of Russia, testaments of ancient Russian princes, and papers left by the Mongolian khans who once held sway within its walls.

Russian writers of the seventeenth century mention the library of Ivan IV., and say that the subterranean vaults contain other, almost countless treasures, hidden by the czar and princes in times of war and invasion. The only fear is that the manuscripts have been destroyed by the bookworm, the dampness natural to the depths in which they are supposed to be, or the effects of time. Weeks or even months may go before the search is ended, but Alexander III. will deserve and receive the thanks of all students for undertaking a work which czars before him declined to do.

Swimming Cavalry.

Some very interesting exercises in swimming cavalry took place lately on the Cabul river at Peshawur. The Thirteenth D. C. O. Bengal lancers have been practicing their horses in a large tank in their lines and on the river for some time. One squadron took cover along the river bank and kept up a steady fire to protect the passage of the other squadron, who placed their arms, accoutrements, and clothes in large country boats, and conducted their horses into the water. Some horses seemed to thoroughly enjoy themselves in the water; others became unmanageable through fear. However, the opposite bank was reached and war paint resumed, and the squadron was with most creditable rapidity taking measures to protect their comrades, crossed in like manner.

Quite Like an American Youth.

On one occasion, when the late Mr. W. H. Smith, controller of the English news-stands, was first lord of the admiralty, some big trials were to be brought off at the dock-yards, and a special train was run from London for the naval experts. At one of the intermediate stations, one of the book stall lads jumped on the steps of a first-class carriage and offered his papers. A crusty officer ordered him off, and with some indignation, asked him how he dared to annoy passengers. "Look here," said the boy, after a pause, "you'd better be civil, or I'll get the gun'or to dock your leave!"—Argonaut.

Putting Himself in His Place.

"Ef you wuz me, mum," said the fierce-looking, shaggy-haired tramp, stepping inside the door as he spoke, "and hadn't had a bite fur twenty-four hours, would you git down on your knees an' beg for a mouthful of cold victuals, or would you feel like you had a right to a square meal an' jist help yourself?"

"I think I'd see if the folks kept a dog about the house," replied the square-jawed woman, starting for the woodshed, "before I put on any airs. And if they had—"

But he didn't wait.

First Discovery of Coal in America.

There are strong reasons for believing that we are indebted to the early French missionaries for the first discovery of coal on this continent. In McFarland's "Coal Regions of America" I find the following: "It is a remarkable fact that the first discovery of coal in America, of which an account has been preserved in a printed book, was made so far in the interior as Illinois, by Father Hennepin, more than 200 years ago."—St. Louis Republic.

A Near-Sighted Citizen.

Citizen, excitedly—Officer, there is a dance hall open around the corner. I heard the music. And on Sunday night, too!

Policeman—You must be near-sighted. You can see by the bills in front of the house that it ain't a dance hall. It's a sacred concert.

CHICAGO THEATERS.

AMUSEMENT ATTRACTIONS FOR COMING WEEK.

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

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.

One of the most interesting dramatic events of each successive season is the visit of Stuart Robson, the comedian, who usually gets to the Chicago opera house along about Thanksgiving time. Mr. Robson, unlike most of the very successful comedians, does not depend upon his reputation or past successes to fill the houses for him, but diligently puts in every summer vacation in digging up some novelty for the following season. This year will be no exception, for his engagement at the Chicago opera house, which begins Sunday, Nov. 18, will be marked by one of the most important comedy productions of the year. The title of the new piece is "The Interloper," or "The Feet of Venus," and it from the workshop of that eminent playwright and author, Adrian Barbusse. Mr. Robson has an exceptionally good company this season, consisting of Mrs. Robson, Mr. Henry Bergman, John L. Wooderson, C. F. Montaine, Mrs. Gabriella McKean, Miss Carrie Berg, Miss Mary Green, George D. McIntyre, J. G. Bauer and John Webster, Jr.

THE SCHILLER.

That favorite actor, Mr. Robert Mantell, the foremost representative of the romantic-dramatic at present on the stage, comes to the Schiller theater for one week only, commencing next Sunday evening, Nov. 18. His annual visit to Chicago is always welcome, as his masterly impersonations of romantic stage characters appeal to a very large section of the most generous class of playgoers. Mantell's repertory of plays, invariably standard and attractive, is materially strengthened, and his appearances this season have not only drawn uniformly large audiences, but they have been signalized by an enthusiastic degree of personal popularity, showing that Robert Mantell has grown into the very front rank of public favor. Next week at the Schiller he will be seen in "The Corsican Brothers," his interesting romantic play "Monsieur," "Romeo and Juliet" (Mantell is credited with making an ideal Romeo) "The Marble Heart," and his most recent and pronounced success, "Parrhasius." Speaking of Mantell's performance in that city recently, the Philadelphia Record says: "He is as handsome as ever, and his experience in variety of characters has made him one of the most finished and charming actors upon the stage."

MICKER'S THEATRE.

Julia Marlowe Taber will give a special Thanksgiving matinee on Thursday afternoon, Nov. 29. Seats for both matinee and evening performance can now be ordered. "Ingomar," will be the afternoon bill and "Romeo and Juliet" will be given at night.

Theater Bulletin for Next Week.

Academy "Down in Dixie."
Alhambra "The Prodigal Father."
Auditorium Theodore Thomas.
Columbia DeWolf Hopper.
Chicago Opera House Stuart Robson.
Frank Hall's Casino Variety.
Grand Opera House "A Trip to Chinatown."
Gaiety Variety.
Hooley's "A Night Off."
Haymarket James J. Corbett.
Havlin's "Lost in New York."
Lincoln "The Derby Winner."
Lyceum Vaudeville.
McVicker's Julia Marlowe in Repertory.
Schiller Robert Mantell.
Royal Winter Circus Wabash Avenue.
Sam T. Jack's Opera House Variety.
Sam T. Jack's Empire Variety.
Standard Theater Variety.

ABOUT THE NEW BOOKS.

A Splendid History.

"The United States of America: A Study of the American Commonwealth," edited by Nathaniel Southgate Shaler, in two volumes, 8vo., is history on a new plan. It deals with the natural resources, people, industries, manufactures, commerce, literature, science, education and mode of government of the United States, being a collection of monographs on these subjects, written by able specialists for these volumes. Among the contributors are Prof. N. S. Shaler, William L. Wilson, Judge Thomas M. Cooley, F. D. Millet, J. B. McMaster, William T. Harris, Lyman Abbott, Charles Francis Adams, Edward Atkinson and others equally well known in the fields of science and literature. Here is brought together in a compendious form all that special information that every person has almost every day occasion for, and which can often only be obtained after days of research among a multitude of books. In these volumes the information can be had in five minutes. It is an extremely valuable work.

MARY ABBOTT.

"The Better World."

The Truth Seeker Company has brought out a startling paper volume called "The Better World," which unfortunately for its further perusal, contained in its early pages a description of the inhabitants of that sphere. "Where our nose ends theirs takes a round form and extends four or five inches, dividing at the end into five distinct fingers about three-fourths of an inch long and opening outward. When lying straight together these fingers look like an extension of the nose, when turned in they form a sort of knob. This, I find, they make a great use of. The nostrils extend through it to the end, and they breathe with the fingers of it, as a deaf and dumb man would with his fingers." It is enough; no one will read the book. To be read one must observe one maxim at least: "Never make yourself disgusting." The very thought of a race with extended noses ending in five horrid divisions nauseates the reader at the start. They may be gods and heroes in the "better world"; they are terrifying frights and no one cares for their virtues. The "elephant man" in England was a modest, trusting boy; yet children screamed in terror and women fainted at sight of him. He grew a hunted beast in time. Even the police were afraid to arrest him.

The Companion's Calendar.

The Youth's Companion has just published a calendar for 1895 which is a work of art—indeed, three works of art in one. Scenes typical of three seasons of the year, winter, summer, autumn, are shown. The first picture represents a mother and son pausing in their walk in a snowy field, across which a rabbit is running, much to the amusement of the boy. The artist in the summer scene has pictured three children rowing down a winding river; and were it not for the apples which fill the pan in her arms, one would scarcely imagine that the graceful girl in the third picture was typical of autumn. Around the pictures are grouped the monthly calendars, tied together by ribbons. This attractive calendar and a full prospectus for 1895 will be sent free upon application, to any one considering a subscription to the Companion. From no other paper can so much entertainment and instruction be obtained for so little money (only \$1.75 a year). If you subscribe now you will receive the paper until Jan. 1, 1895, and for a full year from that, including the Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year's double numbers.

"The God in the Car."

"The God in the Car," meaning a relentless idol, a juggernaut, and not, as some have supposed, a tale concerning Cupid on a railway train, is the best, that is, the best done novel, so far, although it does not compare in charm with "The Prisoner of Zenda," nor in trenchancy with "A Change of Air." It is not a tale of chivalry—quite the contrary—and it is analytical in tendency, as most of the others of Mr. Hawkins' tales have not been. As to its principal character, the god of the car juggernaut, it resembles Mrs. Campbell-Praed's writing. If her financial brute, in her first novel with Justin McCarthy, had been compelling in his power over women, he would have been as like the man Ruston, the god in the car, as one pea in a pod is like the next one. This may sound absurd, as if one made comparisons between two things which differed absolutely in vital spark; but the vital part, if it is one, the power of Ruston, was not insidious or subtle enough to be considered very specially.

Literary Notes.

Book News gives its readers a very excellent and acceptable picture of Dr. Holmes, for which every one must be grateful.

Messrs. Lovell and Coryell have brought out a beautiful edition of "The Victorian Age of English Literature," by Mrs. Oliphant, a work of enormous indefatigability.

The Midland Monthly is still publishing the "Beatrice" of Alice Higginz Jones, a story which is growing in dramatic power and intensity, and is a delightful novel altogether.

The Domestic Monthly is consistent and does not mix its calling with others; as so many of its sister magazines are liable to do. It pretends to very little literature, but gives fashions, cooking recipes and sensible directions for housekeepers, and one does not have to wade through sentimental slush to find out how to keep off moths or make a new kind of cooky.

In 1818 Victor Hugo, then 16 years of age, made a wager that he would write a volume in a fortnight. He wrote "Bug Jural," which is a tale founded on the revolt of the slaves at San Domingo. This story, together with "Claude Guenx," and "The Last Day of a Condemned," makes one of the library edition of Victor Hugo's romances, uniform with the Dumas sets and published by Messrs. Little & Brown in holiday style.

"Evolution and Ethics" is the title of the forthcoming volume in the complete edition of Huxley's works. In addition to his chapters upon evolution and ethics and science and morals, the author treats of "Capital as the Mother of Labor." Nearly half the book is devoted to an analysis of "Social Diseases and Worse Remedies," wherein Mr. Huxley deals with "The Struggle for Existence," with socialistic theories and with the question of the extent of state aid. He also takes the methods and results of the Salvation army.

A Wonderful Geyser Well.

The geyser well on the farm of John Sholl, sixteen miles east of Bloomington, Ill., continues to be a puzzle. The well is a tube four inches in diameter and 200 feet deep. When it was sunk to that depth a week ago the gas forced the drill, weighing 600 pounds, out of the well to a height estimated at eighty feet, and it was followed by a volley of gravel. Then came water mixed with the gas, and rising fully 150 feet in the air. The stream threatened to convert the farm into a lake and to wash away Mr. Sholl's house. A barrier of two-inch pipe planks was built to shield the house, but the water and gravel sawed it in two in a short time. After some difficulty the pipe was capped and a gate valve was adjusted. Tuesday the valve was again opened with the pressure at 100 pounds. A solid stream of water arose 125 feet and stone and gravel shot nearly as high. A half inch board held over the stream was cut in two in twenty seconds. Thousands visit the scene every day.

Of Course the Gun Was Loaded.

Winnie Davis, the 19-year-old daughter of Edward Davis, who lives at Chaffin's Mills, Ohio, was shot and instantly killed by Tiffin Collett while returning from school the other evening. Collett had a double-barreled shotgun and was scaring the girl by snapping it at her. At this time the gun was empty. Subsequently he put a load in one of the barrels, and starting into the postoffice he met Winnie coming out. In some way the hammer caught and the gun was discharged, the entire load entering the girl's side and penetrating the heart. She died instantly. Collett is a lad 18 years of age. The community is much excited over the accident and much blame is placed on Collett, who is charged with criminal carelessness.

The Last Bird to Bed.

The robin is always the last bird to go to bed in the evening. Its eyes are large and it can see well by a dim light.

THE OCEAN'S WAVES.

THEY ARE NOT MOUNTAINS
HIGH BY ANY MEANS.

Feet Their Record—Higher Waves
Have Been Seen, But the General Run
of High Waves Falls Very, Very Far
Below That.

It is common to speak of waves of the height of more than one hundred feet and some people have believed in them, but old sea captains who have ploughed the sea for a lifetime, shake their grizzled heads and wink their weather eyes while they smile doubtfully. If they return anything to such remarks it will be a quotation from some reliable authority or a leaf from the book of their own experience called a log—and log books never lie—while story tellers are always inclined toward fiction. Many ocean travelers have seen waves of one hundred feet in height in their own imaginations and we may excuse their deceptions—often unintentional—upon the ground that they have deceived themselves in a matter where it seems almost impossible to form any correct idea. Looking upward from a ship in the trough of the sea to the crest of a wave immediately overhead it seems a far greater height than it possibly can be. But if waves were ever 100 feet in height and broke upon a vessel but once, very few of our staunchest ocean steamers would live to see land again after getting out of sight of it. In his "Physical History of the Sea" the Comte de Marsili tells us that the highest wave observed by him on the shores of Languedoc, where the fetch of the Mediterranean was 600 miles, was 13½ feet from crest to base, and Dr. Scoresby found waves in the Atlantic from 30 to 43 feet in height, from the crest to the bottom of the hollow. And these were the largest of waves, seldom met with.

Most people have noticed the swell from a large steamer and noted also its force. The outgoing tide serves the purpose of the sandy shore and the volume of water in the vessel's swell is hurled with a momentum which may have borne it to your feet and covered you with foam. In this case it seems as if the current, running against the incoming swell, would either wholly destroy the force of the latter or at least reduce its force, but the forces of waves are peculiar. Among seamen the fact is well known that the nastiest ocean waves are in the gulf stream to the southward of the banks, where the current, with mighty strength, opposes them when they come from the east. The current seems to make them narrower and steeper.

The sailor does not fear the largest waves, says the Philadelphia Times, provided they are large enough at the base. It is the great wave whose crest curls that he most dreads, for that is the wave that overwhelms a ship, falling with crushing effect upon it. The largest waves are to be found off the cape of Good Hope, where there are not over a dozen swells to the mile sometimes, and these are not at all dangerous as compared with such a sea as was encountered by the steamer Glamorgan in her passage from Liverpool to Boston some twelve years ago. It was while crossing the Atlantic and in a gale she was boarded by a wave that tore her iron bulkworks off the ship as if they were cardboard, broke away completely the iron side of the house on deck, tore off hatches and filled the hold with water. Those on board who were not killed by that wave were taken off by another vessel, and yet that was nothing to the force that has been exerted by the waves at other times. It has been frequently noticed by captains of vessels that a heavy roller coming over forward will completely overcome the headway of the ship, so that she will lie trembling in the trough.

The fact is upon record that the waves of the German ocean once broke in two a solid column of freestone thirty-six feet high and seventeen feet in diameter at the base. This shaft was standing in place at the time. At the point of fracture the diameter was eleven feet. But at the top of the Bound Skerry of Whalley, in Zelt, the waves had broken out of their beds, which were eighty-five feet above the level of the sea, blocks of stone weighing from eight to ten tons.

Of course science has made the effort of calculating the force of waves and invented an instrument for that purpose which has met with more or less success. The marine dynamometer has been used for this purpose. It is simply a known surface for the water to impinge on, the force of the impact being transferred to springs of known strength. The distance to which the springs are compressed is self-registering and in this way the force of the waves, under not extraordinary circumstances, has been found to be as high as three tons to the square foot. Under some exceptional circumstances the pressure has been more than double that weight. At Port Sonachan, in England, where the fetch of the waves on the breadth of the water over which they travel is but fourteen miles, a block of stone weighing a quarter of a ton was torn out of a solid stone staircase leading from a landing; it was then rolled over and over. Now if such effects are obtained under such circumstances what shall we say is the force which transatlantic steamers have to encounter on many voyages?

Kentucky Burgoo.

A traveler from the South described recently one of the oldest and most popular dishes in Kentucky, which is known as "burgoo." It is an outdoor concoction and many massive pots of it are said to have simmered over a hot fire in the open at political gatherings

in Kentucky. The making of "burgoo" is thus described: In the bottom of the big pot some red pepper pods are thrown, then potatoes, tomatoes and corn added; then a half dozen nicely dressed prairie chickens are thrown into the pot, and also a half dozen of the fattest farm yard chickens are added; then a couple of dozen soft-shell crabs and three or four young squirrels are thrown on the heap. Enough clear spring or well water is poured into the caldron barely to float the varied contents and then the fire is started. It must be allowed to simmer slowly for six hours, and an old superstition is that it must be stirred with a hickory stick in order to give it the best flavor.

FLAX CULTURE IN EUROPE.

Russia Grows More of This Crop Than Any Country in the World.

Our principal supply of raw material, says Chambers' Journal, is imported from Russia, where the plant has long been, and still is, cultivated more extensively than in any other country in the world; but there the culture of the crop and preparation of the fiber receive less care and attention than in any other flax-producing country. This neglect may be accounted for by the immense tracts under crop and also by much thinner sowing than is practiced in other countries in order to give the plant greater strength and more numerous branches, to prevent it being laid during the violent thunderstorms that prevail about the time it is in flower. The result of this treatment, however, is a coarse fiber, and also a very much inferior yield to that grown thicker and under more favorable circumstances of soil and attention in its early stages. Germany, Austria and France follow Russia as flax-producing countries, and in each of these an average area of over 200,000 acres is kept under this crop. In Holland flax is grown principally for the seed, and the planting and growth of the crop, as well as the time for pulling, is regulated for this purpose. By properly maturing the seed the quality of the fiber is injured and renders the subsequent processes more difficult; but the Dutch farmers are amply remunerated by the high price obtained for the seed, which has for agricultural purposes a world wide fame, and is chiefly sown in Britain, although Riga seed is also used and preferred by some growers as being more hardy. It is Belgium, however to which we must turn to see flax in the highest state of cultivation, where nothing is neglected that can in any measure improve the quantity and more especially the quality of the crop. Here proper rotation of the crops, superior tillage and liberal manuring of the land are attended to in a manner not seen elsewhere, and to this the careful, plodding Belgian farmers owe their success in raising other crops as well as flax, and which has earned for them the reputation they enjoy of being the most successful agriculturists in the world.

New Jersey's Rival.

During the summer months the district along Indian river, Florida, can give points to any other place on the mosquito question. Housekeepers are at their wits' end to keep the pests from entering. Usually outside the screen door hangs a "mosquito switch" made of split palmetto leaves. It would be an unpardonable breach of hospitality if the visitor should neglect before entering to switch himself thoroughly from head to foot, suddenly open the door and dart in, then slam the door in the faces of the winged tribe trying to follow him inside. Many houses have the front porch entirely screened in so that the people can enjoy the evening air and listen to the humming outside the screen.

MEANT FOR MERRIMENT.

"Did your sister enjoy the serenade last night?" Little Jimmy—Yes; she and Mr. Blinks laughed at everything you sang.

"What did you ask for at the last house?" "Nothing but a cold potato." "And what did they do?" "Made it hot for me."

He, floundering in the water—Quick, quick; give me your hand! She, coming up the last time—Oh, this is so, so sudden!

Humorist—I have a joke here on Philadelphia. Editor—We don't buy single jokes on Philadelphia; we contract for them in lots of a gross each.

Bridges—I want to go to some place where people don't gossip about their neighbors, and stay there. Brooks—Take any of the cars marked "Greenwood cemetery."

"Have you wound up the alarm clock?" "No; I never do that until morning." "I don't see what good it does then." "Silly fellow, it keeps it from waking me up."

Mr. Blinks suddenly awakened—Who—who's there? Burglar, with pistol—Don't yeh dare move or I'll—Mrs. Blinks—For mercy's sake don't shoot! You'll wake the baby!

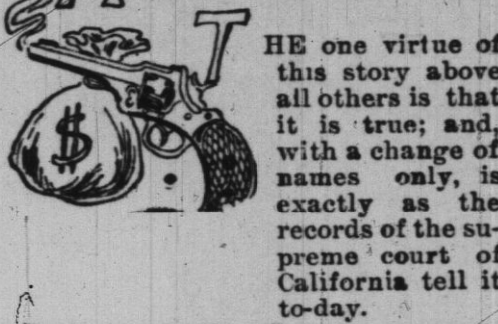
Wife—The doctor says I will gain ten or fifteen pounds if I go away for a month. Can't I go, dear? Husband—Not much! Why, not one of your gowns would fit you then.

Dora—Men may not think so, but nowadays there are a great many girls who have no intention of ever marrying. George—Oh, I know it. I've proposed to a dozen of them.

Hausfrau, to dunning tradesman—If to-morrow is bad weather I shall be able to pay you. But if it is good weather, you need not call, as we shall need the money to go to a picnic.

Looking up suddenly, she beheld the bearded face of a man, with a knife gleaming between his teeth. Then she fainted. It was no wonder, for she had been carefully reared and had never seen anyone eat pie in that manner before.

FRIGHTENED INTO HOMICIDE



HE one virtue of this story above all others is that it is true; and, with a change of names only, is exactly as the records of the supreme court of California tell it to-day.

Early in 1890 Tom Jermyn, a youngster of 23, left his home in New Jersey and sought fortune in the far West. As many before him had done, he worked from place to place, forgetting the maxim that a rolling stone gathers no moss, and after having tried half a dozen states and territories he found himself, in the spring of 1891, in Los Angeles, friendless, homeless and all but penniless.

The situation was not a pleasant one. The "boom" of two or three years before had left the town quiet, and after a few weeks of searching he came to the conclusion that his only chance to escape starvation or the penitentiary was to go into the mining districts, and therefore thither he went.

With varying success he found his way from one to another of the camps along the Sierras, until one day he struck a new one, far up the country toward Death's valley, named "Last Ditch," and there fell into companionship and finally into partnership with a man almost twice his age by the name of John Selden, "Quick Jim," as he was better known in all the mining region.

The friendship was a strange one. The boy, for he was but a boy, was not a drinker nor a thief, was willing to do as he would be done by, and to work. Selden, on the contrary, was a hard drinker, loved gaming and cheating of any and every sort, had killed his man, yes, men, being known as a desperado when in liquor, and was altogether a person to be avoided. And yet the two seemed to have a mutual attraction, for their acquaintance, begun by chance, ripened, as I have said, into actual friendship, and for nearly two years they were "partners" in all business relations and became much attached to each other.

The fellowship was like to do Jermyn harm rather than to help Selden, but such was not the case. The elder man turned a sharp corner, became interested in actual mining in the legitimate way, drunk but little and almost never got into any row. His old companions viewed the change with delight, for he had always been considered "dangerous," and the hope was generally expressed that Jim's last love was going to reform and make a worthy man of him.

Matters were in this happy state when the two became possessed of a mining claim near Dry Salt lake in the El Paso district, which rapidly developed into a valuable one, and from which they took a considerable quantity of gold.

Day after day they worked as neither of them had ever worked before, and night after night they estimated their increasing wealth and



"JIM, LOOK UP!" AND FIRED.

figured on the time, apparently near at hand, when they should have enough of the precious dust to return to civilization, able to establish themselves in some regular business. They were, in fact, making a profit of several hundred dollars per day, when, just as fortune had thus turned her fickle smile upon them, Selden fell a prey to his old enemy, began to drink to excess, became at once sullen, ugly and overbearing to all about him, and, as he had never done before, turned upon his boy partner and charged him with defrauding him in their partnership division.

Surprised and hurt, Jermyn for a time tried to explain to his friend that he was dealing fairly in all things, but day by day Selden grew worse, until one night, as they were weighing the result of their work, he turned like a wild beast upon Jermyn, threw him out of the cabin where they lived, cast his bag of accumulated dust after him, and swore that if he ever laid eyes on him again he would shoot him dead.

Filled with anger at the unjust treatment, the young fellow would have sought another interview had not older and cooler heads advised him to keep away for a time, and therefore, he retired to the cabin of another miner not a mile away, waiting until Selden should end his debauch and be in a condition to meet without danger.

But that condition did not ensue; on

the contrary, no sooner had the elder man broken with his partner than he plunged into deeper excesses than before, gave up his work, finally sold the claim at a great sacrifice, and spent all his time in savage drunkenness, constantly swearing that he had but one thought left in life, and that to find and kill Jermyn.

Too often the man who has done another a wrong hates him for that very reason; strange as it may seem, and that was the condition of mind that Selden had now reached.

Meantime, Jermyn, advised by men who had known Selden for years, hid himself and waited from day to day, hoping against hope that a change might come.

But no change came, and one day by some chance Selden learned that Jermyn was still in the camp, and the rage with which he began a house to house or cabin search for him led the latter's friends to at once smuggle him as far as Granite Springs, twenty miles over the divide.

They hoped that this would satisfy Selden, but the man had become crazed; one idea filled his mind—the murder of Jermyn—and with all the cunning of a lunatic he sought the trail of the fleeing boy. Threats of death, curses and oaths of the most terrible form, rage that knew no bounds filled the air about him wherever he paused, and the story of his determined revenge spread among the mining camps in the desert, so that Jermyn was warned and continued his flight from point to point to avoid his pursuer.

Imagine the situation; a mere boy, unused to the wild lawlessness of that border land, friendless and far from home, pursued by one who should have nothing against him, but whom he knew to be a murderer and willing to do as he threatened; is it any wonder that his nerves gave way?

Well, they did, and after being driven from Granite Springs to Grant, and in turn to Cottonwood, Point of Rocks and San Bernardino, he finally sought cover in Los Angeles itself, hoping that his enemy would not follow him into that city lest he might fall into the hands of the law.

But he did not know Selden. Crazed with liquor and the one idea that he had turned within his seething brain for a month, he learned with fiendish joy that Jermyn was in the city, and thither he went post haste, seeking for himself a lodging in one of the third rate hotels upon lower Main street, and searching the town each day for his selected victim.

For a week or more the other dodged him; men who knew them both warning him and helping him to conceal himself. Why he did not call upon the authorities for protection is not known, but they could do little, for bail to keep the peace would have been a straw buckler to save Jermyn from the bullet or knife of his enemy. Day by day and night by night the boy watched and dodged and listened and started, unable to rest or sleep, or eat; frightened more by the horrible uncertainty of when the end would come than by that end itself, until his brain, too, was turned, and for the time he became as crazed as the man who was following him.

He reached one conclusion, either he must kill Selden or Selden would kill him, and life seemed too sweet, with all its terrors, to lose it at twenty-three; and this is what he did.

Finding where the elder man was staying he engaged a room in one of the small two-storied buildings opposite. The room looked upon the street and commanded the entrance to Selden's hotel; and, having secured a shot gun which he loaded with buckshot, he took up his station in the upper window, behind a half opened blind, and waited the coming of his former partner.

For some reason two days passed without Jermyn's seeing Selden. During this time, with only a pause for a few hours of rest and a bite to eat, the half-crazed boy, gun in hand, watched, with flaming eyes and heart that throbbed as if it would suffocate him; watched and waited the chance to kill the man whom he feared. Each moment that passed burned into his seething brain a greater fear; each hour scorched him with a more terrible dread, and the horror that had haunted him for a month shut out all else. The world turned red before his staring eyes, and blood seemed to trickle down the grimy wall about him!

It was noon of the third day. Half exhausted, kneeling with his gun thrust across the window sill and his chin resting upon it, Jermyn glared down the narrow street. Suddenly a figure appeared, approached—it was Selden!

Cautiously, with all the method and care of a madman, the boy cocked his weapon, pushed its barrel a little further out, dropped his head so that his eye ran along it, and just as the other was opposite, within three rods of the grim muzzle, he cried:

"Jim, look up!" and fired. Selden's face was raised, his eyes caught sight of the red flames, he whirled half about, his hand at his hip, and fell dead upon the pavement, his heart shot out!

For a month Jermyn was in the hospital, but when at last he had recovered from the terror and strain of his experience and was brought to trial it was a matter of great ease for his counsel to obtain an acquittal and a verdict of "justifiable homicide," for all the jury felt that it was "kill, or be killed," and not the less was that their conclusion when it appeared that the dead man's hand, warned by the voice that spoke from the window even as the triggers had been pressed, had sprung to his pistol and half drawn it before the fatal buckshot had torn his heart and life from him.

Had Jermyn waited three seconds he would have been the victim. He knew it and fired first.

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Marble Dust, Stucco

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



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.

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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.

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

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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.

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

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OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

AN EIGHTEEN-YEAR-OLD HERO OF THE SEA.

How William Saved the Ship—The Very Habit of Nail Biting—Guest—Captain Carter's Conscience-Stricken Monkey—Caramels.

A Hero at Eighteen.

The pages of the sea have given us no finer tale for many a day than that of the boy captain and the Clyde sailing-ship *Trafalgar*. It is a story that might have been written by Robert Louis Stevenson or Clark Russell, or by both together.

It hardly need be said that the boy captain, as we have got to call him, is William Shotten, the son of a sailor, Captain Stephen Shotten, and a member of a Sunderland family. Among the lanes of Gloucestershire, where Captain Stephen Shotten now has his home, I had a chat with the boy captain one fine afternoon recently. He is a modest, charming lad of 18, as natural as a sailor should be, yet capable, at a pinch, I should think, of holding his own in the most difficult circumstances.

"Since I came back to the old country I have been having a holiday," he told me, "but I shall be off to sea again by-and-by." He might have added that he now carries his certificate as a junior officer, and that the fates look as if they mean to make him a full-blown skipper before he gets a beard.

"You might tell me, so I may ask one or two questions on them the main facts of your skipper-ship of the *Trafalgar*."

"Briefly they are these. We were sailing from Batavia for Melbourne in ballast. Captain Edward died of Java fever while we were lying in Batavia. We left two men ill in hospital, and two had deserted, so we sailed with a crew, all told, of 23 hands. Mr. Roberts, who had been first mate, was now in command; we had got a new first mate, a Mr. Norwood; a seaman from the *fo's'le* had been made second mate, and I was ranked third mate."

"And so you put out for Melbourne?"

"Yes, taking the fever with us, I'm sorry to say. I had been ill of it myself, and suffered a two hours' attack almost every day until we reached Melbourne. But I was spared, although while the attacks were on I really don't think I should have cared how it went with me. Well, first an able seaman died, then Mr. Roberts and the carpenter, then Mr. Norwood and then the cook. A desolating business it was, and sadly demoralized the crew, especially as they were left with myself—an apprentice just out of his time, a boy—as the only one on board who could navigate."

"But didn't the prospect appear a tremendous-looking one to you?"

"Really, I can't say that I ever thought of that; perhaps because I had not time; perhaps because while Mr. Roberts and Mr. Norwood were lying ill I had already been navigating the ship. You see, the third mate, with whom I took watch and watch about from the time we lost the other officers, could not navigate; but, frankly, I hadn't any fear about being able to take the *Trafalgar* to Melbourne, and I told the men so. They wanted to make for the nearest port in Australia, but I set my face against that, because it would have involved great expense to the owners. Besides, as I argued with them, if I could navigate the ship to the nearest port in Australia, I could navigate her to Melbourne."

"I believe they didn't work with you just as heartily as they might have done?"

"As I have said, the deaths on board and the position we were left in made the men see things blackly. It was from that fact that any difficulties I had with them arose, not from a desire, I'm certain, to cause difficulties. Anybody who knows what sailors are will easily understand their fligtheness and the troubles they made as a result of it. If I had been in the *fo's'le* and seen a lad taking the bearings day after day on the quarter deck, and had I known that he was the only frail guide on the trackless sea—why, I think I might myself have been a trifle uneasy. All the men could have done would have been to take a given direction—the direction of the Australian continent—and bear up for it. Either that or have trusted to being picked up by a passing ship. In the first case, they must just run her aground on the first land they touched. It might have been a barren coast hundreds of miles from civilization. Whatever happened to them, she must have been lost. As to being picked up by another ship—well, the comment on that is that we didn't see one on the whole voyage."

"Naturally, only those on board the *Trafalgar* could really recognize all that was meant in your skipper-ship?"

"We had a good bit of rough weather when we got into Australia latitudes; had sails blown away and so on; but got to Melbourne all right. Immediately they got foot on shore the men forgot all their troubles and couldn't say too kind things of me, as, indeed, it has been also with other people since. The whole affair was, no doubt, strange, and may never occur again—anyhow, in my experience. Perhaps it was not without its risks, but if I had set to doubting about the result, we might not have got through as we did, you know."—London Letter.

Nail-Biting.

The practice of nibbling at the finger nails is to be condemned, first, on the ground that the nails are thereby rendered brittle and unsightly, and

secondly, because it is a senseless habit which makes the practice of it a source of constant irritation to the friends of the one who has the habit.

The habit is usually acquired at school in early childhood, and steps should at once be taken to break it up.

This may be done in various ways. It is usually sufficient to explain to the child the perniciousness of the habit, requesting him to be constantly watchful against it in himself, and to discourage the practice in everyone else. Punishment is usually uncalled for.

Strategy may be resorted to in case the habit be well established. The finger ends may be dipped in some harmless preparation of a disagreeable nature, which will serve to remind the child what he is doing.

A French investigator has lately published the results of an elaborate study of the subject, chiefly in reference to the importance of the habit as an indication of nervous disease.

His investigations have been pursued among the school children of Paris, among whom he found the habit widely prevalent. Of the total number of children examined, about one-third were given to the practice, the greater proportion being among the girls. The age at which the habit was most common was found to be between twelve and fifteen years.

The investigator thinks he has discovered a remarkable relation between nail-biting and a defective, or at least an impaired stability of mind and character, as all the teachers united in saying the pupils addicted to nail-biting were the poorest students. The boys were inclined to effeminacy and the girls to slackness. Both sexes showed a lessened ability to sustain the attention, and were consequently the hardest to teach.

Brave Little Tot.

Little golden haired Tot was 4 years old, a farmer's daughter, and very fond of a great, big, shaggy, black dog, whose constant companion she was. The joy of the comradeship was marred by the fact that the dog was not permitted to stay in the house.

One evening in the early autumn, when the nights were beginning to hint of frost, Tot was missing. The frantic and nervous search which followed the discovery resulted in finding the little girl huddled up against the dog in the farthest corner of the woodshed. Her little shawl was tied around his head, and a pair of very short and dimpled arms were clasped close around his neck.

"Why, Tot, what on earth are you doing here?"

"Do you 'spect I've goin' to let my dear doggie stay out in the cold all by hisself?"

The same little girl went with two or three cousins, all older and bigger than herself, to route a stubborn and cross old hen who was determined to "set" in a haystack.

Tot had a snubonnet on her fluffy head, and carried a tin pail in her hand.

The girls approached the stack warily, shook their aprons, and called out "shoo" several times.

The old hen did not stir, but emitted one or two ominous cackles. The little folks renewed their efforts at dislodgement, but at quite a safe distance.

They threw sticks and straw and called out "shoo" all to no avail.

Tot had been watching the proceedings with grave disapproval in her glance. Finally she sat down the tin pail moved up to the stack, grasped the hen by the tail, and threw her off the nest, and completely over the heads of her astonished companions. Then she calmly remarked:

"I'm on diris an' get 'bor eggs."

"Tot" is a woman now, beautiful and stylish, the same warmhearted traits and fearlessness in times of indecision having won her hosts of friends all through life.

Guess?

"Now tell," Cried Nell.

"Sometimes it's big—sometimes it's small. It has two hands and no feet at all."

But still.

Said Nell.

"Though it doesn't run up it does run down. Its face is always healthy and round. And it talks very prim and very precise."

When I am good it says, so nice.

"Pretty—well!"

"Little—Nell!"

"But if I'm naughty, oh dear me!"

Its voice is as solemn as it can be. Solemn and sorry and dreadfully clear. And the more I don't listen, the more I hear.

Do's you'd—on 't'er, Little—daughter.

"Can't you guess it, you funny folks? Something that runs but never walks?"

Well, well!

Cried Nell.

"If you can't imagine, I'll have to 'plain. And I won't make such a hard riddle again. You must have a key before it will talk. Turn the key—and there's a—"

—Youth's Companion

Greedy Julian.

Julian is much fonder of fruit than he is of his lessons. One morning while he and his father were taking a stroll through the orchard, they saw a lot of red apples on the ground.

His father, thinking that he might teach the little fellow a bit of arithmetic, said:

"Suppose I should give you two apples in one hand and three in the other, how many would you have?"

"Maybe I should have all I wanted right now," demurely answered the boy.

Coffee Caramels.

Put into a saucepan one pound of sugar and one quart of strong black coffee. Let this boil until it forms a syrup. Stir into the mixture a tumbler full of good rich milk or cream, and continue the boiling until the syrup is almost crackling. Pour the mixture onto a marble slab that has been moistened with salad oil, as soon as it is cold cut into squares with a knife, divide the caramels and keep them in tins.

MADAGASCAR'S QUEEN.

THE WOMAN WHO IS FIGHTING FRENCH AGGRESSION.

She is Popular with Her People—The Hova Men Would Follow Her to Death—The United States Deeply Interested in the Conflict.



Among the highlands of Madagascar live a brave and patriotic people who are preparing now to fight for their liberties. They are the Hovas, who rule the island from their uplands in the center of the country.

One day last spring at a native celebration graced by the presence of the Hova queen, the prime minister, her husband, said in an eloquent speech:

"The queen of Madagascar and her subjects will never consent to surrender the independence of their island. No other flag than your majesty's shall ever float over this people."

The president of France was present and heard these words. They were meant for his ear. His bearing toward the native government and the people has not pleased the Hovas. Today an envoy of France, M. Le Myre de Villers, is on the island with an ultimatum which he will present to the Hova queen. Nobody in France expects that the Malagasy will accept its terms. If they include the extraordinary demands which, according to the French press, M. de Villers has been instructed to make, there will be war. The Malagasy will never permit the French to establish a protectorate over the island while they have strength to fight.

An American gentleman has recently arrived in this country who has probably a larger acquaintance with the affairs of Madagascar than any other person in this country. He is Ethelbert G. Woodford, a mining engineer and state inspector of mines in the Africa republic. In the course of his work he lived for some time at Antananarivo,

maintain their independence and keep the peace.

"Here are over 3,000,000 people, a third of whom belong to one tribe, the Hovas, a people of Malayan origin, while many other tribes are of African descent. In natural capacity and the desire to advance in civilization the Hovas are far superior to all other tribes. They long ago acquired supremacy over their neighbors. Most of them live in the highlands of the interior, and from Antananarivo, the residence of their queen and the seat of their power, their control extends



QUEEN OF MADAGASCAR.

to all parts of the island. The world acknowledges the Hovas as the rightful rulers of Madagascar.

"I think I never saw so loyal and patriotic a race. They have the utmost affection for their queen, who deserves their love, for she is a woman of character and wholly devoted to her people. Her appearance in public is always the signal for the most enthusiastic demonstrations. The city, of 100,000 inhabitants, whose lofty hills is dominated by the fine stone palace of the queen, would be deserted in a month if her majesty were to make her residence in another place. The Hovas are very proud of their nationality and institutions, and you may imagine how a people so intensely patriotic are galled and incensed by the thought that a great European power covets their island and means to have it if she can invent any pretext for seizing it. There is nothing English or French about the Hovas. Their greatest desire in life is to preserve their indepen-



COUNTRESS MOROSINI.

the capital, where he made the acquaintance of the prime minister and other members of the government. He also had opportunities to meet hosts of the Europeans engaged in enterprises in Madagascar. There was already great tension in the relations of France and the Hovas, and Mr. Woodford thoroughly studied the situation which now threatens to involve the island in war. Mr. Woodford was requested to give his views on the present troubles and the causes that have led to them.

"You know," he said, "that Madagascar is the fourth largest island in



THE QUEEN'S PALACE.

the world. It has large mineral and agricultural wealth, and many years ago the French dreamed of taking this island and creating an empire in the Indian ocean. Just fifty years ago the French and British, when Madagascar had not made her present advance in civilization, seized the port of Tamatave for some wrong they thought the Hovas had done. That trouble was soon over, and the English in time became the fast friends of the Malagasy, but the natives have never liked the French. It has been the sorrow of their political history for the past half century that the French have forced themselves so much upon them. They have struggled long to ward off French encroachment and at the same time to

dence and their nationality.

"To this day the United States has not recognized France's right to claim a protectorate over the island. Our consul, Waller, took his exequatur from the Hova queen in spite of the protests of the French resident, and, in spite of another storm of protests, American citizens have applied for, and received important concessions in the island, though the French say that under the treaty they alone have the power to grant these concessions. We have a treaty with the Hova government providing that suitable proposals of American citizens who may desire to embark in business in Madagascar will be entertained by the native government, and in spite of the French, who say no American has a right to ask for anything in the island except through the French resident the Hovas are living up to the letter and spirit of their treaty with us. It seems to me that we are not merely disinterested spectators of the present troubles. Many millions of yards of our cotton cloth are annually sent to the island. Next to the largest traders there while France has only one-tenth of the trade."

COUNTRESS MOROSINI.

The Most Beautiful Woman in All Europe.

The Countess Victoria Morosini, the most beautiful woman in Europe, has lately become the subject of much gossip in connection with the court scandals of Berlin. The countess is an Italian by birth. Some years ago she was left a widow, and of late has passed considerable of her leisure hours at the German capital. She is a conspicuous favorite with the emperor, and for that reason alone her name was mentioned in the recent anonymous letters which caused such a tumult in Europe a few weeks ago.

EXECUTING AN INJURED FLY.

How a Quartet of Insects Put a Half-Burned Brother to Death.

Flies are not usually accredited with great intelligence, but an illustration observed a short time ago goes far to disprove any idea that they are entirely bereft of thought. It was near midnight and a writer for the Philadelphia Call laid aside his pen for the day, but was constrained to remain at his desk by the strange action of a quartet of flies. One unfortunate buzzer had flown too near the gaslight and had been so badly singed that he could not fly. Quite helpless, he lay on his back struggling to overturn himself. He almost succeeded, but so painful were his efforts that mercy suggested the speedy killing of the insect. But the manifest agitation of the four unusually large flies prevented a hasty execution. In great excitement the quartet circled around the unfortunate, remaining within a radius of twelve inches. One pair seemed to touch heads, and in an instant one of the two went savagely for the wounded brother. After contending with him for a brief time the first helper left, when, without lapse of many seconds, the second of the pair went through the same performance. Here was a puzzle that required close study to solve. Were the flies striving to aid the sufferer, or did they want to kill him, either because of his uselessness or to relieve him from pain?

Seventeen times were combats—for such they soon appeared to be—had. The fly, lying on his back, fought and apparently sought to keep off the big insects. As near as the eye could determine, they seemed to strive to reach the neck of the sufferer. There was a short sharp fight each time. A few grains of sugar were placed on the desk, but the fighters were too greatly absorbed to notice them. More powwows ensued, and three attacks followed. Then the four were frightened by an attempt to catch them. One fly, not of the quartet, was captured and placed under a glass with the wingless member. Five minutes the stranger flew around wildly, not going near the burned fellow. The glass was removed and in the course of ten minutes four flies were again on the scene, trying to kill the small insect. It was then nearly 1 o'clock a. m., and the observer, failing to inveigle any into a trap, retired. Early in the morning the fly that had caused all the trouble was found dead, with the grains of sugar lying around him undisturbed.

NOT A DOLLAR MORE.

Honor Diminished in Price as the Gam Proceeded.

When Conkling and Platt were before the New York legislature at Albany seeking vindication and reelection, consequent upon their resignation from the United States senate, a certain state senator was employed to buy up one of his colleagues for five thousand dollars. He concluded that three thousand dollars was quite enough to pay for one man's vote, and, coolly pocketing two thousand dollars, turned the rest over to the subsidized senator. The latter bore a private grudge against his colleague, and found here his opportunity to get even. He accepted the money with every appearance of gladness, and was profuse in his thanks, says the Argonaut. The next day a sensation was caused when he rose in the senate chamber and, in a most dramatic manner, told the story of his bribery. He wound up by asserting that his integrity could not thus be assailed and that his vote was beyond the reach of filthy lucre. Then came the climax of his indignation, when he produced a big roll of greenbacks, containing, as he said, two thousand dollars, the price of his honor, which he hereby returned with scorn and contempt to his would-be purchaser. True enough, there were two thousand dollars in the roll, and not a dollar more.

In Honor of the Czar's Daughter.

To commemorate the marriage of his daughter the czar issued a ukase for the establishment of the Xenia institute. In this the daughters of impoverished nobles are to receive a general education and "such practical knowledge as renders woman useful to her family and enables her to make an honest living in these times of demand for female labor." The palace of the grand duke Nicholas, the czar's uncle, has been taken for the use of the institute; 400,000 rubles is given at once for the equipment, and a sum is to be appropriated yearly for the support of the pupils.

Didn't Know Him.

Observant Citizen—That seems to be a very thoughtful man in the fourth seat front. Judge?

Conductor—No. Capitalist.

I should have taken him for a judge or deep student by his straightforward, impressive look.

"Oh, he's only playing make believe that he's paid his fare, but I'll get him."

Very Important.

Laura—Auntie, should I be justified in writing to a young man who had never written to me?

Auntie—Only on very important business, my dear.

Laura—Well, this is important business. I want to marry him.

As Good as His Word.

Mr. Hayseed, in city hotel—Wai, I guess you'll have to blow out the gas, Mandy.

Mrs. Hayseed—Why, Josiah? The porter made me promise not to do it.—Life.

Not Stayers.

Hashaway—Does Mrs. Oliphant keep a good many boarders now?

Dashaway—Yes, she does; generally for about two days or a week.—Chicago Record.

THE TEXAS FAST MAIL.

New and Rapid Mail and Passenger Service Between St. Louis and the Southwest.

Commencing Sunday, Dec. 2, 1894, the Iron Mountain Route will inaugurate a fast mail train between St. Louis and points in Arkansas, Louisiana, Texas and the southwest. This train, which will be a veritable "flyer," will leave St. Louis 3:00 a. m., after the arrival of the fast mail from the east, and in addition to its mail complement, will carry Pullman buffet sleeping cars and tourist sleeping cars destined to California points. This new schedule will hasten the mails into the southwest by from eight to fifteen hours over the present time, and keep fully abreast with the passenger service of the day. The through California cars will be placed at some quiet spot in the yards at St. Louis and will be opened for occupancy as early as 9 o'clock in the evening. For full particulars, address company's agents or H. C. Townsend, general passenger agent, St. Louis, Mo.

Blasts from Ram's Horn.

The man who would go to heaven alone if he could, is the very one who ought to be kept out.

He Had Hip Disease

Was treated at the Children's Hospital in Boston, and when he came home had



John Boyle

SEVEN RUNNING SORES on his leg. Could not sleep. We have been giving him Hood's Sarsaparilla a year, and he can walk, run and play as lively as any boy. He has no sores and is the PICTURE OF HEALTH. JOHN J. BOYLE, Ware, Mass. Remember,

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Hood's Pills do not purge, pain or gripe.

WALTER BAKER & CO.

The Largest Manufacturers of PURE, HIGH GRADE COCOAS AND CHOCOLATES

On this Continent, have received HIGHEST AWARDS

from the great Industrial and Food EXPOSITIONS

In Europe and America.

Unlike the Dutch Process, no Alkalies or other Chemicals are used in any of our preparations.

Their delicious BREAKFAST COCOA is absolutely pure and soluble, and costs less than one cent a cup.

SOLD BY GROCERS EVERYWHERE.

WALTER BAKER & CO. DORCHESTER, MASS.

"COLCHESTER" SPADING BOOT.

BEST IN MARKET. BEST IN FIT. BEST IN WEARING QUALITY.

The enterprising sole agents extend the whole length down to the heel, protecting the boot in digging and in other hard work.

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR THEM and don't be put off with inferior goods.

COLCHESTER RUBBER CO.

FLORIDA

And the Sunny South

VIA

BIG FOUR ROUTE.

The frosty mornings, the chilly nights, are the first warning notes from Winter's trumpet, and we watch the Sun in his southward course longing to follow him to a land where it is summer always.

Are you going South this winter?

Where are you going?

The "Big Four Route" is the best line from Chicago, Peoria, St. Louis, Cleveland, Columbus, Indianapolis, Benton Harbor, Sandusky and intermediate points, with Solid Vestibuled trains, Buffet Parlor Cars, Wagner Sleeping Cars and Dining Cars, Cincinnati, where direct connections are made with the solid trains with Pullman Sleeping Cars of the Chesapeake & Ohio, Chicago & Crescent Route and Louisville & Nashville Railways, to Hot Springs, Old Point Comfort and all points in Virginia and the Carolinas; to Jacksonville, St. Augustine and all points in Florida; to New Orleans and all principal cities in the South.

Through Wagner and Pullman Sleeping Cars daily between St. Louis and Wash ington via the "Big Four" and the picturesque C. & O. Ry.

Tourist rates will be in effect.

Call on or address any Agent of the Big Four Route or its connecting lines, or address

E. O. McDERMICK. D. B. MARTIN.

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EVERY

HOME-SEEKER

Should read the pamphlet recently published by the Passenger Department of the Illinois Central Railroad, entitled

"Southern Home-Seekers Guide for 1894."

It contains over 50 excellent letters from Southern farmers now located in the South, and other authentic and valuable information. For a Free Copy, address the undersigned at Manchester, Iowa.

J. F. MERRY.

Assistant General Passenger Agent.

PISO'S CURE FOR

CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.

Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

CONSUMPTION

Texas, Mexico and California.
The Wabash railroad, in connection with the St. Louis, Iron Mountain & Southern railway, Texas & Pacific railway, International & Great Northern railroad and Southern Pacific railway, known as the only true southern route, has placed in service a through first class sleeping car and tourist sleeping car, leaving Chicago daily at 10:50 a. m., via St. Louis to Little Rock, Malvern (Hot Springs), Austin, San Antonio, Laredo (where a direct connection is made with through sleeping car for the city of Mexico), El Paso, Los Angeles and San Francisco. This is the only line from Chicago which can offer this excellent service. Call or write to any ticket agent of the Wabash or connecting lines for printed matter showing time, route, rates, description of cars, etc., or C. S. Crane, G. P. & T. A., St. Louis, Mo.; F. A. Palmer, Asst. G. P. A., 291 South Clark street, Chicago, Ill.

For Direct Trade with India.
United States Consul H. J. Sommer, Jr., stationed at Bombay, believes that a line of steamers might be successful between New York and that city. He suggests one steamer per month each way, the outwardbound steamer to carry petroleum, cotton goods and machinery, and bring back East Indian products, including Ceylon tea, which the planters of the island are now seeking to introduce into this country. As things now are, goods exported from the United States to Bombay are often sold first to English merchants, who resell to Bombay merchants. Such American goods appear in the government reports as "imports from the United Kingdom."

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surface of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Cure for circulars and testimonials. Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills, 25c.

Hog Ordinance Passed.
While the town board of Enlish, Ind., was deliberating on the hog law Saturday night and the members wrought up to the highest pitch of oratory, two huge porkers entered the hall and upset the table upon which the lamps stood and nearly overturned one of the solons. The effect was electrical. The hog ordinance was entered upon the records and any hog, except those elected, which shall enter the town hall shall be hanged and quartered.

Philadelphia's Night Schools.
A new departure in public night schools has been made in Philadelphia by devoting one of the schools to a course of lectures on the history and workings of our political system. National, state and municipal government will be taken up in turn. Three lectures a week will be given, intended particularly for young men, but free to all who choose to attend.

Hypochondriacal, despondent, nervous, "tired out" men—those who suffer from backache, weariness, loss of energy, impaired memory, dizziness, melancholy and discouragement, the result of exhausting diseases, or drains upon the system, excesses, or abuses, bad habits, or early vices, are treated through correspondence at their homes, with uniform success, by the Specialists of the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, of Buffalo, N. Y. A book of 136 large pages, devoted to the consideration of the maladies above hinted at, may be had, mailed securely sealed from observation, in a plain envelope, by sending to cents in one-cent stamps (for postage on book), to the World's Dispensary Medical Association, at the above mentioned Hotel. For more than a quarter of a century, physicians connected with this widely celebrated Institution, have made the treatment of the delicate diseases above referred to, their sole study and practice. Thousands have consulted them. This vast experience has naturally resulted in improved methods and means of cure.

WE WILL MAIL POSTPAID A HANDSOME PICTURE FREE in exchange for 18 Large Lion Heads, cut from Lion Coffee wrappers, and a 2-cent stamp to pay postage. Write for list of our other fine premiums, including books, a fine game, etc. Woolson Spice Co., 450 Huron St., Toledo, Ohio.

REVERSIBLE LINENE COLLAR

The ALINENE are the Best and Most Economical Collars and Cuffs worn; they are made of fine cloth, both sides finished alike, and, being reversible, one collar is equal to two of any other kind. They fit well, wear well and look well. A Box of Ten Collars or Five Pairs of Cuffs for Twenty Five Cents.
A Sample Collar and Pair of Cuffs by mail for Six Cents. Name and size. Address: (REVERSIBLE) COLLAR COMPANY, 17 Franklin St., New York. 27 Kirby St., Boston.

A QUEER CLASS OF MEN.

THEY WORK UP BUSINESS FOR THE BIG CRIMINAL LAWYERS.

One Prisoner's Industry—While Actually Locked in the Tombs He Made a Great Deal of Money.

AMONG the many curious ways of making a living in a great city like New York, perhaps the most curious is that of serving as a procurer to lawyers. Many criminal attorneys derive the greater part of their practice through men who daily frequent the police courts and other places where they are likely to secure cases to sell to their patrons.

Supposing the case of a young man who has been arrested for assault. He appears in court next day, without counsel, and is remanded for a future hearing. A procurer, sitting on a front bench in the court room, has been an attentive listener to the proceedings, and, when the young man is taken back to prison, endeavors to communicate with him, so as to find out the names of the friends upon whom he can rely in his trouble. Frequently the prisoner has friends present in the court room, in which case the business is easily managed. An experienced procurer can tell who they are by their interested countenance and whispered conversation when the prisoner is brought to the bar. To make their acquaintance is a simple matter. Then, by working upon their sympathies and insinuating himself into their confidence, he persuades them to contribute a specified sum toward the defense of their friend, agreeing to attend to all the details of the affair himself.

If the prisoner has no friends in the court room when he is brought up for examination, it is a difficult matter to secure his case without the assistance of an official of the prison. Procurers who understand their business are never without influence in this direction. Having secured control of a case, the procurer's next move is to sell it to the lawyer who is willing to pay him the largest commission for obtaining it. So he goes about from lawyer to lawyer until he makes the best bargain he thinks is possible, and there his connection with the business generally ends. But if the case turns out to be one of importance—that is, if the prisoner is held for trial—he often obtains further remuneration for hunting up witnesses, serving subpoenas and engaging in other work connected with it.

One of the most successful procurers who ever did business in New York was a lawyer named Reavey, who a few years ago was under sentence to serve five years in State prison for embezzlement. His case had been appealed, and he was confined in the Tombs, awaiting the decision of the Court, when it occurred to him that he might do a profitable business among prisoners by securing their cases for a friend of his, outside the prison, who was a shrewd criminal lawyer. A kind of partnership was entered into between the two, by which Reavey was to get a certain percentage on all business obtained by him inside the prison. This arrangement proved highly remunerative to Reavey, and with the money so made was enabled to procure himself many comforts while confined in the Tombs. He conducted his business in the following manner:

At the times appointed for the exercise of the prisoners he would come out of his cell and begin to walk briskly around the corridor, peering into the faces of all the prisoners he passed. Presently his eyes would rest upon the face of a new arrival in the prison. Unless the man was a hardened criminal, he would probably be in a very dejected mood, and stand sadly in need of sympathy. Reavey was prepared to give him an abundance of it. Approaching him with a kindly smile, he would say: "Well, my friend, what brought you to this sad place?"

If the prisoner were inclined to be suspicious, one glance at Reavey's benevolent face and elegantly dressed figure was sufficient to allay every doubt in his mind. It would not be long before Reavey had the full particulars of his story. If the crime for which the man had been arrested had been a small one, he would look grave and say that it was a very serious offense, and that it would require the services of a very skillful lawyer to keep the man out of State Prison. In fact there was no one, whom he (Reavey) knew who was competent to manage such a case, but—giving the name of his partner outside the Tombs. But if the crime were a grave one, he would make light of it, saying encouragingly:

"It certainly looks bad on the face of it, and the evidence would probably convict you; but the case would be easy for a lawyer smart enough to take advantage of the technicalities of the law. Be advised by me and employ me. I have got many a poor fellow out of a worse scrape than you are in."

By employing these and other arts he succeeded in getting considerable practice. His partner called upon him frequently in the Tombs, ostensibly to consult with him upon his own affairs, but in reality to attend to the business of other prisoners. Reavey was finally removed to Sing Sing, which put an end to his money making.

One of the shrewdest procurers now operating in this city is a young man of broken fortune, who was formerly one of the shining lights of the "Tenderloin" precinct. He calls himself an accident agent, and devotes his entire attention to hunting up accident cases for his patrons. His business is conducted on systematic principles. He breakfasts every morning at 8 o'clock, and, while sipping his coffee,

searches the newspapers carefully for notices of injuries or accidents to persons living in or near the city. At 9 o'clock he starts out to go the rounds of the hospitals to ascertain if any accident cases have been received in them since his visit of the day before. As he has made it a point to be on friendly terms with some one in authority in most of the hospitals, he finds no difficulty in getting the information he desires.

When he has found a case of accidental injury, and ascertained the name and address of the unfortunate person, he communicates with him, or her, through friends, or in person, and if he discovers that the accident was due to the negligence of others, offers to recover damages without cost to the injured, for half the amount of the sum recovered. If his proposition is accepted he takes the cases to any lawyer who will pay him a fair commission, and then turns his attention to hunting up witnesses and securing other evidences for the plaintiff.—New York Press.

SELECT SIFTINGS.

Cabbage is an old cure for intoxication.

The robin is the last bird to go to bed at night.

California boasts of a seven and one-half pound onion.

New Guinea yields large quantities of sage from the palms which grow wild.

Bechuana Land, in South Africa, exports Indian corn, hides, cattle and wool.

Oman, an Arabian State, exports dates, gum arabic, Mocha coffee and pearls.

The Niger Valley region exports rice, lemons, dates, heavy cotton and leather.

The value of butter exportations from France average about \$17,000,000 a year.

Part of the railway from Colombo to Kandy, in Ceylon, cost a human life for every sleeper.

A good sized two-masted coasting schooner costs \$15,000 or so, a four-sticker from \$60,000 to \$85,000.

A fish with a head and body resembling that of an alligator was recently captured at Fort White, Fla. It weighed one and a half pounds.

George W. Wolfe has ridden from Chicago to New York, 1038 miles, in six days, eight hours and thirty minutes. There's another record gone to smash.

In 1831 W. S. Gage, of Gaines, N. Y., planted two beaus. The product has been planted each season since, now, the fourth year, he has harvested a crop of 150 bushels.

The largest and most beautiful emerald in the world is in the possession of the Maharajah Ki Koo, of India. It is six inches in length, one inch thick and two inches in width.

A married couple in Sawala, Japan, according to a native paper—the father 132 years old and the mother 135—have a family of fourteen, including a son aged 105, and a daughter 103.

A Fort Madison (Iowa) doctor has a gold watch that was worn by Edgar A. Poe, whose name is engraved on the case, and which Poe gave to a Philadelphia tailor named Albright, to whom he became indebted.

Andy Palmer, of Maine, has built his new home on the dividing line of York and Cumberland Counties so exactly that when he is at one end of his dining table in York he is helped to soup by his fair vis-a-vis in Cumberland.

In a rock hewn tomb in Southern Mexico was recently found a sword of hammered iron and bronze inlaid in silver in a style distinctively Assyrian. On one side are well defined encaustic characters. It is hoped this relic may throw some light on the origin of man on the Western Hemisphere.

Probably the meanest thief ever caught is Louis Bourgard, of Paris, who recently, while riding in a cab, ripped open the cushions, tied the horsehair into a parcel, sold it while the cab waited for him, and with the money procured from selling his "plunder" paid the cabman his fare.

Henry Clay's Dueling Pistols.

Judge Harmon Stitt, of Bourbon, Ky., has an interesting relic—one of Henry Clay's dueling pistols. The pistol is about eighteen inches long, or forty-four calibre and was made for powder and ball. It was left to Misses Charlotte and Lizzie Vinmont, of Millersburg, together with other personal property, by Henry Clay's granddaughter, Mrs. Mantell, who died in Lexington, about two years ago. The Misses Vinmont gave it to their cousin, Harmon Stitt, of Millersburg, who had his friend and religious adviser, Judge Stitt, bring the famous weapon to Bourbon to have it repaired and put in shooting order. It was the weapon used in Mr. Clay's famous duel with Humphrey Marshall in 1808, and in the meeting with John Randolph some years later.—Atlanta Constitution.

Simple and Effective Fence.

An effective and simple fence protects the riverside roadways along certain parts of the Housatonic in Western Massachusetts. Posts are sunk as in making an ordinary fence; along the tops of these are placed whole trunks of trees, varying in length from thirty to fifty feet, the butts being from six to ten inches in diameter. In each butt a longitudinal hole is bored, into which the tip of the next tree is driven. Thus a fence is soon built, as long or as short as is needed, practically without any break with very few joints and as strong as necessary.—Chicago Herald.

ROYAL Baking Powder

Absolutely pure.

in Highest of all in Leavening Strength.—U.S. Govt. Food Report.

The official report shows Royal Baking Powder chemically pure, yielding 160 cubic inches of leavening gas per ounce of powder, which was greatly in excess of all others and more than 40 per cent. above the average.

Hence Royal Baking Powder makes the lightest, sweetest and most wholesome food.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., NEW-YORK.

Bryant as a Public Speaker.

Bryant was also a notable public speaker. Upon a score of solemn occasions the poet was the orator of the day; and these addresses are preserved in a volume of the collected editions of his works. At the death of Cooper, Bryant was invited to deliver a memorial oration, which long remained the fullest biography and the fairest criticism of the creator of "Leatherstocking." At the death of Irving and of Halleck, Bryant was again called upon, and he again responded with addresses worthy not only of the subjects, but of himself also. More than once he was the speaker on great civic occasions when the citizens of New York needed a mouthpiece. His addresses were always written out carefully; they were always stately and impressive, yet were never stiff or labored.—Brander Matthews in St. Nicholas.

Jeweler Emmett's Notice to Burglars.

J. C. Emmett, a jeweler of Liberty, N. Y., has adopted a plan to prevent safe burglars from using explosives to force an entrance into his safe. The following inscription upon a card, written in a bold hand, is to be seen: "Mr. Burglar, please do not break open or deface this safe. It contains books and papers valuable only to me. If you wish to see for yourself the combination is as follows: 46 back twice to 73, forward once to 96, back to 51. If you open the safe, please close and lock it for fear of fire." His safe had been blown more than once.

Look Out for Cold Weather.

But ride inside of the electric lighted, steam heated, vestibule apartment trains of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railway and you will be as warm, comfortable and cheerful as in your own library or boudoir. To travel between Chicago, St. Paul and Minneapolis, or between Chicago, Omaha and Sioux City in these luxuriously appointed trains is a supreme satisfaction; and, as the somewhat ancient advertisement used to read, "for further particulars, see small bills." Small bills (and large ones also) will be accepted for passage and sleeping car tickets by all coupon ticket agents. For detailed information address Geo. H. Heaton, general passenger and ticket agent, Chicago, Ill.

An Appropriate Prayer.

Recently, when a very young couple were being married in Hungary, the priest, instead of the usual nuptial benediction, offered up the appropriate prayer, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

It is not what you put into your pocket, but what you take out that will make you rich.

In a great many cases of Asthma, Piles, Cure for Consumption will give relief that is almost equal to a cure. 25 cents.

The busier a man is the harder it is for the devil to get into conversation with him.

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

Boil down the religion of some people, and you will find nothing in it but a few notions.

Coe's Cough Balsam Is the oldest and best. It will break up a cold quicker than anything else. It is always reliable. Try it.

There are some people who are ravens at home who pass for doves at camp meeting.

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

The devil is not much concerned about the influence of the Christian who does not pray in secret.

A Child Enjoys

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

Patterns on Finger-Tips.

According to Galton the patterns on the finger-tips are not only unchangeable through life, but the chance of the finger prints of two persons being alike is less than one chance in 61,000,000,000.

If you are Bilious, If your Skin is Sallow, If you have no Energy, If you are Drowsy, If your Side Pains You, If your Liver is Torpid. If your Kidneys don't work TAKE A FEW DOSES OF DR. J. H. McLEAN'S LIVER AND KIDNEY BALM MANUFACTURED BY THE DR. J. H. McLEAN MEDICINE CO. OF ST. LOUIS, MO. \$1.00 a Bottle.

Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Backache. ST. JACOBS OIL SAFE, SURE, PROMPT.

TREES OF GOLD plum, SPLENDOR prune, Van Burbank's 20 Million "new creations" STARK Trees PREPARED everywhere. SAFE ARRIVAL guaranteed. The "great nurseries" save you over HALF. Millions of best trees 75 years' experience can grow; they "live longer and bear better."—See Morton, STARK, B32, Louisiana, Mo., Rockport, Ill. W. N. U. CHICAGO, VOL. IX, NO. 46. When Answering Advertisements, Kindly Mention this Paper.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION The Volume for 1895 promises special attractions to its readers. Full Prospectus, announcing Authors and Articles engaged for the next year, with Sample Copies, sent Free. Popular Articles. Queen Victoria as a Mother, Describing the Royal Household, by Lady Jeune. What Can be Done for Consumptives, By a Pupil of Dr. Koch, Dr. Harold Ernst. Charles Dickens as His Children Knew Him, Reminiscences by His Son and Namesake. The Story of My First Voyage, By the Famous Writer of Sea Stories, W. Clark Russell. A Visit to Korean Cloisters, Experiences in this Interesting Country, The Hon. George Curzon, M.P. How Uncle Sam Collects the Tariff, A Description of the Work of the Custom-House, by Geo. J. Monson, And many others of Equal Value and Interest. Favorite Features for 1895. Eight Serial Stories, 200 Original Poems, Household Articles, 100 Adventure Stories, Opportunities for Boys, Weekly Health Articles, Weekly Editorials, The Best Illustrations, Charming Children's Page, More than Two Thousand Articles of Miscellany, Anecdote, Humor, Adventure, Science. Double Holiday Numbers at Thanksgiving, Christmas, New Year's and Easter, Free to Each Subscriber. THIS SLIP FREE TO JANUARY 1, 1895. New Subscribers who will cut out this slip and send it with name and address and \$1.75 at once, will receive every issue of The Companion from the time the subscription is received to January 1, 1895, FREE, and the paper for a full year from that date. WITH \$1.75 Address THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, Boston, Mass.

BARRINGTON REVIEW.

ESTABLISHED IN 1895.

Published Every Saturday at

BARRINGTON, - - - ILLINOIS.

-BY-

M. T. LAMEY, Editor and Publisher.

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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1894.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

A number of our citizens. Are feeling rather blue. The winter is upon them. And they have not much to do.

In regards to their condition. It may, indeed, be said. That though they're very lonesome. They will not want for bread.

They wander aimlessly about. Going from store to store. And sitting on the nail kegs. Tell their stories o'er and o'er.

For the cause of their depression. We have not far to go. Their much beloved cro-k grounds. Are under ice and snow.

The wintry sun is lying low. The air is cold and chilly. To try to play the game cro-k. Would now be very silly.

But cheer up friends and neighbors. Times and seasons roll around. The glorious sun will shine again. And warm the frozen ground.

Nature will don her robe of green. And crown herself with flowers. The fairest sight that's ever seen. On this old world of ours.

The genial summer time will come. We'll wake from hibernation. And resume again the work of life. With a fresh invigoration.

-L. D. CASTLE.

Mr. Herman Bock, who has been spending a few weeks at the home of his sister Mrs. H. Kirsie, returned to the city last Tuesday.

Next week I will have a good stock of custom made fur coats. Don't fail to call and look over our stock and get prices before buying elsewhere.

H. WALTER, the Tailor.

Miss Marie Bent of Wheaton was the guest of Miss Susie Fletcher last Sunday.

For rubbers in all sizes go to A. W. Meyer & Co.

FOR RENT.—Farm of 135 acres three miles northeast of Barrington. Renter can take possession March 1, 1895. For particulars inquire of

MRS. M. REAGAN,

Barrington, Ill.

Mr. Allen moved her household goods to the city last Monday.

Mr. Ira Mallory, editor of the Nunda Herald, was a caller here last Saturday.

Don't fail to call on H. Walter, the tailor, and look over his large stock of men's ready made suits, jackets, gloves, mittens, etc.

Mr. Ben Castle of Chicago spent last Sunday with his parents.

Mrs. Purcell made a visit to the city last Saturday.

Fine dairy salt put up in 50 pound packages, just the right size for family use, can be bought of J. D. Lamey & Co.

Miss Ethel Harrower has been obliged to give up her studies at school on account of ill health.

Mrs. E. E. Gilbert of Wauconda, spent last Wednesday at the home of L. E. Runyan.

Misses Bertha Seebert and Esther Elvidge spent Sunday in the city.

Mr. E. Hobbs of Chicago spent a number of days here this week looking after some improvements he is having made on his tenant house.

Pure buck wheat at A. W. Meyer & Co.'s

Mr. Arthur Castle of Chicago is visiting his parents this week.

Mr. John Barnett spent Sunday with his mother.

Mr. R. A. Welf spent Sunday with friends at Capron, Ill.

Mr. James Dymond of Chicago was on our streets last Thursday.

A. W. Meyer & Co. are selling ladies' capes and jackets at very low prices.

BORN.—To Mr. and Mrs. Dulos Church, a son, Nov. 13.

Mrs. Austin visited friends in Chicago last Saturday.

Messrs. Henry Dairs and William Gilbert of Wauconda called on friends at this place last Tuesday.

Miss Bent of Waukegan will make her home at Barrington in the future. Dress goods are now at their lowest. A. W. Meyer & Co. offer special bargains in this line next week.

Harry Porter has moved into one of Mr. Sharman's houses.

The Barrington Social club was organized last Monday evening with a large membership. Mr. E. W. Shipman was elected president and Miles T. Lamey secretary and treasurer of the club. Their first dance will be given on Friday evening of this week in Stott's hall. Varallo Bros. of Chicago, will furnish music for the occasion.

Twenty-two pounds granulated sugar for \$1 at A. W. Meyer & Co.

Died.—Johnnie, son of Mr. and Mrs. Aug. Groman, Wednesday morning, Sept. 14, of diphtheria. Age 7 years. The funeral took place the same day.

Miss Lydia Frye and Mr. George Freye of Munda were united in marriage at the home of the bride's parents, Tuesday evening, Nov. 13, Rev. Effink officiating. Only relatives and intimate friends witnessed the ceremony. They will make their home at Wauconda, Ill.

Mr. P. Sinner moved into C. Hart's new house last week.

Mr. E. Reuter is now home with his family.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Wheeler were visitors to the city last Sunday.

Rev. Ream will take his place among us this week.

Good, sweet corn only 8 cents a can at A. W. Meyer & Co.

The Barrington REVIEW is a bright and up to date newspaper. Its facilities in making it so are unsurpassed. Besides giving all the local news of Barrington and vicinity, the paper is like our Chicago dailies, containing the most important news of the world on the day it goes to press and placing it before its subscribers in the evening. The REVIEW also contains well written stories that will interest the ladies, the boys and the girls, also short sketches on the late war and scientific matters, etc. The REVIEW is well worth the price asked for it and no family should be without it in their homes. If you do not take the REVIEW, don't wait, but subscribe now and get all the news promptly every week. You can not find a better investment for the money. Subscription price \$1 per annum in advance. tf.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by A. L. Waller.

Where to Buy Glass.

We have just received another large consignment of No. 1 window glass and are prepared to supply the trade with glass in any size.

We are also agents for American and French plate glass, embossed, ground, cut and colored leaded glass in designs.

As we buy direct from the manufacturers, we are prepared to fill orders on short notice and make prices that can not be beat.

We cut glass to any size.

J. D. LAMEY & Co.

Marvelous Results.

From a letter written by Rev. J. Gunderman of Dimondale, Mich. we are permitted to make this extract: "I have no hesitation in recommending Dr. King's New Discovery, as the results were almost marvelous in the case of my wife. While I was pastor of the Baptist church at Rives Junction she was broken down with pneumonia succeeding La Grippe. Terrible paroxysms of coughing would last hours with little interruption and it seemed as if she could not survive them. A friend recommended Dr. King's New Discovery; it was quick in its work and satisfactory in its results." Trial bottles free at A. L. Waller's drug store. Regular size 50c. and \$1.00.

Four Big Successes.

Having the needed merit to more than make good all the advertising claimed for them, the following four remedies have reached a phenomenal sale. Dr. King's New Discovery, for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, each bottle guaranteed—Electric Bitters, the great remedy for Liver, Stomach and Kidneys. Bucklen's Arnica Salve, the best in the world, and Dr. King's New Life Pills, which are a perfect pill. All these remedies are guaranteed to do just what is claimed for them and the dealer whose name is attached herewith will be glad to tell you more of them. Sold at A. L. Waller's Drug Store.

RENICH-HEMMINGS.

The marriage of Miss Lucy H. Hemmings, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. Hemmings, and Mr. Charles E. Renich of Woodstock, took place at the home of the bride's parents, Wednesday, Nov. 11, at high noon. Rev. E. Rahn bestowed the blessing in the presence of about forty relatives and intimate friends. There were no attendants. The affair was marked by great simplicity and elegance. Many beautiful and costly presents were received. The bride wore cream silk crepon and her flowers were white roses. After the ceremony the wedding party were invited into the dining room where an elaborate feast had been prepared. Mr. and Mrs. Renich appeared later in traveling suits and after saying "good by" started for the depot followed by a shower of rice and best wishes. They will make a brief trip through the southern states and on their return will be at home at Woodstock, after Dec. 1, where Mr. Renich is engaged in the newspaper business.

Among the noticeable costumes worn were those of Mrs. C. H. Kendall, who wore a dress of olive green Scotch cheviot, trimmed with satin and cream lace. Miss Emma Stein of Chicago was attired in black satin jet and lace garniture. Miss Flury of Palatine wore a changeable silk with cut silver trimming. Mrs. S. M. Cronk wore tea green satin, brocaded with lilies of the valley and jet trimming. Mesdames Renich and C. C. Hemmings were attired in black satin, plain, but beautiful. Mrs. E. Rahn appeared in black cashmere and jets, and was as usual very charming. Mrs. Wm. H. Snyder wore peacock blue silk. The sisters of the bride and groom were charmingly arrayed in pretty costumes becoming and appropriate.

Those present were: Mrs. Kate Renich, Misses Lotta and Mamie Renich, Emma Bachmann, Messrs. Fred Renich, Phil. Mead and Mr. and Mrs. Dreyer of Woodstock, Messrs. and Mesdames Wm. Stein and Ed. Stein, Mrs. Charles Stein and Miss Emma Stein of Blue Island, Mr. Chas. and Miss Lulu Josenhaus and Mrs. J. L. Gerber of Englewood, Mr. Emil Renich and family of Chicago, Mr. Charles Boxberger of Elgin, Miss Lillie Boxberger of Carpentersville, Miss Emma Flury and Mr. and Mrs. Mundhenke of Palatine, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Springguth of Roselle, Ill., Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Hemmings, Rev. and Mrs. E. Rahn, Dr. and Mrs. C. H. Kendall, Mrs. S. M. Cronk, Mrs. Wm. H. Snyder and Miss Martha Hennings, Messrs. Charles Beinhoff, M. T. Lanev, George Heimerdinger, T. H. Cret, D. F. Lamey and Fred Richards of Barrington.

REAM-COLLINS.

A Charming Wedding.

The Rev. T. E. Ream of the Barrington M. E. church and Miss Nellie Collins, only daughter of Dr. and Mrs. N. P. Collins, were united in marriage at the home of the bride's parents at South Elgin, Wednesday, Nov. 7, at 11 o'clock a. m. Rev. M. L. Norris of Ashton, Ill. performed the ceremony in the presence of the relatives and

friends of the bride and groom. The best man was Prof. I. E. O'Zane of North Harvey, Ill., and the bridesmaid was Miss Estella Campbell of Dundee. A most beautiful wedding march was played by Mrs. Grace Rowland, a special friend of the bride. The young couple were not only honored by showers of congratulations, but by many beautiful and useful presents as well.

Mr. and Mrs. Ream will take a short journey to visit relatives in the central part of the state and will then return to Barrington, where they will be at home at the M. E. parsonage after Nov. 16, 1894.

Mr. Ream has been pastor of the South Elgin M. E. church, during which time he became acquainted with Miss Collins. He is a worthy and respected young man and holds the confidence of all who know him. Mrs. Ream is an estimable and highly respected young lady and will be missed in the circle of a host of friends at South Elgin.

Those present were: Dr. and Mrs. N. P. Collins, father and mother of the bride; Mr. and Mrs. T. D. Ream of Hampshire, father and mother of the groom; Will Collins, South Elgin; William C. Ream, Charles B. Ream, Albert Ream, Miss Eva Ream, Miss Margaret Ream, Hampshire; Rev. W. H. Haight, Rockford; Rev. M. E. Fawcett, Elgin; Rev. and Mrs. M. L. Norris, Ashton; Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Chapman and son, Dunning; I. E. O'Zane, North Harvey; H. G. O'Zane, George W. Spunner, Evanston; A. J. Sedgewick, Chicago; Miss Estella Campbell, Dundee; Miss Maud Adams; Mr. and Mrs. Frank Rowland, Mrs. H. Hatch, Mrs. P. Whitford, Miss Erna Whitford, South Elgin.

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

The truthful, startling title of a book about No-to-bac, the only harmless, guaranteed tobacco-habit 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 Securing Remedy Co., Chicago, 45 Randolph street, New York, 19 Spruce street.

AN ORDINANCE.

Be it ordained by the president and board of trustees of the village of Barrington:

SEC. 1. That the Washington street be extended from its present western terminus on William street to Walnut street in said village, said extension to be of a uniform width of sixty (60) feet, and the north and south lines thereof to be continuous with the north and south lines of Washington street, as at present laid out. And the same is hereby ordered opened by condemning thereof the north sixty (60) feet of lots numbers one (1), two (2), three (3), four (4) and five (5), in block D, of the village of Barrington, a part of the southeast quarter of the southwest quarter of section thirty-six (36), township forty-three (43) north, range nine (9), east of the third (3) principal meridian, Lake county, Illinois, and of such parts of said lots as shall be required to extend the aforesaid street of a uniform width of sixty (60) feet due west from its present western terminus.

SEC. 2. That said improvement shall be made and the costs thereof paid by a special assessment, to be levied upon the property to be benefited thereby, to the amount that the same may be regularly assessed therefor and the remainder of said costs to be paid by general taxation, in accordance with article nine of an act of the general assembly of the state of Illinois, entitled "An act to Provide for the Incorporation of Cities and Villages." Approved April 10, 1872, and in force July 4, 1872.

SEC. 3. That the attorney for said village is hereby directed to file a petition in the Circuit court of Lake county in the name of the village of Barrington praying that "the just compensation to be made for private property to be taken or damaged for the improvements set forth shall be ascertained by a jury, and that said village attorney may file a supplemental petition in accordance with the provisions of section 33 of said article 9."

SEC. 4. This ordinance shall be in force from and after its passage.

Passed Nov. 7, A. D. 1894.

Approved Nov. 7, A. D. 1894.

Published Nov. 10, A. D. 1894.

F. E. HAWLEY,

President of the village of Barrington.

Attest: MILES T. LAMEY, village clerk.

Jails in Hawaii.

The system of jail management in Hawaii is peculiar. It is the custom to rent out the prisoners to citizens as laborers at so much a day. Every one who pretends to social standing in Honolulu has a telephone in his house, and a conversation over it like this is said to be of frequent occurrence: "Is this the jail?" "Yes." "Well, won't you please send up a murderer to the house to-day? The burglar you sent up yesterday was not satisfactory." The prisoners are required to return to the jail before 5 every night.

A Fine Passage.

A very vain preacher having delivered a sermon in the hearing of the Rev. Robert Hall, pressed him to taste what he thought of the sermon. Mr. Hall remained silent for some time, but this only caused the question to be pressed with greater earnestness. At length Mr. Hall admitted: "There was one very fine passage." "I am rejoiced to hear you say so. Pray, sir, what was it?" "Why, sir, it was the passage from the pulpit to the vestry."

Mr. Gilbert's Pleasant Sensation.

W. S. Gilbert was lunching, not long ago, at a country hotel, when he found himself in company with three cycling clergymen, by whom he was drawn into conversation. When they discovered who he was, one of the party asked Mr. Gilbert "how he felt in such a grave and reverend company." "I feel," said Mr. Gilbert, "like a lion in a den of Danials."

Voices of the Nations.

The Tartars are supposed to have, as a nation, the most powerful voices in the world. The Germans possess the lowest voices of any civilized people. The voices of both Japanese and Chinese are of a very low order and feeble compass, and are probably weaker than any other nation. Taken as a whole, Europeans have stronger, clearer and better voices than the inhabitants of the other continents.

Stranger—Would you kindly show me the way to the cathedral? Intelligent Native—That is not difficult to find. You just walk down that street yonder, and at the further end you will see a small provision shop on your left. The cathedral is exactly opposite.

WEATHER AND WIND.

Mental Facilities Regulated to Some Extent by Atmospheric Changes.

A writer in the American Journal of Psychology for this year discusses the subject from the view of common experience and presents some facts that are interesting as well as leading in their directness. He says: "The head of a factory employing three thousand workmen said: 'We reckon that a disagreeable day yields about ten per cent less work than a delightful day, and we thus have to count this as a factor in our profit and loss account.' Accidents are more numerous in factories on bad days. A railroad man never proposes changes to his superior if the weather is not propitious. Fair days make men accessible and generous, and open to consider new problems favorably. Some say that opinions reached in best weather states are safest to invest on." Other facts are mentioned in the physical and physiological relation as "Weather often affects logic, and many men's most syllogistic conclusions are varied by heat and cold." * * * The knee jerk seems proved to have another factor. It is not strange if the eye, e. g., which wants the normal stimulus in long, dark weather, causes other changes."

Temperament is a fundamental factor in sensitiveness to atmospheric changes, that type of it called the mental being the more intensely affected, while the bilious type may exhibit by comparison the more capricious or morbid impressions, says the Phenomenological Journal. The mental manifestations as a rule, however, depend upon the organism primarily. If the culture is good, i. e., the faculties have been trained to co-ordinate, harmonious action, and the elements that contribute to serenity and self-control have been well developed, weather conditions will not operate like other parts of the environment, and self-training will show adaptation and self-repression. The "nervous," excitable, irascible person in he who has not learned to control feeling and expression and it is he who finds fault with his surroundings and imputes uncanny conduct to them. That there are functional states of the body that predispose one to mental depression or exhilaration we are ready to admit. A torpid liver, a chronic catarrh, a rheumatic joint and even an old corn may render one susceptible to weather changes, the physical ailment producing a nerve reaction that is keenly felt at the spinal centers and may test the spirit. Mind, however, is superior to matter, or rather constituted for superiority. Fairly organized, carefully developed and trained, it will exhibit that superiority by its pose and calmness in circumstances that are disagreeable or painful to the physical sense.

Sugar.

The introduction of sugar into England is often dated as late as the fifteenth century; but it was really in use there in the thirteenth. Zucce is mentioned in the wardrobe accounts under date of 1243, and in the same records have been discovered many allusions to the sugar-consuming propensities of the English court in medieval times. In the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries there are entries of rose and violet sugar, of sugar in tablets and in gilded wafers. When a Princess Mary went on a pilgrimage to Canterbury in 1317 the accounts record that she consorted herself for any mortifications she may have met on the road with five and one-half pounds of sugar tablets and eight and one-half pounds of rose sugar of honey. Other ancient sweetmeats mentioned in these old rolls are preserved ginger, citronade, candy and "penydes." The last named is supposed to have been a confection made from the cones of the common pine tree.

Jim Was a Dandy.

Cyrene, who dances with much fervor and grace is an exceptionally moral young woman. During a recent engagement in Philadelphia, she was leisurely strolling along a quiet thoroughfare, and came upon two street urchins who were endeavoring to destroy the features of each other's faces. Cyrene after parting the youngsters, spoke to the larger one.

"This is shameful, a great big boy beating such a little fellow. Don't you go to Sunday school?"

"Yes'm."

"Do you learn to fight there?"

"No'm."

"Do you swear and say bad words?"

"Well, I ain't much on it myself, but Jimmy dere's a dandy. Cuss fer de lady, Jim."—Truth.

The Strength of an Arch.

The strength of a brick arch having a span of 13 feet 11 inches and a rise of 1 foot 11 1/2 inches was recently tested at Beaulieu, France, with a view to determine the suitability of such a construction for a service reservoir now being built there. The brick measured 11.8 by 5.1 by 1.2 inches, and were laid flat with a joint of cement mortar 0.4 inch thick between them and an 8.10-inch layer of mortar outside. A section two feet was built on rock abutments and loaded with 820 pounds per square foot, which load was carried without any signs of failure for eighteen hours.

An Actual Fact.

A captain in the Salvation army in Springfield, Mass., last week made a very earnest prayer. He said: "Good Lord, come down among us and show your power and shake these sinners over the brink of hell."

An old man on the outskirts of the crowd muttered to himself: "That's dangerous—dangerous."

A friend standing by said: "Why dangerous?"

Old Man—Their coat collars might give way.

What He Wanted.

One evening, at a symphony rehearsal of the Meiningen orchestra, Bulow stopped the orchestra and exclaimed: "Kettle-drums forte!" The drummer, who thought he had done pretty well already, redoubled his efforts; but again Bulow stopped and shouted: "Kettle-drums forte!" Once more the drummer put on extra steam; and when Bulow stopped again he exclaimed: "Really, Herr Kapellmeister, if I beat any harder I shall break the drum-heads!" "Who asked you to do that?" retorted Bulow quietly: "you play fortissimo, and what I want is forte only."

New Reading of an Old Saying.

"Tommy," said the teacher, "you may put in different language the expression, 'Let me write the songs of my country and I care not who makes its laws.'" About fifteen minutes later Tommy handed in a paper bearing the words, "Let me pipe the lays of a country, and I don't care who lays the pipes."



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