

BARRINGTON REVIEW.

VOL. 9. NO. 40.

BARRINGTON, ILL., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1895.

\$1.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

BARRINGTON.

CHURCH NOTICES.

ST. ANN'S CATHOLIC—Rev. J. F. Cancy, Pastor. Services every alternate Sunday at 8 o'clock a. m.
GERMAN EVANGELICAL ST. PAUL'S—Rev. E. Rahn, pastor. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. Sabbath school at 9:30 a. m.
BAPTIST—Rev. Robert Bailey, pastor. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath school at 12.
GERMAN EVANGELICAL—Rev. J. B. Eiffrink, pastor. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sabbath school at 9:15 a. m.
THE EVANGELICAL SALEM—Rev. T. Suhr, pastor. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sabbath school at 9:15 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Bible study Friday at 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

SOCIETY NOTICES.

LOUNSBURY LODGE No. 521, A. F. and A. M.—Meets at their hall the second and fourth Saturdays of each month. L. A. Powers, W. M.; C. H. Kendall, S. W.; A. L. Robertson, J. W.; A. T. Clutch, Sec.; C. B. Otis, Treas.; J. M. Thrasher, S. D.; J. P. Brown, J. D.; A. Gleason, Tyler; J. W. Day, S. S.; W. Young, J. S.; Robert Bailey, Chaplain; E. W. Chapman, Marshal.
BARRINGTON CAMP No. 830, Modern Woodmen of America, meets at their hall the first and third Tuesday evenings of each month. F. E. Smith, V. C.; J. M. Thrasher, E. B.; John Robertson, B.; M. T. Lamey, Clerk; E. H. Sott, Escort; Wm. Ansholtz, Watchman; H. P. Askew, Sentinel; L. A. Powers, John Hatje and Fred Belthoff, Managers; C. H. Kendall, Physician.
BARRINGTON TEXAS No. 72, K. O. T. M.—Meets in their hall the second and fourth Tuesdays of each month. T. H. Cret, P. C.; E. H. Sott, C.; Silas Robertson, L. C.; F. E. Smith, S.; J. M. Thrasher, R. K.; Rev. Robert Bailey, Chap.; C. P. Hawley, F. K.; Arthur Jayne, M. A.; M. A. Bennett, 1st M. G.; Fred Koelling, 2d M. G.; H. Rudolf, S.; John Suroch, P.

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MUST NOT SAY GOLD.

HOUSE REFUSES TO PERMIT CHANGE IN FORM OF BONDS.

Sharp Debate on the Proposition—Wilson and Reed Favor the Insertion of the Word and the Saving of the Interest.

Washington, Feb. 15.—The house of representatives yesterday by a vote of 166 to 120 refused the request for authority to issue gold bonds. This settles the bond question and the foreign syndicate will now proceed to complete the delivery to the United States of 3,500,000 ounces of standard gold coin in return for which they will take their payment in 4 percent bonds computed at the rate of \$17,504.41 per ounce of gold. In other words the United States will pay 3 1/2 percent interest instead of 3 percent, as would have been the case had the little word "gold" been inserted. The gold bonds were rejected by a majority of 45, whereas the adverse majority on the previous administration currency bill was only 27. On the vote yesterday the democrats were about evenly divided, while the republicans voted two to one against the request of the administration.

SPIRITED DEBATE IN THE HOUSE.

Wilson and Reed Are Opposed by Hopkins and Bryan.

Washington, Feb. 15.—Although it was known an attempt would be made yesterday to pass the resolution authorizing the issue of 3 percent gold bonds in the house the early attendance on the floor was not large. As soon as the journal had been read Mr. Catchings from the committee on rules reported the special order under which the house was to operate, the consideration of the bond bill.
Mr. Catchings promptly demanded the previous question as soon as the resolution had been completed. "On a rising vote the previous question was ordered—56 to 111. Mr. Pickler (rep., S. D.) made the point of no quorum, but withdrew, and before time for debate could be claimed under the rule the vote recurred on the adoption of the order. It resulted: 56 to 111. Before the debate began the speaker announced he would recognize two members of the committee on ways and means, Mr. Wilson and Mr. Reed. In the affirmative, and Messrs. Hopkins (rep., Ill.) and Bryan (dem., Neb.) in the negative to control four hours of the time allotted for debate, the remaining hour to be given to debate under the five minute rule.

Mr. Wilson, chairman of the ways and means committee, who opened the debate, cautioned the house at the outset that unless the debate could be restricted to the resolution from the ways and means committee, the exclusion of partisanship, it would be impossible to reach intelligently on the question at its conclusion. Mr. Wilson then proceeded to carefully state the case, covering the ground traversed by his report to the house Thursday, saying: "There is no dearth of revenues in the treasury. There is an available cash balance in the treasury of \$185,000,000, a larger balance than June 30, 1893, of \$36,000,000, when it was \$129,000,000, including the oil reserve. To-day the gold reserve stands at \$42,213,000. The gold reserve was not threatened until the panic of 1890, when in a single month (November) \$24,000,000 of gold was withdrawn. In the course of the panic (1890) the \$35,000,000 of bank trust funds was passed to the available assets of the treasury.

Since then bonds have been sold three times to replenish the gold in the treasury, twice within six months. The previous operations of the treasury resulted in the United States exchanging its own bonds for its own gold, and now Secretary Carlisle has done what Secretary Sherman did time and time again when he was refunding the public debt—he purchased gold in other markets than our own."

Mr. Wilson contrasted the situation of the treasury in 1882 with its situation now in regard to the burden to be borne by the gold reserve.

"Then no greenbacks were being presented for redemption and the reserve was only necessary for practical purposes to support the outstanding silver amounting to but \$200,000,000. To-day it supported the entire currency fabric, \$500,000,000 of outstanding legal tenders and treasury notes, \$500,000,000 of overvalued silver, and all the national bank notes outstanding."

He said that under the national bank act of 1874 the bank notes, being redeemable by the treasury, could be used by conversion to drain the treasury of gold as well as the legal tenders. A large amount of the gold received from the sale of bonds was used to meet the deficiency in the revenues. He concluded his speech: "The question presented here is whether we will substitute for a 4 percent coin thirty-year bond a 3 percent gold bond."

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Mr. Hopkins then yielded to Mr. Cannon (rep., Ill.), who began by announcing he was in favor of maintaining the credit of the government. He denounced the contract made by secretary of the treasury, Mr. Grosvenor (rep., Ohio) member of the ways and means committee, opposed the resolution, saying: "Neither the honor, credit, nor integrity of the government is involved. This is an attempt to force a revolution in our financial policy. If gold bonds are issued at the demand of Lombard street never will another coin bond be issued by the government."

is to become of the millions of coin bonds sold to our own people? Their value will depreciate. This is a resolution to depreciate them, and I will never vote for it."

Mr. Daniels (rep., N. Y.) in a three-minute speech argued in support of the resolution. Mr. Combs (dem., N. Y.) also favored the resolution.

Mr. Bryan was then recognized to control an hour's time in opposition to the resolution. He yielded fifteen minutes to Mr. McMillin (dem., Tenn.). Mr. Simpson opposed the resolution in a short speech. After some further remarks by Messrs. Hulick (rep., Ohio), Wheeler (dem., Ala.), and Norway (rep., Ohio) against the bill, Mr. Bland, the silver advocate, took the floor and appealed to the house not to surrender to the gold kings. If this resolution passed Mr. Bland declared that the government would forfeit its right to coin silver. Mr. Springer insisted the only question at issue was whether congress would save to the taxpayers \$16,000,000.

Mr. Turner (dem., Ga.), a member of the ways and means committee, in time yielded by Reed, made a strong speech in favor of the resolution, the burden of which it was the duty of the government and under its obligated faith at whatever cost to maintain the parity of all its currency.

Mr. Hatch (dem., Mo.) in a five minute speech aroused the opponents of the resolution to great enthusiasm. The speaker then called upon the affirmative side to occupy some of their time. Mr. Cooper (dem., Fla.) took the floor and denounced those who were "trying to scuttle the ship of state." Mr. Payne (rep., N. Y.) said it seemed nothing had been left out of the bond contract that was possible to put in it to oppress the people.

W. A. Stone (rep., Pa.) said he could not see why republicans could not vote for the resolution, although they were not to blame for the bad management that had brought about the difficulty. Mr. Hepburn (rep., Iowa) said the gentleman from Pennsylvania proposed to go back to the whole policy of his party that had always pledged itself to maintain gold and silver at a parity.

Mr. Bryan (dem., Neb.) made a half-hour speech against the resolution, the passage of which, he began by saying, would withdraw \$65,000,000 from circulation. He said the President had erred. "This is a question in which is bound up the welfare of mankind. Pass this resolution and \$16,000,000 would be saved to the people in fifty years. Pass it and they would be robbed of \$16,000,000,000 in a third of that time by the men in whose interests it was passed. On these questions we find that the democrats of the east and the republicans of the east lock arms and proceed to carry out their policy without reference to the rest of the country. Speaker, if they do that they must expect the principle of self preservation the rest of the country will drop party lines and unite to preserve their homes and their welfare. The demand of our eastern brethren, both democrats and republicans, is for a steadily appreciating standard value. They are the creditors, they hold our bonds and our mortgages, and as the dollars come up here and the debts increase they gather an unearned increment."

Mr. Reed arose. Instantly the hum of voices ceased and a hush fell on the house. He began: "Mr. Speaker, that doctrine of the union of the south and west has been preached before and by prophets whose inspiration lasted longer than that of the gentleman from Nebraska. But it has been a failure. It always will be a failure." He continued: "The government's bonds to-day ought to stand in the front rank of national bonds if honesty of effort in payment of the same could count for anything in the history of the country. It is now proposed to reduce the rate of interest provided in this contract, provided we make the bonds sold 'payable in gold.' That word is practically there now as everyone agrees. This resolution does not involve the establishment of a policy; it is simply action on a single transaction of the government. Some tell us it would govern all future transactions, but I do not believe the secretary of the treasury will attempt another such contract after his experience with this."

Mr. Bynum (dem., Ind.) combated the statement by Mr. Bryan that the resolution would retire \$65,000,000 in greenbacks. The debate was closed by Mr. Wilson, who admitted the contract made by the secretary of the treasury contained very hard terms for the government, but he believed these terms were the best that could be obtained.

The hour of 5 o'clock had arrived and under the special order the clerk proceeded to call the roll on ordering the resolution to its third reading.

A cheer went up from the opponents of the resolution as the result was announced. Mr. Bland moved to reconsider and lay that motion on the table, which was carried without division, and then, on motion of Mr. Wilson, at 5:34 the house adjourned until to-day at 11 o'clock.

INCOME TAX SUIT TEST.
Arguments in the Case of John G. Moore, the New York Broker.
Washington, Feb. 15.—The case of John G. Moore, the New York broker, who issued suit against the commissioner of internal revenue to test the constitutionality of the income tax law, came up on an appeal before the district court of appeal yesterday. Ex-Senator Edmunds of Vermont made the argument for Mr. Moore. He sought to show that the tax was a direct one, and that even if it were an indirect tax it was not levied constitutionally in that it makes an arbitrary distinction between classes of individuals, and therefore lacks uniformity. He also upheld the legal right of the petitioner to bring the suit in its present form.

Assistant Attorney-General Whitney held that there was no ground for the equitable proceedings in the case. The \$4,000 limitation, he declared, does not apply to corporations, and the tax applies to their net profits, not to the dividends. Mr. Edmunds made a short closing argument and the court took the case under advisement.

Populists Issue an Address.
Washington, Feb. 15.—Populist members of congress and others issued an address last night to the members of their party protesting earnestly against the bond issue. Those signing the appeal are Lefe Pence, O. M. Kem, T. J. Hudson, William Baker, W. A. McKelgan, William V. Allen John Davis, W. A. Harris, Jerry Simpson.

DEFENSE STARTS IN.

YESTERDAY'S PROCEEDINGS IN HAYWARD TRIAL.

Little Headway Made in Favor of the Prisoner—Attorney Smith Outlines Briefly the Policy of the Defense—The Evidence.

Minneapolis, Minn., Feb. 15.—Up to the present time the defense in the Hayward case has been fighting with straws. Edward W. Murphy yesterday stated that he was at the Grand opera house the night of Dec. 3 and saw Mr. Hayward there with Miss Bartleson. He saw them go out when the play was over. Hayward appeared to take pains to have himself seen and recognized.

Old Thorson said he lived at the house where Blix said he called the night of the murder, and stated that there was a light burning there all night, and no one called or knocked that night.

When John Day Smith arose to address the jury Harry faced squarely around to the jurors and scanned their faces as the words fell from the lips of his counsel. After the usual prefatory remarks about the jury system Mr. Smith called attention to a number of things the state had promised at the outset to prove and which it had not proved. It had not shown that Hayward had secured all of Miss Ginz's money, as she had a balance in the bank at her death; it had not shown that he had gone riding with her the Wednesday and Saturday evening before the murder as promised. Mr. Smith declared the insurance transaction the acquiring of an insurable interest, and the waiver of the assault clause, of which much had been made by the state, were all in the ordinary course of business and not in any way unusual.

The sweat-box method of wringing so-called confessions from Blix and Adry Hayward was denounced. The defense admitted Harry was a gambler and dealer in fact, but asserted that he was not a trial for gambling but for murder. Continuing he declared the jury must have the most conclusive proof of the guilt of the accused before voting for conviction.

John Walsh, keeper of the morgue, was the first witness, and he described the incidents connected with the bringing of Miss Ginz's body to the morgue. Terence Connolly, Jr., an undertaker, was called and produced the clothing which had been turned over to him by Walsh. It developed, much to the astonishment and indignation of Mr. Egan, that the seal skin sacking had been closed.

DEATH FOR BANDITS.

Str. Bill Introduced in the Illinois Legislature.
Springfield, Ill., Feb. 15.—Senator Bagardus presented a bulky petition to the senate yesterday, in which all of the Chicago bankers, railway companies, express companies and prominent business firms unite in asking the legislature to pass a law making train robbery punishable by death. Following the petition the senator introduced a bill embodying the recommendations of the signers of the appeal.

Senator Hamer of Fulton county got in a couple of bills calculated to arouse interest in certain localities. The first measure introduced by the gentleman from Fulton is on the subject of pure food, and provides severe penalties for adulteration. The second bill pertains to illuminating gas. It divides the cities of the state into four classes. It fixes a standard for the illuminating properties of gas and prescribes tests for the inspection of the article as made.

Senator Henry of Barling of South Water street got in a food adulteration bill too. It declares butter and cheese not made from cream, or cream and rennet, shall be put in original packages which shall be labeled in big letters with the character of the product, thus letting consumers know what they are buying.

The Coon bill granting suffrage to women in township elections occasioned considerable discussion and when the vote was taken for its passage only twenty-three could be mustered for it, while the opposition numbered thirteen votes. Senator Coon gave notice that he would move a reconsideration of the vote to-day.

In the house the bill of Mr. White of Whiteside making incurable insanity a ground for divorce came up on its passage. The bill failed to pass—45 to 79. Mr. White changed his vote, and gave notice of a motion to reconsider to-day.

Mr. Storch introduced a bill to provide that all penitentiary made goods shall be so labeled. The house adjourned until 10 a. m. to-day.

WAR SCARE IS ENDED.

Mexico Brings Guatemala to Accept All Its Terms.
City of Mexico, Feb. 15.—Mexico's conditions are peacefully accepted by Guatemala, which guarantees their fulfillment. The conditions will be published officially next week. Both sides have made concessions. The Guatemalan question is at last amicably settled on an equitable basis between the two republics. The boundary between the two countries will be definitely determined upon and the war indemnity is accepted by Guatemala, which will also pay damages for Mexican property destroyed. Guatemala's official acceptance of Mexico's conditions will arrive here next week and will permanently terminate the famous imbroglio between Mexico and Guatemala.

Bandits Will Be Shot.

Puebla, Mex., Feb. 15.—More of the large company of bandits which attacked the Scott camp have been captured and will be shot. Soldiers are scouring the country to make arrests of all the robbers. The Scott brothers and Foreman Franklin are improving and it is thought they will recover from their injuries. The bodies of the six persons in the attack have been buried.

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25 lbs granulated sugar	\$1.00
22 lbs choice raisins	1.00
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7 3-lb cans California table peaches	1.00
7 6-lb cans pie peaches	1.00
11 3-lb cans pumpkins	1.00
5 cans Meyer's baking powder	1.00
7 cans Economy baking powder	1.00
11 cans Empress corn	1.00
21 bars white borax soap	1.00
8 lbs tea dust	1.00
16 lbs pure soda	1.00
5 lbs smoking tobacco	1.00
4 lbs uncolored Japan tea	1.00
4 gals fancy syrup	1.00

In addition to the above bargains we wish to call your attention to OUR BEST FLOUR. For quality it has no equal. Our price, only \$3.50 per barrel. We are also selling

50-lb sack rye flour	\$.90
50-lb sack pastry flour	.90
25-lb sack pure buckwheat	.75
25-lb sack Maslin flour	.45
12 1-2-lb sack Graham	.25
12 1-2-lb sack corn meal	.22

The above is but a sample of the bargains we are offering. When you come to our store we will show you many more.

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Pay Your Taxes.

After Jan. 20 the undersigned, tax collector for the Town of Cuba, will be at the office of J. D. Lamey & Co., on Tuesday and Saturday of each week to receive taxes.
JOHN WELCH.
Do You Want to Rent?
We have the renting of dwellings in different localities of Barrington. If you wish to rent call at the REVIEW office and see what we have for you.
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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.

Stop a Minute.
And consider if the pills (no matter what kind) you have taken for your constipation have really done you any good. Are you not more and more liable to this trouble? Try Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin if you want sure relief. 10 doses 10 cents, at A. A. Waller's.

THE GUARD.

They were telling stories of hunting and adventure after dinner. An old friend of ours, M. Boniface, a mighty Nimrod and great drinker of wine, a gay, robust man full of spirit, of wit, of philosophy, a mocking, resigned philosophy that manifested itself in cutting witticisms but never in sadness, said suddenly: "I know a hunting story, or rather a hunting drama. Strange enough, it is not at all like the general run of such stories. I have never related it, thinking that it would not be amusing. It is not a sympathetic story, you understand. That is, it has not that interest that stirs one or charms or touches one."

Here is the story: When this occurred I was about thirty-five years old and a furious hunter. I owned at that time a very isolated farm in the environs of Jumieges, surrounded by forests and well stocked with hares and rabbits. I passed only three or four days in the year there, and always alone, because the arrangement of the place did not provide accommodation for a friend. I had placed there, as a guard an old retired gendarme, a brave, rather violent man, a terror to poachers, strict in his discipline and afraid of nothing. He lived alone, far from the village, in a little house or rather hovel consisting of two rooms below, a kitchen and cellar, and two rooms above. One of them, which was nothing but a box, just big enough for a bed, a cupboard and chair, was reserved for me. Father Cavalier occupied the other. When I said he lived alone in the lodge, I did not express myself clearly. He had taken his nephew to live with him. He was a worthless fellow of some fourteen years, who went errands to the village, three kilometers distant, and helped his uncle in his daily cares.

The scapegrace, tall and crooked, had yellow hair—so light that it looked like the down on a duck's breast—so thin that he looked as though he were bald. He had enormous feet and giant hands, the hands of a colossus. He squinted a little, and never looked any one square in the eye. He seemed to me to hold the same place in the human race that poisonous beasts do in the animal kingdom. The fellow was a human fox or polecat. He slept in a cubby-hole at the head of the stairs that led to the chambers. During my short visits at the "Pavillon"—I called this hut the "Pavillon"—Marius gave up his niche to an old woman from Ecorcheville. Celeste came to look after the cooking, the efforts of Pere Cavalier in that line being insufficient.

Now you know the place and characters, let us proceed to the adventure. It was on Oct. 15, 1854. I remember the date distinctly, and I shall never forget it. I went to Rouen on horseback, followed by my dog, Bock, a great Dalmatian hound, broad chested, with massive jaws. He beat the bushes for game like a spaniel from Pont Audemer. I carried my traveling-bag on the crupper, my gun slung over my shoulder. It was a cold day, with great, gloomy clouds fitting across the sky and a strong wind blowing.

As I climbed up Cantelero, I looked away over the vast valley through which the Seine wound like a serpent. The towers of Rouen touched the sky to the left, and far off on the right stretched the wood-covered fields. For ten years at that same time I had presented myself in the same fashion and the same words from the same lips had greeted me.

"Good-day, monsieur. Is your health satisfactory?" Cavalier had not changed. The old woman, a devoted soul, always seemed moved when she saw me and every time I left would say: "I think this may be the last time, our dear master."

This desolate, timid farewell of the poor old servant, this enforced resignation and expectation of her approaching death, always touched my heart.

I got off my horse, Cavalier, after shaking my hand warmly, led the horse away to the little building that served as a stable, and followed Celeste into the kitchen, that was also used as a dining room. There the keeper joined me.

I saw at once that he did not look as usual. He seemed preoccupied, lit at ease, anxious. I said: "Well, Cavalier, does everything go to please you?" He muttered:

"Yes and no. There is something I do not like."

I asked: "What is it, my good fellow?" But he shook his head.

"Not yet, sir. I don't want to trouble you till it is necessary."

I insisted, but he absolutely refused to enlighten me before dinner. I understood it must be a serious affair. Thinking of nothing else to say, I remarked:

"Is there plenty of game?"

"Oh," he replied, "the game is plenty. You will find all you wish. Thank heaven! I can keep my eye on that."

He said this with so much gravity, so much grief, it was nearly comical. His heavy gray mustache drooped mournfully over his lips.

Suddenly I bethought myself I had not yet seen his nephew. "Where is Marius? Why does he not show himself?" The guard jumped, and looked me suddenly in the face.

"Well, monsieur, I had rather tell you that after awhile; yes, I had rather. It is on his account I am worried."

"Ah! Well, where is he?"

"He is in the stable, sir. I am waiting for him to come."

"What has he done?"

"This is the story, sir."

And the old man hesitated; his voice changed, trembled. His face became wrinkled all at once with the lines of old age. He spoke slowly:

and I found he went out. He went out just as I went to bed. Yes, monsieur."

"Then I watched him but without his suspecting it—oh, yes, without that. And one night I went to bed before he went out, then I followed him. He could not follow as noiselessly as I, monsieur. And there I came upon him, yes, Marius, setting traps on your ground, sir—he, my nephew, I your keeper."

"My blood rushed to my head, and I nearly killed him on the spot. I beat him so. Yes, I beat him and I promised him that when you came I should correct him with my own hands in your presence. This is why I have nearly perished with sorrow. What would you have done, tell me? He has neither father nor mother, this boy he has no relative but me. I have kept him. I could not let him off, could I?"

"But if he should do so again, there is an end of it, an end of pity. Have I done right, sir?"

I held out by hand. "You have done well, Cavalier; you are a brave man."

He rose.

"Thank you sir. Now I will go to fetch him. He needs punishment."

I knew it would be useless to try to dissuade the old man. I let him follow out his own humor. He went to seek the rascal and led him in by the ear. I was seated upon a straw chair, with the grave face of a judge. Marius had grown and seemed uglier to me than ever, with his shy, sullen manner. His great hands seemed monstrous. His uncle pushed him before me, with his military air.

"Ask pardon of the landlord."

The boy would not utter a word. Then the old gendarme seized him under the arm, and, throwing him to the earth, began to flog him so violently that I arose to interfere. The child howled: "Pardon! pardon! pardon! I promise!"

Cavalier raised him from the ground and, forcing him to his knees before me, said: "Ask pardon." The rascal murmured, with lowered eyes:

"I ask pardon."

Then his uncle dealt him a parting slap that sent him flying. He ran out and I saw him no more that evening. Cavalier came back trembling.

"He has a bad nature," he said, and during dinner he repeated:

"Oh, I am so sorry, sir; you don't know how sorry I am."

I tried to console him but in vain. I went to bed early that I might start hunting in time. My dog was sleeping on the floor at the foot of my bed when I extinguished my candle. I was awakened in the middle of the night by Bock's furious barking, and I saw instantly that my room was full of smoke. I sprang from my bed, lighted my candle, ran to the door and opened it. A whirlwind of flames entered. The house was on fire! I closed the heavy oak door quickly, and, putting on my coat, let my dog out of the window, by means of a rope fringed by my bedclothes. Then throwing my garments out, followed by my game-bag and gun, I escaped in the same manner. I cried at the top of my voice:

"Cavalier! Cavalier! Cavalier!" but the keeper did not awake. He slept through the windows I saw the lower heavy sleep of an old gendarme, part of the house was a fiery furnace, and I saw that it had been filled with straw to favor the flames. Who could have set it on fire? I commenced to call furiously:

"Cavalier!" Then the thought occurred to me that he was suffocated with the smoke.

I had an inspiration, and, slipping a cartridge in my gun, I fired a volley through his window. The six panes of glass fell inside in fragments. This time the old man heard, and he appeared in his shirt, dazed by the light that blazed before his house. I cried: Your house is on fire! Jump out of the window! Quick! The flames burst out of the door and window and threatened to swallow him. He sprang out and lit on his feet like a cat, and just in time. The thatched roof broke in the middle and the stairway made a draft for the fire that roared below. An immense red sheet of fire rose in the air. It spread out like a column of water and scattered a shower of sparks all around the cottage and in a few moments there was nothing but a mass of flames. Cavalier asked in affright:

"How did it happen?"

I replied: "They set fire in the kitchen."

"Who could have done it?"

And I cried out instinctively:

"Marius!" The old man understood. He faltered: "Oh, mother of God, was it for that he did not come in?"

Then a horrible thought struck me. I cried:

"Celeste, Celeste!" He said nothing, but the house lay crumbling before us, nothing now but a fiery furnace, brilliant, dazzling, bloody, a formidable funeral pile, where the poor woman now lay, nothing but a red-charred mass, a mass of human flesh.

The fire reached the neighboring shed. I thought of my horse and Cavalier ran to let him out. He had hardly opened the stable door before a rapid nimble body rushed out, passing between his legs and knocking him in the face. It was Marius, fleeing with all his strength. The old man was up in a minute. He wanted to run and catch the miserable wretch, but, knowing he could not, he was seized with irresistible fury, and yielding to one of these sudden, irrational impulses that no one can foresee or hinder, he took my gun that lay near him, shouldered it and before I could prevent he fired, without knowing whether or not it was loaded. One barrel was not discharged when I fired through the window, and the charge struck the flying boy in the back, and he fell on his face covered with blood. He pined the earth with his hands and knees like a wounded animal that seeks to escape. I raised him up. He was already dying. He expired without saying a word. Cavalier still in his shirt, his limbs bare, stood near us, stupefied, motionless. When the people came from the village they carried my keeper away like a madman.

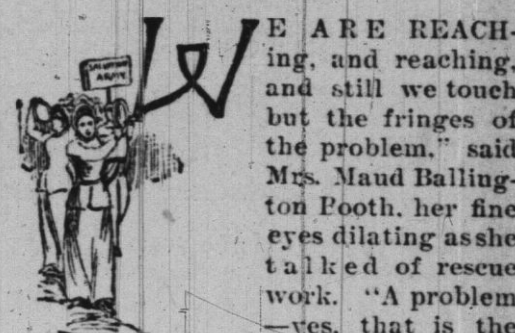
I appeared as witness at the trial and I related the facts, concealing nothing. Cavalier was acquitted. But he disappeared the next day abandoning the country. I never saw him again.

(This, gentlemen, is my hunting story.—Trans. from the French of Guy de Maupassant.)

IS BATTLE SCARRED.

MAUD BALLINGTON BOOTH AND HER ARMY WORK.

She Tells of Her Struggles in Behalf of Those Who Have Fallen by the Wayside—A Woman of Beautiful Character in Blue.



WE ARE REACHING, and reaching, and still we touch but the fringes of the problem," said Mrs. Maud Ballington Booth, her fine eyes dilating as she talked of rescue work. "A problem—yes, that is the way that every one is approaching it, and yet I doubt if it will ever be solved so. It must be done individually—through individual toiling and battling on either side, through men struggling to free themselves and their country from that evil which brings shame upon themselves and so much misery upon others. Through women struggling to put away that despair which comes to a woman when she has erred, and she reasons that she has nothing left but to go on sinking, down, down to the uttermost depths, and then—suicide, or death in a hospital—and then—the potter's field!"

The speaker shut her eyes for a moment of weariness. There is no affection or cant about Mrs. Ballington



MAUD BALLINGTON BOOTH.

Booth. She is simply a sweet young woman in army dress, one with natural beauty and refinement and repose of manner that come but with birth and breeding.

Even the austere garb can not conceal her womanly charm, any more than the enforced plainness of her coiffure can tame the riotous waves of her bonnie brown hair or the earnestness of her mien disguise the racing dimples or the gleam of perfect teeth. When one thinks of it afterward, a little figure in the garb of a Salvation army soldier has but strange setting in a handsome modern drawing room, and yet among the marbles and bronzes and tapestries and brocades of Mrs. William Borden's splendid rooms Mrs. Booth fits in like a jewel in its proper casket. She laughs a little when somebody drops a remark about her costume. "Yes, we of the army are wonderfully free from the tyranny of dressmakers; our gowns last a long while and they never go out of fashion, nor are they ever too good to kneel down in the public streets or to go into the vilest slums. When they grow dirty we just wash them with soap and water and they are nearly as good as new, and sleeves—oh! we can always draw our coats over our dress sleeves without the least bit of trouble!"

"I wouldn't deprecate the methods of any other organization," she says, "but I do think that the Salvation army has opportunities for rescue work that are unapproached by other and different methods. The army goes into the slums, and learns to know the people, and gathers the fallen into the homes, while most rescue homes simply set their doors ajar, and say 'here is a home for you—if you will come to it.' And the victims don't come. They wait to be brought, and it is the army soldiers which bring them. Oh, I believe that the doctors will do a great deal to help along the work. I'm a firm believer in the medical fraternity. Many a poor girl will turn to a physician with confidences which she never would take to a clergyman. If I hadn't been what I am, I think I should have been a surgeon—they come so near to the hearts and lives of people. In New York we have one dear physician who attends to our rescue home work faithfully and well, and without money and without price—simply for the work's sake! Yes, we take in all grades, Poor drunks, whom we try to keep apart and to themselves; young beginners in crime, whom we also seek to shield from contact with the others, and even those unfortunate who have sunk so low that even the vilest scoundrel will no longer harbor them. Humanly speaking, I grant you, these are not redeemed redemption, but we of the army believe in the miracle of a

changed heart and regenerate life, and that there is nothing impossible. Oh, I have seen brought into our rescue homes criminals so depraved and wrecked that it has seemed that all we could do for them would be to pass them through the hospital, treat them with a little love, and then bury them. And I have seen these same poor creatures arise clothed and in their right minds, praising God and living upright and honest and useful lives in his service. A miracle? Yes, we believe in miracles of that sort."

The Depth of the Pacific.

A little more than thirty miles from the coast of Japan the Pacific ocean is found to be more than 4,643 fathoms deep. Some officers, surveying for a telegraph cable, had their wire break at this depth without reaching the bottom. This is said to be the deepest sounding ever made, and is so deep that the two highest mountains in Japan, placed one over the other in this abyss, would leave the summit of the upper one two thirds of a mile below the surface of the water.

HENRY CLAY EVANS.

The First Republican Governor of Tennessee.

Below is a portrait of Henry Clay Evans, the first republican governor that the state of Tennessee has ever had. Gov. Evans is still on the sunny side of 50, and with the exception of the executive of South Carolina, is the youngest governor in the south. Though a republican in name, he does not agree with his party on the lead-



HENRY CLAY EVANS.

ing questions of the day, he being an advocate of theories heretofore generally ascribed to populists. His election was by a plurality so narrow that a contest has been begun with a view of unseating him. It is not likely, however, that these efforts will meet with any success, particularly as the



HENRY CLAY EVANS.

leading democratic papers are against the plan.

To Time the Cars.

"Papa," said little Willie the other day as he and his papa were traveling from New Orleans to Bay St. Louis, "I wonder how fast we are going now." They had passed Chef Menteau and the train was bowling along at a fair rate of speed, and little Willie, with his face glued to the window panes of the car, was watching the telegraph poles as they whisked past. "That is easy to tell, Willie," said his papa, pulling out his watch and looking at the second hand. "Now, just count how many clanks you hear, which is the noise made by the wheels of the car passing over the joints of the rails, until I tell you to stop." Willie counted up to thirty, when his papa called out to him to stop. "We are going just about thirty miles an hour." "How can you tell, papa?" said Willie, who was of an inquiring turn of mind. "Well, you see," said his papa, "I just count how many clanks there are in twenty seconds, or from sixty to twenty, as shown by the small hand on my watch, and that is the rate at which we are traveling." Willie wondered much, but did not say a word.

Those Big Sleeves.

The big sleeves which fashion decrees as the only wear for women are intruding themselves into the wrong places. A Topeka amateur actress having refused to play Lady Macbeth unless she could have balloon sleeves in her sleep walking gown.

REVIEW OF TRADE.

The Exports of Gold are Becoming Lighter.

New York, Feb. 9.—R. G. Dunn & company's Weekly Review of Trade says:

"For a whole week the confident expectation of the sale of bonds has kept back exports of gold. Withdrawals from the treasury amounted to about \$2,000,000, but were mainly for domestic purposes. No bond bill has passed or is likely to pass congress, and in the two months ended Feb. 1 the treasury actually lost \$67,000,000 in gold, of which \$40,400,000 went into circulation, and \$26,600,000, besides the product of the mines, went abroad. To prevent this outgo in either direction is a problem which another issue of bonds may possibly solve. It is hoped the negotiations with foreign bankers may secure some improvement, though it is clear that sales of securities here will have the same effects as if the bonds were placed in this country, and they may not be stopped by the new transactions. The condition of industries, if not definitely better, at least prevents some points of encouragement."

"No advance in the prices of manufactured products indicates a better demand. On the contrary iron and steel products have slightly declined for the week and for the month, and in comparison with prices of October, 1890, are but 6.1 per cent, against 54.8 per cent Jan. 1."

"In cotton goods there has been a reduction in some brown sheetings, while other qualities are moving fairly at unchanged prices. The general tone of the market is not particularly encouraging. In woolens the openings of the finer grades for the heavy weight season have brought some increase in business, but not at satisfactory prices, while the duplicate orders in the lightweights are unusually large. It is noticeable that sales of foreign wool have not been materially larger this year without duties than they were in the same weeks of 1893 and 1892."

"No improvement in the prices of farm products has resulted on the somewhat active speculation during the week, wheat being only one-half cent higher than a week ago, with western receipts only 792,931 bushels, against 2,240,256 last year, while exports have been a little smaller. The western receipts for the month have been 5,112,272 bushels, against 2,499,710 last year. Receipts of corn have been small but prices have slightly advanced. Prices of cotton are unchanged, although the receipts continue unusually large for the season."

"Failures for the last week have been 281 in the United States, against 355 last year, and 58 in Canada against 60 last year."

MEAT SUPPLY SHORT.

Gotham Dealers Have Raised the Price Per Hundred.

New York, Feb. 12.—Dealers in live stock and dressed beef express considerable concern about the meat supply. None of them pretend to say that there is any immediate danger of a meat famine, but they are unanimous in saying that the market will be seriously crippled unless the blockade on the roads leading to New York is raised in a few days. Advice received by New York dealers from their agents in Buffalo and Chicago are anything but encouraging. They say that it is next to impossible to get any consignments out of Chicago and that freight is stalled at Buffalo, with no immediate prospect of being moved out. But few consignments of live stock have been received since the middle of last week. The consignments that reached New York during the last two days had been a long time on the way. The advance in the price of dressed beef (it is said, will amount all the way from \$1.50 to \$3 per 100 since the storm blocked the railroads. There is a corresponding advance in veal, mutton and pork. The poultry supply is also diminished and prices have been increased.

SAVED THE MINE.

Patsy Clark Takes a Fast Ride to Rescue a \$1,000,000 Property.

Spokane, Wash., Feb. 12.—A story has just leaked out that a man named Tappings, a barkeeper, made an attempt to jump the famous War Eagle gold and copper mine in Trail Creek, British Columbia, valued at \$1,000,000. Patsy Clark, the millionaire miner, who is president of the War Eagle company, was wired at Spokane of the situation. He, with D. C. Corbin, president of the Spokane & Northern Railroad, and also a stockholder of the mine, ordered out a special engine and coach, and a mile-a-minute gallop was struck for Nelson, B. C., 200 miles north of here, where a new license was secured, the old one having expired. Under the Canadian mining laws it is necessary to take out a license in order to work or hold any mining property. Clark then immediately returned to the mines and showing Tappings the license, induced him to abandon his attempt to jump the mine.

Thirty Inches of Snow.

Rifle, Colo., Feb. 12.—Thirty inches of snow has fallen here. The oldest inhabitants never saw any thing like it before. It is feared there will be great loss of cattle on the ranges.

Mr. Lexow's Ambition.

New York, Feb. 12.—The World says: "Senator Lexow has set the stakes of his ambition. He wants to be the next republican candidate for governor. He announced himself to a party of friends at the Hotel Metropole recently, and one of the gentlemen present is authority for the statement that the Nyack statesman pounded the table as he declared: 'The people of this state are with me and will be with me, Parkhurst or no Parkhurst.'"

Back with Rich Trophies.

Last spring we made notice in these columns that Mr. Henry A. Salzer of the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., America's leading seed growers and merchants, was in Europe in search of rare seeds, and novelties for the American farmer and citizen.

Judging from their new catalogue, his trip was an eminently successful one. It is brimful of rare things. Of especial merit we name the Bismarck apple, bearing the second year; the Giant Flowering Star Phlox, the German coffee berry, and for the farmer, the Victoria rape, Germania Vetch, the Lathyrus silvestris, the Giant Spruce and Giant Incarnate clover, Sacaline, and dozens of other rare things. This wide-awake firm is in the van, and their catalogue, which is sent for postage, would be checked at \$1.40 per copy.

ALPINE TORRENTS IN HARNESS.

Water Power Now Used to Light Mountain Villages With Electricity.

"All over the Tyrol, Switzerland and the Alpine country generally you find to-day a curious conjunction of the modern and the medieval in the village streets, the stores and the inns," said a traveler to a New York Sun man. "In the smallest, the most remote and the most ancient villages in the Bavarian alps, the Tyrol and the Bernese Oberland you find the streets, the stores and the inns and not infrequently the houses, supplied with electric lights. I revisited last August a little village back in the Tyrolean mountains, near Innsbruck, which is one of the most characteristic medieval communities one could well find. The people live in the houses of their grandfathers and follow their customs and ways."

"This year I arrived there in the evening and was amazed to find the streets as brilliantly lighted as Broadway, where formerly the only light was from a swinging horn lantern here and there. There were clusters of incandescent lights strung across the streets every few yards. The little inn had a complete installation and so had the few little shops. I was prepared to learn that the formerly quiet village had become a fashionable watering place. But it hadn't. It was as quiet and as slow, antiquated and out of date as ever. Later, as I wandered about the Tyrol and Switzerland, I found the same change everywhere."

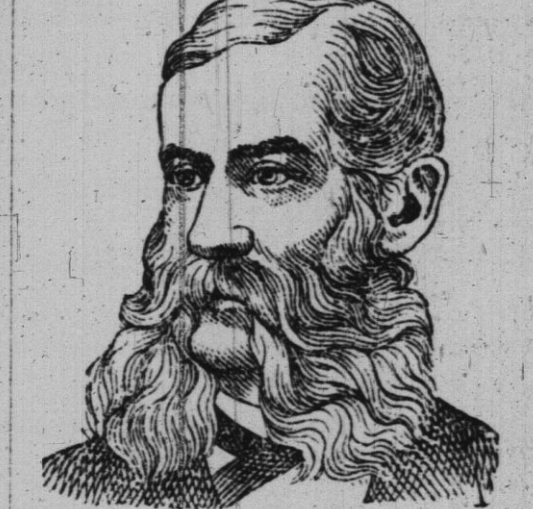
"It is very natural that it should be so, too, for in all that region there is power in superabundance running to waste on every hand. From every rock leaps a cascade and over every cliff roars a waterfall; there are streams that flow evenly, with a steady, small power, and torrents that thunder down with tens of force. The village of Murren, perched on the edge of a cliff opposite the Jungfrau, at a height of 5,000 feet above sea level, has a very complete electric lighting system and power enough within a few hundred yards' radius to light half of New York. The villages get their light almost free."

"This is, so far as I could learn, the very first use to which the vast water-power in the Alps has been put. Hitherto it has all run idle. Materialistic travelers often wonder why Switzerland is not a big manufacturing country. Alas! it soon may be, now the patient plodders there are finding what a wonderful capability for work is in the waterfalls."

JOHN W. FOSTER.

To Aid the Chinese Government in Peace Negotiations.

John W. Foster, formerly secretary of state, has been employed to aid the Chinese government's plenipotentiaries in peace negotiations. John W. Foster represented this country abroad in various countries for twenty-five years. When minister to Mexico and Spain and special envoy to several European countries he was of the greatest service in making treaties. He is probably



John W. Foster.

the best posted man in the country in diplomacy and international law. He served in the Union army in an Indian regiment and afterwards was prominent in state politics. He is a thorough scholar and master of several foreign languages. Mr. Foster has lately returned from a trip around the world, during which he spent some time in China.

ALARM CLOCK FOR LOVERS.

Latest Device for the Relief of Suffering Households.

A young man stood in the portico of an apartment house in Washington park, Brooklyn, the other evening, and on the step above him stood a pretty girl. It was late and the street was deserted. Despite the darkness it was apparent to the occasional passerby that the young man had the daintily-gloved right hand of the young woman within his own, while his left hand rested over it like a cover to keep it guarded. The young man was apparently trying to say good night and the young woman evidently could not hear him, for she was bending her head close to his. They stood in that attitude for nearly fifteen minutes, and might have been discovered in the same pose by the gray dawn of the morning had not something intervened."

That something was round and bright, and it came out of a sixth-story window. It descended slowly, the moonlight shimmering on its silvery surface and making it conspicuous. Soon it could be seen that it was on a string and was being lowered by an elderly woman. When it dangled over the portico there was a sudden burr-r-r-r-ring, and the young man and young woman parted like an overstrained hawser. The young man seized the round and bright object, which was still ringing and held it fast to the electric light. The hands on the alarm clock were clapped at midnight. He raised his hat to the young woman, murmured two words in a low tone, and disappeared. The alarm clock was hoisted up quickly, but the young woman was up stairs before it finally reached the up'n win-dow.—New York Sun.

SAID BY DR. PARKER.

THE ENGLISH PREACHER AND PROPHET ON HISTORY.

Predicts Some Wonderful Changes for
the Next Century—One Church for All
People—Wealth to Be Equally Dis-
tributed.



It will be a century of silent but profound and historic revolutions and developments. Preachers there will be, and possibly great preachers, but, taken broadly, there will be no pulpit in the twentieth century.

As to churches, a wonderful change will take place. Little Bethels and Zions, "born to blush unseen," will be swept off the face of the earth. Small tests of faith, sectarian standards of orthodoxy, pedantries, whims and theological crazes will all disappear, and men will gather in adoring love around the Christ of God. There will be a grand church in the twentieth century. In that holy day opinion will be nothing accounted of compared with sincere love and passionate devotion to the service of the poor, the weak and the weary who need a word in season. In that day men will not know that there was so great an anomaly as a state church. The buttress of the state will have been displaced by the unseen arm of the living God, and outward glitter will disappear under the dawning and brightening radiance of spiritual beauty and loveliness. The church of the triumphant Savior will in very deed be established, for she shall have granite for her foundation and salvation for her walls.

In Great Britain Dr. Parker prophesies great political changes at the close of the twentieth century.

The ecclesiastical commissioners will all be paid off, and their millions will have gone to the reduction of the national debt. Leaseholds will have become freeholds. The land will no longer be the monopoly of men who have never paid for it. Men will not be great by title, but by character. He who does most good will be crowned as the king of men. The house of commons will consist of five and twenty members, and the house of lords of six referees. Vestry locusts and county council vampires will have died of starvation, and have been buried "unwept, unhonored and unsung." The tax gatherer will no longer be a shadow on the door step, but the welcome presence of an honest messenger sent by honest neighbors.

It will be a century of tea and water drinking. The public house having been built by the devil, Dr. Parker believes it will go to the devil. The twentieth century will see the passing away of this chief tragedy of perdition. For in fancy's quick, glad hearing he catches the sound of all the distilleries, breweries, drunkeries falling in one terrific crash: "The house of Bacchus—that street corner god of London—has fallen into hell."

In the coming century, Dr. Parker says, in literature authors will be paid and publishers well rewarded. A ghastly Paternoster row skeleton will no longer go up and down among the poorer ministers asking them to write gratuitously for his magazine on the ground that they may be doing more good than they are aware.

The twentieth century will see a great change in the matter of public companies. They are, one and all, so far as Dr. Parker has seen the prospectuses, cunningly plotted swindles. Dr. Parker wishes it to be understood that he makes no reference to private companies. He refers to companies



got up by company promoters. For who can tell the misery consequent upon the Liberator swindle? Every man connected with that business ought, in his opinion, to be publicly flogged. No punishment could equal the crime. He says this "as a minister who knows family sorrows, hereby occasioned, too dreadful to be expressed in words."

The position of woman in the twentieth century will be in happy contrast to that which she now occupies. They will know mathematics and natural philosophy enough to build a second Brooklyn bridge, and yet will laugh and dance and joke, and even take a hand in the kitchen.

Dr. Joseph Parker congratulates the babies of the year 1893, who will live far into the new century, and finds in the circumstance of his present life a regret that he will not see much of the glorious twentieth century, which will soon dawn upon an ungrateful world.

THOSE Dainty POWDER PUFFS

Cost the Lives of Nearly Twenty Thousand Young Swan Every Year.

A new count in the indictment against woman in the matter of her craving for plumage ornamentation is found in the way in which it is said the needs of her dressing table are supplied. An English journal warns the London ladies that their powder puffs, those airy necessities of the toilet, are heavy with the blood of slaughtered innocents. It is stated that as many as 20,000 young swans—cynnets, as they are called—are killed every year to supply this dainty stuff, to say nothing of innumerable young birds of the elder duck and wild goose variety. The bulk of these are imported—the swan and geese from the islands of the Baltic and from Norway and Sweden, and the elders from the northern and more ice-bound seas. One cynnet will make nearly a dozen averaged sized "puffs," which show how many women must be, to a greater or less extent, addicted to the use of powder. The puff trade is highly profitable, as may be judged from the fact that the down of the cynnet costs a little more than 25 cents, the poor creature often being plucked alive so that it may bear another crop, while the puffs are sold at from 75 cents upward, nicely mounted in bone and blue or pink satin, which adjuncts amount to comparatively nothing. The ladies of Paris and Vienna are the largest consumers of puffs, owing chiefly to their fastidiousness in fastidious puffs as soon as they lose their pristine delicacy.

WILLIAM E. CHANDLER.

Sketch of a Notable Figure in the
United States Senate.

William Eton Chandler, whose term as United States senator from New Hampshire begins March 4, was born in Concord, that state, Dec. 28, 1835. He graduated from the Harvard law school in 1855. In 1862 he was elected to the state legislature, of which he was speaker in 1863-64. He held various offices under the government, being assistant secretary of the treasury for one term. From 1868 to 1876 he was secretary of the national committee of his party. On March 23, 1875, he was nominated by the President for the office of solicitor-general of the United States. Though a republican in politics the then republican senate failed to concur in the choice of the President and Mr. Chandler's nomination was not confirmed. Previous to that he had held the office of secretary of the navy from April 1882 to March 1885. In 1887 he was elected to the United States senate



and was re-elected in 1890. This is his third term in the upper house of congress.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

Some of the Superstitions Associated with
Its Proper Celebration.

St. Valentine, who for so many years has been presiding over a very cold shrine, is about to be brought back heartily into fashion once again, and sniff the sweet savor of maiden's prayers and sacrifices on his altar. There are to be dances in his honor, and rites observed appropriate to the day. Red roses are to be worn by enthusiastic girls for the full twenty-four hours over which he has dominion and those who confidently expect the kind saint to give them a glimpse of their future husbands must, according to Democritus' Monthly, follow these curious processes: They must lie them to bed one hour before midnight, carrying a taper only, as a light, and never casting a glance to left or right, but looking straight before, put out the taper on entering their bedrooms. On the threshold they must unbind their hair, wash their hands in rosewater, and standing before a mirror slowly eat a crisp seed cake baked in the shape of a heart. This done all in the dark and making sure never to retrace a step, they get to bed and to sleep with all dispatch; for if they can dream before midnight the vision will present the form and features of the future husband. There are cotillions set for St. Valentine's eve, when all the favors will be emblems suitable to the season, and a blindfolded debutante, personifying love, will distribute to each man a little red silk heart. Or one side is to show, in small gilt lettering, the name of the young woman with whom he must dance the figures when he presents it she will stick through the silk leaf a narrow pin of gilt and fasten the heart to the left side of her bodice.

Women Gamblers in Calcutta.

Gambling on the next rain and its duration has become so great a vice in Calcutta that the government has been called on to suppress it. Clerk on the way to their offices stop at commission houses to place bets, and the women have been seized with mania so that they do not only paw their own and borrowed jewels, but go further to procure money to gamble with.

ARE TRUE TO HAWAII.

MINISTER HATCH AND HIS CALIFORNIA BRIDE

Return to Uncle Sam's Domain to Plead
the Cause of the Little Republic of
the Pacific—A Favorite in Honolulu—
Beautiful Mrs. Hatch.

(Special Correspondence.)



WASHINGTON dispatch recently announced the arrival here of Francis M. Hatch, the minister of foreign affairs in the government of Hawaii, for the transaction of business of importance to both governments. There were various reports as to the nature of his business, one of the most credible of which was that it bore upon Hawaii's rights in the matter of the projected British cable across the Pacific between Canada and Australia. There were other reports, the value of which will not be fully known until President Cleveland sends to congress the correspondence relative to Mr. Hatch's mission. The fact that President Dole has thought it necessary to ask him to visit Washington while the regular diplomatic representative of his government, Minister Thurston, is on duty there, is regarded as significant.

Francis M. Hatch was one of the earliest leaders of the annexation movement in Hawaii and took part in it some time before the fall of Queen Liliuokalani. He was one of the thirteen members of the committee of safety formed in January, 1893; he was presi-



MINISTER HATCH AND HIS CHARMING WIFE.

dent of the Annexation club. Soon after the formation of the provisional government under President Dole he was elected as its vice-president and last year he accepted the office of minister of foreign affairs, the conduct of which has reflected very high credit upon him. Any proposition he may make, in Washington will be fully sustained by the governing powers of the young republic—that "gem of the Pacific" which is awaiting transfer to the United States.

Mr. Hatch's friends in this country like to speak of him as a "New Hampshire boy." He was born at Portsmouth, N. H., thirty-eight years ago. He went to Bowdoin college, from which he graduated with honors. He was led to the study of law, as it may be said, by nature, for he belongs to a family of lawyers of primitive New England stock. For many years his uncle, Judge Harris, was chief justice of Hawaii, under the royal government, and the nephew, while yet a young man, went to Honolulu, entered the chief justice's office and stayed there until Judge Harris' death. He was engaged in the practice of law in Honolulu two years ago, when the queen brought ruin upon herself by signing the lottery bill and interfering with the constitutional rights of the people.

Mr. Hatch is of a quiet and reserved nature, a great favorite among all classes of Hawaiians, including even the royalists and is generally regarded as the most popular man in the islands. He is of dark complexion and rather small stature, but his features are large and impressive. His appearance gives but little indication of the power and fervor by which his speeches are characterized. The great speech which he delivered in Honolulu in December, 1893, in support of the new government, was one which gave him high rank among the orators of the times.

His public papers while minister of foreign affairs have been those of a skilled diplomatist and statesman and have commanded the attention of foreign governments as well as of everybody who has taken any interest in the affairs of Hawaii during the stirring period of its passage from a monarchy to a free republic. His dispatches of last year to the British minister at Honolulu, Mr. Wodehouse, who had been intriguing in behalf of prostrate royalty, and who had assumed that "attitude of reserve" which delighted Queen Liliuokalani, were especially satisfactory. It was a gentle snub which he administered to the obtrusive Englishman. It was an instructive lecture upon international law which he delivered for his entertainment. When Mr. Gresham meets this pioneer of Hawaiian emancipation at Washington he is likely to find him a man worth knowing.

President Dole and Minister Hatch have worked together with the utmost harmony in the direction of the foreign affairs of Hawaii. They are fully agreed in all matters of policy and both of them enjoy the highest respect of all the residents of Hawaii.

Besides his ordinary home at Honolulu, Mr. Hatch has a lovely summer place upon the beach at Waikiki. His wife is a California lady of great beauty and worthy qualities, whose maiden name was Miss Hawes. She is a daughter of Col. Alexander G. Hawes of San Francisco, a Vermont by birth, a soldier who won his rank on the battle field in the war for the Union and is now one of the most highly esteemed citizens of San Francisco.

Characteristics of George Inness.

George Inness had no jealousies and few amusements. He smoked some, and took long walks. Often he painted fifteen hours a day. On the dozen or more canvases in his studio he worked as the humor seized him, going from one to another with palette and maulstick and always standing when painting. He had two styles, one restrained, the other impetuous, and as he grew older the latter prevailed. Correctness of linear design was less important than color, atmosphere and chiaroscuro; but first in importance was the resolve to convey distinctly the impressions of a personal, vital force. Believing that he obtained with oils all the delicacy of water colors, and much strength in addition, he did not paint in water colors. His sincerity, his faith, his earnestness—all that which escapes like a perfume from his work—increased with his years and with the honorable fame and competence that he had earned. One of his landscapes is called "Light Triumph"—a name that fitly describes them all.

Wonderful Heroism of Nellie Desmond.

(Wellston, Ohio, Correspondence.)

The other evening about six o'clock a train coming from the Hanging Rock mines, east of this city, carrying nearly 100 miners and running at the rate of thirty miles an hour, was miraculously saved from destruction by the bravery of a 17-year-old girl, the handsome daughter of foreman Desmond. While returning from the house of a neighbor to her father's residence, two miles east of town, Nellie found that a trestle crossing the ravine near the tool house had been burned down and was still smoldering. Reaching home, she reported the matter to her mother, who advised her to wait until her father returned home from work and apprise him of the danger. Fearing her father was on the upper side of the burned bridge and might plunge into it with his hand car and crew, she set out for



the bridge again. She had scarcely left the house when she heard the roar of an approaching train and the realization dawned upon her mind that hundreds of lives might be in danger. She rushed to the tool house to procure a signal, knowing that her father usually kept a red lamp at that place. The headlight of the locomotive was even then in plain view, but Nellie tugged at the heavy door in vain, for it was securely locked. She hesitated a moment and then seeing a large chunk of the burned portion of the bridge, began waving it frantically across the track. The engineer saw the signal and began whistling down brakes. Fire fairly flew from under the engine wheels as the plucky engineer reversed his engine and pulled wide open the throttle. The iron monster came rushing up within a few yards of the burned bridge and stopped with the pilot almost pointing over the abyss. The train crew and miners returning from work hurried from the



NELLIE DESMOND.

coaches and found that the brave little savior of their lives had fainted from her wonderful exertion and lay prostrate across the track. When the passengers realized that their lives had been saved by the heroic efforts of the young girl they bore her tenderly to her home near by and seemed loath to leave until each had expressed his gratitude. Thomas Brady, the engineer, was among the last to congratulate the young lady, and as he did so there was a satisfied look in the young girl's face, for she and Brady, it is rumored, have been fast friends since he began running on the line. The fire is supposed to have originated from a pile of burning ties, near which tramps are supposed to have been warming themselves.

Oxygen for Bleaching.

Various experiments are reported by the technical papers in the application of oxygen to the bleaching of paper pulp. It is shown, according to the tests described, that a stream of oxygen pumped into a mixture of chlorine and paper pulp accelerates the bleaching of the pulp. Experiments made in a closed churn showed that when oxygen was pumped in and absorbed by the pulp the pressure in the churn was not increased, but when nitrogen was pumped in there was a rapid increase of pressure, the oxygen being therefore used up and helping in the bleaching.

Charlemagne was said to be the best player of checkers of his century.

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

INTERESTING READING FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE.

Little Bob Forgot His Grandma's
Many Kindnesses—Books Instead
of Candy—The Small Boy's Latest
Game—A Clever Retort.

Little Bob sat very still at the breakfast table. He was so busy thinking that he ate only one saucerful of the big, red raspberries fresh from grandma's garden and covered with golden cream from grandma's milk pans.

Bob was spending his vacation at grandma's farm, and there were so many pleasant things going on that the little fellow hardly knew what to do first.

"Now, if I ride to mill, I can't go fishing with Sam," he thought, shaking his little puzzled head. "Sam says the fishes in the creek are big's grandma's turkeys, and they bite quicker'n 'squitos. Guess I'll go with him."

But just at that moment he saw grandma and the hired man in the empty hay wagon; they must be going to the meadow for a load of hay.

What fun it would be to ride home on the soft, sweet hay, away up among the treetops! It was nicer than riding on the elephant in the park, Bobby thought.

So his little heels made quick time along the path to the barn, and he clambered into the big wagon, over the wheel, and caved nothing more for Sam's wonderful fish.

"Wait a minute, dear," called grandma from the kitchen door. "Do you know any little boy who wants to climb up into this tree and get some cherries for grandma's pies?"

"No-o, grandma," said little Bob, with a very long face. "I don't know any such boy, honestly. Aren't you afraid he might tumble out of the tree and break his arms and legs?"

"Oh, ho, Bob!" laughed grandma. "That's the first time you ever were afraid to climb a tree!"

Lazy Bob hung his head, but he did not give up his point.

"Sides, I don't think cherry pies are very good," he argued. "Kind o' sour and pucky."

"You'll eat 'em fast enough when dinner time comes," said grandma.

"Well, never mind, Bobby boy," said gentle grandma, seeing how sober the little fellow looked. "I'll get along without the cherries. Go and have a nice ride, dearie; you can't be a little boy but once."

So the long wagon went jolting and rattling away so fast that Bob had to catch hold of the high rack to keep from tumbling over.

The meadow looked so pretty with the green hay-cocks dotted evenly over it, like wigwags in an Indian village, Bobby fancied. The hired man jumped out of the wagon and pitched one cock after another with their long pitchforks.

Grandpa arranged the hay in the wagon so that the load would balance well, and little Bob's seat rose higher and higher as the wagon was filled.

But somehow Bobby was not having a very good time. He could not help thinking that grandma was always ready to leave her work, and hunt for his missing balls and whistles, or give him a doughnut when he was hungry—which, to tell the truth, was most of the time from breakfast to dinner, from dinner to tea.

He remembered, too, how yesterday he had poked a hole in a hornet's nest, just to see what it was made of, and how the hornets' stings hurt, and how grandma cured them with soda, and told him stories till he forgot the pain.

"Say, grandpa, let me out," said Bobby. "I want to go to the house. I forgot something."

"Forgot what? Your knife? Here, take mine," said grandpa, fumbling in his pocket.

"No, thank you, grandpa," said Bob. "Something else."

"Something to eat, I'll warrant!" said grandpa, pulling out a paper bag.

"Grandma said you'd be hungry, so she put you up a lunch."

Bob looked into the bag, and saw it was full of grandma's nice sugary cookies in the shape of little rings and hearts. He felt more ashamed than ever, and he could not have eaten one of those cookies if he had been starving.

"Oh, 'tisn't—that, grandpa!" he said, with a little shake in his voice. "I forgot what lots of things grandma does for me."

"Hey? Well, I guess you did," said grandpa. "Those cherries must be tired of waiting for you."

So, with grandpa's help, Bob slid down to the ground, and ran home like a squirrel. In a very short time grandma was surprised to see a small boy coming in at the woodshed door, with a big pile of ripe, red cherries.

"And, grandma," said Bob. "I won't forget again, you'll see."—The House-

The Rival Mothers.

This story is, beyond doubt, original to Japan in its present form, but it bears a remarkable resemblance to another celebrated judgment given more than two thousand years ago on the other side of the world.

About a century and a half ago a woman who was a servant in the house of a daimyo had a little girl born to her. But it was inconvenient for her to have the child with her in the daimyo's mansion, and so she put the little one out to nurse with a woman in the neighboring village. The child grew to be very intelligent, and the foster-mother, who was a heartless woman, thought she saw an opportunity to earn money through the girl's services, and determined to keep her. Accordingly, when the mother's term of service expired, and she came to get back her child, the foster-mother treated her claim as false, said the child was her own, and utterly refused to give her up.

So at last they came before Oka, the town magistrate of Yedo, who, after some thought, hit upon a novel plan of deciding. He placed the child between the two mothers, had each one take an arm of the child, and then ordered them to pull! He could then tell, he said, which one deserved to have the child. The foster-mother, thinking only

of winning, pulled with all her might, but the true mother, full of her affection for her child, could not bear to inflict on it such brutal pain; and she let go as soon as she felt the other woman pulling. "The child is mine!" exclaimed the foster-mother, triumphantly. "Not so," said Oka, sternly; "you are a pretender; this other is the true mother."

Then the false mother confessed her deception, and begged for pardon. The people, when they heard of the judgment, were full of admiration for the penetration and sagacity of their great magistrate.

A Boy Policeman.

"Lieutenant, when do I get my pay? I think it about time, 'cause I want to get a tin whistle and lots of things," said a cute little shaver of six, as he strutted into the central police station and walked up to the lieutenant's desk.

Lieut. Hill peered over the desk and recognized a little protégé, Horace W. Carle, all dressed in a complete lieutenant's uniform, with a silver badge, stripes on his shoulders, with a revolver in one hand and a club in the other.

"Well, how much pay do you think you ought to have?" asked Lieut. Hill. "Well, you might give me about \$50, I guess. That's a big pile of money, but I s'pect it's about what a lieutenant ought to get, and you know I am a lieutenant now," and the little shaver strutted about and then asked Lieut. Hill if he thought a burglar could get away from him.

"Lieut." Horace Carle, though only a very little boy, is a born policeman. Ever since he was a baby he has been wild over policemen. When he was in short dresses he strutted around with a club and would run to the window and call every policeman that passed. He got acquainted with Lieut. Hill when the latter was a sergeant. Little Horace had his aunt fix his suit up as a sergeant's uniform, and when Lieut. Hill was promoted he had his uniform changed, too, and Lieut. Hill got him a silver star and a club.

When he does not mind his father tells him if he is not good that he will not let him be a policeman, and that brings little Horace to time at once. His great ambition is to catch a real live burglar, and who knows but that he may some day?—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Small Boy's Latest Game.

Who has noticed a curious scroll drawn in chalk upon the sidewalk, dotted with apparent hieroglyphs, and serving to interest and amuse youthful New Yorkers? asks the New York World. This is a new game an echo of the great fair, and it rejoices in the name of "the Ferris wheel."

It is a kind of "hopscotch," but much more complex and ingenious, and rose in the firmament of youthful sports a star of the first magnitude, during the Columbian exposition. When it will set no astronomer can predict. Its discoverer was a Chicago lad.

A great, double spiral is drawn, lots are cast to decide who is to lead off, and then Master A. B., who has won the cast, hops into the diagram, as far as the center, and then retraces his hops—steps would be inaccurate. After this he places his initial in any part of the spiral which appeals to his taste. The others follow in order. No one must touch the lines of the spiral, fail to keep one foot clear of the ground, or rest upon any initial except his own. This is no easy matter, particularly after the diagram has become an interlaced confusion of letters.

The players score one for each successful effort, the highest score naturally winning.

The rapid spread of the game, its naming in honor of the exhibit which probably impressed youthful visitors most deeply, and to which they could trace an intended resemblance in the curved lines of the diagram, its curious complexity, all make the new sport extremely interesting.

How They Grew a Bell.

At the beginning of the last century the only church bell at Grossslawitz, Germany, was so small that its tones were not sufficient to penetrate to the ends of the village. A second bell was badly wanted but the village was poor and where was the money to come from?

One Sunday when the schoolmaster, Gottfried Hays, was going to church, he noticed growing out of the churchyard wall, a flourishing stalk of corn, the seed of which must have been dropped by a passing bird. The idea suddenly struck him that perhaps this one stalk of corn could be made the means of procuring the second bell they wanted so much. He waited until the corn was ripe and then he plucked the six ears on it and sowed them in his own garden. Next year he gathered the little crop thus produced and sowed it again, till at last he had not enough room in his garden for the crop, and so he divided it among a certain number of farmers, who went on sowing the ears until in the eighth year, the crop was so large that when it was put together and sold they found that had money enough to buy a beautiful bell.—Harper's Young People.

A Clever Retort.

That was a clever retort which a laborer once made to Lord Chancellor Camden of England. It appears that in consequence of the interest which the lord chancellor took on behalf of Wilkes, he became so popular that the parishioners of Chislehurst, where he resided, made him a present of ten acres of common. His lordship, who was a very early riser, was the first to discover, in one of his morning walks, that a poor widow who resided on the common had all her geese stolen during the previous night. He chanced to meet a laborer going to work, and, thinking from being wrapped up in his great coat, that he was unknown to the man, he inquired of him respecting the geese, and asked him if he knew what punishment would be inflicted on the offender who stole the geese from the common. The man answered, "No."

"Well, then," said his lordship, "he would be transported for seven years." "If that is the case," replied the laborer, "I will thank your lordship to tell me what punishment the law would inflict on the man who stole the common from the geese."

RAILROADS.

E. J. & E. R. V. TIME TABLE.

GOING NORTH. STATIONS. GOING SOUTH.	
4:30 pm ar. Wankegan dep.	7:00 am
4:00 pm. Rondout.	8:30 am
2:55 pm. Leighton.	8:50 am
2:45 pm. Diamond Lake.	8:57 am
2:35 pm. Gilmer.	9:12 am
2:20 pm. Lake Zurich.	10:05 am
1:40 pm. Barrington.	10:30 am
1:10 pm. Clarks.	10:55 am
12:45 pm. Spaulding.	12:15 pm
11:27 am. Wayne.	12:35 pm
11:15 am. Ingallton.	12:45 pm
11:00 am. Turner.	1:25 pm
10:00 am. Warrenhurst.	2:00 pm
9:15 am. Frontenac.	2:20 pm
8:50 am. Mornantown.	2:45 pm
8:15 am. Walker.	3:10 pm
7:50 am. Plainfield.	3:35 pm
7:28 am. Coyne.	3:55 pm
7:00 am. Bridge Junction.	4:05 pm
5:00 am dep. East Joliet. ar.	4:15 pm

C. & N. W. R. R. TIME TABLE.

GOING SOUTH.	
6:10 a. m., except Sunday.	
6:45 a. m., except Sunday.	
6:55 a. m., Sunday only.	
7:00 a. m., except Sunday.	
7:56 a. m., daily.	
8:00 a. m., except Sunday.	
10:05 p. m., daily.	
10:25 p. m., except Sunday.	
12:03 p. m., daily.	
3:08 p. m., except Sunday.	
4:25 p. m., Sunday only.	
4:40 p. m., daily.	
8:44 p. m., Sunday only.	
8:50 p. m., Sunday only.	
GOING NORTH.	
8:30 a. m., except Sunday.	
9:13 a. m., except Sunday.	
10:30 a. m., daily.	
12:10 p. m., except Sunday.	
3:00 p. m., Saturday and Sunday only.	
5:02 p. m., except Sunday.	
6:09 p. m., except Sunday.	
6:12 p. m., Sunday only.	
7:25 p. m., except Sunday.	
7:55 p. m., daily.	
8:00 p. m., except Saturday.	
12:50 a. m., daily.	
*To Barrington only.	

Get Your Auction Bills, Etc., Printed at the Review Office.

We have recently added a large amount of new type to our job assortment, making it one of the best equipped offices generally found in towns of this size. When in want of auction bills, statements, bill heads, envelopes, cards, etc., bring your work to the Review office and get it done neatly and at reasonable prices.

M. T. LAMEY.

Free Pills.

Send your address to H. E. Bucklen & Co., Chicago, and get a free sample box of Dr. King's New Life Pills. A trial will convince you of their merits. These pills are easy in action and are particularly effective in the cure of Constipation and Sick Headache. For Malaria and Liver troubles they have been proved invaluable. They are guaranteed to be perfectly free from every deleterious substance and to be purely vegetable. They do not weaken by their action, but by giving tone to stomach and bowels greatly invigorate the system. Regular size 25 cents per box. Sold by A. L. Waller, Druggist.

How to GET RICH—My success is owing to my liberality in advertising. —Bonner. Frequent and constant advertising brought me all I own. —A. T. Stewart. Success depends upon a liberal patronage of printing offices. —Astor. How can the world know a man has a good thing unless he advertises the possession of it? —Vanderbilt. My son, deal only with men who advertise. You will never lose by it. —Franklin.

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

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

A Household Treasure.

D. W. Fuller of Canajoharie, N. Y., says that he always keeps Dr. King's new discovery in the house, and his family has always found the very best results follow its use; that he would not be without it, if procurable. G. A. Dykeman, druggist, Catskill, N. Y., says that Dr. King's new discovery is undoubtedly the best cough remedy; that he has used it in his family for eight years, and it has never failed to do all that is claimed for it. Why not try a remedy so long tried and tested? Trial bottles free at A. L. Waller's drug store. Regular size, 50 cents and \$1.00.

Where to Buy Glass.

We have a 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.

A Des Moines woman who has been troubled with frequent colds, concluded to try an old remedy in a new way, and accordingly took a tablespoonful (four times the usual dose) of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy just before going to bed. The next morning she found that her cold had almost entirely disappeared. During the day she took a few doses of the remedy (one teaspoonful at a time) and at night again took a tablespoonful before going to bed, and on the following morning awoke free from all symptoms of the cold. Since then she has, on several occasions, used this remedy in like manner, with the same good results, and is much elated over her discovery of so quick a way of curing a cold. For sale by A. L. Waller, druggist.

BARRINGTON REVIEW.

ESTABLISHED IN 1895.

Published Every Saturday at

BARRINGTON, - - - ILLINOIS.

-BY-

T. LAMEY, Editor and Publisher.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE: \$1.00 per Year in Advance.

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

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

Mrs. F. Hollister returned to Waukegan Friday after a three weeks' visit with her sons, Frank and Arthur, at this place.

Mrs. Philip Hawley and Miss Edith Krahn have issued announcements to the public that they have opened dress-making rooms at the home of Mrs. Hawley.

Advertise in the Review. Mrs. Knopf, who has been visiting at the home of Mr. Fred Pomeroy, returned to her home in the city last Wednesday.

Last Thursday was Valentine's day. Mr. James Reagan of Chicago spent last Monday with his mother.

Full cream cheese at A. W. Meyer & Co.'s.

About March 1 the W. R. C. expect to give an entertainment in which they will be assisted by Maj. Hendershot, the original "Drummer Boy of the Rappahannock," and parties from Chicago and Elgin, together with home talent, and promises to be the best of its kind ever given at this place.

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

Mr. and Mrs. E. Cannon spent Sunday at the home of Mr. William Jayne at Nunda, Ill.

O. W. O. Hardman, sheriff of Tyler county, W. Va., appreciates a good thing and does not hesitate to say so. He was almost prostrated with a cold when he procured a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. He says:

"It gave me prompt relief. I find it to be an invaluable remedy for coughs and colds." For sale by A. L. Waller, druggist.

The White Cemetery Association met at the home of Mrs. A. Leonard last Wednesday afternoon.

George Elbridge is assisting Mr. John Page on his farm near Palatine, for a short time.

If you want stylish ladies shoes go to A. W. Meyer & Co.

Mrs. R. Lombard is convalescent. The weather has moderated considerably this week. Sleighting is quite fair.

A pleasant surprise party was given Miss Minnie Gieske at her home last Tuesday evening. A good time is reported by those present.

Men's \$3.00 shoes for \$2.50 at A. W. Meyer & Co.

Mrs. Henry S. Meier, who has been very ill for the past three months, is now reported on the gain.

A sleighing party consisting of three loads of young people left here last Tuesday evening to give a surprise party at the home of Mr. N. Miller, at Barrington Center.

Ladies \$3.00 shoes for \$2.50 at A. W. Meyer & Co.

Mr. John C. Meier is serving on the jury in Chicago this week.

Chester Purcell of Chicago is visiting this week with his father.

Mr. L. F. Schroeder is putting in a furnace in the house recently purchased by Mr. H. Boehmer.

Ladies \$2.50 shoes for \$2.00 at A. W. Meyer & Co.

Mrs. H. Brockaway, who has been spending several weeks with relatives at Waukegan, returned home last week.

"Christian Citizenship" will be the subject of Rev. Ream at the M. E. Church next Sunday evening. The voters are especially invited.

Subscribe for the Review. No family should be without it.

Misses Dolly and Gertrude Bennett of Chicago, attended the party here Friday evening of last week.

Mr. Henry Berger, who has been on Mr. B. H. Sodi's farm the past few years, will move to Cary March 1, where he will work the farm owned by Mr. Wm. Wascher.

The farm consisting of forty acres of land 1 1/2 miles north of Barrington, owned by Mrs. Mary Gibney is for sale. For particulars call at this office 2 wks.

All members of the Modern Woodmen are requested to be at the regular meeting, Tuesday evening.

The Standard Sewing Machine is the best finished and will do the finest work. Call and see them. A. W. Meyer & Co.

The dance given by the Barrington social club Friday evening of last week was not very largely attended, however, those attending spent a pleasant evening.

W. H. Selleck of Chicago was the guest of M. T. Lamey a few days the past week. Mr. Selleck expects to leave for Spokane Falls, Wash., in the near future, where he will remain in the employ of the McCormick Harvesting Machine Co.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Renich of Woodstock visited at the home of Mr. C. C. Hennings Sunday.

There will be a masquerade dance at Quentin's corners Friday eve, Feb. 22.

Dr. John Zahn sold all his household effects at auction Tuesday. He expects to leave for Germany in the near future.

A number of the farmers have lost their milk money in Chicago lately, one party lost as high as \$700.00.

Mr. John C. Dobler who has been on the sick list is steadily improving.

Miss Flury of Palatine spent at the home of Mr. C. C. Hennings.

Quite a number attended the Bonnet Social given by the Union Workers at the Baptist Church parlors Wednesday evening.

Cook County Superintendent Farr made our school a visit last Wednesday.

Applications for houses at this office have been numerous the past week.

Miss Maud Meier who has been visiting at Benton Harbor, has returned.

The ladies of the Relief Corps will make their annual trip to Carpentersville today where they will visit with their sisters, Mrs. Stuart Miller. Get your printing done at the Review office.

AN ORDINANCE.

Be it ordained by the President of the Board of Trustees of the Village of Barrington:

Section 1. That Washington street be extended from its present western terminus on William street to Walnut street in said village, said extension to be of 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 therefor the north sixty feet of lots three (3), four (4), five (5), six (6), seven (7) in Block "D" of the Village of Barrington, a part of the southwest quarter of section thirty-six (36), township forty-three (43), north, range nine (9), east of the third principal meridian, Lake county, Illinois, and of such parts of said lots as shall be required to extend the aforesaid street of an uniform width of sixty (60) feet due west from its present western terminus.

SEC. 2. That said improvement shall be made, and the cost thereof paid for by special assessment to be levied upon the property benefitted thereby to the amount that the same may be legally assessed therefor, and the remainder of such cost to be paid by a general taxation in accordance with article nine (9) 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 the 10th day of April, A. D. 1872, and in force July 1, 1872.

SEC. 3. That the attorney for said village is hereby directed to file a petition in the Circuit court of Lake county, Illinois, 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 said improvement or purpose, specified in this ordinance, shall be ascertained by a jury," and to file a supplemental petition in accordance with the provisions of section fifty-three (53) of said article nine (9).

SEC. 4. That an ordinance or parts of ordinances which may have been passed heretofore, and which are in conflict with this ordinance are hereby repealed.

SEC. 5. This ordinance shall be in force from and after its passage.

Passed Feb. 6, A. D. 1895.

Approved Feb. 6, A. D. 1895.

Published Feb. 16, A. D. 1895.

F. E. HAWLEY.

President of the Village of Barrington.

Attest: MILES T. LAMEY, Village Clerk.

AN ORDINANCE.

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

Section 1. That Liberty street be extended from its present western terminus on Walnut street to the right of way of the Elgin, Joliet & Eastern railway, in said village, said extension to be of an uniform width of sixty (60) feet, and the north and south lines thereof to be continuous with the north and south lines of Liberty street, as at present laid out, and the same is hereby ordered opened by condemning therefor a strip of land of an uniform width of sixty (60) feet due west from the present western terminus of Liberty street on Walnut street to the right of way of the Elgin, Joliet & Eastern railway, and the north and south lines of the said sixty (60) feet, to be continuous with the north and south lines of Liberty street as at present laid out, in the village of Barrington, a part of the southwest half of the southwest quarter of section thirty-six (36), township forty-three (43), north, range nine (9), east of the third principal meridian, Lake county, Ill.

SEC. 2. That said improvement shall be made, and the cost thereof paid for by a special assessment to be levied upon the property benefitted thereby, to the amount that the same may be legally assessed therefor and the remainder of such cost to be paid by taxation, in accordance with article nine (9) 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 the 10th day of April, A. D. 1872, and in force July 1, 1872.

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Approved Feb. 6, A. D. 1895.

Published Feb. 16, A. D. 1895.

F. E. HAWLEY.

President of the Village of Barrington.

Attest: MILES T. LAMEY, Village Clerk.

Auction Sale.

Edward Horn will sell his entire lot of farming tools, horses, etc., at auction Wednesday, Feb. 20. Wm. Peters is the auctioneer.

Just in Time.

To meet hard times. If you haven't got 50 cents or \$1.00, you can still get great and pleasant relief by investing 10 cents in a small bottle of Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin (10 doses 10 cents) at A. L. Waller's.

For Family Use.

There is truly no medicine compounded that so generally meets the everyday wants and needs of the family. Especially on the farm where doctors come high. For constipation, indigestion and biliousness try Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. 10 doses 10 cents at A. L. Waller's.

At a supper recently given to some vagrant sandwichmen in London seven out of twelve of the guests had been ordained clergymen of the church of England.

AMERICA A RAILROAD SCHOOL.

Russian Officials Coming to Get Points for the Siberian Railroad.

Among the arrivals in San Francisco on the steamer Pekin from the Orient recently were two officials of the trans-Siberian railway, who have come to America to study the railway and ferry systems of the country. G. Adadvoran, one of the party, is chief engineer of the big Siberian railway, and P. Sokolou, who accompanies him, is the vice president of the board of directors. They have a letter of introduction from Secretary Gresham to the presidents of all the large railroads in the country, and they will travel in search of information, which they expect will prove valuable in the operation of the Siberian road. They are more interested in ferries than in railroads, however, for the establishment of a line of ferry steamers on the Amoor river is contemplated, and the visitors say they want the advantage of the experience of Americans in such matters.

"One of the most interesting features of the government railroad across Siberia to Vladivostok," said Mr. Sokolou, "will be the ferry system on the Amoor river. We expect to operate the steamers throughout the winter with the aid of some contrivance to be placed on the boats to break the ice. Our ideas on that matter are not perfected. We are now studying it."

The two officials expect to visit the locomotive works in the Eastern states with a view, possibly, of adopting the American locomotive for use on the Siberian railway. They expect to adopt many American ideas. Mr. Langarda, a photographer, and secretary to the two officials, is with the party.

HOW A WATCH IS EFFECTED.

In Some Cities It Runs Ahead and in Others It Loses.

"It is curious to notice the effect of certain atmospheres upon timepieces of a certain kind," said A. G. Graham of Chicago. "I have a watch of the old-fashioned type, which I always carry with me wherever I go; first, because it's a curiosity, and secondly, because it is a gift from a much beloved friend. Well, this watch has a habit of running ahead of time. In my own city, or in St. Louis, for example, it gains five minutes in every twenty-four hours. This is not terrible, because it means nearly two hours a month. I have a way of letting it run for a length of time, say six months, so that it regulates itself practically in that time. It manages to make about twelve hours, and when a timepiece is that much ahead of, or behind, time it is just as good as if it were perfect. A short while ago I was compelled to visit Philadelphia, from which city I am just returning. During my stay there the watch lost five minutes a day, and the loss was as regular as the gain was in Chicago or in your city. I have a theory upon the subject. I believe that the movements of a man have more or less effect upon a watch. Now, almost every man readily falls into the ways and gait of his fellows. In Chicago or in St. Louis every man likes to be five minutes ahead of time. In Philadelphia everyone says, 'Well, there's no hurry; five minutes behind time will make no difference' and from this follows that slow, easy gait which is the most striking characteristic of the Quaker city. It would seem the watches keep time in the same fashion, as if in sympathy with their owners. So you see there is pretty good reason for the allegation with regard to Philadelphia's proverbial slowness."

ODDS AND ENDS.

The army and navy of the Argentine confederation are kept up at an annual cost of \$13,000,000.

A recent industrial innovation in Switzerland is the manufacture of floor mosaics from wood pulp.

The claim is made that Lake Erie produces more fish to the square mile than any body of water on the globe.

The Michigan agricultural college herbarium is said to be the largest in the world. It now contains 175,000 specimens.

It is stated by the attendants at the zoological gardens that no ape will sleep flat on his back, as adult man often does.

During 1894 twenty-three members of the house of lords died, sixteen of them being 70 or over, and only two members of the commons.

West Virginia has a girl hunter whose aim is death to bears. She has a record of seven large animals of the bruin family during the past year.

A Georgia raccoon, supposed to be tame and being allowed the privilege of a farmer's house, recently killed five cats and severely wounded three fine dogs.

To make shift for a baby's bed in a small room while traveling take a drawer out of a chest of drawers and put two pillows in. It will make a cosy bed.

F. L. WATERMAN,

Dealer in

Fancy Groceries,

Fruits, Vegetables and Baking Goods, Tobacco, Cigars, Nuts and Confectionery.

ICE CREAM AND OYSTERS IN SEASON.

Barrington.

Now Is the Time

To buy your Overcoats and Suits Cheap.

Prices Reduced From 20 to 50 per cent

Buy your Felt Boots and Overs while you can get them at Present Low Prices.

A Few of Our Many Bargains.

3 cans tomatoes	25c
3 cans corn	25c
3 cans Lima beans	25c
3 cans blackberries	25c
6 lbs. California raisins	25c
25 lbs. granulated sugar	\$1.00

We are agents for the New Home sewing machine, also for North German Lloyd Steamship Co., and sole agents for the Selz, Schwab & Co.'s celebrated boots and shoes.

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Barrington, Ill.

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Ready-Made Clothing.

Custom-Made Fur Coats,

Jackets, Gloves, Mittens, Etc.

Suits Made to Order in the Latest Styles.

A complete line of samples to select from.

H. WALTER, Barrington, Ill.

Opposite the Depot.

Webster's Dictionary..

Is a very useful publication, and contains a vast amount of valuable information which can be found in no other book; but, notwithstanding the enormous expense and years of toil necessary to produce this mastodonic piece of work, it

Is a Flat Failure,

Either as a work of fiction or compendium of general news. Still it answers the purpose for which it was published better than any other book we know of, and covers the entire field—as a dictionary.

As a Newspaper

We are trying to do the same thing for this community—to cover the entire local news field to the entire satisfaction of our patrons. Its our business to watch over the best interests of this town and county—to nurture its industries and foster its enterprises.

BUSINESS MEN WHO DESIRE TO DO BUSINESS IN A BUSINESS WAY SHOULD REMEMBER THAT HOME FOLKS ARE CONSUMERS, AND THAT THIS PAPER REACHES THEM

MINING WHITE MARBLE.

THE GREEN MOUNTAINS HONEY-COMBED WITH QUARRIES.

The Largest Opening in the World is in Vermont—The Diamond Drill Revolutionized the Industry.

VERMONT furnishes more than sixty per cent. of the marble used in the United States for building purposes, and almost all that goes into graveyards and public monuments, and the greater per cent. of the Vermont marble comes from Rutland County. The man who first discovered the possibilities of the quarries in Rutland County traded an old horse for the property. The original owner had become disgusted with the land, for nothing would grow on it, and he swapped a fortune for a decrepit nag which was dear at \$15. The gold craze of '49 urged men to risk their lives and endure the greatest hardships to find the yellow metal, and the marble craze in Vermont which followed the discovery of the rich deposits of pure white marble caused men to pour money into holes and sink fortunes in the ground. The Green Mountains are pock-marked with abandoned quarries, and the quest for the bottom which awaited a man at the bottom of a rich marble quarry sent prospectors into New Hampshire and all along the backbone of the Green Mountain State.

Until the diamond drill was invented prospecting for marble was almost always a matter of guess-work. But the faithful detective which bores its way into the earth's crust and brings back a piece of everything it touches placed marble-hunting in the list of exact sciences. The diamond drill is a cylinder of steel which has black diamonds fixed in the edge of its cutting surface. The diamond-studded cylinder is driven into the earth or outcropping stone, and as it twists it way farther into the crust it cuts out a core which enables the prospector to judge of the quality of the marble, if the drill goes through marble, and the extent of the deposit. Sometimes, however, the enthusiastic prospector and his moneyed men who are back of the enterprise are sadly fooled by the diamond drill, for the drill might be bored in the direction of the layer and not through it. If the layer is thin, and the drill bored with the grain, the core might indicate a thick deposit, and the truth would not be known until thousands of dollars had been spent in opening the quarry. Over \$100,000 has been expended in opening a quarry before a single dollar's worth of marketable stone was taken out.

When all the tests show that the marble is there, and enough of it to pay for the working, the top rock, usually of limestone, is first stripped off. Blasting powder and dynamite are employed in stripping the quarry, but the blasts are small, and the quarrymen proceed carefully, for if the powder should penetrate the marble it would do serious damage. When the top stone is cleared away and the top layer of marble is exposed, channeling machines similar to those which are at work in the rock cut of the sanitary canal are started. They are worked by steam or compressed air, and they travel back and forth, cutting the marble into the widths required. Sometimes the diamond borer, or quick-acting diamond drill, is used to slice up the marble. It makes holes near together, the holes being connected by webs of marble. These borers revolve about 1500 times a minute and when the marble is not too hard work rapidly. When the channeling machines, or diamond-borers, have cut the marble into slices the stone is cut away at either end so that the quarrymen can get at the bottom of the layers that have been cut. Then steam-drills bore holes into the bottom of the layer from eight inches to a foot apart. Iron or steel wedges are placed in these bottom holes and driven in until the whole block of marble is broken away from its bed and lifted up. Sometimes blocks or strips forty to sixty feet long are thus cut out of the solid rock. The huge block is divided into blocks of the required size by boring holes and breaking it with iron wedges. If slabs or tiles are wanted the smaller blocks are taken to the saw and sawed into strips. Several strips are sawed at once. The saw is made of steel strips without teeth. They play back and forth over the block and cut the stone by means of the sand and water which are continually fed under the metal strips.

The marble quarries of Rutland lie in a valley and extend over an area of only about half a mile square. The layers uncovered vary in thickness from two to ten feet. In this limited space the best marble is quarried, but marble is found over a large extent of Vermont. The farther south from Rutland the marble is the coarser-grained it is. On the other hand, the marble found north of Rutland is finer-grained than the Rutland marbles, but it is full of little cracks, so fine that they are not noticed in the quarry, but when the marble enters or sawyer takes the block and begins to work upon it it flies into bits and acts like a piece of highly tempered steel which has been plunged into cold water when it is hot. Geologists say that in the remote ages Vermont was an arm of the sea, and that marble was made of the remains of corals and shells which had been subjected to a great pressure and a high heat, and that the reason the marbles north of Rutland are finer-grained and brittle is because the heat and pressure were greatest there.

Marble is quarried in New York, Massachusetts, Maryland, Tennessee, Georgia and Vermont. Large deposits are said to exist in certain West-

ern States, but they have not been developed. The largest single quarry opening in the world is said to be in Proctor, Vt.

Vermonters use machinery to compete with Italy in quarrying marble. The beautiful marble of Carrara, Italy, is all quarried by hand, but the Italian quarrymen take more risks, for they do not hesitate to use powder for blasting the marble itself. The powder penetrates the marble, and though it may not be noticed at first the black specks are sure to come to the surface in a few years. The Italian Government has tried to break the Italian stonecutters of this bad habit, but they persist in hanging on to primitive methods and doing what has been done in the 500 quarries in the mountains around Carrara ever since gunpowder was used for quarrying purposes. The Carrara quarrymen literally takes his life in his hands in many of the quarries, for he often is swung over the side of the marble precipice and "chug-chugs" with his hand drill suspended in mid-air. When this aerial quarryman has drilled his holes and loaded them with blasting powder, he is pulled out of harm's way and the marble block, ripped from its lofty bed by the blast, tumbles down the mountain side, sometimes being shattered into fragments.—Chicago Record.

WISE WORDS.

Our sympathy is cold to the relation of distant misery.—Gibbon.

Next to love, sympathy is the divinest passion of the human heart.—Burke.

The generous heart should scorn a pleasure which gives others pain.—Thomson.

With the soul that ever felt the sting of sorrow, sorrow is a sacred thing.—Cowper.

Shame on those hearts of stone that cannot melt in soft adoption of another's sorrow!—A. Hill.

All sympathy not consistent with acknowledged virtue is but distinguished selfishness.—Coleridge.

More hopeful than all wisdom or counsel is one draught of simple human pity that will not forsake us.—George Eliot.

One of the greatest of all mental pleasures is to have our thoughts often divined, even entered into with sympathy.—L. E. London.

Open your hearts to sympathy, but close them to despondency. The flower which opens to receive the light of day shuts against rain.—Beattie.

To rejoice in another's prosperity, is to give content to your own lot; to mitigate another's grief, is to alleviate or dispel your own.—Lyron Edwards.

Our sympathy is never very deep unless founded on our own feelings. We pity, but we do not enter into the grief which we have never felt.—L. E. London.

To commiserate is sometimes more than to give, for money is external to a man's self, but he who bestows compassion communicates his own soul.—Mounford.

Sympathy wanting, all is wanting. Personal magnetism is the conductor of the sacred spark that puts in human communion, and gives us to company, conversation and ourselves.—A. B. Scott.

No radiant pearl, which crested fortune wears, no gem, that twinkling hangs from beauty's ears, not the brightest stars, which night's blue are adorned, nor rising sun, that glides the fernal morn, shine with such lustre as the tear that flows down virtue's manly cheek for other's woes.—Darwin.

Chinese Discipline.

Admiral Lang, of the Chinese service, tells how one night he returned to the deck of the Chinese warship Ting-Yuen and found it utterly deserted. The sentry's gun was lying against the bulwarks, but the sentry himself was invisible. The Admiral proceeded to the stateroom of Admiral Ting, who is now in command of the Chinese Navy, and found that worthy deeply engaged in a game of cards, his partner being the sentry. Rage leaped from the eyes of the English officer, and though he did not say such, the sentry thought it prudent to return to his duty. Then Admiral Lang "went straight" for his Celestial confere, and asked what his strange proceeding meant. Admiral Ting took it very calmly, and blandly explained that, all the officers and men being away from the ship that night, he felt lonesome, and having no one else with whom he could while away the time pleasantly, he had sent his boy for the sentry to play a quiet rubber, which the entrance of Admiral Lang had interrupted.—New Orleans Picayune.

A Singular French Timepiece.

The latest among these curious timepieces is constructed as follows: A snailshell of silver protrudes from a white crystal vase, graceful in shape and soberly decorated. The stalk is of brown gilt, the leaves green, the petals yellow, and the heart of the flower oxidized. Hour and minute marks are engraved around the heart of this snailshell, which faces the looker-on. A lady-bird of spotted red enameled gold apparently rests on the flower, on the line dividing the heart from the petals. This pretty insect, which moves imperceptibly by means of a mechanism hidden within the flower, shows the time. By only close inspection can one detect the time divisions on this original dial, which is granulated all over and is bluish-black. As to the hollow circular line on which the lady-bird travels, it is completely invisible.—Jewelers' Circular.

MILITARY PARKS.

THE PEACEFUL FATE OF FOUR FAMOUS FIELDS.

The Government Intent on Preserving the Scenes of Gettysburg, Shiloh, Antietam, and Chickamauga and Chattanooga.

AMONG the first bills passed by the House at the present session was one making an appropriation of \$75,000 for establishing a National military park at Shiloh and another appropriating \$20,000 for the dedication, next September, of the park already founded on the battlefields of Chickamauga and Chattanooga, says a Washington correspondent.

The promptness with which these measures were acted upon is significant. Four of the most famous fields of the Civil War are now to be preserved for the wonder and study of future generations, and that, too, with a hearty co-operation and by the mutual desire of victors and vanquished on the field. It is doubtful whether there is anything quite like this to be found in history.

The first field to be set apart was naturally Gettysburg, the place of the most tremendous battle ever fought on this continent, one fraught with momentous consequences. A statement in Secretary Lamont's report of last year showed that, besides the large sums expended on the field by the Memorial Association and other bodies and by individuals, no less than \$863,917.82 had up to that time been contributed by States whose soldiers took part in the battle. Tracts of land have been bought, roads laid out and monuments and tablets erected. In this present report Mr. Lamont says that the movement undertaken by troops on both sides, as well as the lines which they held, have been in the main accurately established, and, after final verification, tablets will be placed at points on the flanks of each regiment in its various positions, while surplus cannon will in like manner identify the positions held by the batteries. When it is remembered that 256 Union regiments, with sixty-seven batteries and 189 Confederate regiments, with seventy batteries took part at Gettysburg, it will be seen how great is the labor involved. The suggestion, however, offers itself that care should be taken not to overdo the details, and so confuse by needless minutiae a study so impressive and instructive in its broad and more general aspects. It can also be understood from the figures just given why so large an expense has been laid out upon this field, and why so many monuments, some of them costly and beautiful, mark this wonderful spot.

The Chickamauga and Chattanooga Park is to the West what the Gettysburg is to the East. Chickamauga was the bloodiest of the Western battles, and if Chattanooga is added it towers up with a great strategic importance. When the bill for establishing this park was before Congress the House Military Committee made an elaborate comparison, based on the losses of the combatants in Napoleon's great battles, such as Marengo, Austerlitz and Waterloo, and again on the losses at Sadova in 1866, and at Gravelotte, Sedan and other battles of the Franco-German war of 1870, so as to show the deadliness of the struggle at Chickamauga. The committee declared that the "average losses on each side for the troops which fought through the two days were fully thirty-three per cent., while for many portions of each line the losses reached fifty per cent., and for some even seventy-five per cent." It concluded that such a field had "an importance to the Nation as an object lesson of what is possible in American fighting."

Mr. Lamont tells us in his present report that of the 5521 acres comprising the Chickamauga and Chattanooga Park, 2100 have been cleared of underbrush to facilitate the work of the States locating the positions of their troops, and 600 remain to be cleared. So yet possibly the underbrush rather than the clearing may best represent the condition of the field in 1863. Roads aggregating forty-one miles have been completed. A committee from the Society of the Army of the Tennessee and twenty soldiers there, are expected soon to co-operate with the Park Commission in establishing the lines of battle, and Alabama, Connecticut, Kansas, Maryland and West Virginia, which also had soldiers there, are expecting soon to co-operate. Some of the lands on Missionary Ridge and Lookout Mountain, desired for the park, have been held at such exorbitant prices that the commission recommends the abandonment of efforts to purchase them; but the further purchase of about 1000 acres at Chickamauga is contemplated. The monuments of Massachusetts and Minnesota, and the fifty-five of Ohio have been completed, as have also the nine monuments to the regulars, while pyramids of shell mark where general officers fell. Various tablets for army headquarters and to mark corps, division and brigade movements are up, and seventy or more guns will denote the position of batteries by the end of the year. Thus far the sum of \$651,710.63 has been appropriated for this park alone.

Antietam is the third great battle field preserved by the action of Congress for determining and marking the lines of battle. Here, however, the task undertaken is different. The battle was fought on farms, and it is believed that by leaving the land in private hands, so that it may be used for farming, the best method will be taken for keeping it as it appeared to the combatants in September, 1862. The same considerations might profit-

ably be kept in mind in the management of the Gettysburg and Chickamauga fields, although there the establishment of a park requires somewhat different rules. Yet the purpose should be to keep them looking as nearly as they were in 1863, except for the monuments and identifying marks and the means of transportation. However, even at Antietam it is the purpose of the War Department to acquire certain lanes and roads along which the most severe fighting occurred, providing the land can be bought at a reasonable rate, and not otherwise. Then tablets and markers on such roads will be set up. The Antietam scene was, in fact, occupied with cleared fields and cornfields, and the famous "snake road" ran from the Keedysville to the Hagartown pike. It is to be hoped that the effort to acquire some of the old roads and lanes at a reasonable price may not be baffled. Still, at present it would not be correct to speak of the battle field as a park.

At Shiloh, however, a National military park is contemplated by the bill of Mr. Henderson, which the House has passed. Mr. Henderson explained that he and Mr. Black, of Illinois, and Mr. Wheeler, of Alabama, had undertaken to look after the interests of the bill, and that options of the land had been secured at an average purchase price of \$12 an acre, whereas the Chickamauga Park had cost an average of \$28 an acre. The bill provides for a commission, to be selected from what were once known as the armies of the Tennessee, the Ohio and the Mississippi.

Thus two great battlefields at the East and two at the West will be appropriately marked for preservation, assuming that the Shiloh bill is to become a law. They will form a remarkable series of memorials for future generations. Gettysburg and Chickamauga were in the broadest sense National battle fields. The former included troops from Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota on the Union side, and from Louisiana, Arkansas and Texas on the Confederate. Chickamauga and Chattanooga, chiefly the latter, brought in eleven regiments and two batteries from Pennsylvania, sixteen regiments and batteries from New York, two regiments each from Connecticut, Massachusetts and New Jersey, and an artillery battalion from Maine.

All four were battles which the survivors on both sides can look upon with memories of pride as well as sorrow, and with the feeling that military laurels were won for both parts of the country.—New Orleans Picayune.

Talking Timepieces.

There is no longer any necessity of asking, "What time is it?" as now the hour and minute are accurately spoken by a phonographic attachment to clocks and watches recently devised by M. Sivan, of Geneva. The nearest approach to this has been the repeating watches having a striking arrangement to give the hour and minutes. This is monotonous and too much like counting the strokes of an alarm bell to locate a fire. Sivan's watch is free from all these objections; the phonographic sounding plate is made of vulcanized rubber with striated furrows and a delicate point resting thereon as in the ordinary phonograph. On this rubber plate are forty-eight furrows, twelve of which correspond to the twelve hours and thirty-six representing the quarter hours traversed by the hands of the watch or clock in each circuit of the dial plate. The traversing point vibrating with the sinuosities of the furrows translates the vibrations into spoken words as for instance: "It is 6 o'clock," "It is quarter of 8," "It is half-past 10," and so on through all the quarter-hours of the day. This rubber plate is only an exact reproduction upon a plain surface of the receiving cylinder of a phonograph. The possibilities of such a watch are immense. It can wake you in time for your early train or remind you that you ought to be hungry for your breakfast, or inform the long-winded statesman that he is wasting too much time and money on impracticable and tiresome oratory. What a welcome convenience such a pocket-piece would be to the convivial club man when in the wee small hours he could gauge his gait by the oral passing of time. However, this phonographic watch is practical and has come to stay.—Atlanta Constitution.

Sneezing.

Dr. Scanes Spicer, reading a paper the other day before the Chemists' Assistants' Association on "Sneezing," told his hearers that the act of sneezing has always been regarded as supernatural, and by many races was held in reverence. Hence arose the custom, not even now altogether obsolete, of making some remark directly after sneezing. Sneezing was regarded as a sign of impending death during the plague of Athens. Many classical writers make especial reference to sneezing, and some supposed that during sneezing devils were expelled.

Sneezing itself is a reflex nervous action, and is brought about by mechanical irritation to the ends of the nerve fibers which occur in the tissue of the nose. When this irritation occurs, whether it be due to a foreign body or change of temperature affecting the tissue of the nose, a nerve impulse is transmitted to the brain and certain nerve centres in the medulla oblongata are affected; this results in certain impulses being transmitted along the nerves to the muscles controlling respiration. By this means the egress of air during expiration is delayed, and the various exits are closed. When the pressure, however, reaches a limit, the exits are forced open, "a powerful blast of air is expelled, and the patient sneezes."—London News.

CHICAGO'S 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. Lillian Russell begins her last week Sunday evening, Feb. 17, "La Perle-hole" will be given all week.

COLUMBIA THEATER. The spectacular play "1492" still continues to crowd this theater nightly.

SCHILLER THEATER. Edwin Milton Royce's charming comedy drama, "Friends," presented by the original cast of his New York company; Selena Fetter Royle, Lucius Henderson, the actor pianist, and other public favorites, closes its engagement at the Schiller theater with the present week.

The handsome Schiller theater is rapidly becoming the acknowledged home of comic opera in Chicago. The success of the Camille D'Arville Opera company, in "Madeline, or the Magic Kiss," was something phenomenal, and for four weeks, in two engagements of a fortnight each, kept the theater crowded to its utmost capacity. Now comes another most popular and attractive star, Louise Beaudet, at the head of her great comic and opera bouffe company, Louise Beaudet, it will be remembered, was the bright particular star of the great "America" organization at the Auditorium during the World's Fair year. This season, supported by a magnificent company, she will produce for the first time in Chicago, the new comic opera, "The Dragon's Daughter," which has made an immense success. This new opera, something as remarkably original and attractive as "Madeline" or "Erminie," "Perichole" or "Olivette," in their earliest days, is by L. W. Norcross, Jr., and Herman Perlet. The story is romantic and amusing, the music extremely pretty, gemmed with delightful melodies for the principals, embellished with bright and catchy choruses, and it is said, brimful of fun, admirably developed in provokingly funny situations for the comedians. In short, it is a great hit, and at the Schiller it will be put upon the stage lavishly with entirely new scenery, original and picturesque costumes, and with a theatre and stage equipment which will give it the character of an exceptionally handsome production. Among the solos may be mentioned some melodious lyrics, which have already gained great popularity. For instance, "The Letter Song," "The King's Dragoon," "Why do the Birds Sing so Softly," and the Spanish dance music and chorus. The Beaudet company is very strong in its principal artists, notably among whom are Bertha Ricci and William Wolff, who will be remembered here for his superb character comedy illustration of the leading roles in the Schiller Opera company season last summer. The organization is completed with a large and well trained chorus, not the least attractive feature of which is its unusual number of pretty girls, who are all good part singers.

Following the Beaudet Opera company, that established public favorite, Sadie Martinot, with a specially organized company, will be seen the recent great success, "The Passport," commencing Sunday evening, March 3. The distinguished English actor, Wilson Barrett, in his renowned drama, "The Manxman," follows March 10, and Kellar, generally acknowledged as the greatest wizard upon the stage, will fill a special engagement at the Schiller, commencing the last of March.

Theater Bulletin for Next Week.

Alhambra "Span of Life."
Academy "The Great Escape."
Auditorium Chicago Orchestra.
Columbia "1492."
Chicago Opera House Lillian Russell.
Frank Hall's Casino Variety.
Globe Dome Museum Curio and Vaudeville.
Grand Opera House "A Texas Steer."
Hookey's Cissy Fitzgerald.
Haymarket Hailen & Hart.
Havlin's Continuous Performances.
Hopkins Vaudeville and Drama.
Kohl & Middleton Curio and Vaudeville.
Lincoln "County Fair."
Lycium Variety.
McVicker's "Shore Acres."
Royal Winter Circus Wabash Avenue.
Schiller Louise Beaudet Opera Co.
Sam T. Jack's Opera House Variety.
United States Vaudeville.

They Don't Wear Well.

Somebody suggested elaborately in print the other day that to wear an old waist, whenever possible, under the big sleeved jackets and voluminous capes was just so much wear and tear saved on the staying power of the bodice balloons. Probably forty-nine out of every fifty women who read the paragraph complacently echoed, "I always do," and nearly the same number will confess, to that, like the woman in the paragraph, they have found themselves embarrassed by the habit on at least one occasion. The practice must go on even if one is once in awhile caught without the "wedding garment," for one of the rules to retain the required bigness of the big sleeves is, "Wear as little as possible."

Still Another Field for Her Talents.

In London the occupation of writing sermons for overworked or incompetent clergymen is a regular one. A calling somewhat akin to this is that of a woman who prowls about picking up "experience" and incidents to adorn the orations of preachers and temperance speakers. As might be supposed, it is the seamy side of life from which she gathers most of her ideas, and any little incident or other occurrence which may be utilized to point a moral or adorn a tale is duly reported to her employer, who is thus enabled to pause as an authority on all phases of life.

A Natural Fountain.

A very pretty natural phenomenon was witnessed near Apollo, Pa., during the recent zero weather. A natural geyser of great pressure had been driven in, and a strong stream of water was forced out of the hole by the pressure of the gas. The water rose to the height of sixty feet, where it spread like an umbrella and immediately froze, making a veritable natural fountain of snow.

Envy Seen.

"What does 'quartered oak' mean, father?" inquired little Dennis McKay, who had been reading the advertisement of a large furniture manufacturing company.

"An' here's the resorts an' iddication," ejaculated Mr. McKay, with an expression of great contempt on his ruddy face. "Here's me by that's been a-addin' an' suztractin' mooltiplyin' an' dividin' for the last sixty years count nixt Daycumber, an' he's to ask his poor oldd fayther the manin' of a 'single little soon lolk that.' 'Why, I didn't know—' began Dennis, much abashed; but his father gave a deprecatory wave of his right hand. 'And why didn't ye know?' he broke in. 'Fwy? Because the cooditionin' an' common sense is not includin' in your coorcoolum at school,' that's fwy. Stan' me oad in a row, an' ask me how many is elvin, sixteen, twenty-wan an' forty-four, an' it's meself that ud have niver a word to say. But let me enst me oy inter a windy where dices chape chairs an' tables an' other furniture, marked 'quartered oak,' an' the oldd story av the apple cut into four paces, that was larnt me as a b'y, comes roight back to me. 'There's four quarters to ivery blazed thing in this world, Dennis, the son, and whin a table is 'quartered oak' accordin' to the man that sells it, be the same token you may know it's thrav-quarters poine, even if he makes no mention av it."

Beautiful Sight.

In "Trans-Siberian Savages" the author gives a description of a beautiful and unique phenomenon which he witnessed off the shore of Sakhalin Island. The bright blue water was so clear that for a long distance from the shore he could see the bottom, and even the fishes, shoals of which were moving gently hither and thither.

Above the swimming fish was a strange phenomenon; the surface of the water was like dazzling snow. This brilliant white surface, which extended over an area of nearly a square mile, was not sea-foam, for with the exception of the ocean swell, the water was placid as a lake.

My friend seeing my delight, motioned me to hand him one of the rifles. He took no aim, but simply fired.

Instantly the air was full of skimming snowflakes, scintillating in the bright sunshine against the deep blue sky right across the horizon, while the surface of the water ceased to be white, and became uniform in its blue-ness.

This is the most beautiful sight that this latitude has to offer, and most fortunate was I in getting it. Just at that season, millions upon millions of exquisitely white birds migrate to that spot. They are whiter than the whitest of gulls, and their plumage is much more brilliant, so as to be quite dazzling in the sunshine.

What Crabs Do in Africa.

In Africa there exists a certain member of the crab genus, commonly known as the Great Tree Crab. This peculiar shellfish has an offensive trick of crawling up the cocoanut-trees biting off the cocoanuts, and then creeping down again backwards. The theory is that the nuts are shattered by the fall, and the Great Tree Crab is thus enabled to enjoy a hearty meal. Now the natives who inhabit regions infested by this ill-conditioned creature are well aware that the lower portion of the crab's anatomy is soft and sensitive, and they believe that the "divalve" was thus constructed in order that he might know when he had reached the ground, and when, consequently, he might with safety release his grasp of the trunk. So what they do in order to stop his depredations, which often ruin the cocoanut crops, is this: While the crab is engaged in nipping off the cocoanuts they climb half-way up the trees and drive in a row of long nails right round the tree, allowing an inch or so of the nails to project. The crab has no knowledge of the distance nor yet of the fitness of things. As he descends, the sensitive part of his body suddenly touches the nails. Thinking that he has reached the ground, he naturally lets go. Instantly he falls backwards, and, cracking his own shell dies miserably.

Irish Humorist.

Father Healy, the celebrated parish priest of Killeen, has just died. He was a true wit, and one of the last of the real Irish humorists. Many a time have his sayings been reported, and some of them are so good that they will "keep on being funny," even after much handling.

Mr. Balfour, while he was chief secretary for Ireland, once asked Father Healy if the Irish hated him as heartily as the newspapers declared they did.

"If they only hated the devil half as much as they hate you," said the honest father, "there would be no work left for us to do."

Once he sent a sort of Mr. Malaprop to England to buy a horse for him.

"I didn't buy him," said the man, on his return, "because he had a touch of the vernacular."

"Then you should have bought him," said Father Healy, "for he must have been a lineal descendant of Balaam's ass!"

A gushing young lady one day kept repeating "I hear you're such a funny man, Father Healy! Do say something funny!"

"Well, my dear, I think you're a very nice girl. Isn't that funny?"

Steam as a Weapon of Defense.

A simple and effective method of repelling train robbers by discharging jets of steam upon the attacking parties has recently been patented by William H. Reeve, an old tug-boatman, of New York. The inventor has enlarged upon the plan long followed by railroad companies of attaching a steam jet to locomotives to scare cows and other animals from the track. The patent provides for running steam pipes along the boiler, one on either side from the cab forward. The ends of the pipes are supplied with small nozzles so formed that jets of steam may be projected through them a distance of 50 or 60 feet. Scientific American.

HYGIENIC FRAUDS.

Medical Prophets Who Terrify Humanity by an Array of Symptoms.

The teaching of hygiene is in itself so laudable an object that it is with some reluctance that we draw attention to the fact that this subject is apt to be taken as a text by wandering lecturers, who use it as a means of introducing a great deal of most objectionable teaching. Women who in no other way could get a hearing find that by advertising a course of lectures on hygiene they can draw together a wealthy and influential audience, and having once caught their ears can terrify them with sham pathological horrors regarding reproductive organs. The lady lecturer, armed as she may be with some American diploma or degree, is often a she wolf in sheep's clothing, whose object is to terrify and then to rob. The trick is ingenious, and unfortunately it pays too well. For those who accept the invitation various further adventures are open, but unless they have the sense to rush off to their doctor and ask whether it is possible that the terrible things told to them are true, they always end in the same way—much misery and distress, an empty purse, and often fraud upon the husbands, theft, in fact—to meet the demands of quackery, and nothing to show for it but a wretched pessary, for which, perhaps, five guineas has been paid.

The Young Doctor Ahead.
Joker—I suffer from cold feet at night.

Dr. Glynn—Is your general health good?
"Perfectly."
"Good appetite?"
"First rate."
"Sleep under blankets."
"Yes."
"Take plenty of out door exercise?"
"Lots."
"Very strange?"
"The cold feet I suffer from are my wife's."
"Ah! Get a divorce. Two dollars, please."—New York Weekly.

Cold Facts About Hot Springs, Arkansas.
This is the most famous health and pleasure resort on the continent, and at the present time the season is at its height. For the entertainment of guests a running meet has been arranged for at the race track, as well as baseball games and football games between professional clubs at the park. There is also good shooting in the mountains and splendid fishing in the streams. In addition to the wonderful hot water, there are beautiful drives laid out to the numerous other springs and resorts in the adjoining hills. This great sanitarium can be reached direct from St. Louis by daily through Pullman Buffet Sleeping Cars via the Iron Mountain Route, which connects with all lines from the east, north and west at the magnificent new union station.

Descriptive and illustrated pamphlets containing all information (mailed free) on application to company's agents, or H. C. Townsend, general passenger agent, St. Louis, Mo.

In the Wrong Office.
Caller—We are very rich, and we wish to marry our daughter to a count, a marquis or a duke.
Clerk (with dignity)—You are in the wrong office. This is a matrimonial agency. You will find the International Purchasing agency two doors to the left.

HOW I MADE \$1,200.
By not sowing Salzer's seeds! That is what a jolly farmer said as he entered our sanctum. How is that? Why, says he, Salzer's seeds not only grow but they produce enormously. Had I planted a few acres more of his oats, wheat, corn, potatoes, grass and clover seeds, I would have had to double the capacity of my barns; that would have cost me \$1,200. It is a fact that if you want big, rousing farm, grass and vegetable crops, you must sow Salzer's seeds.

If You Will Cut This Out and Send It with 7c postage to the John A. Salzer Seed company, La Crosse, Wis., you will get free a sample of Grass and Clover Mixture and their plant and seed book. wuu

American sheep last year grew wool to the extent of 307,100,000 pounds.

We have not a debt of \$6,000,000,000, like France, nor yet \$587,000,000, like England.



KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and \$1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

Patents, Trade-Marks.
Examination and Advice as to Patentability of Invention. Send for "Inventor's Guide" or "How to Get a Patent." PATENT FARMERS, WASHINGTON, D. C.

MINISTER TERRELL.

United States Representative to Turkey.

Owing to the fact that the powers signatory to the Berlin treaty, principally England, are making inquiry into the stories told of Turkish atrocities in Armenia, United States Minister Alexander W. Terrell thinks it is not necessary for him to make an independent investigation. Alexander Wil-



Alex. W. Terrell.
son Terrell is a native of Virginia, where he was born in 1829. He is a graduate of the University of Missouri, and his education was supplemented by a special course at Heidelberg. For some years he was a reporter of the supreme court of Texas, and was later a state senator. At one time Mr. Terrell was a candidate for the United States senate. He was appointed minister to Turkey in 1893.

SENIOR BUTLER.

The Successor to Senator Ransom of North Carolina.
Marion Butler, the leader of the North Carolina Populists, is quite likely to be a conspicuous figure in the United States Senate. On March 4 he will take the seat which has been occupied by Senator Matt Ransom for 24 years. Marion Butler was born in Sampson county, North Carolina, in 1863, received a good education and then accepted the principal-



ship of the village academy where he was educated. When a headless boy Mr. Butler became interested in the Alliance movement, and has made it stronger in Sampson and adjoining counties than in any other part of the state. In 1890 Mr. Butler was elected to the State Senate. At the late election the Populists, through fusion with the Republicans, were very successful and Mr. Butler was elected by a large majority.

Books Instead of Candy.
"I think ambition is never given without a mind of sufficient power to sustain it and to achieve its lofty object."

Who wrote these words? A boy of 18 named Bayard Taylor, as he looked proudly upon an autograph Charles Dickens had given him, and felt within him that fire of ambition which was never quenched.

The Quaker of the little town of Kennett square, near Philadelphia—who was born in January 11, 1825—grew to be very fond of books, and often when sent to rock the baby would forget all about the crying infant, so deeply would he be absorbed in a story of travel or delightful poem.

His father was a poor farmer who had no money to spend on books, so Bayard set out gathering nuts, which he sold, and instead of rushing off to a candy store, like some boys and girls, he invested his money more wisely in buying books. At fourteen he was studying Latin and French, fifteen found him deep in Spanish. At seventeen he was no longer the pupil, but the assistant in the school. The story of his life with its deep shadows and bright lights, is beautiful and full of inspiration.

Every boy and girl of America, England and Germany, should know it by heart. And see how the penicils had at last reached some of the heights of his ambition, and at President Hayes' request becomes minister to Berlin, and was welcomed cordially by Emperor William, and had for a first friend Bismarck. Some of his works should be in every library.—New York Press.

Discovered a New Dance.
A young lot of an East end came home from dancing school the other day and very proudly remarked to his father, "Papa, I've dancing the horse to-day."

"Dancing the horse," repeated the father, who thought that perhaps since his society days some new dance had been invented of which he did not know, "now what is dancing the horse, dear?"

The little one expressed the utmost surprise at the ignorance of her father, and persisted that she was dancing the horse. The riddle was solved when the child's nurse came in and said that she meant she had learned to dance the gallop that day.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

The Value of a Shark.
The shark, much as the sailors may hate it, furnishes several valuable products. An oil obtained from its liver vies in medicinal qualities with that obtained from the liver of the cod; its skin, when dried, takes the hardness and polish of mother of pearl, and is used by jewelers for fancy objects; by binders for making shagreen, and by cabinetmakers for polishing wood; while the Chinese pickle its fins and think them one of the greatest delicacies beneath the sun.

NEW YORK'S BANKER POET.

E. C. Stedman Makes a Business of Banking and Pleasures of Poetry.

Almost daily may be seen on Broadway the somewhat striking figure of E. C. Stedman, the banker poet. When his head is uncovered he a good deal recalls James Russell Lowell, except that he does not wear his hair so long. Still his fine is well thatched. His gray hair is parted in the middle and brushed back after the manner of the author of the "Bigelow Papers" and he has the same great bush of grey whiskers. Whether seen in his business office, his home, or the author's club he is a marked character. Few men have worked harder. He has been turning out a literary work of a high character for considerably over thirty years, and only recently he was the chief agent in bringing out a "Library of American Literature," in a number of volumes, that must have called for an immense amount of work. Aside from this Mr. Stedman has for many years conducted a prosperous banking and brokerage business. Some years ago through no fault of his own his firm sustained heavy losses. It was a severe blow to Mr. Stedman, but he was full of grit, and putting his shoulder to the wheel he by the hardest of hard work managed to get on his feet once more. Few literary men have more friends among those of his own order. It is not strange, for he is the personification of courtesy and kindness.

\$100 Reward \$100.
The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills 25c.

Hardships of a Sealskin Coat.
"It is hard," observed a woman the other day, "to be reduced to a seal skin coat."

"What do you mean?" was the puzzled query of the friend to whom she spoke.
"Why, I am an example of exactly just what I mean. This jacket of mine is perfectly good, and so handsome that I don't feel that I can afford to buy another expensive wrap. It was made three years ago, and the sleeves are not large enough to accommodate the present style of bouffant waist underneath. I have been consulting a furrier, and he tells me it would cost \$40 to have a few inches of new fur put in them. That I can not afford, either, for a mere whim of fashion that may be 'out' by another season. So I am obliged to wear an old style waist underneath my coat and wait for better times."

Something Worth Knowing.
We are the Chicago representatives of the leading makes of high grade typewriters. We also handle the best lines of typewriter supplies, ribbons, carbon papers, etc. Will take pleasure in giving intending purchasers the benefit of our experience. Correspondence solicited.
United Typewriter and Supplies Co., 160 La Salle St., Chicago.

A Thing She Can Do.
"As a general thing," said Mrs. Billings, "I think that men can drive nails better than women, but I have seen men who did not know enough about driving nails to know that they should be started so as to cut across the grain and I have seen women who did know that. Still I must say that driving nails is not one of the things that women particularly shine in. But when it comes to opening boxes I think women far excel men. Many a box that would be torn and broken all to pieces by a man would be carefully and neatly opened by a woman."—New York Sun.

A Labor Faver.
Mrs. Minks—Have you filled the parlor lamp?
Domestic—I guess it don't need fillin', ma'am.

"The parlor was in use last evening until nearly midnight."
"Yes, ma'am, but your daughter's young man was the only caller."

Managing Hens.
Tommy Suburb—I wonder why these new Queen Anne houses has front and back porches just alike?
Bobby Broadmeadow—I guess that's to fool the chickens, an' make 'em think they're on the front lawn when they're in the back yard.

Might Be of Use.
Mr. Softie—Is there anything I can do to prove my devotion?
Miss Beauties—Y-e-s, there is.
"Name it."
"When you call, bring some handsome and entertaining gentleman with you."

Dot's Penknife.
Dittle Dick—That knife of yours is no good. I tried to sharpen a pencil with it.

Little Dot—Well, of course. It isn't a pencil knife; it's a penknife. I use it to scrape the rust off my pens.

Plenty of Attention.
Little Boy—That watch you gave me doesn't keep good time.

Father—Perhaps you forget to wind it.

Little Boy—Forget to wind it? Why I wind it forty times a day.

Taking No Chances.
Mamma—Why is it you never play with your pretty toy trolley car that goes itself?
Small Son—I think a lot of my tin soldiers, and I don't want 'em smashed.

Ireland was originally Irene, or the "Western Isle." It was called the "Emerald Isle" because of the brilliant color of its verdure, which throughout the year is a lively green.

Dr. Johnson drank immoderate quantities of tea and kept a pet cat, Hodge.

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

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

The Coming Heroine.

Mr. Jinks—I wish you wouldn't allow your daughter to read those sentimental novels.

Mrs. Jinks—She isn't reading a sentimental novel. The heroine doesn't marry for love.

"Well, the modern society novel, in which the heroine marries for money, is just as bad."

"She isn't reading a society novel."

"Then what is it?"

"It's an advanced novel."

"What's that?"

"The heroine marries for a political pull."

The Vow of Four Brothers.

An interesting custom has been faithfully observed this season at Hochstet-Main. Four brothers named Schaefer ascended the tower of the old castle on Christmas night and played upon instruments at midnight the melody of the "Hymn of Praise" ("Ehre sei Gott in der Höhe"), etc. The four brothers joined in the Franco-German war of 1870-1871, and then made a solemn promise that if they should be fortunate enough to return to their native place they would play every Christmas in the towers this "Hymn of Praise." They returned, happily, to their homes, and every year the brothers meet in the tower and keep their vow.

A Cruel Alternative.

Downton—Here comes Binkers. He's got a new baby, and he'll talk us to death.

Upton—Well, here comes a neighbor of mine who has a new setter dog. Let's introduce them to each other, and leave them to each other, and leave 'em to their fate.

Home-Seekers' Excursion.

The Chicago Great Western Railway will sell excursion tickets to western and southwestern points February 12, March 5 and April 2, 1895, at one regular first-class fare plus \$2.00 for the round trip. Tickets good returning twenty (20) days from date of sale.

Further information regarding stopovers, etc., will be given on application to any ticket agent of this company, or F. H. LORD, G. P. & T. A., Chicago, Ill.

A Consoling Thought.

Bramble—Yes, I'm ugly, I know I'm ugly; but there is one great consolation.

Friend—What is that?

Bramble—If ever I should become great and the American people should resolve to erect a statue to my memory, they won't be able to make me out any uglier than I am.

1,000 BUS. POTATOES PER ACRE.

Wonderful yields in potatoes, oats, corn, farm and vegetable seeds. Cut this out and send 5c postage to the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., for their great seed book and sample of Giant Spurry. wuu

The Fork Fad.

Marker—The spread of the opium habit is something terrible. I am told that women of the highest class have been seen going into opium joints.

Parker—Oh, that's all nonsense. Ladies of fashion go to such places to watch the Chinamen use chop sticks. They want to learn how to eat soup with a fork.

The Queen & Crescent Route is the best equipped and shortest line to Florida. Solid Vestibuled Trains and Through sleepers. Parlor cafe and observation cars to Chattanooga.

Take the Queen & Crescent Route to Knoxville and Asheville. Only Through Car line Cincinnati to Asheville.

Danger of "First Thoughts."
Miss Verarich (musingly)—I wonder why it is that artists are always poor? Suitor (awkwardly)—I presume that most of them marry for beauty.

I cannot speak too highly of Piso's Cure for Consumption.—Mrs. FRANK MORRIS, 215 W. 23d St., New York, Oct. 30, 1894.

Only about one fifth of our country is straight up and down, like Switzerland.

St. Jacobs Oil

THE GREAT REMEDY CURES PAINS OF MAN & BEAST

Scott's Emulsion

of Cod-liver Oil, with Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda, is a constructive food that nourishes, enriches the blood, creates solid flesh, stops wasting and gives strength. It is for all

Wasting Diseases

like Consumption, Scrofula, Anæmia, Marasmus; or for Coughs and Colds, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Weak Lungs, Loss of Flesh and General Debility. Scott's Emulsion has no equal as Nourishment for Babies and Growing Children.

Buy only the genuine put up in salmon-colored wrapper! Send for pamphlet on Scott's Emulsion. FREE.

Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All Druggists. 50 cents and \$1.

35 Cent Patterns for 10 Cents.

These patterns retail in fashion bazaars and stores for twenty-five to forty cents each, but in order to increase the demand among strangers we offer them to the lady readers of this paper for the remarkably low price of only 10 Cents Each. Postage one cent extra.

The patterns are all of the very latest New York styles, and are unequalled for style accuracy of fit, simplicity and economy. For twenty-four years these patterns have been used the country over. Full descriptions and directions as the number of yards of material required, the number and names of the different pieces in the pattern, how to cut and fit and put the garment together—are sent with each pattern, with a picture of the garment to go by. These patterns are complete in every particular, there being a separate pattern for every single piece of the dress. Your order will be filled the same day it is received.

Order patterns by number and give size in inches. Every pattern guaranteed to be perfect.

THEY ARE GIVEN FREE. To get BUST and BREST measure, put the tape measure ALL of the way around the body, over the dress close under the arms.

Price of each pattern, 10 cents; when ordered on coupon printed below. Postage one cent extra on EACH pattern.



LADIES' ORGAN-PIPE SKIRT WITH THREE COSETS. Pattern No. 6259 is cut in five sizes, viz.: 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inches waist measure. The fashionable skirt is no longer made to match the waist, but often in direct contrast to it. These independent skirts are in many varieties and are made of various materials. We have given one of the most stylish skirts now worn, which has the additional merit of being very generally becoming. The gored front and sides flare modestly at the foot, being accented deeply with hair cloth. The three cosets in back are lined throughout with the hair cloth and tacked at the seams to a band of elastic underneath which holds them in position. The center coset is cut straight in the middle and falls on each side something like a box plait with rounded edges. The top fits smoothly in front and over the hips, while the back is arranged in small plaits. The placket is formed underneath the center plait.

Rock or other varieties of crepon, velvet, grade-Londres, pearl-de-sole, moire and satin antique, besides silk and wool mixtures of every fashionable kind are used for these handsome skirts. The retail price of pattern is 30 cents.



LADIES' WAIST, WITH BOX PLAITS LAID ON. Pattern No. 6260 is cut in five sizes, viz.: 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust measure. Nile green broadcloth is here charmingly combined with camel-hair velvet. The waist is one of the latest modes and will frequently appear on the street after heavy wars are laid aside. The adjustment is glove fitting, and closes in center front under the V-shaped vest of velvet. The box plaits are formed separately and sewed on with invisible stitches, the velvet V in center back being laid on between the plaits. The vest is sewed to the right front under the plait and is finished on the left side to close under the left plait. Pointed revers stand out stylishly from under the box plait in front. Full gored sleeves drop fashionably to the elbow, the lower portion fitting the arm closely. Stock collar and belt to match of velvet with invisible buckles. Many stylish combinations will be suggested by the mode, which can be carried out in any of the fashionable silk, woolen or mixed fabrics. It can be all of one material and any preferred mode of decoration can be appropriately used. The retail price of pattern is 25 cents.

COUPON.
In ordering, give No. of patterns wanted. Bust and Waist measure. Either of these patterns will be sent to any address upon receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps when this coupon is enclosed with order and one cent for postage, with your address.
Address COUPON PATTERN CO., Lock Box 747, New York.

BOOKS FREE

In order to introduce our line of Standard Novels to the public we will, for a short time, send one or all of the following books FREE on receipt of 12c (stamps accepted) for each book to cover postage, packing, etc.

Good Print Good Paper, Handsome Covers.

Century Cook Book H. B. Stowe.
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Address HARRISON BOOK CO., 88 West Jackson St., Chicago.

Send 2c for catalogue of books.

\$2 PER SQUARE IRON ROOFING.

We are selling Plain Galvanized Iron Roofing from World's Fair Buildings at above price, and \$2.50 for Corrugated Galvanized Iron, good as new. We have on hand 50,000 square feet also all kinds of Lumber and other Building Material.

CHICAGO HOUSE WRECKING CO., 3035 N. Halsted St. (5 blocks north Union Stock Yards).

LIVESTOCK MEN

Cottonseed Meal, the best fat producer known. Results show that it equals Linseed meal, and at considerable less cost. Address CHAS. R. FIFE CO. CO., St. Louis.

FARMER WILSON'S PIG

THE PUZZLING PART OF ITS SHORT HISTORY.

Stolen by a Hawk, But Mysteriously Returned to the Barnyard—Trials of Farming Without a Gun in Northern Pennsylvania.

For a week or more an enormous hawk had been making such raids on the chickens of Farmer Joseph Wilson, whose little backwoods farm is not far from Norwich Hill, Pa., that to save what was left of his flock he shut them up in his barn. When the hawk came sailing along on his regular visit that day and did not see the chickens around as usual, he circled around a few times and then lit on a dead limb near the top of a tall tree not far from the barn, evidently to wait until the flock that had been supplying him with provender so long should come into sight and help him out for his dinner as usual. Farmer Wilson was in his barnyard and saw the hawk.

A lazy and contented old sow lay in a sunny spot in the barnyard nursing her litter of month-old pigs. The hawk sat on the dead limb ten minutes or more and then flew up and circled round and round over the farm, probably trying to spy out the hiding place of the absent poultry.

Then the farmer, well pleased at the hawk's discomfiture, started for the house. He had gone but a few steps when he heard a great snorting and squealing in the barnyard. He stopped and looked back. What he saw astounded him so that he stood motionless. The hawk, evidently determined not to leave the farm without his dinner, had swooped down and seized one of the sow's litter of pigs and was rising with it in his talons. The rest of the pigs had scampered in every direction and the old sow now stood snorting, with bristles erect. Although, owing to the weight and struggles of the squealing prey, the hawk rose slowly from the yard, he had got away and disappeared among the trees before Farmer Wilson recovered his speech. Then all he could say was:

"Well—durn—his—thiefin'—giz-gard!"

For at least a minute the farmer gazed at the spot where the hawk had disappeared with the pig and then he went to the house.

"Mother," said he to his wife, "we han't got room in the barn for the pigs, an' the five sheep, an' the cow, an' the ol' mare an' her colt, so the only thing we kin do is to build a roof over the hull durn clearin'!"

"Yes there is, too," said the farmer's wife. After you git yer chores done up an' them apples gathered you go over to Sim Slack's and borrow his gun. Then when that hawk comes to-morrow you jist lay for him an' plug him. I told ye long ago that there wa'n't no use o' tryin' to do farmin' around here without a gun!"

So Farmer Wilson went out and did his chores and started in on the apple gathering. By the time he got through it was along in the afternoon. Then he started for Sim Slack's to borrow a gun. As he was passing the barnyard he stopped to take a look at the family of pigs.

"There was nine of 'em," he said sadly, "an' now there's only eight."

Mechanically he counted the little pigs. Having counted them the farmer's eyes flew wide open. He counted them again.

"Nine, by the great horn spoon!" he exclaimed, and hurried back to the house.

"Mother," said he, "I'd never a thunk he'd a done it!"

"You don't mean to tell me he's come and snatched another 'un?" exclaimed the wife excitedly.

"No, mother, said the farmer, "He's fetched t'other 'un back!"

The farmer's wife went along to the barnyard. Sure enough nine little pigs were there, just as many as before the hawk carried one away. And that the one the hawk took was back in its place again there could be no doubt, for one of the pigs had four ugly wounds in its back where the hawk's talons had sunk into it, and it was covered with blood. Still it was grunting away as if nothing had happened.

They took the mysteriously returned pig to the barn, washed it off and doctored it up and replaced it in the litter. They were still talking about the marvelous occurrence at supper time, when in came Sim Slack.

"Hullo, Sim!" said Farmer Wilson.

"We've got the singlarlest thing to tell ye 'bout a pig that ye ever heerd!"

"Guess ye hain't got nothin' quite as singlar to tell 'bout a pig as I hev!" said Sim. "Beats anything I ever heerd on! Don't seem to me as I kin believe it myself! I was standing over on Colonel Bill's creek runway 'long about noon, waitin' fer a deer to be fetched along, when I see a big hawk come sailin' over. I see that he was carryin' a to'able big load of sumpin', an' thinks, says I, 'I'll run the risk o' skeerin' the deer away, but what I'll bring that thievin' cuss of a hawk down. So I whanged away an' he began to tumble. He summer-sett an' he summer-sett, but he hung on to what he had till he got poaty nigh to the ground, an' then his clutch let up an' his load tumbled on a heap o' leaves. The hawk fell deader'n a stone, an' I run to see what he'd been stealin'. Say, Joe! I was just about knocked flabbergasted when I see that it was a fat young, suckin' pig! The little feller looked for a spell as if he didn't know just whether he orter be alive or dead, but he made up his mind that he was alive, an' he began to squeal as if he was 5 months' old an' he was bein' stuck. He was poaty

well out up by the hawk's claws, an' the blood was runnin' to'able free, so I gathered him an' the hawk up an' cut fer home with him as fast as I could. When I got there I sot the griddy little chap down in the yard till I could go to the house an' make some warm soapsuds to give him a heatin' washin'. When I came out ag'in he was gone. I s'pose he wa'n't as knowin' as he was tough, an' cut fer some hole or corner or other, where he'll up an' kick the bucket arter all. Say! The way you an' Sally Ann is lookin' at one another, Joseph, I guess mebbe ye don't believe me! Durned if I blame ye, nuther!"

Then the farmer told Sim Slack all about how the hawk had carried off one of their pigs, says the Chicago Times, and how the pig, having reappeared mysteriously, they had thought the hawk had brought it back.

"An' that was the hawk that you whanged, Sim!" said the farmer. "An' that was our pig ye saved, an' we're obliged to ye! But who'd a thunk the little cuss'd a know'd enough to cut fer home?"

Didn't Recognize His Image.

A officer decorated with the Legion of Honor recently entered a waxwork show near Porto-Saint-Denis, and, after looking at the exhibits carefully, addressed himself to the showman: "You announce on your list General Dods. Would you kindly point him out to me?" "Why, you have just been looking at him," replied the showman, pointing at a model in a general's uniform. "There's the conqueror of Behanzin!" "It's not very like," said the stranger. "Excuse me," rejoined the showman, "it was executed by one of the general's closest friends. You can't have ever seen him." By way of answer the stranger handed his card and the showman read: "General Dods."—London Globe.

Tilghman Island Canoes.

Tilghman's Island, a part of Talbot county, Maryland, and connected with the mainland by a bridge, is famous in the Chesapeake region for its canoes. The island is about three square miles in area and is densely populated by a hardy race of eastern shoremen, who gain their living in the waters of the bay. When ice or the laws of Maryland interfere with their ordinary pursuits the Tilghman islanders build canoes and do it admirably well. The true Chesapeake canoe is still a dug-out. Sometimes two or three logs are hollowed for the purpose and joined together. The result is a remarkably staunch boat, good in all waters and almost indestructible.

Another of Germany's Needs.

According to one of our consular American artificial limbs would have a great sale in Germany where there agencies established there by the manufacturers. The German makers of artificial limbs are less ingenious than their brethren in America, the limbs are heavier, less convenient and not more durable. Oddly enough, not a single American manufacturer of such things has sought to introduce his goods into Germany.

Bad as a Bullet.

Hospital Physician—This man seems to be half dead, and yet I cannot find anything the matter with him. Where is he from?

Ambulance Driver—I got him at the door of the St. Fashion Assembly hall. There is a ball going on there.

Physician—Ah, I see. He probably stepped on a lady's dress and she said, "Sir?"

Most Doctors Could Remedy That.

Doctor, shaking his head—Well, my dear sir, I can do nothing more for you. Patient—W-h-a-t! Good gracious, doctor! Doctor—No; really, my friend, you are in perfect health.—Der Schalk.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

Love always weeps when it has a whip.

Spare moments are the gold dust of time.

Love never bestows a burden that is heavy.

Birds with bright plumage are seldom fat.

Law wears iron shoes, and don't care where it steps.

There is no use in talking any higher than we live.

One symptom of backsliding is a lack of thankfulness.

There are no real strong people in the world but good people.

True merit is like a river, the deeper it is the less noise it makes.

A man acquires more glory by defending than by abusing others.

The truth we hate the most is the truth that hits us the hardest.

There is no work so humble that faithfulness in it will not be noticed and rewarded.

An envious man repines at his neighbor's life as much as though he supported him.

No man is always wrong. A clock that does not go at all is right twice in the twenty-four hours.

Ignorance and conceit are two of the worst qualities to combat. It is easier to dispute with a statesman than a blockhead.

All great things are done little by little. Atoms make worlds. The greatest fortunes consist in farthings. Life is made up of moments.

A proverb for these times, or any other times: Speak but little and let that little be the truth; spend but little, and let that little be cash down.

The true way to mourn the dead is to take care of the living who belong to them. These are the pictures and statues of departed friends which we ought to cultivate.

WAS A GREAT SHOT.

PACKY GRISWOLD'S UNCLE WAS A FINE MARKSMAN.

The Story He Told the Hammondsport Try-to-Catch-Black-Bass Club Before He Left for North Carolina—Had Trouble With a Buck.

"At a meeting of the Fairchild house circle the night before he left here to enter upon his duties as architect and builder in chief, and razor-back hog exterminator to the Wild Swan, Wild Goose and Wild Duck club of Lake Comfort, N. C., Packy Griswold, ex-instructor to the Hammondsport Try-to-Catch-Black-Bass club, entertained the circle with a parting reminiscence of his uncle over in the town of Wayne," says a writer of Hammondsport, Pa., in the Chicago Times.

"When my uncle was lumbering down in Rolypoly Run bears were troublesome and he had to use his rifle almost as much as his ax."

"There was a good many deer, too, down in the Rolypoly country, and for more than a month my uncle had been trying to lay low one particular big buck, but the buck was too smart for him, and just as good as laughed at all that was done to gather him in. In those days they didn't have any doubled-barreled rifles, and when a man fired once and didn't kill, what- ever he fired at had a good chance to get a mile away before a hunter could reload his gun. This old buck knew this as well as if he carried a gun himself, and the way he used to maneuver to get some other deer to draw my uncle's fire, and then bounce out of the brush right in front of him, and kick his heels, and about and prance, and show how good he felt over his smartness, and then tear away like the wind while my uncle was putting the finishing touches to his reloading, was enough to make a preacher swear, and as my uncle wasn't within a good many degrees of being a preacher, I have reason to believe that those Rolypoly Run woods heard some astounding remarks from him while that buck was pestering him."

"But he wasn't a man to be fooled with forever, my uncle wasn't, without somebody would hear something drop, and by and by he sized that buck up and got on to his way of doing things, and after that the deer that he let go by without shooting at them, because he knew the old buck was laying low to jump out and make fun of him the minute his gun was empty, he said would have filled a Dutch barn with venison. He knew that this would excite the buck before long and maybe make him lose his head, and then the cunning old chap would get into trouble. One day my uncle was going through the woods, keeping his eye peeled, when along came a sousing big bear, twenty rods away. The bear, apparently, didn't see my uncle and stopped at an open space."

"I'll bet \$9," said my uncle, that buck has done something to turn that bear out in front of me, and is watchin' and waitin' for me to empty my gun at it!"

"So my uncle stood still and the bear stood still. This went on a good while and then something begun to move the bushes off to one side of the opening, between my uncle and the bear."

"Aha!" said my uncle. "Thought so! The ding-dasted buck is layin' in there ad is gittin' tired a-waitin' for me to belch my gun!"

"It wasn't long before my uncle saw a deer's head pushed part of the way out of the bushes. He recognized it as the smart old buck's head. The buck was taking a closer survey of the field to see what was delaying matters. Now, an ordinary man would have put a bullet right through that head and settled the hash of that aggravating deer then and there, but my uncle just grinned and hugged himself and did a little calculating. Then he pulled up and took aim. You'd think, of course, that he aimed at the buck, but he didn't. He aimed at the bear, which stood right where it had stopped. The minute his gun cracked out sprang the buck to have its usual fun with my uncle. But it hadn't more than landed in the opening between my uncle and the bear, than it dropped like a ton of lead, gave two or three kicks, and was deader than a meat ax. My uncle went up to the dead buck, gloating and chuckling, and took a look at it."

"Jist what I thought!" said he. "There was a bullet plump in the buck's heart. Ten rods on the other side of the deer lay the bear, just as dead as the buck was. Its head lay on the ground right where its hind feet had been when my uncle shot at it. He had given it one of his nerve-twisting jerking shots right through the head. The bear had flopped end-to-so quick that it brought its other side around toward my uncle before the bullet had passed through its head, and when the bullet did whiz out it came right back in the direction it had been fired from the gun, and caught the buck plump in the heart as he jumped out of the brush in front of it. My uncle always said that he considered that a little the neatest piece of close calculation and about the slickest shot that he ever made. He got the aggravating buck and the bear, too."

"But it was a ding-blasted risky shot," my uncle used to say. "If I had missed my calculation in the littlest bit of a part of a second that buck wouldn't a-stopped the bullet, and it would a-blunked square through me, sure as guns."

And "Molasses Sticks to Us.

"The word sugar," said Mr. Biffleby, "is often used in the plural. For example, we see on a sign, 'Sugars

and molasses,' but we never use molasses in that form, though there are various kinds and grades of it as there are of sugar. I suspect that our use of the plural is dictated to a considerable extent by a desire to make the best possible showing of everything. Thus 'teas, coffees, sugars,' no doubt conveys in a general way an idea of a larger and more varied stock than 'tea, coffee, sugar,' would do. But this effect would scarcely be produced by the plural of molasses. Whether it were right or wrong, we should be more inclined to laugh at 'molasseses,' and so for the sake of euphony, if for no other reason, we stick to just plain molasses."—New York Sun.

SCHOOL ALLOWANCES.

Ample Spending Money Is Not an Evidence of Parental Wisdom.

How much spending money, asks the Philadelphia Times, should a boy or girl be allowed at boarding school?

The wise parent knows how much the board and tuition cost; how much the books, washing and that vague item described in catalogues as "incidentals." These things are paid by the term, and are not included in the spending money. That is meant to cover stationery, car fare and such purchases as the pupil is obliged to make. There are very few academies which do not make an especial request that allowances be small and that are not so situated and managed as to make the spending of much money seemingly impossible.

The children at school are obliged to be in bed at an early hour. The theater is out of the question. They are discouraged from eating sweetmeats because of their health, and their confectionery expenses should therefore be small. They go to school equipped with clothing of all sorts sufficient to last at least until their first visit home, so that their dry goods or tailors' bills should be nothing at all.

They have to pay a few fees to school societies—perhaps \$5 a year. They have to subscribe to a few school publications, which cost perhaps a dollar a year. Once a week or so they are allowed the privilege of going into the town, on the outskirts of which the school is usually located. They need carfare, money for stamps and paper, and a very little for "fun" as they would say. Three dollars a month is quite enough for an allowance.

Of course, there will be children who have more money at the school and they will seem to the ones with small allowances very enviable personages. In reality they can spend it only in ways which will prove a disturbance to school discipline, a distraction to their studies and a very poor sort of preparation for the possibilities of the future, so far as they themselves are concerned.

Not to Be Put Upon.

General James Madison Leach of North Carolina was on one occasion associated in a case with Mr. Ball, a very careful and painstaking lawyer, but very matter-of-fact. On this occasion a point of law occurred to General Leach, but being a little doubtful of it himself, he did not submit it to his associate. He simply just turned it loose on the judge. Not meeting with much encouragement he involuntarily turned to his associate. But he quickly and easily read disapprobation and dissatisfaction in his face. So when, a few minutes later, the judge blandly asked, "General Leach, do you think that can possibly be law?" the general, with a Chesterfieldian bow and an air of positive relief, replied: "I agree entirely with the intimation of your honor. In fact, I only presented the point out of deference to the opinion of my brother, Ball." Instantly Mr. Ball, with a flushed face and a sotto voce heard all over the court-room, said, in an earnest manner: "Why—it is all—a—d—d—lie!"—Argonaut.

TRIVIAL TOPICS.

Mr. Goodboy—Does your sister know I am here? Tommy—I guess so; I saw her leave the house right after you came in.

"My friend," said the near-sighted barber, running his fingers absent-mindedly through Cholly's chrysanthemum, "your hair needs trimming."

Professor—Ah, mees! You climb the mountain. It was a great foot. Miss—You mean feat. Professor—Ah, zen you climb it more zen once?

Lady—Pray, sir, keep your seat. I—Stranger—I'd like to, miss, just to please you, but I'll have to walk back a block if I don't get off at this street.

Boarder—Madam, I have found a nickel in my hash. Mrs. Mealer—Oh that's all right. I put it there. I thought I'd give you a little change in your diet.

Stockly—I hear that your son went into the office to work this morning. Jobly—He went into the office to work me. I was out, but I guess I'd been out more if I'd been in.

Mrs. Sweet—I hear your son is engaged. Mrs. Sharp—Well, he has brought back the engagement ring. Mrs. Sweet—What was the matter? Didn't it suit? Mrs. Sharp—Yes; but he didn't.

"An' tho'ts a chrysanthemum," said Mr. Dolan, deeply interested. "It is," replied his wife, who had been indulging in some floral purchase. "Well, a wonderful flower it is. If the ting' cu'd only bark, it'd be as foine a skye-terrier ez ye'd want to see!"

Lipper—Ah, Chipper, my boy, your wife tells me you were a "little out of the way" when you came home last night. Chipper—Look at that cheek old man. That proves I wasn't far enough out of the way to escape the umbrella she swung at me as I came in the hall.

BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SKETCHES FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

Sleigh Rides—Why She Couldn't Go—George's Handicap—The Plaintiff of the Victim—An Oriental Mot, Etc., Etc.

Oh, the jingling of the sleigh bells, And the toot of the horn, Is the sign that some poor fellow Will be dead broke in the morn. —Philadelphia Life.

AN ORIENTAL MOT.

Chinese Emperor—"What news?" Chinese General—"We have met the enemy and they are hours—behind us."—New York Weekly.

IN BABY TIME.

Benedick (3 a. m.)—"My dear, can't you do something to quiet that child?" Mrs. Benedick (wearily walking)—"Well, I might hand him over to you."—Harper's Bazar.

GEORGE'S HANDICAP.

"What makes you think that Ethel will never look favorably on George's suit?" "Because her parents speak so highly of him."—Washington Star.

THOUGHT HE WAS SWINDLED.

Inkleigh—"I published my book anonymously." Slydig—"I know it. I wish you hadn't. I bought a copy myself, not knowing it was yours."—Truth.

WHY SHE COULDN'T GO.

First Woman—"I didn't see you at the auction yesterday." Second Woman—"No; I had seven dollars and didn't know whom to leave it with. I was so disappointed."—Puck.

THE PLAINT OF THE VICTIM.

Bertie—"I wish your slippers had asbestos soles, mamma." Mamma—"On account of the warmth?" Bertie—"No, but because they couldn't burn."—Harper's Bazar.

PEDAGOGY.

Mr. Pedagogs—"Benny Bloomer, how do we know that the moon is two hundred and forty thousand miles distant from the earth?" Benny (alarmed at the teacher's manner)—"Y-y-you said so yourself, sir!"—Puck.

THE SAME JOB.

Mrs. Parvenoo—"And what does your husband do?" Mrs. Heavypate—"He chases silver." Mrs. Parvenoo—"So does mine, but he never seems able to catch it."—Syracuse Post.

EASILY PLEASED.

Jack—"Are the new five-dollar silver certificates out?" George—"I haven't noticed any." Jack—"Oh, well, it doesn't matter much! One of the old ones will do, if you can let me have it for a few days."—New York Weekly.

WOULD TAKE ALL THEIR TIME.

Ragolet—"Say, Nevvy, dis paper says de Czar has a incum of \$25,000 a day. Wish we were Czars, eh, Nevvy?"

Neawork—"Naw. Jist tink of de work we'd have dogin de incum fax man."—Springfield (Mass.) Union.

THE TEACHER'S JOKE.

Teacher—"Why didn't your brother come to school to-day, Johnny?" Johnny—"He hurt his foot this mornin' so he couldn't hardly walk."

Teacher—"That's a lame excuse; but I suppose I must accept it."—South Boston News.

EARLY TACT.

Auntie Rose—"And how old do you think I am, Tommy?"

Tommy—"Well, sixty-three?"

Auntie Rose—"Oh, you flatterer! Why, I'm past eighty!"

Tommy—"Ah! I thought you were; but I thought you wouldn't like me to say so, you know."—Puck.

PRESCRIPTIONS CAREFULLY COMPOUNDED.

"Does Dr. Motter, the apothecary, attend divine worship here?" asked the nervous new minister of the deacon.

"I guess he does!" said the deacon with much enthusiasm; "why, we call Dr. Motter one of the pillars of the church."—Rockland (Me.) Tribune.

MISUNDERSTOOD.

"The great misfortune of me life," complained Mr. Dismal Dawson, "is that I am constantly bein' misunderstood."

"So?" asked the benevolent lady, watching Mr. Dawson eat.

"Yes'm. Nigh every time I ask for work folks think I mean it."—Indianapolis Journal.

OF THE SAME MIND.

Mr. Courtney (flatteringly)—"I had the blues awfully when I came here to-night, Miss Fisher; but they are all going now. You are as good as medicine."

Miss Fisher's Little Brother—"Yes; father himself says she'll be a drug in the market if she doesn't catch on to some fellow soon."—Puck.

DOUBLING THE NUMBER.

Lady—"This house would suit me, but there are not enough closets."

Landlord—"The number can easily be doubled."

Lady—"Very well, then. I'll sign the lease."

Landlord (half an hour later)—

"George, send a carpenter to that house to divide each of those closets into two."—New York Weekly.

A CASE TO TALK OVER.

The scandal club were all gathered about the grocery store.

"I tell you what," murmured the new member, "Jimson's got it in the neck this time."

"What is it?" eagerly chorused the club.

"It's a sore throat," whispered the new member, but he dodged through the door so quick that the turnip only broke a window.—Rockland (Me.) Tribune.

SHE WAS NO POLITICIAN.

"Did you see all those dreadful charges the papers made against you?" said the politician's wife.

"I did," was the reply. "What am I going to do about it?"

"Why," she answered, almost sobbing; "I—I'd make that horrid editor prove every word of them, so I would."

"Prove 'em. Great guns! That's exactly what I'm anxious to keep him from doing if I can!"—Washington Star.

A CUNNING PATIENT.

Muller meets his friend Nagel at the Turkish baths. Each is troubled with a gouty foot, and has been ordered massage by his doctor. During the operation Muller cried out lustily with pain, while Nagel maintained a stolid composure, greatly to Muller's astonishment, who afterwards asked him:

"How could you stand the rubbing so quietly? Didn't it hurt you atrociously?"

"Nothing of the kind," smilingly replied Nagel. "I simply held out my healthy foot!"—Lustige Blaetter.

Giant Gold Nuggets.

The following is a list of the largest gold nuggets ever found, according to the records of the Smithsonian Institution: "King of the Water Moon" nugget, found in Australia in 1852; 223 pounds and four ounces. The "Welcome," found at Ballarat, Victoria, Australia, in 1854; 184 pounds and ten ounces. Bakary nugget, found in the same Australian province in 1858; weighed 182 pounds. Nugget found at Carson Hill, Cal., in 1854, weighed 180 pounds, and another at the same place in the same year, weighed 149 pounds. These two were the largest gold nuggets ever discovered in America. The Corona, found in Toulume County, California, in 1850, weighed 147 pounds. The Farish nugget, found in 1860 at Sierra Buttes, Cal., weighed 133 pounds. One found near the same place in 1869 weighed ninety-five pounds and six ounces. The "Great Siberian" nugget, found near Miask, Siberia, in 1842, weighed ninety-six pounds and four ounces.

In 1853 the famous Ballarat mine of Australia (mentioned first in this list) yielded three nuggets which had a combined weight of 357 pounds.

The "Blanche Barclay" nugget, found in Australia in 1842, weighed 146 pounds.

The largest gold nugget ever found East of the Mississippi (and one frequently listed as "the largest nugget found in America") was from the Reed mine in North Carolina. It weighed even eighty pounds.

The "Rattlesnake" nugget, found on Rattlesnake River in California in 1871, weighed 106 pounds and two ounces.

The Meroo Creek mine, New South Wales, produced three nuggets during 1851 that had a combined weight of 318 pounds.—Atlanta Constitution.

Philosophy for a Bill Collector.

A collector of unpaid bills has a hard time of it, but one met a philosophical debtor recently who convinced him of some astounding facts. The collector said that he had been chasing the said philosophical debtor for about six months, and was getting tired. It was always "Come around to-morrow," or "Haven't got it now."

"Say," he said, when he made his last trip, "are you ever going to pay this bill?"

"Why, yes, some day," the philosopher replied. "But look here, young man, I want to show you a thing or two. How many bills have you in that pack?"

"About forty," said the collector.

"How long does it take you to visit all these people?" the philosopher inquired.

"About a day."

"What if all paid up promptly?"