

BARRINGTON REVIEW.

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BARRINGTON, ILL., SATURDAY, MAY 11, 1895.

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MILK DELIVERED MORNING
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Fresh Milk can be had at my resi-
dence in the Village at any
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Write to T. S. QUINCY,
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Manufacturer and Dealer in

BOOTS AND SHOES.

REPAIRING NEATLY DONE.

I also carry a large stock of Rubbers, Felt and
Rubber Boots.

Call and see my stock and get prices before
buying elsewhere.

THEODOR H. SCHUTT,

Barrington, Ill.

IS NOT SO BADLY OFF.

JAPAN MAY OCCUPY PORT AR- THUR FOR SOME TIME.

In the Negotiations with the Allied
Powers the Japanese Take Every Pos-
sible Precaution for the Future—Uncle
Sam's Efforts to Prevent War.

Washington, May 10.—An official dis-
patch from Tokio received at the Ja-
panese Legation yesterday says the ratifi-
cations of the treaty of peace between
Japan and China were exchanged at
Che Foc Wednesday. No change was
made in the text of the treaty as origi-
nally concluded. Taking into account,
however, the recommendations made
by Russia, Germany and France, the
Japanese Government has agreed to re-
nounce the permanent possession of the
Liao Tung Peninsula on condition that
the arrangement regarding the terms
and form of renunciation shall be re-
served for judgment between itself and
the government of China.

This latter stipulation is construed to
mean that Japan will not surrender the
peninsula until a suitable indemnity
shall have been paid, and that it may
have been agreed between Japan and
China the possession of Port Arthur it-
self will be retained by the Japanese
for a term of years extending beyond
the date when the indemnity has been
paid in full, thus assuring to Japan not
alone the payment of the indemnity it-
self but also sufficient time to safe-
guard itself against anything like a
war of reprisal.

The treaty of peace itself provides
that Wei-Hai-Wei shall be held until
the first 100,000,000 of the indemnity
and the next two annual installments
have been paid, so with the added guar-
antee of the possession of Port Arthur,
even though only temporary, the Japanese
Government would appear to have taken
every possible precaution for the
future. The foregoing statement is
official, coming direct from Tokio by
cable. The understanding is it embod-
ies the reply which Japan recently
gave to the protest of Russia and the
allied powers.

The State Department has published
an appendix to the volume of foreign
relations of 1894, comprising a history
of the Chinese-Japanese war. Our con-
nection in this matter first appears in
a dispatch dated June 22, 1894, to United
States Minister Sill at Seoul. In
which the State Department says: "In
view of the friendly interest of the
United States in the welfare of Korea
and its people, you are, by the direc-
tion of the President, instructed to use
every possible effort for the preserva-
tion of peaceful conditions."

Mr. Sill replied he would do as much
as possible in the interest of peace; that
neither the Japanese nor Chinese
troops would withdraw, although the
rebellion had been suppressed by the
Chinese; that the Japanese were stub-
born; Japan seeming to desire war, and
that Korean integrity was menaced. At
this point Charles Denby, our repre-
sentative at Peking, enters the field in a
report to Secretary Gresham, describing
preparations for war, and saying the
action of Japan is criticized there as
hasty and unduly bellicose.

July 2 the Korean minister here ap-
peared at the state department and by
direction of his government appealed to
Secretary Gresham to call a powerful
conference to prevent a conflict. Mr.
Denby July 8 cabled that Viceroy Li
Hung Chang desired him to telegraph
Washington to take the initiative in
urging the powers to unite in requesting
the Japanese government to withdraw
its troops from Korea.

July 2 Secretary Gresham sent a
long letter to Ambassador Bayard at
London, giving the statement of what
had occurred in Washington. He also
details an interview he had with the
Japanese minister here, in which he in-
formed the minister it would be gratify-
ing to the United States if Japan would
deal kindly and fairly with her feeble
neighbor (Korea) whose helplessness
elicited our sympathy.

In answer to the appeal of the Chi-
nese minister the secretary replied that
a course was open to China which had
been adopted by other powers—namely:
An offer to settle by friendly arbitra-
tion.

October 5 Mr. Goschen, the British
charge here, telegraphed from New
London to ascertain whether the
United States government would join
with England, Germany, France, and
Russia in intervention on the basis of
the guarantee of Korean independence,
and a war indemnity Japan, but six
days later Secretary Gresham replied
that while the President earnestly de-
sired that China and Japan should
agree upon terms of peace alike honor-
able to both and not be humbling to
Corea, he could not join the powers in
an intervention.

November 23 Mr. Denby cabled an ap-
peal to the President, an appeal by
China to do China the great favor to
intervene to stop war and re-establish
peace. In reply, Mr. Gresham cabled
November 28, as follows: "Prompted
by that sincere friendship which the
United States constantly desires to
show toward China the President di-
rects that you intimate his readiness to
tender his good offices toward bringing
the present war with Japan to a close
on terms alike honorable to both na-
tions should he be assured that such a
tender would be acceptable to both."

Two days later he cabled Mr. Denby
that while the President preferred to
act alone he would act jointly with other
powers, if Japan consented, to deter-
mine the amount of indemnity. After
some further correspondence, showing
that China was anxious to accept our
good offices on the terms proposed, Mr.
Denby transmits, under date of Nov. 17,
a courteously-worded note from the
Japanese government practically de-
clining the offer.

Nov. 17 the Japanese government re-
quests that if China desires to approach
Japan upon the subject of peace it shall
be done through the United States leg-
ation at Peking, to which Secretary
Gresham assented. Mr. Denby writes
that China received this proposition
with pleasure, though he gave it to un-
derstand that he proposes to act simply
as an intermediary, stating the basis of
negotiations and leaving them to ar-
range the details. The 23d he cabled
that China had made through him di-
rect overtures for peace on the basis
of Korean independence and a war in-
demnity.

Some part of the correspondence at
this point is devoted to a history of the
attempt at a settlement of the war
through Mr. Deliring and his rejection
by the Japanese on the ground of in-
sufficient credentials and the story of
our intervention winds up with the few
telegrams from Mr. Denby announcing
that Li Hung Chang had been named
plenipotentiary and that Japan had
agreed to receive him.

GEN. MACEO TRAPS TROOPS.

Leads Spanish Soldiers Into Ambush
Where They Are Shot Like Sheep.

New York, May 10.—A special dis-
patch to the Herald from Key West,
Fla., says: "There are rumors in Ha-
vana that Salcedo lost 150 men in a re-
cent fight with Gen. Maceo's party.
Maceo managed to convey word to the
enemy that he had only 200 men. Sal-
cedo went after him with 400 troops.
They met the 200 insurgents, who re-
treated rapidly and led the troops into
an ambush, where 1,000 of Maceo's men
surrounded them and shot them down
like sheep. The troops threw down
their arms, broke through the insurgent
lines, and escaped, leaving a great num-
ber dead upon the field. Salcedo is not
at all popular with the rank and file of
the army, and his defeat is looked upon
with secret satisfaction."

ROSEBERY IS AILING.

His Condition at the National Liberal
Club Reception Painful to See.

London, May 10.—It was generally re-
marked at the reception of the National
Liberal Club last evening that Lord
Rosebery looked pale and weary. The
lapse of memory from which he suf-
fered, causing him to lose the thread of
his argument, lasted several minutes,
in spite of the fact that he was repeated-
ly prompted by Earl Spencer and Mr.
Campbell-Bannerman. Meanwhile the
premier gazed about him in a dazed
sort of way that was painful to see.
Some ascribe his condition to the use
of drugs.

No Reply in Waller Case.

Paris, May 10.—United States Amba-
sador James B. Eustis has not received
a reply to his note to the foreign office
here regarding the trial by court-mar-
tal and sentence to twenty years' im-
prisonment of John T. Waller, formerly
United States consul at Matamoras. But
M. Manoutis, the minister for foreign
affairs, has promised, upon receipt of
the necessary documents from the Is-
land of Madagascar, to give the question
the fullest consideration.

Jabez Balfour on Trial

London, May 10.—Jabez Spencer Bal-
four, the wrecker of the Liberator
Building society and other similar en-
terprises, was arraigned in the Bow
street police court this morning for ex-
amination.

SLAIN BY FALSE FRIENDS.

Dalton-Doolin Gang Leaders Killed While
Asleep by the Dunn Family.

Guthrie, O., May 10.—Newcomb,
alias "Butter Creek," and Pierce, alias
"Dynamite Dick," leaders of the desper-
ate Dalton-Doolin gang of outlaws,
who were killed last week, were be-
trayed by supposed friends—entrapped
into the latter's home and murdered
while they slept.

The killing, according to a story of
neighbors brought in from Ingalls, was
done by the Duns, who had been prom-
ised large rewards by the deputies who
claimed later to have made the cap-
ture of the famous outlaws. The lat-
ters' friends have sworn vengeance,
and the Dunn family are arming to pro-
tect themselves.

The Chicago Board of Trade.

Chicago, May 9.—The following ta-
ble shows the range of quotations on
the Chicago board of trade today:

| Articles | High. | Low. | Close. |
|--------------|-----------|----------|---------------------|
| Wheat—No. 2. | | | May 9. May 8 |
| May | 62 1/2 | 62 | 63 1/2 61 1/2 |
| July | 64 1/2 | 63 | 64 1/2 62 1/2 |
| Sept | 65 | 63 1/2 | 64 1/2 62 1/2 |
| Corn—No. 2. | | | May 9. May 8 |
| May | 51 | 50 1/2 | 50 1/2 50 1/2 |
| July | 51 1/2 | 50 1/2 | 51 1/2 50 1/2 |
| Sept | 51 1/2 | 51 | 51 1/2 51 |
| Oats—No. 2. | | | May 9. May 8 |
| May | 28 1/2 | 28 1/2 | 28 1/2 28 1/2 |
| June | 29 1/2 | 28 1/2 | 28 1/2 28 1/2 |
| July | 28 1/2 | 28 1/2 | 28 1/2 28 1/2 |
| Sept | 28 1/2 | 28 1/2 | 28 1/2 28 1/2 |
| May, '96. | 29 1/2 | 29 1/2 | 29 1/2 29 1/2 |
| Pork— | | | May 9. May 8 |
| May | 12.02 1/2 | 11.85 | 12.02 1/2 12.02 1/2 |
| July | 12.17 1/2 | 12.00 | 12.17 1/2 12.17 1/2 |
| Sept | 12.50 | 12.30 | 12.40 12.35 |
| Lard— | | | May 9. May 8 |
| May | 6.62 1/2 | 6.55 | 6.62 1/2 6.55 |
| July | 6.75 | 6.67 1/2 | 6.75 6.67 1/2 |
| Sept | 6.90 | 6.82 1/2 | 6.90 6.82 1/2 |
| Short Ribs— | | | May 9. May 8 |
| May | 6.20 | 6.10 | 6.20 6.10 |
| July | 6.32 1/2 | 6.20 1/2 | 6.32 1/2 6.20 1/2 |
| Sept | 6.32 1/2 | 6.22 1/2 | 6.32 1/2 6.27 1/2 |

Representative Hitt Is Improving.

Washington, May 10.—Representa-
tive Hitt passed a very comfortable day
and his condition was considerably im-
proved when Dr. Johnson called to see
him last evening. Secretary Gresham's
improvement continues steadily.

SENATE RECONSIDERS.

Frank H. Cooper of Chicago Allowed to
Go Free.

Springfield, Ill., May 10.—The senate
yesterday, after adjudging Frank H.
Cooper of Chicago guilty of contempt a
few days ago, refused to fix his punish-
ment and practically allowed him to go
free. Senator Hunter called up the
Jones libel bill in the senate. It was
read a first time and referred to the
committee on judiciary. The same dis-
position was made of the house bill lim-
iting interest on judgments and de-
crees to 7 per cent. Senator Berry's
bill, enlarging the list of securities in
which endowment and other funds held
in trust may be invested, passed. Sen-
ator Mussett's bill, regulating child la-
bor and appropriating \$30,000 for in-
spectors, on order of second reading
was called up by Senator Dunlap, chair-
man of the committee on appropriat-
ions, who moved that the bill be com-
mitted to his committee, as it appro-
priates money and should be considered
by that committee. It was so ordered.
The joint resolution, providing for an
amendment to the constitution of the
state so that proposed amendments to
three different articles may be submit-
ted at the same time, was adopted with
but four negative votes. The senate
bill appropriating \$1,500 for an exhibit
at the Cotton States and International
exhibition at Atlanta was taken from
the table and advanced to its second
reading. Senator Merriam moved to re-
consider the vote by which the Bo-
gardus bill, making train robbery a
capital offense, was defeated. Senator
Curley moved to lay Mr. Merriam's mo-
tion on the table, but pending the sub-
sequent discussion of this motion the
whole matter was postponed one week.
Senator Little's bill to repeal the trust
law was defeated by a vote of 18 yeas
to 18 nays and the introducer gave no-
tice that he would move a reconsidera-
tion of the vote by which the bill was
defeated. Senator Bogardus' bill, pro-
viding that counties shall pay for the
treatment of indigent habitual drunk-
ards, passed.

The House spent the morning session
and a good part of the afternoon in call-
ing up the revenue bill prepared by the
Committee on Revenue. The only
change worthy of note made in the bill
was an amendment offered by Mr. Ne-
edles providing for an annual assess-
ment of real estate instead of an assess-
ment every four years, as contemplated
by the bill.

A. P. A. CONVENTION.

Annual Address of the President of the
Order.

Milwaukee, Wis., May 10.—The whole
of yesterday afternoon's session of the
Supreme Council of the A. P. A. was
taken up with reading of the annual ad-
dress of President W. J. H. Traynor.
He covered practically every one of the
leading questions of the day, except the
financial question. He denounced in the
most bitter terms the alleged attempts
of the Catholic church to control the
government of this country. Touching
on the question of organized labor Mr.
Traynor said his order was unequivocal-
ly free from any and all church dicta-
tions. One of the most serious obstruc-
tions to the success of labor organiza-
tions at the present time came from
church interference in connection with
politics, and the hand of the Romish
hierarchy could be too plainly seen in
the operations of and results obtained
by organized labor. He favored church
taxation, woman suffrage, and said the
order needed a higher branch to which
those who have been thoroughly tried
will be eligible. He closed by saying
that during the year everything was
harmonious in the order.

Dupont Is Senator.

Dover, Del., May 10.—The general as-
sembly of Delaware adjourned sine die
at 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon. The
Republicans assert that their leading
candidate for United States senator, Col.
Henry A. Dupont, was legally elected.
The matter will probably be taken to
the United States senate for a decision.
The 211th ballot since the deadlock be-
gan, four months ago, and the last of
the session, was taken a few minutes
before 3 o'clock. It resulted; Henry A.
Dupont, rep. 15; J. Edward Addicks,
rep. 4; Edward Ridgely, dem. 9; Tunnel,
dem., 1.

The Y. M. C. A. Convention.

Springfield, Mass., May 10.—The day's
work of the International Y. M. C. A.
convention opened yesterday at 9:15
o'clock. Prof. Larsen of Minnesota was
authorized to convey the greetings of
the international convention to the Y.
M. C. A. convention to be held in June.
A paper on educational work was pre-
sented by Frederick B. Pratt. The
judges on the educational exhibit have
nearly completed their work and have
made most of the awards. More than
sixty cities have made entries.

John S. Johnson a Professional.

Hartford, Conn., May 10.—The Amer-
ican Cyclist says that Chairman Gid-
eon of the National L. A. W. Racing
Board has found John S. Johnson guilty
of violation of the amateur racing rules
of the League of American Wheelmen
and has declared him a professional.
Johnson will probably leave for France
immediately, where he will join the pro-
fessional contingent in Paris and hence-
forth ride for money.

Corbett-Fitzsimmons Fight Off.

Chicago, May 10.—Champion Jim Cor-
bett and Bob Fitzsimmons will never
come together for that much-talked-
about fight before the Florida Athletic
club. More than that, they will prob-
ably never fight at all. Both of them
declared last night that there was no
chance at all of their having a battle in
Florida, and both admitted that it would
be hard to get them together anywhere
else.

A. W. MEYER & CO., WALL PAPER SALE.

WE open the spring trade by purchasing the largest
and most complete stock of Wall Paper ever
brought in town, including the latest patterns, the
newest styles and the latest novelties in the Wall
Paper line. The immense quantity of Wall Paper we pur-
chased this spring enabled us to buy at greatly reduced
prices, and we have marked our prices so low on the same
that we defy competition.

We are selling Wall Paper for kitchens and bedrooms
at 4, 5, 6, 6 1/2, 7 and 7 1/2 Cents Per Roll.

Pretty dining-room papers at 7 1/2, 8, 9, 10 and
12 1/2 Cents Per Roll.

Handsome patterns for parlors at 12 1-2, 15, 17 1-2
20, 22 1-2 and 25 cents a Roll.

It will be to your advantage to make your selections
early.

CARPETS AND RUGS.

We are selling Carpets and Rugs cheaper than ever—even lower
than the wholesale price paid by us last year. Extra Super we are
now selling at 28, 30, 35 and 40 cents a yard.
Ingrain Wood Filling at 40, 43, 45, 47 and 48 cents a yard.
Ingrain All Wool, 45, 48, 50, 53, 55 and 58 cents a yard.

LACE CURTAINS.

We have a nice assortment of special patterns in lace curtains at
90 cents a pair, upwards.

WINDOW SHADES.

We make to order and furnish shades any size desired in width and
length, and in almost any color.
We sell only a superior quality of goods in every department.

A. W. MEYER & CO., BARRINGTON.

Place your Insurance in one of the following
Companies represented by MILES T. LAMEY
at Barrington, Ill.:

London and Lancashire of England.
Fire Association of Philadelphia.
Norwich Union of England.
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German American of New York.

All losses promptly and satisfactorily ad-
justed. Insurance placed on dwellings,
farm property, commercial buildings, house-
hold furniture and stocks at reasonable
rates.

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BARRINGTON, ILL.

Clothing! Clothing!

OUR LARGE STOCK OF SPRING
AND SUMMER

Ready Made Clothing

CAN NOT BE SURPASSED in Price or Quality. We are sell-
ing MEN'S READY MADE SUITS at \$8.50 and upwards.
Suits made to order in the latest styles. A new line Spring
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Given prompt attention. Give us a call and we will save you
money.

H. WALTER, the Tailor,
OPPOSITE THE DEPOT.
BARRINGTON, ILL.

CORNER OF ODDITIES.

SERIES OF MIRACULOUS ESCAPES FROM DEATH.

The Soldier Who Was Saved by a Bible—A Corset as Protector Against a Bullet—The Dog and the Life Line.

NOT TILL LIFE'S heat is cooled, The heading rush slowed to a quiet pace, And every purblind passion that has ruled Our noisier years at last Spurs us in vain, and weary of the race, We care no more who loses or who wins Ah! not till all the best of life seems past—The best of life begins.

To toll for only fame, Handclappings and the fickle gusts of praise, For place or power or gold to gild a name Above the grave whereto All paths will bring us, were to lose our days. We, on whose ears youth's passing bell has tolled, In blowing bubbles, even as children do, Forgetting we grow old.

But the world widens when Such hope of trivial gain that rules us lies Broken among our children's toys for then We win to self control! And mail ourselves in manhood, and there rise Upon us from the vast and windless height Those clearer thoughts that are unto the soul What stars are to the night. —The Spectator.

Leopards as Pets.

Sir Samuel Baker, in his recent book, gives some excellent advice to those adventurous people who endeavor to make pets of wild beasts, especially tigers and leopards. Although the cubs of leopards are charming playthings and exhibit much intelligence, and apparent affection, it is a great mistake to adopt such companions, for their hereditary instincts are certain to become developed in full-grown life, and lead to grave disaster. The common domestic cat is sometimes uncertain with her claws, and most people must have observed that the seats and backs of leather chairs are well marked by the sharp talons, which cannot refrain from exercising their powers upon anything which tempts their operation. I remember a leopard in Khartoum that was considered tame. The beast broke its chain, and, instead of enjoying its liberty in a peaceful manner, it at once fastened upon the neck of a much-prized cow, and would have killed the animal, had it not been itself been beaten to death with clubs. All such creatures are untrustworthy and they should be avoided as pets. The only class of leopards that should become the companion of man is the most interesting of the species, the hunting leopard (Felis jubata). I have never met a person who had shot one of these animals in a wild state, and such an animal is rarely met with in the jungle. The hunting leopard is totally different from all other leopards. Instead of being low and long, with short but massive legs, it stands extremely high, the neck is long, the head small, the eyes large and piercing, the legs long and the body light. It is generally admitted that the hunting leopard is the fastest animal in the world, as it can overtake upon open ground the well-known black buck, which surpasses in speed the fastest English greyhound.

Wolf Dog Teams in the North.

"One of the novel sights at Edmonton, N. W. T.," said H. H. Schaefer of Monoton, N. B., "was a dog team which arrived from the north. There were 160 teams, four dogs to a team, each drawing a sledge holding about 500 weight of furs. The drivers and attendants of these dogs were Indians and half-breeds. They had traveled about 300 miles in a little over a week.

"These dogs are known as 'huskies,' a cross between the gray wolf of Canada, and the ordinary dog, and their average weight is 100 pounds. They are big, fierce-looking brutes, a dirty white color and as savage as their ancestors, the wolves, which they greatly resemble. These animals, despite the heavy loads they haul and the long distances they make each day—nearly 100 miles—are fed only one whitfish each day, weighing not more than a pound and a half. This food is given them in the evening at the end of a day's journeying, and they devour the food ravenously. Meat cannot be given them, as it makes them wild and fierce. During my stay at Edmonton one of these brutes escaped from the pack, and ran amuck through the town, snapping at everybody and everything it passed, and it created a reign of terror before it was recaptured. These dogs when broken are valued at \$25 to \$50 each, according to size and strength."—Chicago Times.

Gives in After Three Years.

New York, Special.—William Maxwell was the most obstinate man that has ever been confined in the Brooklyn jail. Three long years he spent there because he would not ask to be set free, and he would probably have remained longer had not Judge Moore today granted an order for his release. Maxwell's case has not a parallel in this country. He was sent to jail because he refused to support his wife and family. During the long term of his incarceration he has repeatedly refused to ask for his release, claiming that his wife's complaint was an unjust one. All sorts of offers were made to him to have his case taken to court, but he refused. The grand jury of November, 1894, investigated his case and offered to recommend his release if he would promise to support his wife. His reply was that he would die in jail before he would give her a dollar. He was sent back to jail and has lain there until today, when he concluded to ask to be discharged. His request was granted. Seven years ago Maxwell was a suc-

cessful engraver with a good business in New York city. He lived with his wife and four children in Flatbush. Business grew bad and he was not able to earn as much money as formerly, and it appears that it was upon that claim that his wife swore out a warrant against him for abandonment. The officer went to his house and served it while he was eating dinner with his family and took him to jail. The action of his wife so enraged him that he declared he would never give her another dollar as long as he lived.

A Noble Dog.

Some of the escapes which happen to those who suffer shipwreck are almost beyond the bounds of credibility. A sailing vessel which was making for Halifax, N. S., encountered a heavy gale in the Bay of Fundy, and struck on a rock. Heavy seas washed over the boat, and it was evident she would not last long. To attempt to swim ashore was impossible, and all the boats were lost. By a lucky chance the captain had a fine retriever on board, and, as a last resource, a thin line was attached to his collar, and he was directed to swim ashore. The noble animal seemed, by almost human understanding, to comprehend what was required of him, and plunged from the deck into the raging waters. For a time, which seemed almost an eternity, the unfortunate crew awaited the result. No sign of the dog could be seen, but every now and then a faint tug would be felt at the line. Whether the animal was reaching the shore, or being tossed about by the waves, was only a surmise. At last a decided pull was given to the cord, and a faint cheer broke from the men as they realized the dog had landed. A cable was attached to the line and hauled ashore, and over this the whole crew, with one exception, safely passed, albeit in a much exhausted and saturated condition.

Lost on a Mountain.

A party is searching the mountains above Dunbar, Pa., says a Uniontown dispatch of recent date, for two children who have been lost in the forest. Two daughters of Denton Beal and Nicholas Downs, both about six years old, living at the foot of the mountain back of Dunbar Furnace, together with an older girl, visited a friend up the mountain side the other afternoon. The little ones strayed off, and were not missed until the older girl was ready to start home in the evening. It was then thought they had gone home. When the girl found they were not there, however, she was too much frightened to tell her parents what was wrong, and they only forced the startling truth from her late at night. A searching party hunted for the children all night and they found their footprints in the snow, indicating that they were heading toward a precipice. It is feared the children fell over the precipice during their wanderings in the dark. When last heard from the searchers had not found the children.

A Policeman's Narrow Escape.

One of the most miraculous escapes from death on record is that of a policeman who entered a house in pursuit of a burglar. The room in which the apostle of predation had hidden was quite dark, and, in entering, the constable carelessly turned on his lantern. The burglar fired, and the next moment the officer of the law felt a sharp, stinging sensation at his breast. He grappled with his opponent, and ultimately effected his arrest. His dismay was considerable, on submitting himself to the divisional surgeon who was at the station, to find his shirt and tunic saturated with blood. He soon had cause to congratulate himself, however, when the surgeon told him that the bullet had struck his ribs and flown off at a tangent, merely ploughing a furrow in the flesh. Had the revolver been fired at any other angle the bullet would have penetrated his lungs, and he would probably have bled to death.

Has Thirteen Children.

Governor Morrill of Kansas has received a letter from a woman who signs herself as Mrs. Louisa Kershner, and who dates her epistle from Kong, Coffee, county, Kan. The governor has received communications from almost every variety of crank, but the Coffee county woman strikes an altogether new and original lead by demanding a bounty for baby raising. Her letter is as follows:

"To the Governor of the United States: I hereby inform you that I am entitled to \$1,000 for the raising of thirteen children. I am a lone woman. My husband has consumption and I have to make a living by washing. We want you to send it to us. I am in need of something for my family."

Saved by Her Corset.

A difficult argument for the anti-corset advocate to controvert is to be found in the following incident recorded in the newspapers. A married man was inspecting a revolver which had been entrusted to his care by a friend, and his wife was looking on. Suddenly the weapon went off, and the horror-struck husband beheld his wife on the floor. Naturally his first thought was that it had been the unhappy cause of her death, but he discovered that the bullet had struck one of the steels of which the corset was composed, and glanced off, inflicting no worse damage than a severe fright.

Bessie Knew.

The other day at the Teachers' association a class of children, ages from 5 to 9 years, were giving an exercise in phonics. The teacher had received correct answers to descriptions she had given of trees, woods, etc., and then thought she would describe a brook. "What do we find running through the woods, moving silently on the ground, with but little noise?" she asked. For a long time the little ones were quiet, and then a little hand was raised. "Well, Bessie, what is the answer?" as teacher questioned, smilingly. "Tramps!" piped out the little one.

The Bible Saved Him.

General Gordon used to often relate the story of a private soldier who was serving under him in one of his Chinese campaigns. The soldier was struck by a bullet directly over the heart, but a small testament he carried there diverted the course of the death-conveying lump of lead, and, apart from an unpleasant shock, he suffered no hurt. This could hardly have been said were it not for the fortunate presence of the portion of the Scriptures.

Something like Li Hung Chang's hat is exhibited for summer headgear.

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

SHORT SKETCHES TO AMUSE THE LITTLE ONES.

Sandwiched In With Instructive Sayings—Jackie and the Jam Pot—Some Hidden Power—An Acrostic on the World's Wonders.

JACKIE AND THE JAM POT—Some Hidden Power—An Acrostic on the World's Wonders.

The jolly little jam pot! It stood upon the shelf, And Jackie looked, and longed, and wished That he might help himself. "Nurse only gives such little bits, And mamma not much more."

If jam pots only stood," thought Jack, "Down nearer to the floor."

The jolly little jam pot! It stood upon the shelf, When nurse went in haste one day And knocked it down herself. She never stayed to put it back, Nor noticed where it lay, And Jackie's eyes grew round and big As nurse turned away.

The jolly little jam pot! That erst stood on the shelf; It lay upon the floor and grinned, And muttered to itself: "Now, Jackie's been a-wishing, And his wishes have come true. The jam pot's on the floor at last, Now what will Jackie do?"

The jolly little jam pot. That stood upon the shelf. The story is a mournful one, I'm sure you'll think yourself. When Jackie picked the jam pot up He wept and tore his hair, For the jam pot was quite empty, Not a sign of jam was there.

Still jolly little jam pot! Still stands upon the shelf, And Jackie, with an inward scowl, (Just as I'd feel myself), Wisely tells his little brother That jams are dangerous joys, And that jam pots should be placed up high From reach of little boys.

The One Thing Needful.

A clever young philosopher had occasion to travel in a very remote part of the country, and in order to reach his destination had to cross a deep river

ter, and was thanking him fervidly. The latter took advantage of Pat's melting mood, and asked: "Now, Pat, if I were to die today, what do you think would become of me?"

With characteristic bluntness, and no desire to palliate the severity of his sentence, Pat answered: "Suhrre, yer honor, whin ye woke up again, yer wid yer fingers ind."—Ram's Horn.

Some Hidden Power.

During one of the fearful storms which rage off the coast of Ireland, an exciting scene was witnessed by the inhabitants of Queenstown. The waves were dashing over the piers which formed the harbor, and the waters within it were almost as turbulent as those without. A small fishing vessel was making for the harbor, but it could hardly be seen that the captain had no command over his boat. One moment it was apparently being lifted out on to the huge masses of stone work which form the entrance, and another it disappeared from view.

At last came a culminating point in the excitement. The vessel, high on the crest of a wave, seemed certain to land with a crash on the stonework. And then, as though some great hand was guiding it, the nose of the boat swung away from the stone, ran down the hill of water, and landed safely in the harbor. The captain, even today, regards his escape as due to some hidden power, and had given himself up for lost, when he says he felt this giant hand stretch forth and guide the boat into safety.

Boys.

Boys, when they are boys, are queer enough. How many ridiculous notions they have, and what singular desires, which in after life change and shape themselves into characteristics! Who remembers when he would have changed his birthright for a rocking horse, and his new suit of clothes for a monkey? Who recollects when the thought of being a circus rider appeared greater than to be president; and how jealous he watched the little fellows that wore spangled jackets and turned somersets, and prayed to become like them? If memory preserve not these caprices, or something similar, the boy is lost in the man.

Why They Didn't Take Washington.

Strolling along the Virginia roads leading into Washington, I am often tempted to wonder why the Confederate troops did not capture the city when they had the chance early in the civil war, says a writer in Kate Field's Washington. Somebody asked General

CAMP FIRE STORIES.

SHORT SKETCHES AND ETCHINGS FOR OLD SOLDIERS.

Home for the Woman's Relief Corps in Missouri—The Man on the Cask—Anecdotes of a Great General—Some Tricks of Soldiers.

WATCH THE FOLLOWING concerning the good work of the ladies of the W. R. C. from the Western Veteran: "Mrs. Hollen E. Day, president of the W. R. C. Soldiers' Home of Missouri, is working hard to accomplish the purpose of the organization. A number of desirable bids have been received from localities wanting the home, all of which will be considered at the annual meeting at Macon. She urges that memberships be renewed at once so that there may be a large representation at that meeting. The dues are \$1 a year and must be paid to entitle one to a vote. A payment of \$25 makes one a member for life. Mrs. Day criticises a certain post in the department for giving a supper and entertainment for the benefit of the Confederate home at Higginsville, while it has done nothing in that direction for its own comrades. Mrs. C. A. Day, 1815 Penn street, and Mrs. Alice L. Glenn, Fourteenth and Jefferson, Kansas City, Mo., are authorized to receive subscriptions for the home."

Watch for the Drop.

One of the soldiers of the Seventh cavalry at Fort Sheridan strolled into the canteen one day and found a number of soldiers trying games of one kind and another. Some were tricks in athletics and some were amateur sleight-of-hand performances. The young cavalryman waited till things eased up a little, and then climbed on a table and stuck the open blade of his pocketknife into the plain pine ceiling. Then he got down and announced that he would set a beer bottle so squarely under that knife that when it fell it would drop straight into the neck of the bottle. Nobody believed he could do it, and before the knife fell he had a number of bets against his ability. Just then the knife loosened. Straight as a dart it fell and dropped into the neck of the bottle, touching not so much as a hint of the sides, and knocking out the bottom in its heavy fall. There was a murmur of amazement and the declaration that he could not do it again. The cavalryman said nothing, collected his debts and went back to his quarters. After a day or two, in which the fame of his prowess had been circulated, he went to the canteen again and some one tackled him to try the trick again.

He said it wasn't any trick; it was simply his ability to gauge correctly. They had never noticed any particular mechanical marvels about him, and they were willing to bet that he could not repeat the success. Again he took their bets, again he climbed upon a table and stuck his knife in the ceiling, again he put a beer bottle under it, and again the knife went home, as if it knew the way. Time and again he did them. And then one day an infantryman from Niobrara watched him. As the cavalryman got down from the table the "doughboy" noticed a tiny drop of water fall from the handle of the knife and mark a spot on the floor. When the bottle was set it covered that spot. Of course the knife when it fell must fall where the water did. But the infantryman didn't give it away, says the Chicago Herald. He struck the horseman for a third of the proceeds of the bets, and kept his solution for his own use when he gets to his fort on the frontier.

A Hint from Henry Clay.

A well known southern politician who died just before the civil war not infrequently spoke of an incident that took place in his first term in congress, in which he received a lesson in statecraft from the great whig leader, Henry Clay. "I was a young man and an enthusiastic whig," he said, "and I entered congress, quivering with eagerness to serve my party and to distinguish myself. I was on my feet shouting 'Mr. Speaker' a dozen times a day. I opposed even petty motions made by the opposite party, and bitterly denounced every bill, however trivial, for which they voted. Before the session was half over I had contrived to make myself personally obnoxious to every democrat that I met."

"One day after an ill-tempered outbreak on a question of no moment, I turned and saw Mr. Clay watching me with a twinkle in his eye. 'Come,' he said, 'you go fishing sometimes?'"

"Yes." "Don't you find that the best rod is the one that gives a little at each joint? It does not snap and break at every touch, but bends, and shows its strength only when a heavy weight is put on it." "I caught his meaning. I had seen him chatting familiarly with the very men whom I was berating. Yet I knew when great interests clashed he was the one man whom they feared. "I set myself then to learn patience and coolness. It is the strong, flexible rod which does not break under the big fish."

A personal friend of General Grant says: "During the whole course of the war I never knew him to indulge in the acrid personalities which were too common among many of the northern combatants when condemning the leaders of the rebellion. But he sat down with his troops before Richmond with inexorable patience, until he had won the victory." To come down from national to domestic life, it will always be found that the fretful, quarrelsome member of the family is of little use in a crisis. It is the men and women of coolness, reserve and good humor, who control the emergencies in the household as men and women of this type have always done in all human history.

Statues for Brooklyn.

Three more statues will soon ornament Brooklyn. The city has in the past been rather slow in the matter of statues and monuments, but the sentiment in their favor is growing. The Union League club is at work raising funds for the equestrian statue of General Grant, as designed by Partridge. This work of art will be placed on a huge pedestal on the plaza in front of the club house, at Bedford avenue and Dean

street, says the New York Press. The admirers of General Henry W. Slocum also have inaugurated a movement whose object is the raising of a statue to that famous union soldier, and Grand Army men, some time ago, started a fund for a statue to General G. K. Warren.

Henry Ward Beecher's statue is still in front of the city hall, but it is believed that it will, in the course of time, be transferred to Prospect park. That great resort is lacking in statuary and monumental attractions, the only statue it possesses being that of J. S. T. Stranahan, Brooklyn's best known citizen. The venerable merchant and politician is probably the only living American honored by a public statue. There is a fine statue of Abraham Lincoln on the plaza leading to Prospect park, but it is in a place that is not calculated to secure for it the greatest amount of respect and care, and the Grand Army men wish the authorities to have the statue placed in a suitable place inside of the park. It may be removed in time for a Decoration day celebration. These three, with an excellent one of Alexander Hamilton, in front of the Hamilton club house at Clinton and Remsen streets, are all the public statues which the great city of Brooklyn can boast.

On An English Line.

Some singular things are recorded as having happened yesterday between a soldier, a footwarmer, a locomotive and other rolling stock on the Great Western line in the parts of Berkshire and Newberry. The soldier and the footwarmer were traveling in the same compartment. There was, of course, nothing stronger than water inside the footwarmer; there may have been inside the soldier. Whether the footwarmer did anything to him—boiled his boots or froze him—does not appear. But what the soldier did to the footwarmer was first to cast it forth into space. The space into which he cast it happened, at that particular moment, to be occupied by the locomotive of another train. Irritated, but illogical, the footwarmer seemed to have struck the locomotive for all it was worth. The locomotive retaliated. Thereupon the footwarmer went back to its own train for the soldier. In its eagerness to get at him it broke the handle off the carriage door, and the wrong carriage door at that. Falling the door, it tried the window, and the nerves of the lady who occupied the compartment. She screamed. The footwarmer recoiled, made a last desperate effort, broke another window and fell exhausted on the six foot way. There it was picked up, weltering in some congealed fluid or other, and battered almost out of recognition. What light the soldier may be able to throw upon this strange drama remains to be seen.

Endurance of the Chinese.

"Remarkable though the statement is in the Sun's Chinese correspondence concerning the endurance of Chinese soldiers, I can quite understand it," said an ex-police surgeon of San Francisco, who is visiting New York. "The correspondent says that, though the men in question were shot through the chest and the head, they walked great distances; and in one case, if I remember right, it was a hundred miles. "During four years of service as police surgeon in San Francisco, I saw some pretty severe cases of wounded Chinamen—yes, and China women, too—and I declare their insensitiveness to pain seemed to be almost absolute. Part of it, I have no doubt, is due to racial, inherent stolidism; but I am also inclined to the opinion that the Chinese do not feel the pain as we do. Now, I remember the case of a woman who was brought down to the city prison ward from Chinatown with her head literally split open in five places by one of the highlanders' hatchet men. From the very first to the last—I think she died—she gave no indication of pain, and did not even refer to her injuries. The Chinese dislike our surgical appliances, our knives and saws, not, however, because of the pain they produce, but because that sort of treatment is foreign to their ideas. Let one of their doctors put a pitch plaster over an injury, no matter if it be a broken leg, a lost nose, or a hole through the lungs, and the man will be perfectly satisfied, and will accept whatever may come without a word of suffering or complaint. They're certainly a queer people."

Some Anecdotes of Napoleon.

In his busiest hours Napoleon Bonaparte was kind to children. At the battle of Austerlitz a little girl asked him for his autograph. "Certainly, my child," said he. Then turning to one of his aides, he cried: "Stop the battle for ten minutes. I wish to write my name for this child." "It will take ten minutes, will it?" asked the child. "Yes, quite," returned Napoleon. "I've a much bigger name than I used to have." At the battle of Waterloo, when the day was over, an aide riding hastily to the emperor's side, cried out, breathlessly: "Sire, the battle is lost." "Good," returned the emperor. "Let it stay lost. I don't want it any more." Listening to a discussion among his officers as to the value of a name, Bonaparte once said: "It has much. Do you suppose that I could ever have become emperor of France if my name had been Skaggs? No, no. The French will stand a great deal, but Emperor Skaggs would have aroused their deepest animosity."—Harper's Bazar.

The Man on the Cask.

In St. Paul an army officer was entertaining a party of friends to dinner, and among them was a civilian who was an entertaining story teller, but very improbable in his statements. On this occasion he told of being off the Cape of Good Hope in an Indianman, when a floating object was discovered, which proved to be a cask whereon a man was seated clinging to a small staff in the bungle. Of course he was invited to come aboard, but he refused, and said: "I'm very comfortable here. I'm bound for the Cape. Can I take letters there for you?" Amid the silence which followed this incredible yarn a gray-haired colonel arose and said gravely: "For years I have been trying to find someone belonging to that ship to return thanks for the kindness shown me on that occasion. At last I am enabled to do so. Sir, I was the man on that cask."

Buckwheat Statistics.

In 1893 12,132,311 bushels of buckwheat were raised, ground into meal and made into cakes, to be duly served with butter.



SIX LITTLE UNKNOWN.

The above picture shows a group of little children who live in New York city. They do not belong to the families of the four hundred as might be inferred from their appearance. They

are simply six little foundlings picked from the streets and are being reared by the self-sacrifice of a circle of Christian women of New York, who make an offering to charity every Lenten season.

by means of a small ferry boat kept by an illiterate but good old Christian. While being rowed slowly over the river, and the weather being very windy, the young man took the opportunity of asking the old man if in that part they were not very ignorant.

"Have you learned how to count the stars or have you ever learned the distance of the planets?"

"No," said the old man. "Then," said the other, "half your life is gone. Did you ever learn etymology?"

"No," was the answer. "Then three parts of your life are gone."

Just then the wind rose very high and the boat was in danger of being capsized.

"Look here, young man," said the ferryman, "did you ever learn how to swim?"

"No," said he. "Then," said the boatman, "I am afraid the whole of your life is gone."

In a moment the little craft upset and they both were in the river. The old man in his youth had learned to swim and made for the young student, and, after a long struggle, landed him safe on dry land. He looked a pitiable sight.

"Come in the house, young man," said the ferryman, "and dry your clothes. I thank God that I learnt how to swim, don't you?"

Pat's Idea.

Archbishop Ryan of Philadelphia, in a recent lecture on "Agnosticism and its Causes," told a witty anecdote illustrating the deplorable idea entertained by some Catholics; that no Protestant could enter heaven. He said that a certain Protestant gentleman had a Catholic coachman named Pat, who thought his master perfection, barring the one (to his way of thinking) unpardonable sin of being a Protestant. One day Pat had been the recipient of more than ordinary kindness from his mas-

Beauregard why the southern army did not occupy the capital at once after the first Bull Run, and he answered very seriously: "Well, I will tell you; the Washington papers received in camp informed us the city was overcrowded!"

Which was as felicitous as Parepa Rosa's response when asked how it was she came to marry Carl Rosa. "Oh, because, because he asked me to." General Joseph E. Johnston gave a different answer from General Beauregard's. "There were two reasons why we did not take Washington," said he, "myself and the Potomac river. I had reached that age I knew an American soldier could not ford a river a mile wide and eighteen feet deep."

Acrostic.

(Descriptive of the Seven Wonders of the World.) Watch tower of Ptolemy. Olympian Jupiter's statue. Nebuchadnezzar's gardens in Babylon.

Diana's temple, at Ephesus. Egyptian Pyramids. Rhodes, its Colossus. Sepulchre of Mausoleus, King of Caria.

Some of Nature's Wonders.

The human body has 240 bones. The musical scale was invented in 1022. Man's heart beats 92,160 times in a day. A salmon has been known to produce 10,000,000 eggs. Some female spiders produce 2,000 eggs. A queen bee produces 100,000 eggs in a season. There are 9,000 cells in a square foot of honeycomb. It requires 2,300 silk worms to produce one pound of silk. It would take 27,600 spiders to produce one pound of web.

Hat Statistics.

A New York hatter who "keeps his finger on the hat pulse of the world," says that the men of the United States spend \$200,000,000 a year for headgear.

MYSTERIES.

They tell us, who gaze at the heavens,
O, wonders that seal the soul;
How systems and suns and planets
Through the infinite lastly roll.

They tell us of stars that are shining
So deep in the depths of space
That a million years must labor
That we may see their face.

And we find in the depths of azure
The miracles wrought by time;
The marvellous tales of ages
Engraved on a scroll sublime.

But we turn from the heavens weary
Of the mystery we seek,
And, lo, in our sight a greater—
The wonderful heart of man.

—New York Journal.

A SUCCESSFUL RUSE

AM sorry," said the widow; "but I do not see how it is to be helped."

Mr. Timothy Unkum—or Uncle Tim, as everybody called him—was uneasy and out of sorts. He did not like the turn affairs had taken. The facts of the case were simply these:

Not many years before Timothy Unkum's only brother had died, leaving a son in his charge. This son was Harry Unkum, a youth of great promise and of glowing anticipations. He had graduated at one of the best colleges, and was coming to look upon, besides being of ready wit and genial. The widow was Mrs. Mary Folger. In the other years she had not only been a warm personal friend of the Unkums, but her estate joined the Unkum estate, and she also owned a large share of the Folgerville Mills, left her by her husband, while the rest of that valuable property had descended to Harry. In prospect of such results of property qualifications, it had been the earnest desire of the Unkum now deceased, that his son should wed with the daughter of his near and dear friend.

And now had come the time when, if ever, the young people ought to marry. Harry was three-and-twenty, and it was high time that he settled himself down to look after the business which had been left to him.

"I am satisfied," pursued Mrs. Folger, "that Harry will never marry my child. The very fact that his father and I have had the noose so long prepared for him inclines him to avoid it. And yet I doubt if he will find a better wife. Lizzie is a good girl."

"She's an angel!" cried Uncle Tim, "and vastly too good for the graceless scamp. But, Mrs. Folger, I do not think he really knows what he is about."

"I should not care so much," said the widow, feelingly, "only that Lizzie has allowed love to second our original motion. She has regarded Harry as the man who was to be her husband, and she has learned to love him."

"And," added Uncle Tim, emphatically, "I am sure that Harry loves her; only he will not bring himself to acknowledge it. I have an idea."

Uncle Tim paced up and down the room several times. At length he returned to the widow.

"Mrs. Folger, if you and Lizzie will come and spend a week at my house, I think I can bring Master Harry to his senses."

The widow was willing; but what did Uncle Tim mean to do?

"Let us go and find Lizzie," said he, "and I will then explain."

"Now Harry," said Uncle Tim, in an abrupt, and rather authoritative manner, "I want one thing distinctly understood. Mrs. Folger and her daughter will arrive this evening, and I would know if you have any claim upon Lizzie Folger's hand or heart?"

Harry looked up with a smile and a shrug. He was a handsome fellow, and it was plain to be seen from his surroundings that he stood very much in need of a regulator.

"My dear uncle," he replied, "I hope you do not approach that subject seriously."

"Not with any serious desire to influence you," said Uncle Tim, with dignity, "I simply wish to know if I am to consider your claim in that quarter at an end—if you prefer any claim to the hand of Lizzie Folger?"

"Fairly and squarely—No, sir!" answered the nephew.

"That is all. We shall now know how to receive and entertain our guests."

Toward evening Mrs. Folger and her daughter arrived. Uncle Tim had not spoken wildly when he declared Lizzie Folger to be an angel. She was a bright-faced, sunny-haired, mild-eyed maiden, full of pure and healthy life, with truth in every look and tone, and grace in every movement. Harry greeted her as an old playmate, and after tea he sang with her, and talked of the bygone school-days. But Lizzie was not over and above social; and when, in the bright moonlight of the August evening, they walked out upon the piazza, she took his uncle's arm instead of his, and he was forced to offer his arm to the mother.

On the following day Uncle Tim caused his span of grays to be hitched to the light buggy, and as the team appeared at the door Lizzie came out arrayed for a ride. Uncle Tim gallantly handed her to her seat, and having placed himself by her side, he took the reins and drove off. Harry beheld the movement with feelings which he did not think to analyze; but it was evident from his look, and from a few mutterings which fell from his lips, that he regarded the whole thing as a gross infringement upon his rights.

It was late in the afternoon when

the grays upon their return, came prancing to the door. Uncle Tim leaped out with wonderful agility, and having handed Lizzie to the piazza, he kissed her upon her dimpled cheek, exclaiming, in a most exuberant manner, as he did so—

"Bless you, my darling! You are an angel!"

And Lizzie looked up and smiled, and patted him upon the cheek in return.

Harry had been standing upon the piazza, and he muttered something very far from a blessing.

That evening Uncle Tim and Lizzie played chess, and Harry sat in the dumps.

During the forenoon of the third day Uncle Tim met his nephew in the hall, and called him into the library.

"Harry, my boy," he said with glowing face, "I have deemed it my duty to let you know that there is soon to be a change in our household. I am going to give it a mistress."

"A mistress?"

"Yes—and one of which any man might be justly proud."

"Don't understand."

"Haven't you got eyes? What d'ye suppose I brought Lizzie Folger here for?"

"And you are going to make her mistress of your house?"

"Exactly."

"Do you mean that—that you are going to make her your wife?"

"And what do you find wonderful in that?"

"At your age?"

"At my age! What d'ye mean by that! At my age! I am only two-and-fifty—in the prime of life. I was never younger in health and vigor. Confound your impudence. A girl of sense looks for a supporter and a protector in a husband."

Harry looked at his uncle—looked him from head to foot—and was forced to admit that he gazed upon a remarkably strong and well-made man.

"I trust," added Uncle Tim, who evidently read his nephew's thoughts, "that the arrangement will meet your approval."

"What is it to me? You can marry a dozen Lizzie Folders, if you like!"

"Ah, my boy, there isn't but one of them."

Harry did not stop to hear the conclusion, but with an ejaculation of painful impatience he turned upon his heel and left the library; and not long afterward he saw his uncle and Lizzie walking together in the garden.

Harry began to open his eyes to the true state of his own heart. The thing which he had regarded as set apart especially for him, and which he might take into possession at any time, he had not been anxious to claim, especially as the movement would bring to him new duties and new responsibilities. But now that he saw the prize in the hands of another—now that the sweet bud seemed about to be plucked away from him forever—he was startled into a new estimate of the value of the boon he had slighted.

Late in the day Uncle Tim was called away upon business which would probably detain him until the next morning. In the evening Harry followed Lizzie into the garden. He had resolved to do a desperate thing, and was prepared to be plain and outspoken. He urged her to sit down, and as he took a seat by her side he found her trembling.

"Don't be alarmed," he said; "and pardon me if I speak plainly. Has my uncle asked you for your hand?"

"He has."

"And have you given him a favorable answer?"

"My answer has not been unfavorable."

"O, Lizzie! I had not thought this of you!"

"Don't you think what?"

"That you could thus slight me."

"Slight you? I do not understand."

"Yes—you do understand—No—don't go away!—Don't leave me!—I have loved you, Lizzie!"

"You?—You love me?"

"Yes. Here, on my knees, I confess it."

"Indeed, Harry, you must not. You say you—"

Harry arose, but still held the maiden's trembling hand, and without suffering her to speak further he continued to press his suit. He declared that he had always loved her, and that he would continue to love her while he lived. And he confessed that he had acted like a fool in neglecting the golden opportunity as he had done. He had never fully realized how much she was to him until the prospect of losing her was opened to him. He was eloquent and impassioned—so much that ere long Lizzie's head was pillowed upon his bosom, and one of her arms twined about his neck.

"Lizzie! Will you be mine—mine for life?"

"Harry—you do not trifle. This comes from your heart?"

"From the very innermost depth of my heart, darling."

"Ah—if I could believe that no sudden pang of envy—"

"Hush, Lizzie! I speak from a heart all, all your own. Will you be mine?"

And she answered—Yes.

"And you will not give your hand to my uncle?"

"He never asked it for himself, Harry."

"What?—Not for himself?"

"No. He asked me for my hand; but it was for you he wanted it."

"But," gasped the lover; "what did he mean by telling me that he was going to make you mistress of his house?"

"He told me," answered Lizzie, "that if I ever brought my wife I should have this old mansion."

"Hullo! What's all this? How

now, you young hie-aways? What does this mean?"

It was Uncle Tim who spoke. Harry caught the situation at a glance.

"Uncle Tim," said he, "I surrender."

"All right," responded the old man. "Come with me into the house, and we will draw up the articles of recapitulation. I shan't be hard on you, my boy."

"Dear Harry," whispered Lizzie, as she clung to his arm on the way to the house, "you will forgive me for help I have rendered your uncle in this."

"If you did it in love for me—yes."

"I did it for a love that has been all your own for a long, long time."

Nothing New.

Last year some enterprising person got up what he thought was a new and clever joke about Congress. He issued a little book, bound in a green paper cover, bearing the title, "What Congress Has Done." Inside were some ten or twenty blank pages, the idea being that Congress had wasted its time and done nothing. Everyone laughed at this, for it did seem like a good joke and a new one, but in looking over an old file of papers some weeks ago a correspondent discovered the following paragraph: "Coining jokes is a very common figure of speech; but we know of only one instance in which a joke was actually coined, struck from a graven die, and issued from a legal mint. The fact is historical, and is as follows: In the year 1679 the Danes advanced with a large force upon Hamburg, but after a siege of considerable duration, seeing but little hope of ultimate success, they finally withdrew and marched back. Thereupon the Hamburgers caused a medal to be struck in commemoration of the event. On one side of this numismatic curiosity was the inscription: 'The King of Denmark came before Hamburg. What he gained by it will be seen on the other side.' On the other side was a total blank." This would seem to be additional proof of the truth of the assertion that there is nothing new under the sun, particularly in the line of jokes.—Harper's Young People.

Scientific Army Rations.

Rations for the German army are already arranged on a strict scientific basis, being varied according to the work which the soldiers are obliged to do at different times. The peace ration is lighter than the war ration, representing less fuel for the bodily machine. During a severe campaign, when fighting is to be done and forced marches are required, the ration rises to a maximum. Investigations in this direction are only beginning. Study is now being made of the digestion that is accomplished in the mouth by the salivary fluids, as distinguished from the stomach digestion. Men, hired to submit themselves to such processes, are fed with various edibles and pumped out at intervals, to find out how far the digestive processes have gone. Most valuable data, on which tables of dietetic figures have been formed, were obtained a few years ago from observation of a man who had a hole in his stomach made by a bullet. He recovered and was able to earn a good living by permitting physicians to inspect the workings of the perforated organ and make notes of the time required to dispose of all sorts of eatables, such as rice, potatoes, bread, lean beef, etc.—Washington Star.

A One-Legged Man's Scheme.

An advertisement in a New York daily stated that "a one-legged man would learn of something to his advantage" by calling at a certain address. A gaudy individual called and met the advertiser, a man who had lost his right leg. He said: "If I can find a man who has lost the other leg and wears the same size shoe that I do, we can swindle up and by buying our shoes together we would save considerable."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Dean McAllister's Ideal Gentleman.

The late Ward McAllister gave this definition of a gentleman: "A gentleman is a person free from arrogance and anything like self-assertion, considerate of the feelings of others, and so satisfied and secure in his own position that he is always unpretentious, feeling that he could not do an ungentlemanly act; as courteous in his manners to his inferiors as to his equals."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Dancing in Japan.

Dancing forms a very important part of the Japanese education of boys as well as girls. The dancing teacher comes to the family every day, and it is to his unremitting drill that the pupil owes so much of her grace and beauty of bearing. It is a mingling of what we should call dancing with lessons in deportment, which American dancing masters sometimes but not always give.

She Was a Coured-rate Soldier.

The Big Sandy (Ky.) News states that Poly Price, a shantyboat tenant, who was fined at Louisa the other day, was a Confederate soldier during the war. She put on man's clothing and joined the army early in the conflict and served until the end. A part of the time she drove a team.

How Silver is Cleaned.

Silver is cleaned at the shops by pressing the piece against a rapidly revolving wheel made of cotton flannel in many rolls. The wheel reaches all irregularities of the surface and the silver is polished without being scratched.—Chicago Times Herald.

ARE RICH YOUNG MEN.

LADS WHO WILL YET POSSESS MILLIONS.

Sons of the Nation's Plutocracy—Something About the Habits of the Younger Whitney, Vanderbilt, Rockefellers and Many Others.

(Special Correspondence.)

WHO WILL BE THE great financial men of the country twenty or thirty years from now? It's a hard question to answer, as fortunes are uncertain things, and the men who handle them are still more uncertain. But it is quite sure that some of the sons of the very rich men of to-day will be the financial kings of the future, and that their moneyed powers will be double what they are to-day. In fact, if the present policy

of certain families—that of leaving the bulk of the money to the eldest son or the one best fitted by business aptitude to manage it—were to be continued from generation to generation, there is no saying what the limit of individual wealth might be. The thousand time millionaires would surely be a reality.

Looking ahead, it becomes a matter of interest to study the young men who will wield this great power which their fathers and grandfathers are fashioning for them. It is too early to say anything on this subject about the Astor wealth. John Jacob in only a young man, not out of the twenties yet, and his son is but a baby of 3. Mr. Astor will unquestionably follow in the footsteps of his ancestors, buying real estate, with corner lots and property just on the edge of a growing city the favorite investment. John Jacob has \$60,000,000, which, under his careful guidance, will probably reach the \$100,000,000 mark before his life's work is done.

His cousin, William Waldorf Astor, has a boy of 10 years, too young to predict about. Mr. Astor is a young man, too, and his \$12,000,000 may extend to \$200,000,000 before his son assumes the management of the great estate.

But there are a number of young men who will in the natural course of affairs inherit vast wealth. Prominent among these is Cornelius Vanderbilt, eldest son of the present head of the famous family. Young Vanderbilt graduates at Yale this year, and immediately after begins his business training in the offices of the New York Central road. Young Vanderbilt is 21 years of age, and is a modest, quiet young man, shy with strangers, but a pleasant companion with intimates. No one would suspect from his manner or mode of living at college that he is destined to be one of the richest men in the world. It is this very fact which has made him popular among his college mates. He is nothing of snob, and carefully avoids anything bordering upon affectation. He is a plain, manly young fellow, with sound ideas and little nonsense. He has never figured in any of the riotous doings of the college boys, and takes active interest in sports, but is always ready with his pocketbook to further any legitimate scheme of the college. His rooms in Duffie hall are not furnished with particular grandeur, and his personal expenses are about the same as those of his room-mate, Francis Burton Harrison, son of Mrs. Burton Harrison, the well-known writer. Harrison is heir to next to nothing, and it would be a difficult matter for a stranger to decide which was the richer of the room-mates. Indeed, young Harrison would probably be chosen, as he is a strikingly handsome young man.

Found a Man Under Her Bed.

A Cleveland woman has at last succeeded in finding that man under the bed for whom all women have been searching for years. But she was not looking for him. She accidentally noticed his feet protruding from his hiding place. She did not scream or faint. She called to her brother to come and "fix the window curtains," and when he came she pointed to the feet. Then her brother went over and placed his foot on the bad man's feet. He also remarked in an audible tone: "If you try to move I will blow your brains out." And the woman went out and telephoned for the police. The police came and dragged that man out and carried him away to a dungeon. That is what they did. Now everybody knows just what is etiquette when a man is found under a bed. The example cannot be improved upon.—Indianapolis Sentinel.

Gold an Old Sport.

People are not apt to consider that golf in England is quite a modern introduction, and it will be news to many that it was popular and that it flourished pretty close to London more than a hundred years ago. Evidence of this may be found in a fine engraving by Valentine Green of a picture after L. F. Abbott, entitled "Golfers on Blackheath" and dated 1790.

Must Surely Be Crazy.

It is feared that the members of the present Australian legislature are on the dizzy verge of insanity. They have voted to reduce their own salaries.

Bronze Images.

Some of the little bronze images of Chinese deities are supposed to have an antiquity of 2,000 years before Christ.

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AN IMPORTANT CASE.

IT COMES UP BEFORE THE UNITED STATES COURT.

A Suit for an Estoppel—The Eureka Chemical Company, of La Crosse, Makes the Trouble.

Papers have been filed in the United States court of the western district of Wisconsin, by Tarrant & Kronshage, attorneys for the Sterling Remedy company, of Chicago and New York, in a suit for estoppel and damages against an imitation of No-to-bac, the tobacco habit cure. The action is brought against a concern called the Eureka Chemical company, of La Crosse, Wis.

The principles involved in these proceedings are of the utmost importance to the proprietary interests of America in general, and form in many respects, a test case, the outcome of which will be carefully watched by the many other important manufacturing concerns similarly imitated. Not only the question of imitation of name, trade-mark, form of preparation and package, enter into the case, but also the proposition whether the actual advertising literature used in establishing the publicity of a preparation can be stolen with impunity, word for word, by an imitator. The decision in this case will settle one of the vital points in United States trade-mark and copyright law.—Madison (Wis.) Democrat.

PLUNKET GREEN AT BAYREUTH.

The Irish Basso Sang There Five Years Ago and Will Go Again, Says Rumor.

In the stir about German opera Plunket Greene's artistic personality will find reinforcement. Mr. Greene's singing of Teutonic ballads and his astonishingly good German have been the cause of comment on two continents, but he studied the German language and German singing methods for several years in Stuttgart. Furthermore, his first fame came to him when he appeared as an unknown at Bayreuth in the role of Gurnemanz in "Parsifal." Mme. Wagner chose in Mr. Greene one of the first foreigners who have been permitted to sing there. Miss Marie Brema of the Damosch company is another and in both are rare critical acumen of the wife of the composer has been fully demonstrated. Mr. Greene is averse to heralding himself and his past successes and for this reason his experience at Bayreuth is something new. It was in 1890 that he went there and in a long review of the production of "Parsifal" the correspondent of the Cologne Gazette had this to say of Mr. Greene:

"The newcomer, Mr. Plunket Greene, showed qualities which proved that, though Irish by extraction, he is one of the stars which will henceforth shine on the artistic horizon of Wagner representation. Mr. Plunket Greene is now, with Van Dyck and Blauwert, the third foreigner who has been called by Mme. Wagner to assist in the Dyck and Bayreuth festival. His voice sounds noble, smooth and full; he has been most excellently trained, and he pronounces with a carelessness which, strange to say, few born German singers ever seem to attain."

And now the rumor comes from New York that Mr. Greene is to go to Bayreuth once more. Next year Cosima Wagner expects to give Wagner's tetralogy, which is composed of "Das Rheingold," "Die Walkure," "Siegfried" and "Die Gotterdammerung." She has already engaged Jean and Edouard de Reszka, the latter to sing Wotan. Mr. Greene will be in the most distinguished company.

In view of the great number of musical attractions that have been booked for this end of the season prices for the Greene concert, which will be at the Auditorium, Thursday evening, May 9, will be at lower figures than usual.

The sale of reserved seats for the recital will be open at Legg Bros., 1008 Walnut street, Thursday morning. Already the lower tier boxes have been disposed of and several musical organizations are counting on attending in a body.

What Rumor Says of Mrs. Sartoris.

Gen. Byrd Douglass, whose engagement with Mrs. Nellie Grant Sartoris has been so persistently reported, seems to have disappeared from the coterie about her and for some time all society has been watching with genuine good will the attentions of Frank Jones, the Assistant Postmaster-General, who is not only rich and a prime favorite in cabinet circles, but in general society. The latest reports are that the couple are engaged. Mrs. Sartoris said within a few weeks that while she knew there were plenty of men who would make a good father to her children, she did not intend to marry, because—and the reason given by her intimate friends is that if she does marry she forfeits her right to the English property. She has also said at the same time that she does not intend at present to settle down in any country, but wants to be free to travel. However, Washington feels quite sure of keeping her another winter at least, and considering the year in which she has been courted and feted by everybody the United States ought to keep her awhile longer. It is understood that she has already been negotiating for a house for next winter.

The Paris Pit.

M. Paschal Grousset's proposition to make a feature of the 1900 exhibition a pit 1,500 meters deep and from that point to make borings to the depth of another 1,500 meters, with a view to ascertaining if the center of the earth contains a large supply of heat stored up, is still much talked of in Paris scientific circles. Prof. Munier-Chalmas, director of the laboratory of Geological research at the Sorbonne, and M. Marcel Bertrand, lecturer at the Ecole des Mines, who are among the most eminent geologists in France, are distinctly favorable to the scheme.



HARRY PAYNE WHITNEY.

of certain families—that of leaving the bulk of the money to the eldest son or the one best fitted by business aptitude to manage it—were to be continued from generation to generation, there is no saying what the limit of individual wealth might be. The thousand time millionaires would surely be a reality.

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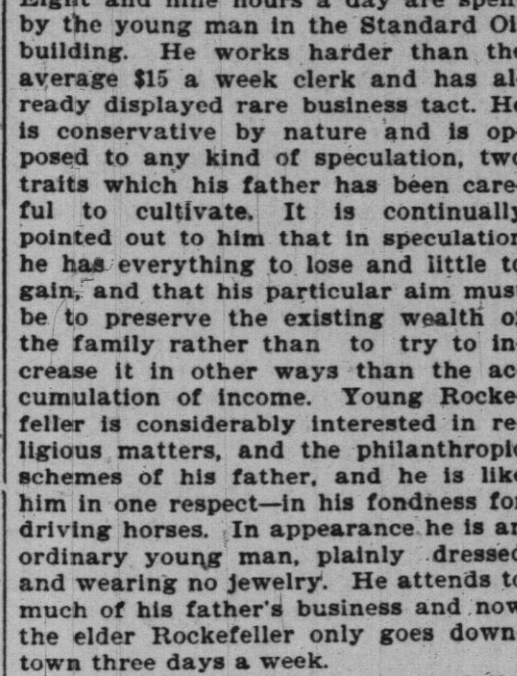
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J. ROCKEFELLER, JR.

with a fondness for fine clothing and an ambition to shine at the head of his class. When young Vanderbilt leaves college he will go for a six months' trip abroad, and will then take up the serious business of life. His father has always regarded his enormous wealth in the light of a sacred responsibility, and it will be his endeavor to teach the young man the same feeling for it. The son will have to go through the same course of railroad education as his father, beginning at a humble clerical position and working himself up as rapidly as he displays his capacity for increased responsibilities.

Another young man who will inherit great wealth is Harry Payne Whitney, son of William C. Whitney, ex-secretary of the navy. Young Whitney graduated at Yale last year, and seems to be out for a busy life similar to that of his father. He is a fond lover of outdoor sports, and has already made an envi-



C. VANDERBILT, JR.

has been a figure in the world of finance. Frank promises to be more of a society man than a great railroad manager. He likes fine clothes and the pleasure of spending money. Like all the Goulds, he is sharp and clever, and with a natural leaning toward money-making. Elliot F. Shepard, son of the late Elliot E. Shepard, will come in for \$20,000,000 or more

THE FEAST OF THE DOLLS.

A PICTURESQUE SPRING CUSTOM IN JAPAN.

Then Young Men and Sweet Maidens May Mingle—At All Other Times They Are Kept Apart.

SPRING is the most delightful season of the year in Japan. It is a perfect paradise, this sun-rising country.

It is at the beginning of this season that one of the prettiest and oldest customs of the Japanese people is observed. It is the great holiday for the girls, called the "Feast of Dolls," or the "Feast of the Peaches," because it occurs at the time when the peach trees are in bloom. Although held particularly for the young girls, the pleasures of the day are shared by their friends of the sterner sex.

The "Momo-no-Sekku" occurs on the 3d of March—or really begins on the 1st and reaches the climax on the 3d. This time is looked forward to with great expectation and preparation.

The origin of this custom dates back nearly twenty centuries and some of the details are rather obscure. For instance, it is not known why it occurs on the 3d of March or why it is observed exclusively by unmarried girls. About twenty centuries ago Japan was governed by an Emperor and his wife. This Emperor was called Nin-toku Tenno, and he was a great and good sovereign. In memory of their beloved rulers, the people made dolls to show their respect and affection for the dead, and dedicated them to their memory. This is the generally accepted origin of the "Momo-no-Sekku," or the "Feast of the Dolls." However, with the lapse of time this idea was done away with and the day is now dedicated to the "Goddess of Love."

Until thirty years ago, during the feudal time, it was one of the National holidays, but is not now one. From the end of February to the 3d of March, every family having an unmarried daughter or daughters, is extremely busy making preparations for this holiday. In the first place, a room is set aside in which the dolls are to be arranged. This is decorated with peach blossoms in a very pretty manner. Against the walls of the room are arranged a series of shelves, covered with bright red and embroidered cloth. On the first tier one or two pairs of Hina (dolls) are placed splendidly dressed in gold brocade of ancient style and which represent the Emperor and Empress. On the second tier are two royal guards and three court ladies; one of these is standing, while the other two are sitting. The one standing holds in her hand a small table on which is a ceremonial wine cup. Sitting on the next tier are five dolls dressed as boy musicians in fine court costume, one singing, one playing the flute, one the drum and the other two the large and small tanzumi (a kind of drum). After these on the next and remaining tiers may be seen many dolls, sometimes over 100, all dressed very finely, representing some historical or mythical character relating to women.

Beside the dolls, there will be various kinds of doll's ornaments, furniture and decorations, such as table-sets, bureau boxes and many kitchen utensils, of small size, corresponding to the height of the dolls. These ornaments are all made of finest lacquer and are very expensive, sometimes costing all the way from \$10,000 to \$20,000. Of course, only the wealthier families can afford so much.

The dolls are from two inches to a foot and a half in height, and are also quite expensive. People pay as high as \$50 to \$100 for a pair of them. These dolls are made by professionals and are of very fine workmanship. Their sale begins sometimes in February, and the market where they are sold presents a very busy appearance.

When everything is in readiness, the young ladies send out invitations to their relatives and gentlemen friends to come and visit their dolls. This is the only opportunity during the year for young people of both sexes to mingle in a friendly way, and they are not slow in taking advantage of it. The gentlemen send presents to the young ladies on receipt of the invitations, consisting of dolls, ornaments or a kind of cake used as an ornament. All these presents must have peach flowers in them. On the feast day the next room to the one in which the dolls are arranged as a banquet room. This is artistically decorated with peach and cherry blossoms and other flowers of the season. In it is all the furniture belonging to the young ladies, and also the gifts sent by the young men.

On the arrival of the guests they are welcomed by the young ladies, who are dressed in their gayest attire of the color of peach blossoms, and who wear peach blossoms in their hair. After the salutations are over the guests are led to the room where the dolls are arranged, and are shown the dolls by the young ladies. This part of the programme over, they are escorted to the room where the banquet is to be held. The guests then sit down at small individual tables, and the feast begins. There is no regular menu, but rice cake, cut in the shape of a diamond, sweets and other dainties are offered to the guests. Usually there is a kind of liquor called "Shiro-Sake" (a sweet liquor made out of rice and resembling milk). All the cakes and other things are painted with figures representing peach blossoms. After the banquet, which does not last very long, the company is entertained by musicians and dancers. This banquet sometimes takes place at noon, but more often in the evening.

This is the only day of the year set aside for the mutual amusement of young people, for there is always a

kind of restraint between the two sexes. However, on this day the usual customs are thrown aside, and the sexes mingle together unrestrained by stern parents. —Detroit Free Press.

SELECT SIFTINGS.

Brussels, Belgium, will become a seaport.

Americans pay \$10,000,000 a year for peanuts.

Buckram was at first any sort of cloth stiffened with gum.

The standard Chinese work on coinage is in twenty volumes.

Roman gentlemen wore a gold or ivory crescent in their shoes.

London manufactures \$2,500,000 worth of umbrellas each year.

The glove is first mentioned as a common article of dress in 1016.

The number of hairs on the adult's head usually ranges from 128,000 to 150,000.

France has 204,000 square miles, a little smaller than Colorado and Idaho combined.

Italy's population is very dense, there being 270,000 people to every square mile of territory.

While Groceryman Forman was cleaning a large-sized salmon at Lexington, Ky., he found in its stomach a big, old-fashioned revolver.

The cat was domesticated in Europe shortly after the Christian era, and the first specimens brought into England were very highly valued.

A gigantic and singularly perfect black pearl is to be exhibited in London. It was discovered in Tasmania and is three-quarters of an inch long.

There are forty-eight different materials used in constructing a piano, from no fewer than sixteen different countries, employing forty-five different hands.

A fellow has just been sentenced to one month's hard labor in England for begging in a cap, belonging to the navy, and "bringing Her Majesty's navy into contempt."

A cheap cab crusade is creating quite a stir in New York City. Twenty-five cents a mile is to be the ruling rate, and the cabbies are coming down to it in great numbers.

Whitelaw Reid, of the New York Tribune, who after a lengthy visit to the United Presbyterian Mission in Egypt, left a check for \$500 as his contribution to their work.

Though our language contains, according to Max Muller, 60,000 distinct words, the chaste and modest Milton used but 8000 of them in his works, and even Shakespeare did not draw upon over 12,000.

A Berlin couple recently celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of their engagement by marrying. The bride had been waiting all that time for the death of a rich aunt, who threatened to cut her off without anything if she married her lover.

Ralph Waldo Emerson, like many a student-to-day, worked his way through Harvard by waiting on tables at the boarding halls and tutoring younger pupils. He graduated at eighteen, with a greater reputation for cleverness than for diligence.

Fur of the Weasel Family.

The fur of the weasel family is in great demand by the dealers because of its beauty and adaptability in many classes of wearing apparel. What is known as ermine is produced by a little animal called the stoat in England. In winter he changes his reddish brown skin to a white one. Savage and bloodthirsty is this little creature, preying upon everything that he can overpower. His chief food consists of partridges and rabbits, but many other small animals are disposed of in the same way. The pine marten, a member of the weasel tribe, has a brown skin and yellow throat. Stone martens have a bluish brown coat with white throat. They are larger than the stoat and more destructive. The other is the king of weasels. He can whip anything of his weight in the world. He is hunted with hounds in England, and can give six or seven dogs all they can do to kill him. Like the mink, he is very fond of fish and water fowl.

All of the weasel family are very fierce and strong for their size. The skunk, with his black and white coat; the badger, with his beautiful silver gray fur and black dashes, and the sable are all of the same species and valuable fur-bearing animals. —Chicago Times-Herald.

A Petrified Rattlesnake.

Mr. W. R. Simmons, of Gainesville, Ga., has a decided curiosity in the form of what he has pronounced to be a part of a petrified rattlesnake. It is a section of gray rock, about six inches in length, four in width and two thick, and is covered with small excrescences which resemble scales. Mr. Simmons has had this specimen in his possession for over twenty-five years, and secured it in Dade County. He has had opportunities to dispose of this curiosity on several occasions, and it will probably be found some day in a museum. —Atlanta Constitution.

His Idea of Perpetual Motion.

A young man of the name of Martin Keeler, of Fulton County, Indiana, says that he has invented a perpetual motion machine with power enough to drive a sewing machine and which will never wear out. Keeler has had castings made under his personal supervision and has put the invention together so that, according to witnesses, it is propelled by mysterious forces and runs steadily. Keeler declines to share his secret with any one. He says that he is preparing to develop his wonderful device on a large scale. —New York Sun.

SUFFERS FOR CRIME.

UNIQUE PUNISHMENT FOR A WIFE DESERTER.

THIS IS POETIC JUSTICE WITH A VENGEANCE.

Forced to Live in the Same House with the Women He Had Deceived—Not Allowed to Speak to Either.

THE recent murder of old man Strevel by his son and the story of the separation of the husband and wife fifteen years ago and their strange and romantic meeting several months since in Fort Scott, Kas., Bourbon county, has given a great deal of prominence throughout the country. Many strange incidents have happened in the past twenty years. For a decade Fort Scott was the outpost of southwestern civilization, and there it was that the daring and roving characters made headquarters. There is an old man now past the age of 70 living on his fine farm in Bourbon county who figures in one of the most wildly picturesque episodes that ever transpired in the west. The part he played in the romance, that of marrying two women and deserting both of them, is not so strange as the sequel which followed. Twenty-four years ago Dr. Elder located on a farm fifteen miles from Fort Scott. He came from the east, and his wife, who was an industrious, economical woman, aided him materially in saving enough money to buy several hundred acres of land and improving it with a good farm house and stock barns. Dr. Elder was a physician, and for many years enjoyed a lucrative practice in the northern part of the county. While he was engaged in his profession Mrs. Elder superintended the farm and directed the two men who were employed

to plant, cultivate and harvest the crops. Three children were born to Mr. and Mrs. Elder, two sons and a daughter, all of whom are now married and living in the vicinity. During these years the affection between parents and children was marked, and the happy union of Dr. and Mrs. Elder was the comment of the neighborhood. Finally Dr. Elder disappeared. He went to Fort Scott, boarded a train for the north, and that was the last seen of him. This occurred about twelve years ago. The heart-broken wife and sons telegraphed to friends in various parts of the country, but no tidings came of the missing man. They thought he must have been waylaid and murdered for his money. At last they gave up hope and Mrs. Elder and her children continued to run the farm as before, making money from the sale of crops and stock. Three years and a half after his disappearance Dr. Elder returned. He arrived at the old homestead in the night, and was greeted with loving embraces from his wife and children. He explained to them that he had been traveling on the mountains and on the Pacific slope, where he had hoped to make a fortune in mining investments and return and surprise his good wife and children. Sickness and misfortune had overtaken him, he said, and he was compelled to return to the old home. He said he should have communicated with his family, perhaps, but that he knew they would manage the farm as before and do well. This explanation was accepted by Mrs. Elder in good faith, although she admitted that the story was a trifle gauzy. However, no questions were asked, and Dr. Elder resumed his old place in the af-



MRS. ELDER NO. 1.

wives. Just as the sun was sinking behind the hills that fringe the Marmaton river the doctor drove up to the barn. "That's my husband," shouted Mrs. Elder No. 2, "but, the wretched creature!" One of the hired men was sent out to the barn to take care of his horse and to inform him that he was wanted in the parlor. When he stepped into the room there he met face to face the two women he had betrayed. He could not speak. He was overcome with the enormity of the crime which he had committed, and fell upon his knees and begged these wronged women and God to forgive him. But there was no forgiveness. All feeling of love and sympathy had turned to hate, and from that moment the two wives were determined to make the punishment equal to the disgrace and chagrin he had brought upon them. They quickly decided upon a method, and as soon as the doctor had rallied from his shock he was given the ultimatum. They told him that if he attempted to leave the country they would follow him to the remotest bounds of the earth to put him behind prison bars. Should he desire to spend his days in the old farm, he could do so, but he should never speak to either of them again; and further, that he was to occupy a certain room in the house as his own, and that he should never again set foot in any other room in the building.

To this day these injunctions have been respected by Dr. Elder. For eight years he has lived by himself. He is too old and feeble to practice medicine and spends his time in his room brooding over the past. His two wives live there also and neither have spoken to him since the day his crime was made public. When necessary they communicate with him by means of a slate or pencil or paper. His room adjoins the dining-room, and in the partition a hole has been cut, through which his food is handed him. Neither the doctor nor his wives will discuss their troubles. They each prefer to live a quiet and secluded life. They rarely leave the farm and never visit their neighbors.

Two Sisters Go Insane. Mary Ann McArdie, 40 years old, and her sister, Harriet, 27, were taken to the insane pavilion at Bellevue hospital, New York, the other morning. The daughters are the offspring of insane parents. Their father, a carpenter, 80 years old, has been in the lunatic asylum, and is at present living at the home of his two daughters. Their mother is an imbecile, and has been confined to her bed for the last ten years. Another sister died in an insane asylum. Mary Ann, while lying in bed, saw Harriet take a bottle of carbolic acid, which she made an effort to drink. The sick woman leaped from the bed and struggled with her sister, and finally managed to take the poison away from her. Already weak and nervous, this shock unbalanced Mary Ann's mind.

Carved Her to Death. John Winfield and Sarah Taylor, colored, of Natchez, engaged in an altercation at Natchez, Miss., which resulted in Winfield drawing a knife and slashing the woman across the forehead, and stabbing her in the side, cutting her left hand almost off and cutting a circular chunk of flesh of two inches across out of her right thigh. Winfield made his escape. Jealousy is the cause.



DR. ELDER.

"It is," replied the lady of the house. "What can I do for you?"

"I have come to say to you that I am also Mrs. Elder, and that your husband is my husband."

The two women gave each other a piercing look, and not a word was uttered for several minutes. Finally Mrs. Elder No. 1 invited Mrs. Elder No. 2 to state her case. She commenced her story by telling how she first met Dr. Elder three years and a half before in a little mining town in southern Colorado. The doctor was there prospecting. She was a widow and boarded at the same hotel. Dr. Elder became acquainted with her and that acquaintance ripened into a warm attachment for each other. One day the doctor asked her to be his wife. She accepted and they were married. Soon they moved to a ranch several miles distant, where they lived until Dr. Elder deserted her. He was kind and generous and a good husband. All she knew about his former life was the statement he once made of having lived in Bourbon county, Kan., before going to Colorado. He disappeared from the ranch as mysteriously as he did from his farm in Bourbon county. To the Colorado woman he protested that he was a bachelor seeking a fortune in the west. Mrs. Elder No. 2 said that the doctor left her almost penniless and that three weeks later his disappearance she sold all her earthly possessions in Colorado and came to Fort Scott to see if she could get trace of him. She was told that such a man lived fifteen miles distant who had been absent over three years and who had just returned to his family. When Mrs. Elder No. 1 had heard this story she could no longer doubt its authenticity, and to Mrs. Elder No. 2 she said: "Dr. Elder has wronged you no more than he has wronged me. He has grievously wronged both of us and has committed an offense which ought to put him behind prison bars during the remainder of his life." Wife No. 1 assured wife No. 2 that there was plenty of room there for both of them, and told her she could remain there and enjoy the fruits of Elder's labor in former years. After a long conversation the women agreed to remain friends and to stand by each other in making life a burden to the man who betrayed them. The return of Dr. Elder that afternoon was anxiously awaited by his two

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MRS. ELDER NO. 2.

HEART DISEASE, like many other ailments when they have taken hold of the system, never gets better of its own accord, but constantly grows worse. There are thousands who know they have a defective heart, but will not admit the fact. They don't want their friends to worry, and don't know what to take for it, as they have been told time and again that heart disease was incurable. Such was the case of Mr. Silas Farley of Dyesville, Ohio who writes June 19, 1894, as follows:

"I had heart disease for 23 years, my heart hurting me almost continually. The first 15 years I doctored all the time, trying several physicians and remedies, until my last doctor told me it was only a question of time as I could not be cured. I gradually grew worse, very weak, and completely discouraged, until I lived, propped half up in bed, because I couldn't lie down nor sit up. Thinking my time had come I told my family what I wanted done when I was gone. But on the first day of March on the recommendation of Mrs. Fannie Jones, of Anderson, Ind., I commenced taking Dr. Miles' New Cure for the Heart and wonderful to tell, in ten days I was working at light work and on March 19 commenced framing a barn, which is heavy work, and I haven't lost a day since. I am 66 years old, 6 ft. 4 1/2 inches and weigh 250 lbs. I believe I am fully cured, and I am now only anxious that everyone shall know of your wonderful remedies."

Dyesville, Ohio. SILAS FARLEY.

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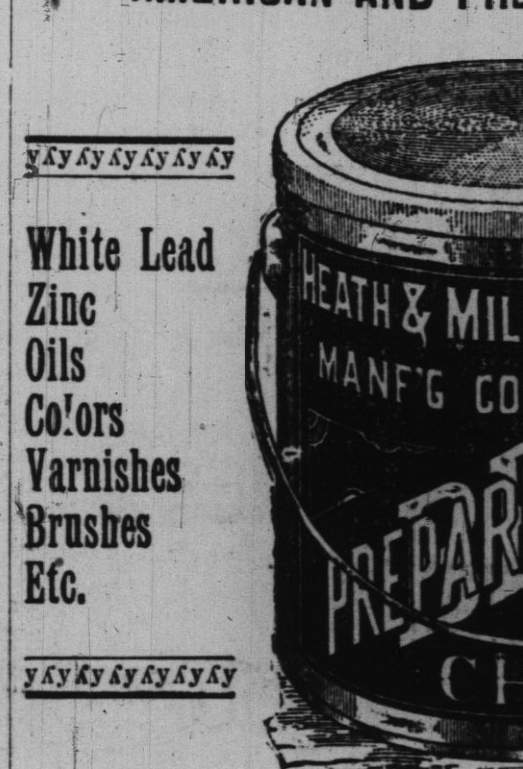


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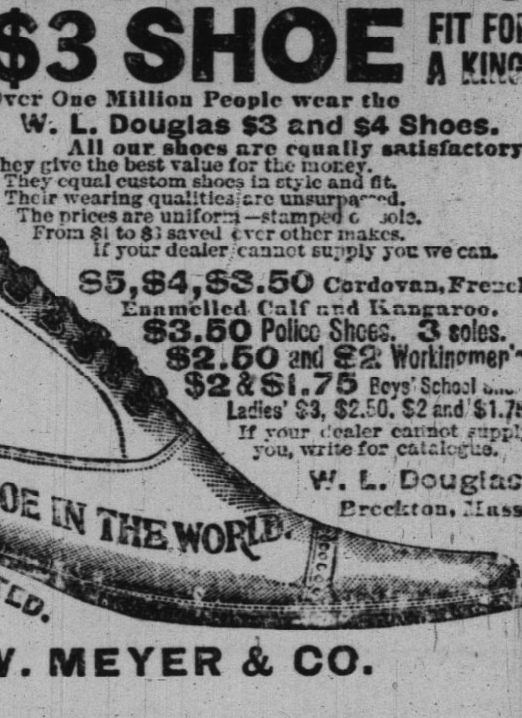
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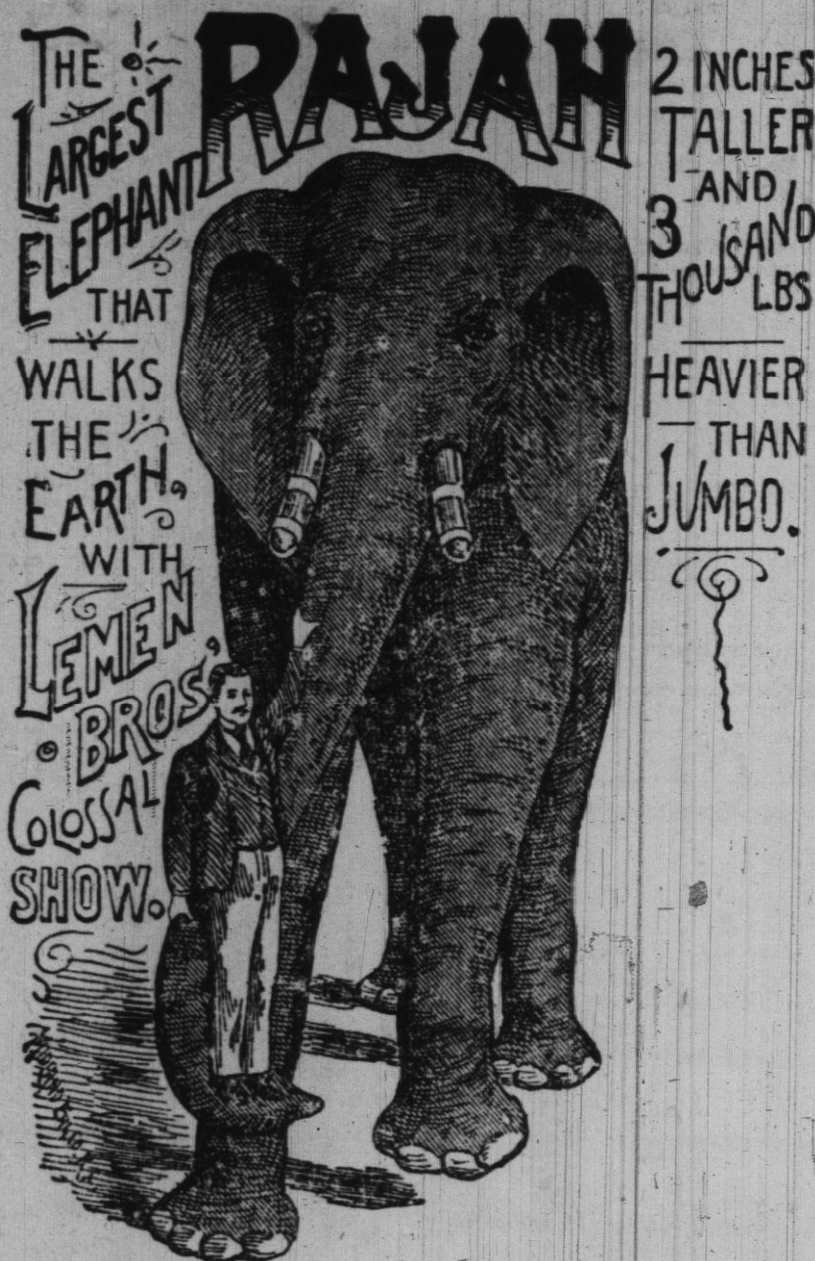
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My motherland! My own! Her tender cry—
Her cry to loyal children—thrills and stays—
Thrills in my heart of hearts, and God shall gaze
On me with horror when my lips deny.
In peace, in war, her sacred faith is mine,
For I was fashioned gently at her breast;
And she, who leads the Nations—she, divine
And glorious in unquenchable unrest,
Stands fearless while all Europe lies sup-
pine—
Stands firm and mighty in our radiant West.
—G. E. Montgomery, in New York Herald.

COLIN'S NIGHT OF TRIAL.

COLIN STONE sat on the front porch with his chair tipped back against the railing. He was smoking and watching, in a happy, contemplative way, the wreaths that curled up from the bowl of his long stemmed pipe.

Lucy, his wife, came to the door and stood there, with a hand on each side of the framework, shifting idly from one foot to the other. Her slim figure lent itself pliantly to attitudes of careless ease that would have looked slouching and awkward in most people. She had a little, flower-like face, with small, irregular features; clear blue eyes, and hair of light red gold, lying upon her head in loose, short curls. The color in her lips was deep and rich, and there was a fresh tinge of red in her cheeks, with here and there a freckle.

"Colin," she said, "you ought to have seen Jacky chasing the little turkeys; he tried so hard to catch them, and he tripped and fell down, and he didn't cry a bit."

"Oh, he's a wonderful boy," said Colin, removing his pipe to laugh. A little curly head was thrust between the mother's skirts and the door frame and Jacky sent up a lament about the turkeys that had eluded him.

"No, no—you can't have them," said Lucy; "but come with mamma, and we'll put the turkeys to bed." Colin's eyes followed the slender figure of his wife with the two-year-old boy trotting beside her, clutching her finger, the little feet stamping earnestly along the garden path.

Then he looked abroad. Spring was everywhere. It was a day of hope. A thrill of joy and pain passed through the man's heart. It was all so beautiful—so beautiful. The voices of his wife and child, prattling together in the sweet language of boyhood, came to him where he sat. Sometimes he caught a glimpse of Lucy's bright hair between the screen of leaves. He thought of the dark days when his life had been so intolerable that he had come near to ending it with his own hand.

The thought made his heart tremble. He felt that he must thank God for his deliverance.

"Colin," said Lucy, "are you going for the mail this evening?"

"Why, yes; I had almost forgotten it."

"Well, don't forget to take my letter to Cousin Sabina. It is on the mantelpiece behind the blue vase." It did not take Colin long to kiss Lucy and Jacky and get out on the road. It stretched before him, seeming endless, with a flat monotony that would have been maddening to an adventurous spirit; but to Colin it seemed the embodiment of placidity and sweet content.

Through the dusty cloud made by the broad-tired wheels he saw the figure of a woman approaching; from the direction of the village; and it was not long before they met. She walked heavily, and her dress, once handsome, was shabby and powdered with dust. She paused, as if glad of an excuse to halt.

"Can you tell me how far I am from Colin Stone's house?" she asked in a hoarse, broken voice.

They looked at each other as they spoke, and he saw a face that had once been beautiful, but was now worn and scored with a hundred vicious lines, the complexion coarse and muddled. In a moment she said: "Oh, it's you."

His dry lips refused to answer her. This was the wife he had believed dead for twelve years; the woman who had ruined his home and happiness, and, growing tired of him, had left him. When she had crept back again ill and broken, he had given her shelter; loveless, but merciful. But nothing could reclaim her. It had not been long before she wearied anew of her tame, respectable life, and left him again; and this time she did not return. After a year or two of silence he had received a letter from the West, telling him of her death. And now she had come back to blast his life.

At sight of the pallor upon his face she broke into a discordant laugh.

"How scared you look," she cried. "Why have you come back, Annette?" she asked.

"Do you think I don't know all about you—that you have another wife and child? Oh! there ain't much you can tell me about yourself that I don't know already. Why have I come back?" she pursued, mockingly—"why, because I'm tired of a roving life. I want to settle down in peace and quietness under my own roof-tree, in the afternoon of my days, as the books say."

"Annette," said Colin, trying to

clear the husky sound from his voice, "what good will it do you to upset my whole life? If you will go quietly away I will send you money every month, so that you can live comfortably."

"No," she retorted, impatiently, "I want the moral support of a husband. I want some one to work for me. What's the use of handying words?"

"But why did you make me believe you dead?"

"Oh, it struck me it would be a good plan. I was afraid you might find out where I was—you were such an elevated character in those days—and try to reclaim me."

She made a few steps forward; but he put himself in front of her.

"Where are you going?" he asked. "I'm going to have a look at your house, and your new wife."

Woman," said Colin, "did I ever lay the weight of my hand upon you in all the years you made my home a hell? But now I tell you that if you take another step I'll strike you dead."

She looked at the white face out of which the eyes burned black, and the tense hand clutching the knotty stick, and shrank back, daunted, but half admiring.

"I tell you I'm tired of being cuffed about the world," she replied, querulously. "I want to settle down. I don't mean that I want to stay here. If you will come away with me I'll go quietly. If not—Silence followed her unspoken threat."

Colin stood with his eyes fixed upon the ground. There arose in his mind a picture of his own youth, full of brightness and promise; how he had risen rapidly in his profession and how this woman had disgraced him, so that he had longed to hide himself from the world. When he looked at her he cursed for forbearance that had given her shelter.

Then, believing her dead, he left his Northern home and came to the South, where no one knew his history. To break with the past entirely he had become a tiller of the soil, and his crops had flourished and rewarded his industry.

Years passed and he struck his roots deep down in the quiet country he had chosen for his own. Then he met Lucy, with her flower face and shining hair, and love, which had seemed a thing impossible to him, blossomed again sweetly in his heart.

These few years! How simple and happy they had been. They were ended now. If he must leave her—as it seemed he must—he would make it appear that he had been drowned. She would go back to live with her father and mother, who loved her as parents love an only child. She would wear a black dress—he seemed to see her little face, pinched and sorrowful above her sombre garments—and the boy would be taught to love his dead father. They would point to the sky and tell him that "Papa was up in heaven." It was best.

At length he spoke: "I suppose I must go with you."

"But when?" Annette demanded, with a flash of triumph in her eyes.

"To-night. The sooner the better, since it must be."

"But I don't understand. Where shall I meet you?"

"I have thought of that. There are three large oak trees on the river bank, about half a mile on the other side of the town. Be there at 10 o'clock, and I can take you in my skiff to the opposite bank. Then I can hail an up-river boat. Stay anywhere you like until then and don't dare to mention my name."

As Colin turned his face towards the home that was soon to be his no more, the afternoon was growing late. The sunset was spreading wonderful, wild wings of light that soared and floated over the dead, unchanging flats; beyond. Golden ripples streamed over the grass and water, and the geese gabbled noisily as they filed home from the clear pools.

Lucy heard the click of the gate, and ran out to meet him; according to her usual custom, with Jacky toddling after her.

"For the last time," said Colin to himself.

"Did you remember to mail my letter, dear?" asked Lucy.

"Letter? What letter? Oh, yes!"

"Colin," she pursued, hanging on his arm; "did you know the English daisies are blooming? Come, and I'll show you a clump of them. Here, beside the rose bush—aren't they pretty? Jacky's sharp eyes spied them—mamma's smart little man!"

As she stood there prattling to Colin of the roses they must "set out" in the autumn, Jacky tugged at his father's coat, and pleaded, "Take up! Take up!" So he had to be hoisted upon the broad shoulder, where he sat delighted, clutching his father's curly hair.

"Well, come in to supper," said Lucy.

An unseen spectator had been watching them behind the thick screen of the Cherokee hedge.

"Silly little chit," she sneered, thinking when she saw Lucy of her own superb beauty, that had made her seem a woman to be worshipped.

Then her glance fell upon the child with his little silky, yellow head, and wondering blue eyes, and the sturdy legs tramping so bravely after his mother. She thought of her own child, whose little feet had never learned to walk, and of her wild grief, as un-reasoning and short-lived as that of an animal at its death. Something like a sob swelled in her throat.

"If he had lived! Oh, my baby! I would have been a good woman," she murmured.

This agony of mind was strong upon her as she turned away with an unsteady step.

Like one in a dream Colin watched his busy little housewife bustling about the room, tying on Jacky's apron and settling him in his high chair.

His gaze moved slowly over everything in the room—his favorite chair, the white curtains stirring softly in the wind the setter puppy hopefully thumping his feathery tail on the floor, the fireplace with cedar boughs, and the high mantelpiece, with the vase upon it, and the clock, whose busy ticking seemed to him like a voice that was hastening on to the end of a story oft told and wearisome.

This was a picture he must fix in his mind, that he might have it before him in the years that were to come.

"I know what you are looking at, Colin," remarked Lucy, her eyes following the direction of his, "you are wondering what has become of the old peacock-feather fan. Jacky got hold of it, somehow, and gave it to the puppy, and between them they tore it to pieces."

"I gave it to puppy," echoed Jacky, beating triumphantly on the table with his spoon until his mother imprisoned the chubby hand.

Colin essayed a smile with his dry lips.

As he pushed back his chair and rose from the table, he said: "I forgot to tell you, Lucy, that I have to go across the river to-night to see Toland on business, and I shan't be able to get back until to-morrow."

"Oh, Colin," cried Lucy, mournfully, "I hate so to have you stay out all night. I'm always afraid that something will happen to you—that I will never see you again."

"Well, I needn't go until—until 10 o'clock."

Jacky, who was always unpleasantly wide awake in the evening, was allowed to sit up in honor of his father's expected departure. Lucy sat beside her husband with her hands clasped around his arm, talking in her simple way, but he scarcely heard her. His heart was full of the many things he wished to say to her before they parted forever, yet he dared not speak any last words. His flesh quivered whenever the clock struck.

Presently he sprang to his feet, not daring to stay any longer.

"I must go, Lucy," he said.

"You'll come home early in the morning, won't you, Colin, dear?" she asked.

"Yes, I'll come home early."

"And I must bring you a thicker coat to wear," added the thoughtful wife, "because it may turn chilly."

He took her in his arms and pressed her close against his heart. He looked at the bright hair lying upon his breast for the last time. Then he kissed the child, who glanced up carelessly and then went back to his playthings, as his father passed out at the door.

But when Colin was half way down the garden path, he suddenly returned.

"Have you forgotten anything, dear?" Lucy asked.

"My—my stick," he stammered.

"May be it's in the corner—why, you silly fellow, you have it under your arm," she laughed, her pretty face sparkling with smiles at his stupidity.

Colin stood in the middle of the room looking haggardly about him. He gave a second embrace to his wife, and without looking at Jacky he plunged out into the night.

Lucy held up Jacky at the door, that he might see how the leaping ray of the lantern sprang forward into the darkness.

"Dere's—my—papa," Colin heard the little voice cry out, and he knew that the chubby little forefinger was pointing after him.

"Papa's gone! Papa's gone!" said Lucy, in the singsong tone supposed to be soothing to the infant mind; and Colin heard the door shut. It had closed forever between him and them.

He stopped short in the middle of the road.

"Oh, God! I can't leave them," he said with a sob.

Still, he knew he must go on. He rowed in his skiff to the appointed spot; but when he reached it the woman was not there.

He strained his ear to catch the echo of an approaching footfall; but the murmurs of the night seemed to fall around him like a veil of sound.

Her delay was both a relief and a terror to him.

Must it be? Must it be? His mind stumbled again and again over the same dark thought. There were other ways—one other way. A man's strength against a woman's—and in this lonely spot.

His clothes were dark with moisture, and his limbs trembled beneath him. Still she did not come.

Hour after hour passed, and he knew that day was at hand. It was more a feeling than an appearance. First the whippoorwill forebore to cry. There was a hush in the air, a peculiar damp, cold smell; every spear of grass stood motionless, untrembling under its weight of dew.

The chill wind of dawn began to rise, bearing a fresh scent of earth and flowers. He heard an uneasy cow bell here and there and knew the cows were getting on their feet. A calf bleated; a hundred cocks began to call each other from the neighboring farm houses. Colin looked at the sky. A moment before it had been trembling with stars; suddenly, as if a pall had been drawn across it, every star had vanished. Then came the first bird voice—a high shrill cry of two syllables, far overhead, that seemed to fall from the upper air.

After a few waking notes, harsh and querulous, the mocking-bird started off into a clear, whistling cadence. Then all the birds began to sing at once; and above them all could be heard the thrush saying over and over again sweetly what he had said before the close of day.

There was a growing brightness in the east.

Colin looked about him with eyes that started and felt filmy. A sudden sense of weakness and emptiness had

come over him. He felt that he must go home; that he no longer cared what scheme Annette's malice might be devising. All that he wanted was to get back to his warm nest of love and happiness.

When he reached the house he could hardly walk, and his feet stumbled on the threshold. He knocked again and again. The windows were close barred and voiceless. Suppose that the judgment of God had struck his home, and that Lucy and the child had died in the night. A groan welled up from his heart. He hammered frantically upon the door.

At length a timorous voice cried out, "Who's there?"

"Colin—let me in quick."

Lucy opened the door and he staggered in.

"Why, Colin," she cried, "your clothes feel damp and your hands are as cold as ice. I am afraid you are going to be sick."

"Yes, I'm sick," said Colin, with chattering teeth. "Let me go to bed."

It was late in the day when he awoke, with a start, from his heavy slumber. He heard Jacky on the front porch, rolling over in a playful scuffle with the puppy. Lucy was sewing beside the window. She greeted his open eyes with a smile, but did not speak, hoping he might fall asleep again.

"Lucy," he said, raising himself on his elbow, "has any one been here to-day?"

"No one, dear," she replied, in her quiet little voice.

He sank back upon the pillow with a momentary feeling of relief.

No blight had fallen as yet upon his house.

For the next two days Colin lived like a man under sentence of death, but on the third day, while he sat at breakfast, one of the field hands came to tell him that the body of a woman had been picked up in the river not far from the house.

When Colin looked upon the dead face he recognized Annette. An eddy had brought her almost to his door. He fancied that she must have missed her footing in the dark, and so fallen into the water on her way to meet him. He could never guess that, in the sudden revulsion of the moment and the agonizing rush of recollection, she had drowned herself. If she had waited, the swell of emotion would have ebbed, but she had been impatient, and in its "full of tide," it had swept her to her death.

Colin arranged that she should receive decent burial. He did not curse her memory, for he rejoiced with trembling at the thought of all that he had been spared.

"Poor thing!" sighed Lucy pitifully, "perhaps she had no one to love her."

Umbrellas on the Battle Field.

One of the funniest things in the eyes of the foreigners during the war has been the fact that the Chinese generals carried umbrellas and fans when they went into battle. This is also a matter of law. Each officer has his own rank, and this is indicated by the number of umbrellas and banners which are carried in front of him when he goes out to ride. Even the smallest mandarins whom I saw going through a Chinese city, unites Frank G. Carpenter, had one or more brightly red umbrellas carried on a high pole in front of them, while a Falstaff's army of servants carried red banners upon which were the Chinese characters indicating their titles. An officer of the rank has the right to two fans, and every great man as he goes through the country has men in front of him who beat gongs to warn the common people to get out of the way. These umbrellas and banners are always in red. The fans are of the same color, and officials have carried fans in China from the remotest antiquity.

The Chinese have a way of ennobling men after they are dead. When a man does something great he not only gets honors himself, but his dead grandfather may be made a marquis or a count. Memorial arches are often erected on account of good conduct and for deeds which have caused the death of the dead. Widows who have committed suicide out of grief for their husbands have sometimes such arches erected for them, and young girls who have cut pieces of their own flesh out of their bodies in order to cook them and give them as medicine to their dying friends have been so honored.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Freaks of Somnambulism.

While at college a young man was habitually subject to somnambulism. His fits came on regularly every night. He ran about violently, romped, wrestled and boxed with his room-mates, who enjoyed the sport at his expense. While running he always held his hands before him, with his fingers stretched out. The general belief that somnambulists see by means of the points of their fingers, suggested to his companions the idea of putting gloves upon his hands. One night this was done while he slept. At the usual time he rose up, sprang out of bed; but did not move from the spot, and groped and tumbled about like a blind or drunken man. At length he perceived the cause of his distress and took off the gloves. Scarcely were his hands uncovered when he started up in a lively manner and threw the gloves upon the floor, making a judicious observation upon the means taken to blind him and then began to run about the room as usual.—Philadelphia News.

Paupers on Strike.

The paupers in the Milwaukee almshouse organized a strike against being compelled to work. The almshouse committee has settled the strike by expelling all the inmates but one blind man.—New Orleans Picayune.

A FIERY FIGHTER.

HOW LIEUT.-COL. BUTLER WON HIS MEDAL.

He Commanded Many Campaigns Against the Hostile Tribes of Indians and Has Been in the Jaws of Death More Than Once.



IT WAS AT THE beginning of the civil war that congress authorized the striking of two thousand medals of honor to be presented "to such officers, non-commissioned officers and privates as shall most distinguish themselves by their gallantry in action and other soldier-like qualities, during the present insurrection." Later, congress directed that additional medals be struck from these same dies to be presented to soldiers who had "or who may hereafter most distinguish themselves in action." Under this enactment, a number of officers and privates in the forces that have been sent against the savages of the west have been adorned with the medals, and among these Lieut.-Col. Edmund Butler, U. S. A. (retired), occupies a conspicuous place. It was for gallantry in the hard-fought battle of Wolf Mountain, on Jan. 8, 1877, that Col. (then captain) Butler was awarded his stars and garters. The battle was one of a series in the campaign conducted by Gen. Miles against the confederated Sioux and Cheyennes under the daring leader, Crazy Horse, says the Illustrated American. The thermometer, on the day of the fight, registered twenty-eight degrees below zero, and the snow lay two feet deep upon the ground. The tide of battle was turned in favor of Gen. Miles' forces when Capt. Butler led a victorious charge against a force of Indians who were flanking the United States troops on the left and rear. Capt. Butler had a horse shot from under him, but continued to lead the charge on foot. Gen. Miles, in his official report, recommended the brevetting of the captain for "this successful charge against superior numbers of hostile Indians strongly



LIEUT.-COL. BUTLER.

posted." Lieut. Butler was born in Ireland, March 19, 1827. He was appointed second lieutenant Fifth Infantry at the outbreak of the war, and detailed to accompany Gen. Baird (afterward inspector general) in inspection of Kansas and Missouri troops. In 1862, he was concerned in remustering and consolidating Kansas volunteers, and was officially complimented by Gen. Hunter for settling without resort to force "difficult and delicate" matters affecting Kansas troops. He was in New Mexico in 1862, and in Texas in 1864. He was promoted to a captaincy in 1864, and in 1865 he commanded an expedition against the Navajos, in which he inflicted severe loss upon them. In September, 1865, he received the formal surrender of Manofito Grande, and sent two thousand prisoners to the reservation. In letters from his headquarters on Nov. 16 and 17, 1865, Gen. Carleton wrote: "To Capt. Edmund Butler I owe many thanks. To the efficiency and straightforward course and the energy and good sense of Capt. B. I owe a great deal of the luck I get credit for as a commander."

In June, 1868, Capt. Butler was ordered in attendance on Gen. Sherman. In December, with a small infantry force, he exhorted the bodies of the killed in the Forsyth affair, on the Arickaree Fork, under the fire of the main body of Sioux and extricated his small force from a perilous position. He volunteered for the expedition against the Pawnees under Gen. Woods, and commanded the expedition after Gen. Woods was disabled by illness. In 1874 he served through the expedition against the Kiowas and Comanches, under Gen. Miles. In the campaign against Sitting Bull, he commanded the center at Cedar Creek, and in subsequent pursuit. He was shot at by Gall while relieving an outpost. At the close of the campaign of 1877, in which occurred the battle of Wolf Mountain, Gen. Miles wrote Capt. Butler as follows: "In leaving the regiment, be assured you have the thanks and good will of its commanding officer for your hard service in the field and fortitude in action." Nothing in his service, however, touched the captain so deeply as a letter signed by every enlisted man in his company who was in the notable charge, thanking him for "the gallant manner in which he led the charge on the 8th of January, in which they had the honor of participating, and for the kindness he had shown them in so many different ways heretofore." Capt. Butler was promoted major in 1885, and was assigned to various posts until his retirement from active service in 1891, when he was admitted to the bar of Montana. He received the title of Lieutenant-colonel in March, 1892. Col. Butler is the author of an "Essay on the Indian Question," honorably mentioned by the board of award of the military service institution for 1880. After the fall of Sumter, he wrote a series of articles in French for the Parisian and Brussels papers, presenting the Union side of the question to Continental Europe.

There were fought 2,261 engagements during the war of the rebellion.

PRINCE ERNEST.

A Royal Sapling Now on a Visit in the United States.

Prince Ernest Gunther, Duke of Schleswig-Holstein, Count of Stormarn, Dithmarschen and Oldenburg, head of the Augustenburg branch of the Schleswig-Holstein family, who arrived in this country not long ago on a visit, was born at Delzig on Aug. 11, 1863, which makes him rather more than 31 years of age. In 1880 he succeeded to the rank and titles of his father, Duke Frederick of Schleswig-Holstein. He derives some portion of his importance, apart from his own rank and the qualities which render him popular and am-



DUKE GUNTHER.

able in his own dominions, from the fact that his eldest sister is the wife of the German emperor, another being married to Prince Frederick Leopold of Prussia.

College Graduates—Debtors. Every college graduate is a child of the public, in debt to many people. "Why?" it will be urged "does he not pay his way?" No; no college student pays his way as the following makes plain:

No American college is or can be self-supporting, and the higher its rank, the greater is the cost of the instruction which it gives. It is on this ground that these institutions ask and expect from the general public legacies and gifts to increase their endowments and usefulness. The extra cost of college students beyond what they pay in extra fees varies from \$50 to \$400 a year. In a very few colleges this cost is above \$500; and in the great majority it is between \$150 and \$250. The usual basis of the best American colleges is to pay anywhere from \$150 to \$300 per annum for each college student over and above what it receives in the form of fees.

As college income is provided in this country, the annual expenditure above fees for each student represents at least from \$250 to \$350, counting 300 students as a maximum. This extra cost is met by the endowments of each institution, and is the part which the public provides in its equipment. This statement gives one a true idea of the position in which the higher education stands toward the whole country. It is more dependent upon the generosity of the American people than any other of our institutions.

The Father of Engraving.

One of the remarkable old men of Philadelphia is John Sartain, who has been called the "father of engraving in America." He is 86 years old, but a very brisk and lively octogenarian. As a boy of 13 he was employed behind the scenes at Kemble's theater, and from that day to this he has gone on accumulating reminiscences of celebrities. He recollects Longfellow as a dandy, whose stock was so high that it bade fair to choke him. And he was on terms of intimacy with Poe and Thomas Buchanan



JOHN SARTAIN.

Read, Poe, Mr. Sartain says, was a man of great modesty, but once, when excited by drink, he shouted out to Read: "Say what they will, I have written one poem, 'The Raven,' that shall live forever."

His Smile Went with the Pose.

New York World: An amusing incident occurred not long ago in a well known New York art school. The girl students were drawing from life a study of the "Dancing Faun." A good looking Italian boy was the model, and as he assumed the requisite pose his face became wreathed in smiles. He was gazing directly at the class, and each girl imagined the smile was directed at her.

"How very embarrassing," said a Long Island girl. "I wish to goodness he wouldn't grin at me."

In spite of the indignant glances cast at him the son of Italy continued to smile at the blushing girls.

Presently a stolid German girl looked up and noticed the smile, which she imagined was aimed directly at her.

"You schtop dot schmilting. We don't want you to schmile at us," the boy's figure instantly straightened up and he stood before the class the very impersonation of offended dignity as he said: "Ladies, I no smile at any one. I pose to you as ze 'Dancing Faun.' Ze smile goes wia ze pose."

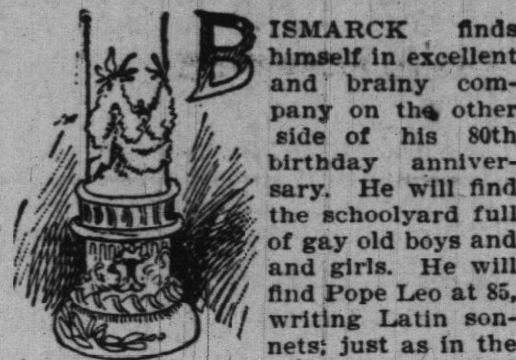
Winter in China.

It is not commonly known that the capital of China is ice-bound five months out of the twelve, or that the stolid-looking Chinese could ever be graceful skaters. The Chinese use a very inferior style of skate, of their own manufacture—a mere chunk of wood arranged to tie on the shoe and shod with a rather broad strip of iron.

HEARTY AT EIGHTY.

SOME GRAND OLD MEN AND WOMEN.

Bismarck Joining the Band—Many Still Powerful of Mind, Though Past This Rarely-Reached Milestone of Life.



BISMARCK finds himself in excellent and brainy company on the other side of his 80th birthday anniversary. He will find the schoolyard full of gay old boys and girls. He will find Pope Leo at 85, writing Latin sonnets; just as in the olden days, when as a lad he surprised the Pecci family by his precociousness. He will find the English statesman, William E. Gladstone, discussing Greek prose and writing critical essays on religion and philosophy. He will be surprised to find Verdi, at 80, planning a new opera for the great singer Maurel, seeking his inspiration from no less a pleasant theme than Shakespeare's "Tempest." Here is Professor Dana, at 82, fresh from Hawaii, giving to the world a mass of new facts in geology. Bessemer is still bright in his panoply of inventive thought, and Sir Henry Parkes is just entering the realm of octogenarians, with a new educational project for New South Wales. Couldock comes gayly into the ranks of rare old men, still treading the boards and giving the world delightful touches of mimicry. Few have fathomed life as deeply as he. Few know how to interpret it better.

But the list of famous old men and women is a long one, and darkened only here and there by the touch of mental blight or great physical weakness. As a rule, these old men and women are still extremely active.

Bessemer, who enriched the world, as has no man living or dead, in the past, stood biting his lips with rage



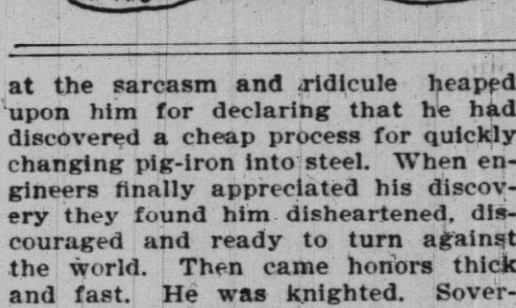
Gen. Neal Dow.



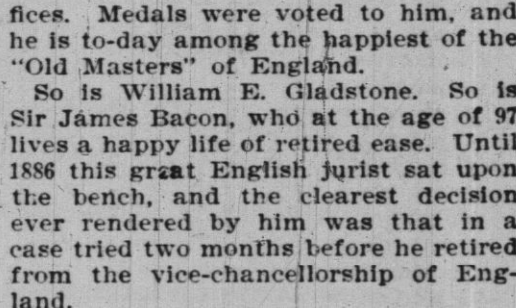
Prince Bismarck.



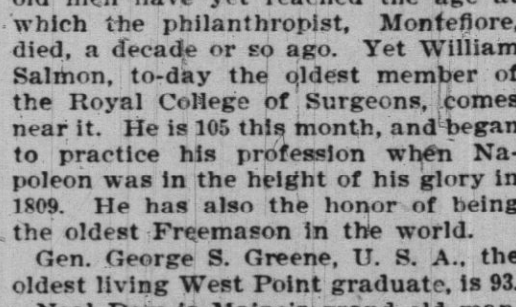
Wm. E. Gladstone.



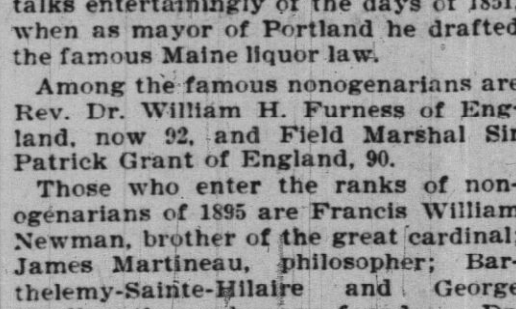
Elizabeth Cady Stanton.



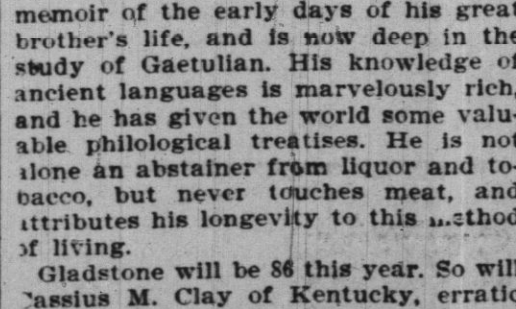
Verdi, the Composer.



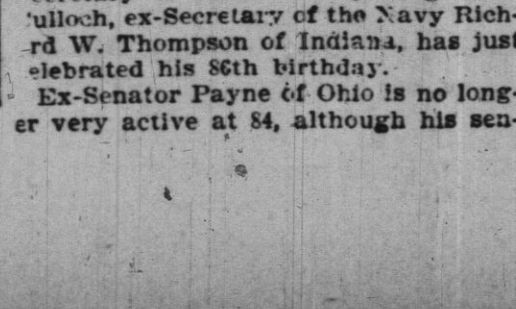
Bismarck.



Sir H. Bessemer.



C.W. Couldock.



Sir Henry Parkes.

atorial contemporary, Senator Morrill of Vermont, has by no means retired from active work, yet he, like ex-Senator Payne, is nearing his 85th birthday. Harriet Beecher Stowe lives quietly with her son in Hartford, Conn. She will be 84 on June 14, and the closing days of her life are marked by extreme mental weakness.

Bishop Clark of Rhode Island was still active at 82, although now growing somewhat weaker. Curtiss, the polished Greek scholar, is living at 80. Verdi is nearing 81, and has just achieved a marvelous success with "Falstaff." Baroness Burdett-Coutts begins her eighty-first year in 1895, and her life runs on as smoothly as ever in its philanthropic channels.



CASSIUS M. CLAY.

It seems an age since she succeeded to the Court's millions. Still since that time, 1837, she has endowed many bishoprics, has established homes for the fallen, homes for children and in a thousand different ways given the world object lessons in real charity. Her romantic marriage with young Ashmead Bartlett is still fresh in the minds of readers.

But there is a long list of eligibles. The next few years will witness many additions to the ranks of octogenarians should those now in line remain alive. Justice Field, ex-Senator Dawes,



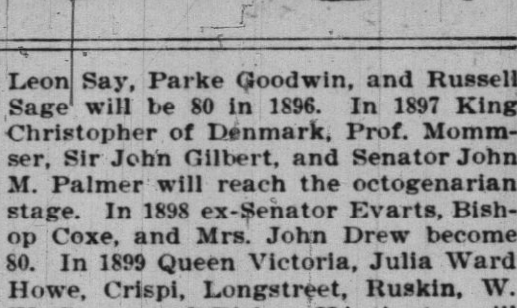
Gen. Neal Dow.



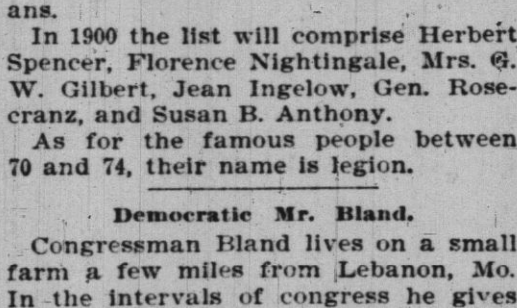
Prince Bismarck.



Wm. E. Gladstone.



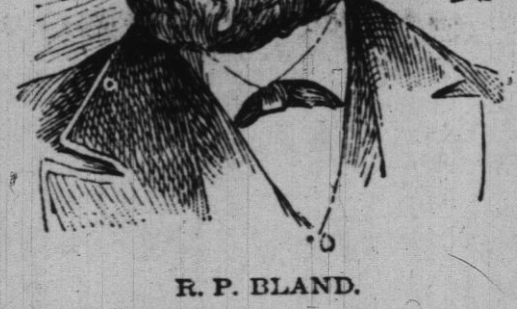
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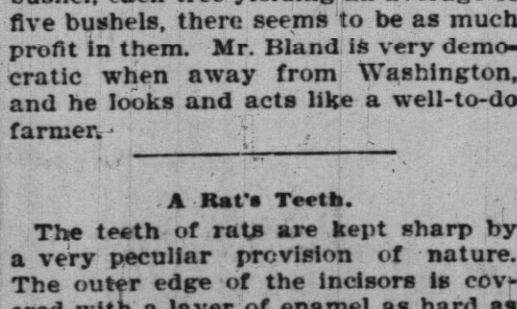
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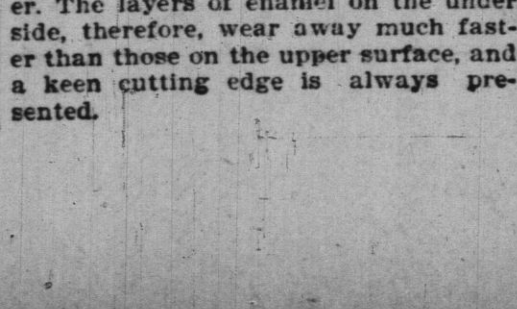
Bismarck.



Sir H. Bessemer.



C.W. Couldock.



Sir Henry Parkes.

Removal of Ticket Office of the New York, Chicago & St. Louis Railroad—(Nickel Plate Road).

On May 1st the Chicago city ticket office of the New York, Chicago & St. Louis R. R. (Nickel Plate Road) will be moved to 111 Adams street, opposite the post office.

J. Y. Calahan, General Agent.

"Our parrot is dead," wrote a little girl, "and a poll seems to have settled over the family."—Exchange.

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

When lightning strikes it admits of no arbitration.—Exchange.

ONLY ONE AND THAT IN JULY.

Excursion to Colorado.

The Great Rock Island Route will sell tickets cheap for this excursion to Denver in July, and you should post yourself at once as to rates and routes.

Send by postal card or letter to Jno. Sebastian, G. E. Chicago, for a beautiful souvenir issued by the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific R'y, called the "Tourist Teacher," that tells all about the trip. It will be sent free. It is a gem, and you should not delay in asking for it.

JNO. SEBASTIAN, G. E. A., Chicago.

Our Liquor Bill.

The "liquor bill" of this country, at the price paid dram shops, is estimated at from \$474,000,000 up, of which a large part is worse than waste.

That Tired Feeling

It is remarkable how many people there are who have That Tired Feeling and seem to think it is of no importance or that nothing need be done for it. They would not be so careless if they realized how really serious the malady is. But they think or say, "It will go off after a while."

We do not mean the legitimate weariness which all experience after a hard day's work, but that all-gone, worn-out feeling which is especially overpowering in the morning, when the body should be refreshed and ready for work. It is often only the

forerunner of nervous prostration, with all the horrible suffering that term implies. That Tired Feeling and nervousness are sure indications of an impure and impoverished condition of the blood. The craving of the system for help can only be met by purifying the blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the one great blood purifier. It expels all impurities, gives vitality and strength, regulates the digestion and makes the weak strong.

"In the spring I felt very much run down—no strength or appetite. I began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla and my appetite improved and I did not have that tired feeling." H. R. Squires, East Leverett, Mass.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

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New Dining Car Service.
It is a pleasure to note the addition of another important feature to the already competent train service of the Nickel Plate Road. The Dining Car service of this popular low rate line has recently been augmented, by which dinner will be served on train No. 6, leaving Chicago at 2 p. m. daily, and breakfast and dinner on train No. 2, leaving Chicago daily at 9:20 p. m. with direct connections for New York and Boston. Breakfast and dinner will be served on train No. 5, arriving in Chicago at 9:35 p. m. from New York and Boston.
For full information regarding routes, rates, maps, folders, etc., address your nearest ticket agent or
J. Y. Calahan,
General Agent, Chicago, Ill.

Jackson and the Bank.
The United States bank was the bone of contention during Andrew Jackson's administration as president. It had been chartered in 1816 for twenty years. After a struggle with congress and with his secretary of the treasury, Duane, who would not remove the national deposits from the bank, Jackson dismissed Duane and appointed Taney secretary of the treasury. The deposits ceased. The senate at once passed a vote of censure on the president, but the house, after investigating the bank, sustained Jackson at every point, and refused a new charter. The fight with the senate, in which there was an adverse majority, continued until the end of Jackson's term.

Divisions of Wealth.
The annual product or earnings of the nation are given by the census as \$5,500,000,000. One-tenth of this is used on farms. The product is very unevenly divided. An even division would give about \$450 per year to each earner, or less than 45 cents per day for each person. But it has been reckoned that in 1880 fifty persons had an average income of \$1,000,000 each per year; 2,000, \$100,000; 100,000, \$10,000; a million, \$1,000; 14,000,000 under \$400 per year.

Don't Tobacco Spit or Smoke Your Life Away
Is the truthful, startling title of a book about No-To-Bac, the harmless, guaranteed tobacco habit cure that braces up nicotineized nerves, eliminates the nicotine poison, makes weak men gain strength, vigor, and manhood. You run no physical or financial risk, as No-To-Bac is sold by druggists everywhere, under a guarantee to cure or money refunded. Book free. Ad. Sterling Remedy Co., New York or Chicago.

Central America and West India.
Central America consists of five independent republics and the British colony of Belize. Principal products, coffee, sugar and dyewoods. In the elevated interior gold, silver and coal abound. Sugar, tobacco and cigars, coffee and fruits are the principal products of Cuba. Two independent negro republics, Hayti and San Domingo, constitute the island of Hayti.

Pressure at the Bottom.
The difficulty of registering the temperature at the bottom of the ocean is due to the fact that at great depths the thermometers are crushed by the pressure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Proprietors of Hall's Catarrh Cure, offer \$100 reward for any case of catarrh that can not be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for testimonials, free. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Ignatius Loyola had the face of an ascetic, with sharp features, watching and prayer.—Exchange.

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

Before marriage she believes everything he says; after marriage she wants him to believe everything she says.

Piso's Cure for Consumption relieves the most obstinate coughs.—Rev. D. B. CUMMINGS, Lexington, Mo., Feb. 24, 1894.

You can easily fill the public eye if you only have the dust.—Exchange.



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.

FRIENDS' ROLLED OATS

ALWAYS THE BEST

DAILY SALES 60,000 lbs.

FRIENDS' ROLLED OATS

BUILDING A NEW EMPIRE.

How Russia Is Rapidly Developing the Riches of Siberia.

In her interesting letters to the St. James' Gazette Mrs. Bishop draws a striking picture of the manner in which the Russian government is opening up the fertile regions of eastern Siberia. Nikolskoje is a place of 15,000 inhabitants, the center of a large government flour mill and elaborate barracks. For many miles on either side the new Siberian railroad passes through neat villages and prosperous farms. "From Spasskoje," says Mrs. Bishop, "and east of the Hanka lake up to Ussuri, the magnificent region is waiting to be peopled. Grass, timber, water, coal, a soil as rich as the prairies of Illinois, and a climate not only favorable to agriculture, but to human health, all await the settler; and the broad, unoccupied, and fertile lands which Russian Manchuria offers are capable of supporting a population of many millions. Here Russia is laying solidly the foundations of a new empire, which she proposes to make a homogeneous one. 'No foreigner need apply.' One thousand families, assisted emigrants from Russia of the best class, will come out next year, and the number is to increase progressively. Each head of an emigrating household has to deposit 600 roubles with a government official on leaving Odessa, which he receives on landing in Siberia, the emigrants, on reaching Vladivostok, are lodged in excellent emigrant barracks, and can buy the necessary agricultural implements at cost price from a government depot. Already along the railroad houses are springing up; and if security can be obtained there is nothing to prevent the country from being peopled up to the Chinese frontier, the rivers Sungacha and Ussuri, which form the boundary from the Hanka Lake to Khabarovka, on the Amur, giving a considerable protection from brigandage."

NEW SHIP FOR THE NAVY.

Amphitrite Completed After Twenty-One Years' Work.

Another vessel was added to the United States navy recently by the completion at the Norfolk navy yard of the armored coast defense monitor Amphitrite, which has been under construction for the remarkable period of twenty-one years. A telegram reached the navy department from Norfolk announcing the final completion of this job, which promised to go on forever, like Tennyson's brook. So great was the rejoicing at this news that, while the ship was still on the stocks, the secretary gave orders to have officers and crew ready to put the Amphitrite in commission at once. The Amphitrite has literally been built on the installment plan. In 1874 her keel was laid and work progressed for a time until the partial appropriation then available was exhausted. Other things then occupied the attention of the department, and a year or two passed before more money was set aside to carry on the work. When this was done, work was resumed and continued in earnest until this second appropriation was exhausted. Then there was delay again until more money was in sight, and so it has continued spasmodically ever since. In the whole history of the American navy there is no other instance where the construction of a vessel was carried on for such a remarkable period. There has never been pressing need for the completion of the vessel, and it is probably a wise thing after all that her construction went on by such remarkably easy stages. From year to year changes have been made in the plan of the vessel to keep abreast of the remarkable improvements in naval architecture, and today the Amphitrite is a modern ship of war in all respects, just as if she had been originally designed a year ago.

Nicknames of the States.

Alabama, Cotton State; Arkansas, Toothpick and Bear State; California, Eureka and Golden State; Colorado, Centennial State; Connecticut, Land of Steady Habits, Freestone State and Nutmeg State; Dakota, Sioux State; Delaware, Uncle Sam's Pocket Handkerchief and Blue Hen State; Florida, Everglade and Flowery State; Georgia, Empire State of the South; Idaho, Gem of the Mountains; Illinois, Prairie and Sucker State; Indiana, Hoosier State; Iowa, Hawkeye State; Kansas, Jayhawker State; Kentucky, Corn-cracker State; Louisiana, Creole State; Maine, Timber and Pine Tree State; Maryland, Monumental State; Massachusetts, Old Bay State; Michigan, Wolverine and Peninsular State; Minnesota, Gopher and North Star State; Mississippi, Eagle State; Missouri, Pike State; Nebraska, Antelope State; Nevada, Sage State; New Hampshire, Old Granite State; New Jersey, Blue State and New Spain; New Mexico, Vermilion State; New York, Empire State; North Carolina, Rip Van Winkle, Old North and Turpentine State; Ohio, Buckeye State; Oregon, Pacific State; Pennsylvania, Keystone, Iron and Oil State; Rhode Island, Plantation State and Little Rhody; South Carolina, Palmetto State; Tennessee, Lion's Den State; Texas, Lone Star State; Utah, Mormon State; Vermont, Green Mountain State; Virginia, Old Dominion State; Wisconsin, Badger and Copper State.

Likes Our Women.

During the stay of the Prince of Wales at the Riviera his partiality for Americans, especially for American ladies, was again remarked with many ill-natured comments from expectant Britishers hovering near.

The German Evangelical Presbyterian Missionary society has recently opened a theological academy at Tokio. Its library has 9,000 volumes.

St. Augustine, oldest city in the United States, founded by the Spaniards, 1665.

WOMAN AND KENNEL.

CLUES FOR LADIES THE RACE IN ENGLAND.

Probability That It Will Extend to This Country in the Near Future—Immense Success of English Ladies' Kennel Club.

(New York Correspondence.)



THE LADIES' KENNEL association, organized last year in England, is the direct outcome of a movement among exhibitors of the fair sex to obtain rights and privileges that in the hurry and bustle of the ordinary dog show they were denied. The movement was gradual in its inception, but eventually, after several informal gatherings such as delight the soul of woman, definite action was taken early in October, 1894, through the efforts of the present secretary, Mrs. A. Stenard Robinson, Miss Darbishire and other well-known exhibitors. Primarily, the idea was to form an association that, as an association, would be in a position to demand certain privileges at dog shows denied to the individual exhibitor. They wished for better classification and



MRS. ROBINSON. prizes for pet dogs, such as pugs, toy spaniels, Pomeranians and so forth; they also asked for separate entrances and exits to dog shows for ladies, and those who have had to wait around the entrance of an important dog show will understand the annoyances and inconvenience a woman suffers who has to wait her turn in a bustling crowd of show attendants, dog handlers and selfish male exhibitors. Picture to one's self a woman leading a horse into Madison Square Garden among a crowd of grooms and the idea is illustrated. There were also certain abuses in the kennel world which these fair exhibitors thought by concerted action they could remedy.

The average woman bred and born to country life in England is more or less imbued with a love for sport in some form or other, and many hours which would otherwise be devoted to snail are given to the care of pets, of which dogs form the greater portion. Their fathers or brothers are exhibitors of stock-horses, cattle, dogs, poultry, of what not, even guinea pigs, known as calves in the language of the initiated—and they are quickly imbued with the competitive spirit. And, therefore, if they own a good dog they wish others to know it, and so enter it at a show. Still, there are objectionable features in the average dog show from which a refined woman naturally shrinks, and many dog owners in England, and America, too, have been content to let their dogs stay at home.

The Ladies' Kennel association, however, has served the purpose already of drawing those one-dog women to the light.

The association during the first six months of its existence has made wonderful progress; its membership list is larger than that of any similar club, and it now issues a monthly journal devoted to dogs and to the interest of women exhibitors. But the movement through which the club has made its self particularly prominent is that in regard to cropping dogs' ears, the recent action in which a man was sentenced to prison for indulging in this cruel practice having been brought about by the club's efforts.

The agitation resulting from this action has caused the English Kennel club, the governing body in English kennelism, to make a rule whereby dogs born after a certain date next must be shown with their ears au naturel. One would imagine that this was glory enough for one year, but the club does not intend to rest on its oars, but will hold a grand show at the swell Ranelagh club in London, early in June.

Mention of the principal business discussed at the last general meeting of the club will serve to show the scope of the club's intended influence. Two memorials were drawn up—one against



MISS DABY SHIRE. taxation of dogs and the other against the railway tariff of charges for transportation of dogs to and from exhibitions. Since then the club has passed a rule that no member shall be allowed to win prizes with dogs that are not registered with the English Kennel club as owned by the exhibitors twenty-one days before the show.

As showing that the interest in dogs displayed by these English women is not confined merely to the pet dog style of canine I give the following names of recent recruits to the club and the breeds they exhibit or are particularly interested in:

Mrs. Butcher, Irish terriers; Mrs. Max Isaac, Great Danes; Mrs. Armstrong, Dalmatians, collies and old English sheep dogs; Miss E. M. Meyrick, cocker spaniels; the Misses Annie and Allison Johnston, St. Bernards; Miss

Recton and Mrs. Dickson, pointers and setters; Mrs. Bryan Haymes, chow chows and bloodhounds; Miss Annie Head, Russian wolfhounds and Scotch terriers; Miss M. Bunting, dachshunds and old English sheep dogs; Mrs. Sheffield, pugs; Mrs. Charles Cockburn and Miss Robson, Pomeranians; Mrs. Pringle and Miss Correll, Yorkshires; Mrs. Tidman, toy spaniels; Miss Langworthy, Newfoundlands; Miss S. Smith, St. Bernards; and Mrs. James Clarke, Dandie Dinmonts.

The formation of the club and its growing importance have led Americans to agitate a similar movement in New York, and, judging by the interviews published recently, there is evidently a general opinion among women who love dogs that a similar club will be formed. I am afraid, however, that even if an American Ladies' Kennel association is organized it will scarcely partake, in the very nature of things, of the importance of the English club. Exhibitors are so many and shows so frequent in England that interest in kennel affairs never lags. Here our shows are annual affairs creating only a passing interest while they are being held, and then are only fitfully alluded to during the rest of the year. A ladies' kennel club would, however, serve to bring out a number of dogs whose owners would not exhibit under other and ordinary circumstances, and, when it is seen by the general public that women in society are willing and anxious to lend themselves to such an enterprise as a dog show for charity, dogs will become even more popular than they are now.

Mrs. Robinson's, the secretary of the English club, suggestion that an international kennel association be formed is scarcely practical, the conditions in the two countries being so different. Still, a great deal of good can be done by a ladies' kennel club in this country if the organization and conduct of such a club are deputed to some one who is acquainted with the practical side of dogdom in America.

I would suggest that a meeting be called, and those ladies who have already expressed their views on the subject be specially invited to attend and take such steps as will result in a proper organization. There are many worthy objects which such a club can further. Lost dogs may be recovered and dog thieves properly punished; drinking troughs could be placed in different parts of the city; informal dog shows might be held where members could assemble with their dogs, and, inviting some expert dog judge to point out the good and bad features of the dogs,



MRS. BUTCHER. much valuable and interesting information could be learned about man's best friend.

H. W. LACY.

COLONIES FOR THE WEST.

Surplus Population of the East to Settle on Arid Western Lands.

It has been years since the cry of "Westward, ho!" has been heard in the eastern states, and meantime the cities and thriving manufacturing centers east of the Mississippi have been rapidly filling to the point of overcrowding, until labor is a drug on the market. Mining, which attracted so many hundreds of people from the east many years ago, has lost its glamor, hunting and trapping has too many devotees already to encourage more to enter this life-to-day, granger life on the western scale requires too much capital and the too plentiful foreclosure of western farm mortgages has been discouraging to those who may have been considering emigration. All these things have tended to stagnate the population of the east, and the result is alarming to all concerned, capital and labor alike. An opportunity has presented itself at last, through what is known as the Carey law, passed by the Fifty-third congress, by which each of the eight western states was granted 1,000,000 acres of arid lands located within their borders on condition that they utilize them for agriculture, through irrigation, and prove to the secretary of the interior that their irrigation plans are feasible. Five of the eight states have accepted the proposition, and one more is expected to reply favorably before long. The national irrigation congress, a body composed of delegates from twenty-three western states, has appointed a national irrigation commission, which body is engaged in forming colonies to take up these arid lands and carry them on by irrigation under proper and scientific direction. Some of the details of the scheme are given in the Boston Transcript. It is the purpose of the commission to form colonial clubs throughout the east, wherever there is a congestion of population, and these clubs will disseminate information concerning the present and future possibilities of the western country. It is not intended to send out separate families; which would certainly become entangled in difficulties, if not properly directed. Whole colonies are to be organized and dispatched to favorable localities, with men competent to teach them the solution of the problem of irrigation and agriculture. These colonists it is proposed to organize on the principles upon which the successful Mormon colonies were carried on. An organization, to be known as the Plymouth Colony, is now being formed to take up lands in Idaho. Each member of this colony is to furnish \$1,000 capital. The land is to be taken in small holdings, and the whole managed on the basis of a co-operative village.

Advice for Hetty Green.
Hetty Green is epigrammatic. She knows how to reach a point in a direct way. In a big law suit in which she is engaged, one of the lawyers remarked that "there was no use in saying anything more, whereupon Hetty said: 'Let us have more money and less wind.' Carry that sentiment to Congress, Hetty, just as soon as it sits again.—EX.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure

CENTRIFUGAL FORCE.

Some Figures Which Will Interest Industrial Workers.

An account is given in the *Mechanics' World*, London, of certain experiments with centrifugal pumps, which are of special interest in hydraulics. A pump was employed, so designed that the discharge through the wheel casing was taken through a narrow orifice extending around the entire circumference of the casing, this orifice gradually widening outward, to allow the water to arrive without shock in a spiral collector surrounding the pump and leading into the discharge pipe—the width of the orifice being such as to give the required flow at the velocity due to the head against the pump, with an allowance of 0.6 for contraction; the maximum mechanical efficiency of the pump was found to be only 63 per cent, and occurred only with the greatest flow—about 5.4 gallons—while the maximum efficiency for any given rate of delivery occurred when the lift was between fifty and sixty feet. Another pump was constructed with different blades and of casing, and with this pump an efficiency of 65 per cent was obtained with a discharge of 6.6 gallons under a head of 65.6 feet, and an efficiency of 68 per cent with a discharge of 7.3 gallons under a head of 32.3 feet.

A new dining car service between Chicago and Buffalo via the Nickel Plate Road has recently been placed at the disposal of the traveling public, which will enable patrons of this favorite low rate line to obtain all meals on trains when traveling on through trains between Chicago, New York and Boston. For reservations of sleeping car space and further information see your local ticket agent or address J. Y. Calahan, General Agent, Chicago.

About Manitoba.
Manitoba, a province of Canada, is a great wheat-growing country, this cereal ripening in 110 days. Furs are also a leading product. The first settlers (173) were French, and English traders first made their appearance in 1757. Climate very severe in winter, but occasionally hot in summer. Winnipeg is the capital.

The Biggest Bottle.
The biggest bottle ever made will be an attraction at the Bords-aux-exhibitions. It is to be 115 feet high, and divided into stories. On the first floor there will be a restaurant. In the neck of the bottle thirty-five persons can sit and view the exhibition grounds and the city.

When aluminum can be used for guns and armor plating men of war can get up higher speed, and so can taxes; for aluminum costs money.—New York Recorder.

If you have Rheumatism

Or any other pain, you don't take chances with St. Jacobs Oil, for twenty years ago it began to kill pain, and it's been pain-killing ever since.

Scott's Emulsion

It is simply the purest Norway Cod-liver Oil, the finest Hypophosphites, and chemically pure Glycerine, all combined into a perfect Emulsion so that it will never change or lose its integrity. This is the secret of Scott's Emulsion's great success. It is a most happy combination of flesh-giving, strengthening and healing agents, their perfect union giving them remarkable value in all

WASTING DISEASES.

Hence its great value in Consumption, wherein it arrests the wasting by supplying the most concentrated nourishment, and in Anæmia and Scrofula it enriches and vitalizes the blood. In fact, in every phase of wasting it is most effective. Your doctor will confirm all we say about it. *Don't be persuaded to accept a substitute!*

Scott & Bowne, New York. All Druggists. 50c. and \$1.

An anti-monopolist is one who would like to put himself in a millionaire's place.

Mothers appreciate the good work of Parker's Ginger-Tonic, with its reviving qualities—a boon to the pain-stricken, sleepless and nervous.

Hardly a week passes but we are constantly surrounded by perils seen and kerosene.

When you come to realize that your corns are gone, and so more pain, less grateful you feel. All the work of Hindocora. 15c.

It is a sign that a woman is getting old when she stops crying over trouble and begins to think.

Hegeman's Camphor Ice with Glycerine. The original and only genuine. Cures Chapped Hands and Feet, Cold Sores, Etc. Q. C. Clark Co., N. Haven, Ct.

Man was made to mourn, but he has fixed things so that his wife has taken the job off his hands.—Exchange.

Cleanliness is next to godliness, and beyond doubt many of our most competent laundresses are of celestial origin.

Dr. PIERCE'S FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION FOR WEAK WOMEN.

On first introducing this world-famed medicine to the afflicted, and for many years thereafter, it was sold under a Positive Guarantee of giving entire satisfaction in every case for which it is recommended. So uniformly successful did it prove in curing the diseases, derangements and weaknesses of women that claims for the return of money paid for it were exceedingly rare. Since its manufacture can now point to thousands of noted cures effected by it in every part of the land, they believe its past record a sufficient guarantee of its great value as a curative agent, therefore, they now rest its claims to the confidence of the afflicted solely upon that record. By all medicine dealers.

★ ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR ★ IMPERIAL GRANUM ★ IT IS ★ THE BEST ★ FOOD ★ NURSING MOTHERS, INFANTS AND CHILDREN ★ JOHN CARLE & SONS, New York. ★

If you have Rheumatism

Or any other pain, you don't take chances with St. Jacobs Oil, for twenty years ago it began to kill pain, and it's been pain-killing ever since.

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.

RAILROADS.

E. J. & E. RY. TIME TABLE.

GOING NORTH. STATIONS GOING SOUTH.
4:30 pm ar... Waukegan dep. 7:30 am
4:00 pm... Rondout... 6:30 am
3:55 pm... Leighton... 6:50 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... Clark... 10:55 am
12:45 pm... Spaulding... 12:15 pm
11:57 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... 2:30 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
5:50 am dep... East Joliet... ar. 4:15 pm

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

GOING SOUTH.
8:10 a. m., except Sunday.
8:45 a. m., except Sunday.
8:55 a. m., Sunday only.
7:00 a. m., except Sunday.
7:56 a. m., daily.
9:00 a. m., except Sunday.
10:03 a. m., except Sunday.
12:25 p. m., daily.
3:08 p. m., except Sunday.
4:25 p. m., Sunday only.
4:56 p. m., daily.
8:44 p. m., Sunday only.
8:50 p. m., Sunday only.
GOING NORTH.
6:30 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.

CHURCH NOTICES.

DR. ANN'S CATHOLIC—Rev. J. F. Cancy, Pastor.
Services every alternate Sunday at 9 o'clock a. m.
GERMAN EVANGELICAL ST. PAUL'S—Rev. E. Zahn, 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. Ehrlich, pastor. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sabbath school at 9 a. m.
SWISS EVANGELICAL—Rev. T. Subr, pastor. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sabbath school at 9:15 a. m.
METHODIST EPISCOPAL—Rev. T. E. Ream, pastor. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath school at 12 m. Children's services at 3 p. m. Bible study Friday at 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

SOCIETY NOTICES.

LOUNSBURY LODGE No. 734, 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. Uitsch, Sec.; C. B. Otis, Treas.; J. M. Thrasher, S. D.; J. P. Brown, J. D.; A. Gleason, Tyler; J. W. Day, S. S.; Wm Young, J. S.; Robert Bailey, Chaplain; E. W. Shuman, Marshal.
BARRINGTON CAMP No. 82, 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. Solt, Exalted; Wm. Antholtz, Watchman; H. P. Askew, Secretary; L. A. Powers, John Hajj and Fred Bainhoff, Managers; C. H. Kendall, Physician.
BARRINGTON TENT, 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. Solt, C.; Silas Robertson, L. C.; F. E. Smith, S.; J. M. Thrasher, K. 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. Reloff, S.; John Shroechl, P.
BARRINGTON POST No. 275, G. A. R.—Department of Ill.—Meets every second Friday of the month at their hall. Charles Senn, Com.; G. W. Johnson, S. V. C.; Wm. Humphrey, J. V. C.; A. Gleason, Q. M. C.; Robert Chaplain; A. S. Henderson, O. D.; L. Krahn, O. G.; H. Reuter, Sergt.
W. R. C. No. 85, Meets at G. A. R. Hall the second and fourth Wednesdays of each month. Mrs. Emily Hawley, Pres.; Mrs. Lucy Townsend, 2d V. P.; Mrs. Arletta Sizor, J. V. C.; Miss Robt Brookway, Treas.; Mrs. Kate Runyan, Chaplain; Mrs. Emma Wool, Conductor; Mrs. Julia Robertson, Guard.

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

SCHOOL DIRECTORS.

F. E. Hawley... President
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Tender Steaks. Tender Foasts.
R. BURTON,
MEAT MARKET.
Is the place to get all kinds of choice fresh meats at lowest prices, quality considered.
Best Sausage, Salt and Smoked Meats.
FISH AND OYSTERS IN SEASON.
BARRINGTON, ILLINOIS.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

Subscribe for the Review.
Hot weather this week.
Corn planting commenced last week. We are now getting plenty of rain.
Don't forget to attend the dance at Stott's hall Friday evening of this week.
The lumber has been received for Mr. C. C. Henning's new building. Mr. Boeger of Arlington Heights has the contract for the carpenter work.
Mrs. Fitzsimmons is visiting her father at Oskosh, Wis., this week.
It is reported Mr. William Harrower will remove to Waukegan.
Mr. Oestlin M. Congdon of Dundee made a short visit here last Friday.
The Barrington Social Club will give a May party in Stott's hall Friday evening, May 10. A Chicago orchestra will furnish music for the occasion and a pleasant time is anticipated.
Mr. and Mrs. James Catlow and daughter spent Sunday at the home of Mr. Catlow's parents.
A large line of ladies' stylish slippers in blacks and tans at A. W. Meyer & Co's.
Mrs. Maguire received a stroke of paralysis on one side the latter part of last week and has been unconscious and very low up to Wednesday of this week. Her recovery is very doubtful.
Clarence Sizer, who met with an accident while riding a bicycle a few weeks ago, has resumed work again in the city.
The Woman's Relief Corps are preparing for a grand entertainment to be given on the evening of May 30.
A large number from the different Sunday schools here will attend the state Sunday school convention at Elgin next week, which will be on the 14th, 15th, and 16th.
We notice by the last issue of the Loveland Register that Mr. J. B. Coykendall, who held an interest in that paper, has embarked into the confectionery and ice-cream business at Loveland, Col. We wish Mr. Coykendall success in his new enterprise.
We have the most complete line of lead, oils, varnishes, mixed paints, etc., in town. It don't make any difference what you may want in the paint line—we always have it in stock.
J. D. LAMEY & CO.
Dr. N. P. Collins of Elgin, Ill., visited at the home of his daughter, Mrs. T. E. Ream, over Sunday.
"Man and Morals" is the topic of the sermon next Sunday evening at the Methodist Episcopal church.
Rev. T. E. Ream gave a lecture at Waukegan, Ill., Friday evening for the Columbian College Citizenship league on the subject of "Home Life."
Mr. S. H. Frye made a business trip to the city last Thursday.
Flour has gone up and will without doubt go higher. It will pay you to buy a barrel of A. W. Meyer & Co's fancy patent flour, which they are still selling at the old price.
Mr. Fred Brasel, Sr. is on the sick list this week. Charles Boyce takes his place on the crossing during Mr. Brasel's illness.
Dr. Frank Tefft of Elgin and Mrs. Dr. Stevens of Florida were callers at the home of Mr. F. L. Waterman on Tuesday.
Miss Rose Look of Marseilles, Ill., is visiting Mr. and Mrs. H. Butzow this week.
Harry Koelling has bought out the milk business of Mr. H. Brinker.
Miss Cora Davlin of Waukegan made a short visit with friends here last Monday.
John Shroechl, formerly of this place, made a visit here a few days this week.
Straw hats at A. W. Meyer & Co's.
Mrs. E. Abbs of Chicago spent last week at the home of Mr. William Collins.
Miss Pachaly visited at Mr. J. C. Meier's last Sunday.
Large line of ladies' capes marked down prices at A. W. Meyer & Co.
The G. A. R. and the W. R. C. accepted an invitation from Rev. Ream and will attend worship at the Methodist church in the city last week.
Children's jackets in colors at wholesale prices at A. W. Meyer & Co's.
Mr. Joseph G. Catlow left last Wednesday for Atlantic, Iowa, for a short visit with his brother, Daniel, who lives at that place.
Men's Fedora hats 50c up at A. W. Meyer & Co's.
The Ladies' Reading club took tea with Mrs. Howarth last Thursday afternoon.
FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE.
Two stores—flats above—suitable for saloon and restaurant. Lot 50x125 feet. Will sell on easy terms—cheap for cash—or exchange for clear vacant property. For information inquire second flat, No. 567 Kenwood place, Chicago (South side). (2t)
Mr. Fred Snyder spent Sunday with his brother William.
Paper every room in your house this spring. You can buy wall paper at A. W. Meyer & Co's at wholesale prices.

MLLE. KRUGER.

Mlle. Kruger, a graceful and daring equestrienne of Lemen Brothers' World's Best Shows, comes highly indorsed by the press of the leading cities of the East, and from all accounts the most accomplished horsewoman now in America. The great shows will be here Thursday, May 16, when everybody will have an opportunity of seeing the world's leading female rider.
Mr. F. L. Waterman has refitted his ice-cream parlor and is prepared to furnish in any quantity the celebrated cream made by William Thompson & Co.

THE BIG SHOW.

The date of the appearance of Lemen Brothers' great shows is now positively fixed for Thursday, May 16. Where there is so much to be seen and such an innumerable array of new features of the greatest interest in tented shows that it would be invidious to particularize. It is sufficient, however, to know that the fame of Lemen Brothers is world wide as the greatest of amusement caterers. The special features of this their twentieth annual tour is Rajah, the

largest elephant on earth; two inches taller than Jumbo, and several tons heavier; and "Fighting Tom," the most scientific boxing kangaroo in the world, who will spar four rounds, Marquis of Queensbury rules, with his trainer, Jack Dempsey, champion lightweight of the Pacific coast. These two features alone are worth coming many miles to see. And here, of course, as everywhere, their efforts will be appreciated by the multitude in overflowing canvases.

The young ladies of the Thursday Reading club entertained the members of that organization and a number of invited guests at the home of Mr. L. H. Higley last Friday evening. Progressive hearts was the feature of the evening, which was followed later by an excellent lunch served by the young ladies. Mr. A. L. Robertson and Miss Belle Domke received first prizes and M. T. Lamey received the booby prize. The evening was pleasantly spent and a very enjoyable time was had by those present.
John Dobler, who had been ill for several months, died at Elgin last Monday, where he was removed to last week. While here Mr. Dobler made many friends, who extend their sympathy to Mrs. Dobler in her bereavement.

No paint goes to waste when you can buy Heath & Milligan's "Best" prepared paint at J. D. Lamey & Co's in quantities for the smallest or largest job. They have paints in all the popular colors, in half pints, pints, half gallons and gallon pails.

Mr. Theodor Schutt made a business trip to the city last Tuesday.

The slamming of a door by the wind crashed out a large pane of plate glass from a door in Mr. William Grunau's barber shop one day last week.

Mr. Jerry Church of Chicago made his mother a visit last Sunday.

Men's dress shoes \$2.50 and \$3 a pair at A. W. Meyer & Co's.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Butzow, who have been visiting relatives at Marseilles, Ill., returned home last Saturday.

Misses Lillie, Rosa and Bertha Woolaver of Algonquin visited with their aunt, Mrs. Howarth, last Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Brasel of Des Plaines spent Sunday with Mr. Brasel's parents.

Men's fine shoes at \$1.50 a pair at A. W. Meyer & Co's.

There will be a pound party at the home of Rev. R. Bailey Friday evening, May 10, 1895. All are cordially invited.

LEMEN BROTHERS

Are coming and the attention of the masses are turned from politics and matters of every-day occurrence for a brief period and is absorbed in the great event—Circus Day. The attractions of the above named shows are manifold, having many interesting features entirely new and well worth a visit. The collection of rare animals is said to be exceedingly interesting, while the performances in the arena are of a superior order, many eminent artists of Europe and America contributing in specialty acts in friendly rivalry. Will exhibit in Barrington, Ill., Thursday, May 16.

OBITUARY.

Charles Victor Davlin, youngest child of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Davlin, was born March 16, 1885, died at the home of his parents, April 29, 1895.

Little "Doda," as he was called by relatives and friends, was taken ill Feb. 23 with a cold, which in a few days became so serious that the family became alarmed. A physician was summoned and everything possible done to relieve his suffering, but in spite of all efforts he grew worse; at times he would seem to be gaining, but would again relapse into the same weak state. For eight long weeks he lingered, bearing his sufferings bravely and patiently. Sunday afternoon, April 28, he became much worse. That same evening he asked his mother to go with him to heaven. All that night they watched by his side. At a few minutes before half past six in the morning he called the family all about him. His eyes sought one dear face after another, being too weak to speak, with his loved ones all about him, and murmuring the beloved name of mamma, he passed quietly and peacefully to rest. The remains were placed in a beautiful white casket, which was covered with fragrant flowers, the gifts of loving friends. The casket was carried by six little boys, schoolmates and friends of the little playmate who had left them all for a better and brighter land. The funeral services were held in the Catholic church, Rev. P. M. O'Neill officiating. The remains were laid to rest in the Catholic cemetery. Little Doda was the youngest of seven children and was petted and loved by all who knew him, as well as his own folks. He was a child of loving disposition, and this, with his affectionate manner and trusting nature endeared him to all with whom he came in contact. To those who shall miss him the most, to whom he was a source of blessing, his parents, brother and sisters, we extend condolence of bereavement.

Doda's gone beyond the river,
Only left us by the way;
Gone beyond the night forever,
Only gone to endless day.

Gone to meet the angel faces,
Where the loving treasures are;
Gone a while from our embraces,
Gone within the gates ajar.

There in the Shepherd's bosom,
White as the drifting snow,
Is the little boy we missed one morn
From the household flock below.

Ere sin could harm or sorrow fade,
Death came with friendly care;
The open bud to heaven conveyed,
And bade it blossom there.

Gone to a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

Dear is the spot where Doda sleeps,
And sweet the strains that angels pour;
Oh, why should we in anguish weep?
He is not gone, but gone before.

Green is the turf above him,
Child of those past days;
None knew him but to love him,
Nor named him but to praise.

From a Friend.

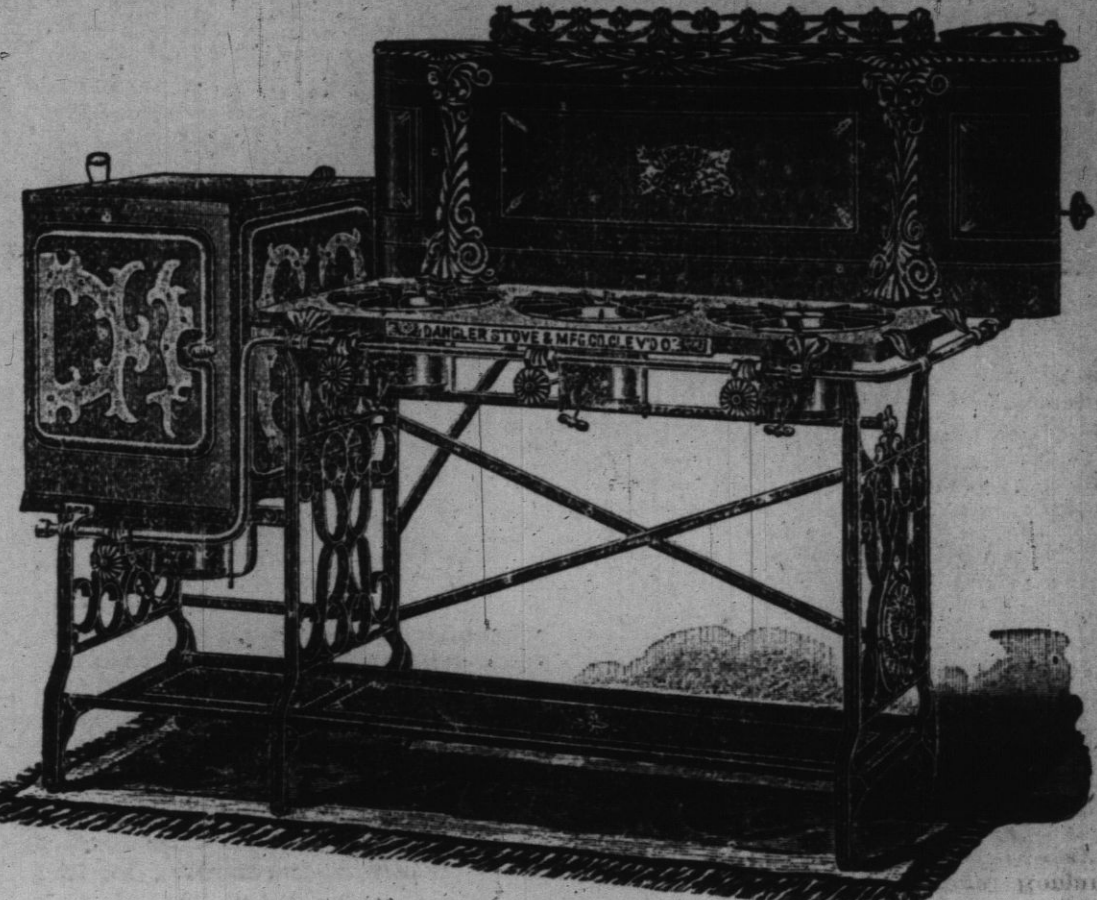
NEW STYLE 1895 GASOLINE STOVE.

Generator and Process Burners.

This stove has a removable tank and is the most economical stove on the market. Call and see them.

No Trouble to Show Our Stock.

H. D. A. GREBE,
BARRINGTON.



THE WORLD'S BEST SHOWS.

The salary of the great aerialists, the Maretti Family, prominent feature of the above shows, distributed up would pay the entire salary for a month of many of the smaller shows which have for attractions usually commonplace artists. Remember the date of the great shows at Barrington, Thursday, May 16.

GOOD, BETTER, BEST.

1st dose good, 2nd dose better, the 3rd dose you will find the best remedy on earth and nothing ever again will take the place of Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin for constipation, indigestion and biliousness. Get a trial bottle (10 doses 10 cents, large sizes 50 cents and \$1.00) of A. L. Waller.

THE COMING GREAT SHOW.

And now we are to have the far-famed Lemen Brothers. Dame Rumor has placed the above show at the head of the list for years, and pronounces it the greatest of all shows whose fame is not confined to one language, but extends wherever civilized tongue is spoken. Exhibitions will be given at Barrington Thursday, May 16. It is the best advertised show that ever billed here. Its pictorial and lithograph paper can be seen on all sides, while the many announcement sheets are scattered like snow-flakes in a radius of forty miles. Preparations are being made to entertain a vast gathering on show day as above.

Flat for Rent.

For Rent.—A flat consisting of five rooms over A. W. Meyer & Co's store. For particulars call on A. W. Meyer.

PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS.

George Augustus Sala is still in Rome, and is still complaining greatly. Princess Maud of Wales, when she cycles, wears a neat tailor-made costume, with plain skirt, similar to that of a riding habit.

Major Von Wissman, the famous African explorer, who has been spending the winter at Naples, proposes to take up his permanent residence in Berlin.

F. J. Williamson, sculptor, has executed a bust of the late Lord Tennyson in marble, to the order of the queen, to be placed in the grand corridor of Windsor Castle.

Prince Maesimo, of Italy, thinks that his is the oldest family in Europe. He traces his ancestry to Quintus Fabius Maximus.

Since the recent attack on his life Premier Crispi wears under his shirt, says the Caffaro, a Genoese journal, a light but solid coat of mail of steel, of double thickness over his heart.

Col. Waring, the street-cleaning commissioner of New York, recommends the building of street lavatories in that city. Charles G. Wilson, president of the board of health, joins also in the recommendation.

The Marquis of Lorne has just finished writing a light opera libretto, of which the Caffaro, a Genoese journal, a light but solid coat of mail of steel, of double thickness over his heart.

A gold medal, commemorative of the naval parade on the Hudson river on April 30, 1895, will be presented to ex-President Harrison by the New Jersey Historical Society of Newark, at its semi-centennial in that city on May 16 next.

Few persons are aware, probably, that John Wesley, the founder of Methodism, commenced his ministry in Savannah, and was several years rector of Christ Episcopal church, which stands in the center of that city, just as it did then, with the exterior unaltered, although the interior has been remodeled and modernized.

FACTS TERSELY TOLD.

The Asot races were founded by Queen Anne.

The largest landed proprietor among the peers is the Duke of Sutherland, who owns more than a million acres.

James P. Jump of Owen, Ky., is not egotistical in claiming that he is the champion egg-eater. He recently climbed outside of twenty-two of them at one sitting.

Cultivated plums, of which there are now several hundred varieties, all descended from the original species, which was a native of the south Caucasian country.

It is calculated that 10,000,000 photographs of the queen, the Prince and the Princess of Wales are produced annually, and find a ready sale all over the world.

So much has the art of dressing and dyeing feathers been developed that numbers of the seemingly rare feather boas worn have already been made from the plumage of the ordinary fowl.

MISS DENA BAUMAN.

MILLINERY

The latest and newest styles in millinery goods, velvets, feathers, etc., etc., can always be found here at reasonable prices.

New Goods Constantly Arriving.

Come and Examine My Stock

MISS DENA BAUMAN.

BARRINGTON, ILL.

Men's Tans, Patent Leather, Kangaroo or Calf, Plain or Tip, Square or Pointed Toe.

SHOES!
Boys' Button Lace or Congress, Plain or Tip, Square or Pointed Toe.
Women's Square and Pointed Toe.
Tip Toe.
Heel, Plain or Black, Heel or Spring Misses' and Children's Tans or

Come in and see our stock. We have the largest and best assortment of Shoes at Lowest Prices. Yours truly,

B. H. SODT & SON.

Knights of the Maccabees.

The state commander writes us from Lincoln, Neb., as follows: "After trying other medicines for what seemed to be a very obstinate cough in our two children, we tried Dr. King's New Discovery, and at the end of two days the cough entirely left them. We will not be without it hereafter, as our experience proves that it cures where all other remedies fail."—Signed F. W. Stevens, State Com.—Why not give this great medicine a trial, as it is guaranteed and trial bottles are free at A. L. Waller's drug store. Regular size, 50 cents and \$1.00.

It May Do as Much for You.

Mr. Fred Miller of Irving, Ill., writes that he had a severe kidney trouble for many years, with severe pains in his back and also that his bladder was affected. He tried many so called kidney cures but without any good result. About a year ago he began use of Electric Bitters and found relief at once. Electric Bitters is especially adapted to cure of all kidney and liver troubles and often gives almost instant relief. One trial will prove our statement. Price only 50 cents for large bottle. At A. L. Waller's drug store.

IT IS EXPENSIVE

To experiment with all advertised remedies at \$1.00 per bottle. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, that great remedy for constipation, indigestion, etc., is now put out in 10c bottles (it speaks for itself as well in a small as in a large quantity). Try a 10c bottle (10 doses 10 cents) at A. L. Waller's.

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

The truthful, startling title of a book about No-to-bac, the only harmless, guaranteed tobacco-habit cure. If you want to quit and can't, use "No-to-bac." Braces up nicotine 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.

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.

GRANDEST CONFEDERATION ON EARTH!

Lemen Brothers' Big 3-Ring Circus! 30-Stage Menagerie! Hippodrome! Sports, Etc., Etc.

The great show is booked for Barrington, Ill., Thursday, May 16, and regarded as a whole, it is doubtless without parallel. Wherein it differs from others is this: in its rare variety, its endless interest, its boundless capacity to please every taste. Good things with it are not doled out with a grudging hand; they are poured forth in a Niagara-like profusion, typical of the great country of greatest enterprises. Here we have a regal Roman Hippodrome, a Five-Continent Menagerie, Three Big Circuses, a Wild Moorish Caravan, performing droves of Wild and Domestic Beasts, a huge Tropical Aquarium, Aviary, Royal Japanese Troupes, Arabian Night's Entertainment, Spectacular, Splendid Free Street Parade, and Rajah, the largest Elephant on earth, rolled into one tremendous alliance, for but one price of admission; or more properly speaking, roaring, rushing, racing, marching, dancing, gliding, tumbling, soaring, diving and disporting under some ten acres of tents. Whew! the very thought of it fairly makes one catch his breath. And not only is it all a very great, but it is a very good, clean, admirably managed show, under the immediate eye of its proprietors, and free from any and all annoyance or objectionable association. Had Artemus Ward lived to see such an exhibition he would not have wondered why it always took three grown-up persons to take one child to a circus, but would have increased the number of adults to at least a score. Excursion rates on all lines of travel to the Biggest of all Big Shows.

ECONOMICAL

Mothers, your attention is called to Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin as the simplest, most pleasant to take, and at the same time most potent and economical remedy you can give the children to regulate the bowels and relieve from all manner of stomach troubles. It regulates. Try a 10c bottle, 10 doses for 10 cents (for children 20 doses for 10 cents) at A. L. Waller's.