

BARRINGTON REVIEW.

VOL. 10. NO. 2.

BARRINGTON, ILL., SATURDAY, MAY 25, 1895.

\$1.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

THE BARRINGTON BANK OF SANDMAN & CO., Barrington, Illinois.

A general banking business transacted
Interest allowed on time deposits. First-
class commercial paper for sale.
JOHN ROBERTSON, Prest.
A. L. ROBERTSON, Cashier.
JOHN C. PLAGGE, Vice-Prest.
H. C. P. SANDMAN.

MILES T. LAMEY, Notary Public and Fire Insurance Agent.

Collections Given Prompt Attention.
BARRINGTON, ILL.

WOOD & DILL,

Tonsorial Parlors,

Under Bank Building,
First-Class Work Guaranteed
A nice line of CIGARS and TOBACCOS
always on hand. Agency for

The Woodstock Laundry.

Give us a call.
WOOD & DILL, BARRINGTON, ILL.

GEORGE A. LYTLE, Veterinary Surgeon

Graduate of Chicago Veterinary
College.

Night and day office with J. M.
Thrasher, one door south of H. T.
Abbott's drug store.

BARRINGTON, ILL.

H. F. KOEBLING,

DEALER IN—

PURE MILK.

MILK DELIVERED MORNING
AND EVENING.

Fresh Milk can be had at my resi-
dence in the village at any
time of the day. ALL ORDERS
I PROMPTLY FILLED.

H. F. Koebling, Barrington.

THE ACCIDENTS OF LIFE

Write to T. S. QUINCY,
Drawer 156, Chicago, Sec-
retary of the Star Accident
Company, for information
regarding Accident Insur-
ance. Mention this paper.
By so doing you can save
membership fee. Has paid over \$100,000.00 for
accidental injuries.

Be your own Agent.
NO MEDICAL EXAMINATION REQUIRED.

M. C. MCINTOSH,

Estate and Commercial Lawyer

Residence, BARRINGTON, ILL.

OFFICE, Room 32,
55 Washington st., - CHICAGO.

HENRY BUTZOW,

BAKERY

—AND—

CONFECTIONERY.

Fruits, Gigsars, Tobacco, Etc

Ice Cream and Oyster Parlors in
Connection.

H. BUTZOW,

Barrington, Ill.

THEODOR H. SCHUTT,

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.

A BAD ACCIDENT.

NINETEEN PEOPLE INJURED AT
FORT WAYNE.

During a Procession of the Ringling
Brothers' Circus One of the Horses
Becomes Unmanageable and Tramples
Down Women and Children.

Fort Wayne, Ind., May 23.—A shock-
ing accident occurred yesterday during
the parade of Ringling's circus. A
horse attached to a buggy standing on
Columbia street took fright at the ele-
phants and plunged into a crowd of
women and children, injuring at least
eighteen people and smashing six baby
carriages. The dead:
MRS. ELIZA LEMAY, struck square
in the face and died shortly afterward
without regaining consciousness.
The fatally injured are:
MRS. FREDERICK WEHNER, bad
scalp wound and internally injured;
will die.
HARRY WEHNER, 3 years old;
skull fractured; will die.
The others are all badly bruised about
the head and body, but not fatally hurt.
Suits will be brought against the pro-
prietors of the circus.

Washington, May 23.—The United
States has been again asked to act as
intermediary in an international com-
plication. This time the trouble is be-
tween France and Venezuela, resulting
in a complete termination of diplomatic
relations between them. The request
for mediation of the United States is
made by the Venezuelan government
through the minister at Washington,
Senor Andrade. Should the United
States undertake the reconciliation it
will make two questions in which our
officials are intermediaries with Euro-
pean governments in behalf of Vene-
zuela.

HARRISON IN GOTHAM.

The Ex-President Meets a Number of
the Big Politicians.

New York, May 23.—New York's ex-
hibition of presidential candidates went
on yesterday, and the interest in it was
fully maintained. The interest to-day
naturally centered around ex-Presi-
dent Harrison. A gathering of politi-
cians welcomed him when he came
down into the corridors of the Fifth
Avenue hotel. His first two callers
were Charles Emory Smith, ex-minister
to Russia, and Col. Fred Grant. Gen.
Harrison then held an impromptu levee
in the corridors of the hotel. The fol-
lowing politicians called upon him:
Ex-Congressman Stuart, of Vermont;
Major J. G. Rathburn, W. B. Clark,
Col. E. S. Ferguson, Gen. Edward
O'Brien, Senator Thomas Carter, chair-
man of the Republican national com-
mittee, and ex-Gov. James S. Hogg, of
Texas.

RUSH FOR LAND.

Big Crowd on the Kickapoo Reservation
Line.

Oklahoma City, O. T., May 23.—Oklaha-
ma City, Guthrie and all towns on
the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe rail-
road in Oklahoma are nearly deserted,
and an army of humanity turned in
the direction of the Kickapoo reserva-
tion is receiving hundreds of new re-
cruits from every incoming train. To-
day will be, by common consent, a pub-
lic holiday. Banks, offices and schools
and a majority of the stores will close,
that everybody may have an opportu-
nity to see the start in the great free-for-
all race. Omnibuses, hacks and vehi-
cles of all kinds are making regular
trips to the border, and seats in them
are always at a premium. The fact
that but a small percentage of the
boomers can by any possibility secure
the prizes for which all are striving ap-
pears to discourage no one.

FLAMES IN WISCONSIN.

Forest Fires Raging Through the Re-
gion East of Superior.

Superior, Wis., May 23.—Forest fires
broke out in the neighborhood of Top-
side, forty miles east of here, yesterday
morning. The loss of one settler's home
and a valuable tract of pine is reported.
The fires have been fanned all day by a
stiff southeast breeze and are raging
throughout a dense wooded belt. The
telegraph operator at Ino was forced
by the close proximity of fires to aban-
don his office and the settlements sur-
rounding were in great danger of de-
struction at last report.

Official Note from Hawaii.

Washington, May 23.—The state de-
partment has been officially informed
of the withdrawal of Mr. Thurston,
the Hawaiian minister. The notice was
received from United States Minister
Willis, who transmitted the reply made
by the Hawaiian government to his
note informing them that Mr. Thurston
was persona non grata. This consists
in the mere announcement that Mr.
Thurston would not return to Washing-
ton and does not enter into a discussion
of the merits of the case.

Duties at Barbadoes Increased.

Washington, May 23.—A report to the
state department from Consul Tate at
Barbadoes, West Indies, says that the
supposed new tariff which he submitted
in a statement recently has been agreed
to. In addition to the increase of duty
upon American goods there has been an
increase on dried and salt fish of 20
cents per 112 pounds, and on rice of 6
cents per 100 pounds. Molasses, former-
ly free, is 24 cents per gallon, and sug-
ar, formerly free, is \$2.40 per 100
pounds.

Town Destroyed by Fire.

Pittsburg, Pa., May 23.—A Wellsville
N. Y. dispatch says that the town of
Angelica, N. Y., was totally destroyed
by fire this morning. Angelica is the
county seat of Allegheny county and
has a population of about 1,000. Partic-
ulars are meager, as the wires are
down.

SPANIARDS JUBILANT.

Rejoice Over the Crippling of the Cuban
Insurrection.

Madrid, May 23.—A dispatch received
here says the death of Jose Marti, the
insurgent leader, who was proclaimed
President of the Cuban republic, has
been confirmed officially at Havana.
Havana, May 23.—There is a great
deal of rejoicing to-day in official circles
over the news of the defeat of the rebels
in Eastern Cuba and the reported death
of Jose Marti, who had been proclaimed
president of the Cuban republic by the
revolutionary party, and Colonel Sal-
cedo is receiving great praise for the
manner in which he encompassed the
insurgents' rout. The rebel loss in the
engagement is placed at twenty killed
and many more wounded. The Span-
iards captured a number of documents
which have placed the authorities in
possession of information which com-
promises persons at Santiago de Cuba,
Holguin, and Havana. A number of im-
portant arrests are expected to follow,
although the persons of this city who
are compromised are believed to have
fled. The loss on the Spanish side was
five killed and seven wounded.

WILL ADJOURN JUNE 14.

Illinois House and Senate Reach an
Agreement.

Springfield, Ill., May 23.—The date of
the sine die adjournment of the Thirty-
ninth General Assembly was definitely
fixed this morning. It is to be June 14.

The Chicago drainage bill was read
for the third time in the house and
passed with but seven dissenting votes.
The vote stood: Yeas, 123; nays, 7.
The bill appropriating \$194,000 annu-
ally to Chester penitentiary then came
up under the head of unfinished busi-
ness. After a few minor amendments
were adopted the house took a recess
until 2:30 p. m.

KAISER INTERESTED.

EMPEROR WILLIAM STUDYING
SILVER QUESTION.

Copies of Speeches of Leaders on Both
Sides Secured by Him—Two Hundred
Drowned—Other News from Across
the Sea.

London, May 23.—The Standard's Ber-
lin correspondent says that Emperor
William has obtained copies of A. J.
Bauer's speeches, Archbishop Walsh's
pastoral and writings and speeches on
the bimetallic question.

The Berlin correspondent of the
Times, commenting on the debate in the
lower house of the Prussian diet on the
bimetallic resolution, says the speeches
indicated the complete confusion reign-
ing in the centrist party on the bimetal-
lic question.

The Nord Deutsche Allgemeine Zeit-
ung declares there is no sign of acces-
sion of support to the bimetallic move-
ment.

WAITING FOR THE UNITED STATES.

CH. Has Not Settled the American
Construction Company Matter.

Santiago, Chile, May 23.—The min-
ister of foreign affairs said in the sen-
ate that the questions relative to the
American Construction company had
not yet been settled because of the de-
lay of the United States government in
answering the Chilean notes on the sub-
ject. The minister of foreign affairs de-
clares that the treaty of peace and com-
merce with Bolivia has been signed.

Hundred and Sixty-eight Drowned.

Madrid, May 23.—Further details re-
ceived here of the loss of the Spanish
steamer Gravina, wrecked off Manila,
Philippine Islands, during a typhoon,
show that 168 persons were drowned.
Only two of those on board are believed
to have been saved.

Dissolution Is Inevitable.

London, May 23.—The Times in a lead-
ing political situation says: "The
government may cling to office for a
few weeks and delay for a short time
the appeal to the country, but the in-
evitable end is only postponed."

Disagreed on Congo Question.

Brussels, May 23.—It is reported that
the minister for foreign affairs, Count
de Merode Westerloo, has resigned on
account of differences with his col-
leagues regarding the Congo question.

TS CONFER WITH SEMINARIES.

Additional Members of the Committee
Are Appointed by Dr. Booth.

Pittsburg, Pa., May 23.—After devo-
tional exercises the Presbyterian gen-
eral assembly proceeded to business this
morning. Before taking up the subject
of foreign missions the announcement
was made that the moderator had ap-
pointed as the additional members of
the committee to confer with the theo-
logical seminaries Dr. F. C. Monfort of
Cincinnati, the Rev. W. H. Hubbard
of Auburn, N. Y., Governor James A.
Beaver of Pennsylvania and Judge C.
E. Vanderbilt of Minneapolis, and to
fill vacancies in the same committee
Dr. George W. F. Birch of New York,
Judge Robert H. Hinckley of Philadel-
phia and Judge Thomas Ewing of Pitts-
burg. To the committee on conference
with Lane Seminary Dr. John I. Black-
burn of Covington, Ky., was appointed
to replace Dr. Birch of New York.

SEVERE STORM IN TEXAS.

Crops Ruined and Trains Delayed by
Washouts.

San Antonio, Texas, May 23.—Heavy
rain, hail and wind storms prevailed
over southwest Texas last night. The
rainfall in this city flooded the streets
and raised the river about one foot.
Specials from El Paso, Pecos, Waring
and Comfort, on the Arkansas Pass
Railroad, report the damage as heavy.
Houses were unroofed and hail broke
every pane of glass in Waring and Com-
fort. At El Paso the streets are flooded,
the cemetery is under three feet of
water and trains on the Southern Pac-
ific and Texas Pacific are unable to
proceed. At Pecos trains are delayed
by washouts. Fruit trees are blown
down and cotton washed up or crushed
into the ground.

Uncle Sam Kept Posted.

San Diego, Cal., May 23.—The British
gunboat Wild Swan has arrived here
from Corinto. One of the officers de-
nied the report that Admiral Stevenson
had stated that the reason for occupy-
ing Corinto was to test the validity of
the Monroe doctrine, and positively as-
serted that the United States govern-
ment was working in harmony with
Great Britain throughout the entire
matter. He said that the English and
American governments were kept in-
formed by Admiral Stevenson of every
move both before and after the occupa-
tion.

Leather Prices Doubled.

Newark, N. J., May 23.—Fifteen of the
leading leather manufacturers of this
city, representing the largest owners of
prepared leather in the United States,
have sent out letters to dealers notify-
ing them of an advance of from 50 to
100 per cent on cured stock. A capital
of \$15,000,000 was represented at the
meeting.

Monsignore Dubois Dead.

Paris, May 23.—Monsignore Dubois
formerly Roman Catholic bishop of
Galveston, Tex., died at Vernalson.

New York, May 23.—

Intense excitement has prevailed in grain circles to-
day, the transactions in wheat alone
footing up to 24,000,000 bushels, making
over 103,000,000 bushels for three days.
As the market neared the close July
wheat touched 80 cents. The market
closed at top prices.

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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, 6½, 7 and 7½ Cents Per Roll.

Pretty dining-room papers at 7½, 8, 9, 10 and
12½ 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.
Phoenix of Hartford.
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.

MILES T. LAMEY, Resident Agent.
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
and Summer Samples to select from.

Cleaning, Dyeing and Repairing

Given prompt attention. Give us a call and we will save you
money.

H. WALTER, the Tailor,

OPPOSITE THE DEPOT. BARRINGTON, ILL.

VETERANS' CORNER.

CAMP-FIRE SKETCHES AND WARTIME ETCHINGS.

The Old Army Haversack—Sergt. McElroy's Whereabouts—The Confederate Battle-Flag—The Starry Flag—Foes and Friends.

LAST night I dreamed the shouts came back—
"What have you in your haversack?"
"I am hungry, comrade, as can be. Have you some hard-tack left for me?"

"It looks as though we boys at last Must keep our forty days of fast!" I wakened, and my thoughts went back To rummage through my haversack. A weary march, a hopeless fight, A sad retreat at dead of night, And then we all at dawn of day Lay down like cattle by the way; The pangs of hunger and of thirst Were rending us like things accursed; A comrade shouted at my back, "Come, open up your haversack."

Oh, glad am I for dream that brings So many half-forgotten things— The comradeship that closer grows When sorrow darkest shadow throws; The comradeship that until death Is breathed with every soldier's breath; That shares its crust, in joy or wrack, From that old army haversack.

Sergt. McElroy's Whereabouts.
"The Ninth Cavalry was the first regiment to use the Hotchkiss mountain gun," said Captain Day, "and the way that gun was hauled about by our troop was a caution. Lieut. Humphrey commanded the gun outfit in our troop, and he could hit an ordinary target with it as far as it could be seen."

"He was a very profane man, and whenever any of the boys got weary on a march they would say: 'Let's go back and hear Humphrey swear.' In marching over mountains it is very often necessary to climb down inclines which are almost a sheer drop, and at such places the soldier will sit down, between the forelegs of his horse and they slide down together."

"The gun outfit, always being in the rear, would generally find such places worn about as smooth as glass when they came up, and Humphrey's profanity then was something terrible. I remember one very amusing incident connected with an affair of that sort. The incline was almost a sheer precipice, leading thirty feet below into the canon. When Humphrey came up, of course, all the dirt was worn off, leaving only the slippery side of the rock. "He sat down and swore long and loudly, but finally got up and ordered the outfit over. The sergeant, a colored man named McElroy, was about to let the gun and the two mules go over by themselves, when Humphrey yelled: 'Hold on there, blank, blank, etc., go over with them and report.'"

"So over they all went, and after hearing a big splash in the canon below, followed by silence, Humphrey called out:

"McElroy, are you killed?"
A big spluttering was heard below, and pretty soon McElroy's voice came up: "No, sah; Ise not killed."
"Where's the mule?"
"He's kickin' on top o' de heap, sah."
"Well, where's the wheel mule?"
"He's under the off mule, sah."
"Is the gun all right?"
"Yes, sah; dat's under de wheel mule, sah."
"Well, where in — are you?"
"Ise under de gun, sah."

As to the Confederate Battle Flag.

Speaking of General Johnston, I am reminded, says a writer in Kate Field's Washington, of the explanation he once gave me of the origin of the Confederate battle flag: "At the battle of Bull Run," said he, "the 'stars and bars' proved a failure because they were so much like the union colors. Indeed, both armies mistook their enemies for friends, and vice versa. After the battle I resolved to discard this flag and called for each regiment to procure its state colors. This they were not able to do, and I asked the army for new designs. Among those presented, one by General Beauregard was chosen, and I altered this only in making it square instead of oblong. This flag was afterward adopted by the Confederate armies generally. It was a Greek cross on blue on a red field, with white stars on the blue bars." This flag, by the way, was designed by a Colonel Walton, of Louisiana, and by him presented to General Beauregard.

The Starry Flag.

Messrs. Oehm & Co. have just completed a fine silk flag on a special order, to which is attached a pretty romance, says Baltimore News. A few years ago, after the close of the war, a young man living in a suburb of Boston, Mass., conveyed his invalid sister to a hotel at Old Point Comfort, hoping the genial climate would aid in the restoration of her health. The orphan child and only heirs of a wealthy leather magnate with interests in the great tanneries at Salem and leather houses in Boston, they had abundant means to entertain in lavish style, and soon were the center of a social circle at the noted resort. Among the most intimate friends they won by their hospitality was a Maryland girl of much grace and beauty, who was the season's belle at Old Point. The young New Englander courted her assiduously, out, as she boasted that she was "a little rebel" and "would never wed a Yankee," he postponed "popping of the question." However, before parting he frankly told her that she had stolen his heart and he would never wed another. "If you can ever kiss the starry flag," were his parting words to her, "I will fly to you from any part of the world." "I never can," was retorted with laughter. Years passed away. The young man's sister kept in correspondence with the charming Marylander, and finally came the news that she was married. He plunged into literature, the resort of the Bostonians; traveled on the continent, went around the world, never forgetting his vow "to marry no other than she." He haunted Old Point season after season hoping to catch a glimpse of the eyes that had fascinated him, and a year ago heard that she was a widow, childless and penniless. Through his invalid sister he conveyed

to her, after the lapse of several months a message that brought to him a few days ago this reply, while he was in Baltimore on his way home:

"I will kiss the starry flag."
Immediately he ordered an elaborate flag made—"one worthy to be kissed by a queen"—and hastened to an old mansion near Washington, where the young widow was sojourning.

"Hold it until I wire for it," was his order. The flag is now on exhibition, gracefully draped in one of the Baltimore street windows, and it is expected that in a short time the romance will culminate in a nuptial event that will occur under its folds, as the following dispatch is pasted on the glass in front of the flag:

Washington, D. C., March 28, 1895.

"Send flag April 15."

E. C. HARRINGTON.

The flag is of the heaviest silk, one of its characteristics being that the stars and stripes are woven into it instead of being sewn in, the usual way.

The Field of Shiloh.
This letter is written on the great battlefield of Shiloh, writes an Ohio veteran. I spend the day and one night in "tenting on the old camp-ground." Great changes have occurred since April 6, 1862. Shiloh church, on the old log structure, has given place to a large frame building, and near it a school-house. I reached the church just as school was dismissed for noon, and as the merry groups of children distributed themselves over the playground I could but contrast it with the whirlwind of bullets and the hell-fire of grape that swept over that ground twenty-seven years ago! Yes, right where these bright boys and girls of Tennessee were eating their lunch, on less than an acre of ground, lay stiff and stark the bodies of nearly two hundred men! I lingered on the ground until twilight, and the moonlight threw ghastly shadows as it shimmered among the old oaks that surrounded the church. I could almost hear the tread of mighty hosts and almost see the phantom battalions of gray and blue, and thought: "Where are these series lines? If the living of both armies could be gathered on this field to-night, how many would wear the gray? How many the blue?" Alas! the survivors of Shiloh have other decorations. Vicksburg, Perryville, Stone River, Chickamauga, Mission Ridge, Lookout and a hundred other battlefields witnessed the same fiery valor and stubborn defense; so that it would be a thin attenuated line of blue and gray, and would not reach from Owl Creek to Lick Creek. I visited all points of interest—the sunken road where Prentiss was surrounded, the "Hornet's Nest," where Tuttle and his Hawkeyes immortalized themselves, and lastly the National Cemetery. It is beautifully situated on a bluff on the right as you come up from the landing, and so close to the river that you can throw a stone into the Tennessee from the flagstaff. Boys, Shiloh is fast changing, and you would scarcely recognize any of the old familiar objects of interest. The disintegrating touch of time is destroying the old landmarks and the iconoclast of progress battering down many of the temples which you have reared in your memories.

Commodore Gerry and Josef Hofmann.
Eight years ago New York city went wild over little Hofmann. He created an excitement the like of which we did not see until Paderewski appeared here in 1892. He was such a little fellow that it seemed almost as though he could be carried away in the pocket of a great coat. He was only 10 years of age, but he played the piano marvelously. Gerry tried to stop his playing in public, claiming that it was injuring the boy's health. The father said: "But what am I to do? I am poor, and I am earning this money to complete little Josef's education."

Commodore Gerry then said: "Will you take him off the stage for six years if you receive money enough to support yourself, his mother, and him, and to give him the best instruction for that length of time?"

The father replied that he would gladly do so, and Commodore Gerry within a week raised a sum of money sufficient to yield a yearly income of \$5,000. This he placed in the hands of trustees, who were bound to remit to Mr. Hofmann in quarterly sums for six years. The lad was taken back to Europe, became the favorite pupil of Rubenstein, and only a few weeks ago appeared again in public, justifying by his playing the highest promise of his boyhood days.—Philadelphia Press.

Hereditary Needles.

Needles have never been supposed to be hereditary, but a recent case reported by a physician of eminence offers undoubted evidence to the contrary. A lady accidentally ran a needle into her foot thirty years ago, and it lay apparently dormant in her system for so many years that its existence was almost forgotten. In 1878 she was married, and a year after the birth of her infant daughter the needle made its appearance in the infant's shoulder. There could be no doubt that it was the original needle by which the mother had been attacked in 1850, for it was of a peculiar and now obsolete pattern, and the mother distinctly remembered that needles of that pattern were in use at the time of her attack. There can be no doubt that the infant inherited the needle from her mother, and that henceforth physicians will expect to find a natural tendency to needles in the tissues. As it is asserted that people who have dived from needles, although there are very few such cases on record, the insurance companies will doubtless add to the questions which they put to candidates for insurance: "Did your father or mother ever swallow needles, and if so how many, and of what kind—sewing, darning or carpet?"—Pearson's Weekly.

Boarder Locked in a Trunk.

John Scully, of No. 83 South Peoria street, was arrested last night by a Desplaines street officer on a charge of assault preferred by his wife. Mrs. Scully said yesterday morning her husband took offense at something she had done and began to beat her, says Chicago Inter Ocean. A boarder in the house, named Wilson, interfered in her behalf. Scully turned upon him and a struggle ensued and Wilson was overpowered. Mrs. Scully claims her husband then threw Wilson into a large trunk which was standing in the room and slamming down the cover, locked it. He then left the house. She succeeded in finding another key to the trunk and released Wilson, who was not much the worse for his experience.

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

GOOD SHORT STORIES FOR YOUNG READERS.

The Little Girl at Sea—Colossal Children—Origin of Punch and Judy—Bessie's Fright—The Fire Eaters of Paris—Ollie's Observation.

HERE WAS A little girl on board. Who couldn't stand the constant motion. "I wish, mamma," she one day said, "There was some pavements in the ocean."

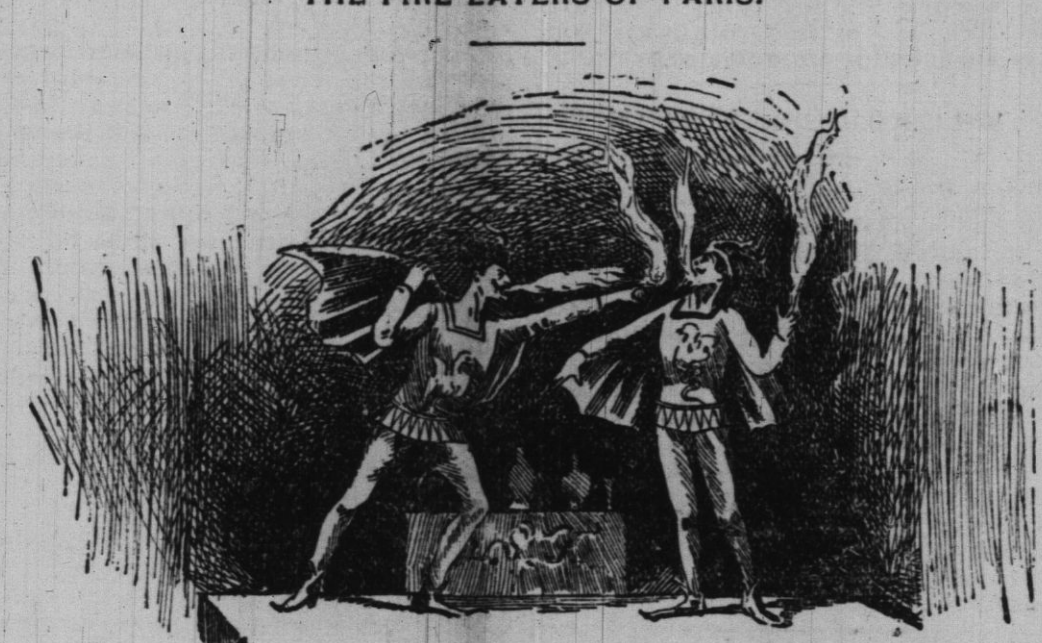
Shewatchedthe heaving billows roll, And shook her head, and murmured sadly, "If they'd play still pond, 'sted of tag, It wouldn't make me feel so badly."

Before her stretched the white-capped waves, Behind a white-capped nurse maid followed, "I'm better now," she naively said, "Because you see, I've just unsalvaged."

—Bessie Chandler, in The Housewife.

Bessie's Fright.
"What is the matter, darling?" asked Mrs. May, as the door of her sewing-room opened and her little Bessie, all in tears, with her cheeks flushed and terror in her eyes, was led in by her two cousins. "What is the matter?" But Bessie only screamed the louder. "She won't tell us what it is," said the elder cousin, Janie. "We were swing-

THE FIRE EATERS OF PARIS.



La Nature prints a description of a very realistic description of fire-eating very realistic exhibition of "fire-eating" given by two young Americans in Paris. The fire-eaters, who have been exhibiting in the hall of the Olympia, at Paris, excel in their line anything of the kind that has been seen up to the present. Then not only swallow flames, but handle fire and cause it to flash from their fingers. These fire-eaters are two young Americans who have cultivated physics and electricity considerably. When they perform their experiments they are clad in a tight-fitting costume of a red color, which represents that of the devil of fairy scenes. The stage upon which they appear remains but dimly lighted during the entire time of their presence thereon. At the back of it there is a piece of furniture that resembles an office desk seen from the rear, but no detail of this object is distinguishable. The performers go behind it, and seem to make some preparation with their hands there, and then

ing, and all of a sudden she threw herself on the grass and began to cry like that.

"Tell mother, Bessie," pleaded Mrs. May. "Why, how frightened she seems! I think I must send for the doctor."

At that, Bessie made an effort to control her sobs, and gasped forth: "I'm not sick."
"Why do you cry so, then?" asked Mrs. May. "Take a drink of water. There, now, what is it?"
"My—my teeth!" sobbed Bessie. "My teeth are loose; they are going to break off! Oh, oh, oh! they'll break off and I can't eat any more!"

"My front ones," sobbed Bessie. Mrs. May put the point of her finger on the two little white front teeth, and, sure enough, they were both loose in the pink gums.

"You poor child," she said. "Why does it frighten you so? Don't you know it must happen? These are your first teeth—milk teeth, some people call them—and the reason they are loose is because right behind them are the other good, strong teeth, fit to bite harder things with; teeth that will last you most of your life, if you take good care of them."

"Are you certain—sure, mamma?" Bessie asked.

"Of course I am," said mamma. "I remember my first one coming out," said Cousin Janie. "I had to go to the dentist to have it pulled, and he gave me something nice to rinse my mouth with; then the new teeth came."

"Show me your new teeth," said Bessie.

Janie happened to have very handsome teeth, and Bessie was comforted by the sight of them.

"Perhaps mine won't come through," she sighed.

"I am not in the least afraid of that," said mamma. "You will change all your teeth, one after another; you have twenty-eight now."

Janie and Kitty put their fingers in their mouths and began to count; and Bessie did the same, but soon began to cry again.

"Two are loose! They jog about!" "You will feel better when they are really out," said mamma. "Janie, ask your uncle to come here."

Mr. May, who was a clergyman, was writing his sermon in his study; but he came upstairs at once, and listened to the story of Bessie's teeth.

"Nothing to be frightened about, daughter," he said. Then he took Bessie on his knee. "Let me feel them," he said.

The next moment there was a twitch and a scream. Another twitch and another scream.

There they were in papa's hand, and there was a little blood in Bessie's

mouth and she was shaking all over. Janie brought a basin, mamma a glass of water with myrrh in it, and pretty soon Bessie felt better. Then papa told her to feel the places where the first teeth came out, and she felt something hard.

"Are they my bones?" she gasped. "They are the second teeth pushing out," said papa.

"I am so thankful!" said Bessie. Then papa kissed her and went back to his study, and mamma went on:

"I told you you had twenty-eight teeth," she said, "and, after awhile, when you are older, you will have thirty-two—four big back-teeth that are called wisdom-teeth. It depends on yourself to keep these teeth sound and white all your life. You must clean them after every meal, in the morning and before you go to bed. I will give you the proper brushes and powders, and you must use a quill toothpick, and now and then run floss silk between the teeth to get out small particles."

Bessie was much interested. "You must never crack nuts or fruit-kernels with your teeth," said mamma, "or hold such things as pins or bodkins or knitting-needles with them. Do as I tell you, and your second teeth will be as handsome as papa's."

Mr. May had unusually fine teeth, and Bessie felt pleased. After awhile she began to think she might go out and play again, and the girls were swinging once more, when Sarah Smith, a school-mate, looked over the fence, and the story had to be told to her.

"Oh, my!" she laughed. "How funny to be scared. I wasn't. I've got all mine in a box. Brother Jack pulls them out with pack-thread. See here, I'll show them to you."

She put her hand in her pocket and pulled out a little button box, and in it were a number of teeth, mostly crooked, little black things.

Bessie shuddered, Janie looked disgusted, Kitty giggled, and Sarah ran away, laughing at them all.

"I think it seems like an Indian with

Colossal Children.

The quaint little town of St. Nicholas, in East Flanders, boasts the possession of two children of such extraordinary abnormal growth as to put completely in the shade all similar infant prodigies of the past or present. These veritable Brobdignagian youngsters are boy and girl. The elder, Master Clement Smedst is 15 years of age and weighs no less than 420 pounds (90 stone); his circumference of his body is 6 feet 6 inches; he measures 36 inches around the leg and 28 inches around the arm. His sister Bertha is 3 years old and turns the scale at 224 pounds (46 stone). In spite of their enormous dimensions, their activity is remarkable, for they trip and skip with all the agility of other children of an equal age. It is an astonishing sight to see these infant monsters of humanity romping about in country lanes with other children of the village. One would imagine them to be the offspring of a race of giants, so high do they tower over the heads of their little playfellows. Their appearance is decidedly interesting, both having extremely handsome and regular features. Bertha, like other girls of tender years, delights in nursing a doll, which seems ludicrously out of place and proportion in the arms of the young giantess. The couple are attracting the attention of the country around, and on fine days crowds of people flock into the quiet little town in order to catch a glimpse of these colossal children.

scaps at his belt," said Janie, "to carry old teeth about."

"That girl is dreadful!" said Kitty.

At supper Bessie couldn't eat anything hard, but she had some nice bread and milk, and in a week or two, two large, beautiful white teeth showed themselves when she smiled; and she had quite gotten over her fright, and went quietly to papa to have her milk-teeth pulled out when the new ones pushed them from behind.

"My front ones," sobbed Bessie.

At supper Bessie couldn't eat anything hard, but she had some nice bread and milk, and in a week or two, two large, beautiful white teeth showed themselves when she smiled; and she had quite gotten over her fright, and went quietly to papa to have her milk-teeth pulled out when the new ones pushed them from behind.

Ollie's Observation.

He saw two knots in a papa's. And unto his mother cried: "Oh, mamma, isn't this funny? Here's a board that's all cross-eyed!"

—Murderer Who Was Not Hanged.

Peoria, Ill., Special: Jane Brooks, aged 70, convicted of murder in the first degree in New York city in the early '60s, but whose sentence, owing to a popular feeling against hanging women at that time, was commuted by Governor Seymour to life imprisonment, died in the Woman's hospital here today.

HELIOGRAPHIC CHAT.

MESSAGES FROM COLUMBIA TO MEX.CO.

White-Cowled Mountains as Stations from Which the Flash-Light Signals Will Be Transmitted—New Use for the Sun's Rays

(Chicago Correspondence.)

T REGULAR intervals the world is informed that Edison, the "wizard of Menlo park," and Eesla, the brilliant young inventor, whose many scientific discoveries have startled and delighted mankind, are at work on the problem of telegraphing without the use of wires.

"Impossible!" is the first mental exclamation, and then, "Nothing is impossible with such men," is the thought that forces itself upon the mind and finds an abiding place. While the public is patiently waiting for the coveted invention the fact is apparently forgotten that telegraphy without wires is already an accomplished fact, consequently considerable interest will attach to the preparation now being made for the transmission, July 10, of a message from Mount Nelson, British Columbia, to Mexico, a distance of about 1,800 miles, as the message and response are to be handled without wires.

Ages ago, long before Franklin discovered the existence of electricity or Morse had thought of his code, the beacon fire telegraph was used, and matters of great importance, meaning the salvation or ruin of nations, were adjusted by the lighting of great fires on mountain tops, from which the flame or smoke could be seen at immense distances giving information, desirable or dreaded, as flame after flame shot upward, reddening the sky. It is said that the wonderful race of Aztecs used a system of telegraphy by means of which messages were sent from one mountain top to another until the news traversed the distance meant to be covered.

The United States army and the signal-service department now use an instrument called the heliograph, by means of which flashes of sunlight are reflected 100 miles as easily as ten miles. The indispensable feature of the sun telegraph is a mirror, large or small, according to the distance the sun ray is to be reflected. It is a simple instrument, little more complicated than the rude beacon fire, and its practicability has been thoroughly demonstrated by the sending of messages short distances. Now it remains for the heliograph to be used in transmitting dispatches across vast areas, and this is to be accomplished or attempted, with a determination to succeed, by the Mazamas, a society of mountain climbers which was organized less than a year ago at the summit of Mount Hood, which raises its majestic form in Oregon. Eligibility to membership in this society consists in the candidate's having immersed his boots in the snow that mantles the crest of the mountain on which the association was formed. This means that he must have climbed to an altitude of nearly 12,000 feet.

Soon after the Mazamas society was organized it had a membership of 200, all of whom attended a banquet at the snowy summit. The banquet was not an elaborate affair, though the oysters were rock, saddle rock and crater rock, while for fish the banqueters had sardines in oil, flounders in snowbank, pike on staff, sole hand sewed, soaked and strained. At the conclusion of the repast the gentlemen found smoking in the crater.

Among the members of the Mazamas are several ladies, one of whom, Miss Fay Fuller, a newspaper woman of Tacoma, is the only woman that ever reached the summit of Mount Rainier, as Seattle people call it, or Mount Tacoma, as it is known the people of the Northern Pacific collapse. Another woman, Mrs. Ida V. McElvain, is the only representative of her sex to remain overnight at the summit of Mount Hood, but this she did in spite of the bitter cold, which nearly bit her nose.

Mr. W. G. Steel of Portland, Ore., is president of the Mazamas, and is now in Chicago for the purpose of consulting with some gentlemen of scientific attainments who are interested in the undertaking, and also to secure all the heliographs he can find lying around.



MRS. IDA V. McELVAIN.

He is so thoroughly addicted to the mountain climbing habit that he has established his residence half way up the side of Mount Hood, so that he can stroll to the summit as his morning "constitutional."

"When I first conceived the idea of sending a message by heliograph from British Columbia to Mexico," said Mr. Steel to the writer, "I was about ready to agree with my friends that it was too visionary for serious thought. But the more I studied it the more firmly I became convinced that the plan was feasible, and my view is now shared by many scientists who will experiment in the big experiment. It is something wholly new, and I am losing no opportunity to profit by the counsels of able college men and officers of the army and signal service, who have made experiments on a practically small scale with the heliograph. Such a great trial as the one we are to make has never been undertaken and the result will be awaited with no small degree of anxiety for those interested in scientific matters. We will have use for about fifty heliographs, thirty of which will be operated on the tops of mountains,

while the remainder will be placed at less lofty points. Gen. Greely, chief of the signal-service department, has promised us about half the required number of instruments and we must find the others elsewhere. Heliographs are not very plentiful. The various railway companies have also extended courtesies to us and our eastern friends will have no trouble in joining us at the proper time. Several eastern colleges will be generously represented and a number of army officers will also cooperate.

"The most northerly heliograph will be placed at the summit of Mount Nelson, British Columbia, from which the flashes will be caught at the summit of Mount Baker, Washington and be sent on down the line of snow-capped peaks till they reach Mexico. When

the message has been completed an answer will be flashed back along the cowles of snow to Mount Nelson. We will use the regular Morse telegraph alphabet of dots and dashes, and according to my calculations we will have sent a message and received a reply within two hours."

Nothing to Commend It. Chopping off horses' tails still seems to be a "fad" among some ultra-fashionable people. Among the horsemen, men—and even women for that matter—who admire the noblest of brutes, it is believed that the sun of the dock-tailed horse is setting, never to rise again. The practice is cruel and extremely barbarous, and serves no useful purpose. It not only deprives the horse of its beauty, but also of its means of defense against its persistent enemies, the flies. The general public has a vague idea that the law prohibits the practice of docking horses' tails—or rather that the law seeks to prohibit the practice. The fact that the law has not done altogether what it was hoped it would do is plainly shown by the number of horses with docked tails which are seen daily on the streets.



MISS FAY FULLER.

Shorn of their beauty, with their stumps of tails elevated in the air, the poor creatures jog along with a general appearance of depression, as if utterly ashamed of themselves. There are few cases on record of dock-tailed horses running away. Docking a horse's tail will take all the proud spirit out of the animal in almost every instance. A dock-tailed horse makes probably a safe animal for a timid young girl, or a young man whose nerves have been weakened by cigarette smoking, to drive. There are few full-grown men who would risk making themselves look ridiculous by holding the lines over a dock-tailed horse.—Ex.

THE DOCKED-TAIL FAD.

Its Day Is Said to Be Passing Away—

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Familiar Love.

Perhaps there is no period so pleasant in all the pleasant periods of love-making, as that in which the intimacy between the lovers is assured, and the coming event so near, as to produce and endure conversation about the ordinary little matters of life; what can be done with the limited means at their disposal; how that life shall be begun which they shall lead together; what idea each has of the other's duties; what each can do for the other; what each will renounce for the other. There was a true sense of the delight of intimacy in the girl who declared that she had never loved her lover so well as when she had told him how many pairs of stockings she had got. It is very sweet to gaze at the stars together, and it is sweet to sit out among the haycocks. The reading of poetry out of some book, with brows all close and arms all mingled, is very sweet; the pouring out of the whole heart, in written words which the writer knows would be ridiculous to any one but the dear one to whom they are sent, is very sweet—but for the girl who has made a shirt for the man she loves, there has come a moment in the last stitch of it sweeter than any stars ever produced.

Ancient Eggs in China.

They do not think anything of an egg in China, it seems, until it is about 100 years of age, old eggs being worth as much in that country as old wine elsewhere. They have a way of burying the eggs, and it takes about thirty days to render a pickled egg fit to eat. Some of the old eggs have become as black as ink, and one of the favorite Chinese dishes for invalids is made up of eggs, which are preserved in jars of red clay and salt water.

MUCH IN LITTLE.

In Berlin sheet music is sold by weight.

England and Wales light something like 300,000 lamps nightly.

The British handle most of the trade

of Cuba and Porto Rico.

Rev. R. A. W. Rudisill of the Rudisill Memorial Publishing House of the Methodist-Episcopal church in India, says that bricklayers work in Madras, India for 10 cents a day, and do good work.

Louis McDonald of the lobster-house at Portland Pier, Me., has an albino lobster preserved in alcohol. It is the only specimen known.

Sergt. O'Keefe, who spent five years in the observatory on Pike's Peak, says that the lowest temperature observed was 50 deg. below zero; the highest 62 above.

In Mexico two substitute jurors sit near the jury box in a trial. If one of the regulars falls ill a substitute takes his place and the trial proceeds.

One of the natural curiosities of Stamwood, Wash., is a "blowing" or "breathing" well, which exhales immense quantities of noxious gases.

CORNER OF ODDITIES.

CURRENT SELECTIONS FOR YOUNG AND OLD.

Odd, Queer and Curious Happenings
Recorded for Our Readers—Buried
Standing—Living Stones—A Useful
Dog—Freaks Thrive in Indiana.

ON'T ye fudge a
feller by only
whut ye see;
Don't ye jump at
guessin' whut
his character
may be.

The snow drifts
may seem
chilly when
ye meet 'em
from above,
But they're keepin' warm the grasses
an' the violets that they love.
Whiles the sun that comes so genial
and at fust so full o' fun
Will scorch the blossoms carelessly 'fore
summer time is done.

An' many men that strikes ye with a
coolish sort of air
Fur cherished homes an' little ones is
savin' up their care,
While others that is open-hearted—
sunny by the day,
Don't notice, while the blossoms they
should shelter fade away.

So, don't ye fudge a feller by only whut
ye see,
Don't ye jump at guessin' whut his
character may be.

Buried Standing.
Clement Spelman of Narburgh, recorder of Nottingham, who died in 1679, is immured upright, inclosed in a pillar in Narburgh church, so that the inscription is directly against his face. This must surely be the one solitary instance of burial in a pillar, although there are many other instances of burial in an upright position. Thomas Cook, who was governor of the Bank of England from 1737 to 1739, and who had formerly been a merchant residing in Constantinople, died at Stoke Newington, Aug. 12, 1752, and by his directions his body was carried to Morden College, Blackheath, of which he was a trustee; it was taken out of the coffin and buried in a winding sheet upright in the ground, according to the eastern custom. Ben Jonson was buried at Westminster in an upright position. Possibly this may have been on account of the large fee demanded for a full sized grave. It was for a long time supposed that the story was invented to account for the smallness of the gravestone; but on the grave, being opened some years since the dramatist's remains were discovered in the attitude indicated by tradition.—Pearson's Weekly.

Living Stones.
The most curious specimens of vegetable or plant life in existence are the so-called "living stones" of the Falkland Islands. These islands are among the most cheerless spots in the world, being constantly subjected to a strong polar wind. In such a climate it is impossible for trees to grow erect, as they do in other countries, but nature has made amends by furnishing a supply of wood in the most curious shape imaginable. The visitor to the Falklands sees, scattered here and there, singular shaped blocks of what appear to be weather-beaten and moss-covered boulders of various sizes. Attempt to turn one of these "boulders" over and you will meet with a surprise, because the supposed stone is anchored by roots of great strength; in fact, you will find you are fooling with one of the native trees. No other country in the world has such a peculiar "forest" growth, and it is said to be next to impossible to work the odd-shaped blocks into fuel, because it is perfectly devoid of "grain" and appears to be nothing but a twisted mass of woody fibres.

A Useful Dog.
M. E. Church, proprietor of the Beddington tannery, relates a rather remarkable story, showing the wonderful instinct of his dog Don, says the Augusta News Age. Having occasion not long since to visit Bangor, he left Don at the tannery. But the dog soon became dissatisfied and returned to his home in Cherryfield, twenty miles distant. When Mr. Church returned to Beddington he called up his wife on the telephone, and in course of conversation inquired for Don. On being told that Don was home, he asked to be allowed to talk with him. Don was accordingly held up to the telephone and the receiver placed to his ear. As "Hello, Don," came from his master, the dog began to show signs of excitement, which increased as the conversation progressed. In a few minutes after being released he disappeared, and in about two hours Mr. Church called again on the telephone and announced that Don had arrived at the tannery.

Freaks Thrive in Indiana.
Northern Indiana has become a great freak-producing section. Albert Martin, who resides near the Fulton county line, has a Plymouth Rock hen, which has not been laying for some time. Yesterday she went on the nest and the family was greatly astonished to discover, when she left it shortly afterward, that she had laid a live chick. Only a few bits of broken shell were about the head of the chick, which was still wet. The supposition is that the egg, in some manner, retarded in its progress, was held in the sack until the germ developed and proceeded to the stage of incubation. So far as known, this is the first case of the kind on record. Another remarkable lusus naturae is that of a pig, owned by Frederick Shipman of Pulaski county, which was born recently with its tail directly in the middle of its forehead and its nostrils in the side of its snout, like a duck. Unfortunately, its mother lay upon it and smothered it the second night after its arrival, or it might have proved a valuable acquisition for some museum. John Wilds, a well known farmer who lives just north of Logansport, had a lamb, born by one of his ewes recently, which weighed at birth almost twenty pounds. The extraordinary size of the animal may be appreciated from the fact that the ordinary lamb weighs at birth about five or six pounds, while nine or ten pounds is considered quite remarkable. Mr. Wild's flock are all of a highly pro-

ductive and vigorous breed, sixteen of his ewes having this year borne thirty lambs.

A Bird Day Is Suggested.
Iowa State Register. In Massachusetts they are talking of a Bird Day to supplement Arbor day. The father of the idea, a Mr. Babcock, has suggested the first Friday in May as the date. The suggestion comes none too soon. If we are to retain the birds with their beautiful plumage and their sweet song, they must be protected from their many enemies. What would spring or summer be without the songs of the robins and the bluebirds and the larks in the meadows? What would evening in the country be without the twilight song of the brown thrush? And yet all these friends and companions and consolers of mankind are beset with enemies. Boys, improperly brought up, destroy their nests or rob them of their eggs, and sportsmen shoot the birds to make adornments for the hats and bonnets of foolish or unthinking women. A Bird Day would be a pretty innovation, especially in the schools. It would be one day given to the study and the admiration of bird life. Bird life is full of mysteries. It is in some respects as interesting as human life. We are going to have more trees and we ought to have more birds to sing in the leafy choir of spring. Arbor day suggests a Bird Day.

How Little Can We Live On?
Dr. Pavy, perhaps the most eminent authority upon diet, says that the average man in a state of absolute rest can live on sixteen ounces of food a day; a man doing ordinary light work can live on twenty-three ounces, and a man doing laborious work needs from twenty-six and three-quarter ounces to thirty ounces.
This is food absolutely free from water, and it must be remembered that everything we eat contains more or less water, so that from forty-eight to sixty ounces of ordinary food are necessary to the work in which a man is engaged.
Sir Lyon Playfair, another great authority, gives the following as all that is necessary for a healthy man to eat in a week: Three pounds of meat with one pound of fat; two ordinary loaves of bread, one ounce of salt and five pints of milk; or, for the meat, five or six pounds of oatmeal may be substituted. This sounds like starvation diet, but Sir Lyon Playfair generally knows what he's talking about.—The Lancet.

Too Tempting Altogether.
In the course of a chat over things in general, and execution by electricity in particular, a new view of that lethal was presented by a bright, intelligent young woman who seemed to know her sex thoroughly.

She said: "I object to it because it offers too ready a way to get rid of objectionable husbands. Before very long, of course, gas will be quite superseded by electricity as a domestic illuminant, and wires will be laid on at our houses as thick as strings on a harp."

"Now, what is to prevent a woman, who is tired of her spouse soothing him to sleep by clapping a damp sponge to his head and a couple to his feet, tapping a couple of wires, and giving him his quietus sweetly and peacefully? No man's life would be safe; the neatness of the process would irresistibly commend itself to feminine taste. There would be no dirt, no noise, no disturbance of the furniture, no mess, all neat and clean, like fancy work. No, no; it really will not do."

In the Time of the Candle.
All the Year Round: In domestic lighting for nearly the first half of the present century candles held undisputed sway. Old stagers may yet recall the dimly lighted parlor, the fire burning softly in the twilight, while the efficient kept blind man's holiday. The bell-ringing and Mary brings in candles, a pair of moulds in tall brass candlesticks, brightly polished, with snuffers on a tray—a sharp-beaked snuffers of steel, with jaws that opened and shut with a snap and something sinister in their appearance.

There were plated candlesticks and snuffers, too, for occasions of state, with silver branches that suggested the spoils of Jerusalem, but there was also a lamp, a stately edifice of bronze that towered over the family circle at times that shed a broad and genial light when so inclined. But what a demon it was to smoke and to smell! And it would burn, when it descended to burn at all, nothing but the very finest sperm oil at a fabulous price per gallon.

Falls in a Faint and Dies.
A woman, supposed to be Mrs. Martha Williams, died suddenly at 9 o'clock last night while in Merz's drug store in the Lakota hotel, says the Chicago Tribune. She was seen walking along Thirteenth street and appeared to be in a very exhausted condition. When she went into the drug store she asked to be allowed to sit down as she was feeling ill. She was seated but a short time when she fell from the chair to the floor in a faint. Dr. Reynolds, who has apartments in the Lakota hotel, was called, and after an examination he stated that she was suffering from trouble. He ordered her sent to the Mercy hospital. The ambulance from the Cottage Grove station was called, but the woman died before it arrived.

Are Married a Second Time.
Peoria, Ill., Special: Last Thursday afternoon A. R. Cline of the Chicago Board of Trade arrived in the city and registered at one of the leading hotels. Three hours later Mrs. Edna R. Cline, accompanied by her brother-in-law, A. Talbot of Edelstein, arrived and registered at the same hotel. She stated she was to meet her husband there. A few hours later they were united in marriage in the parlors of the hotel, and left the same evening for a trip of a few weeks, when they will return to their home in Chicago. They were married a few months ago in Wisconsin, but there being some doubt of the legality of the first marriage they were reunited here.

The Effect of Manual Training.
Manual training in the Portland (Me.) schools had an unexpected effect. The boys began at once to shoot ahead of the girls in mathematics, whose principles are illustrated in their work.

The pathway of the magazine that pays on publication is strewn with the pale corpses of starved authors.—Atlanta Constitution.

THE OLDEST LIVING.

NOAH RABY A CENTURY AND A QUARTER OLD.

Remembers the Revolutionary War and Sailed in the Constitution—Harriet McMurray of Kansas Has Seen a Century and Fifteen Years.

(Special Correspondence.)
S Noah Raby, of the Piscataway poor farm, New Jersey, the oldest man in the world? If the story of his life which he tells be true he has passed his 123d birthday.

It was about eighty-three years ago, according to his recollection, that Noah Raby, ordinary seaman, received his discharge papers from the stanch frigate Brandywine, which had just finished a cruise of inspection of the various ports of the United States and was then docked at the Brooklyn navy yard. The day after he left the naval service he betook himself to New Jersey, where he joined himself to a farmer and for money agreed to serve as a hired man. Since that time he has never stepped outside the boundaries of New Jersey. For more than half a century, with more or less steadiness, he followed the occupation he had chosen, and then, twenty-eight years ago, being full of years, and decidedly averse to earning his own living any longer, he settled down at the poor farm in the township of Piscataway, not far from New Brunswick, and there he has since remained.

Today he is totally blind, but his eyes, though sunken, have the sparkle of one who can see perfectly. His body is bent and his shoulders are contracted, but the muscles of his arms and legs are firmer than those of many a man of yet thirty. His jaws are toothless and his words are uttered with a whistling accompaniment, but his voice is strong and full and his laugh is as hearty as it was a century ago. His long hair is white, but thick and luxuriant; his whiskers are iron gray, his heavy, bushy eyebrows are still almost jet black, and he can dispose of a solid drink of good rye whiskey with a sort of smack that betokens the heartiest relish. Though he believes his father to have been an Indian, his skin is white, and his features are of a pronounced Caucasian type.



NOAH RABY, AGED 123.

When Raby was 21 he got away from Mr. Mills Field's plantation, in Gates county, N. C., where he was born, and started out to find employment.

"I hired out to the Widow Penelope," said Raby, "to be her overseer, for \$200 a year. I stayed there almost five years, and then I left to work for her daughter-in-law, the Widow Sarah Barker. She was well off, too, but not like the old widow. When the young widow wanted me to be her overseer the old widow offered me \$50 a year more to remain on her farm, but, you see, I thought maybe I could marry the young widow if I was smart, and then her plantation and the niggers and the big house and the tar kilns would be mine. Well, my plan would have worked yes, suh, if I hadn't fallen in love. No, not with anybody else, but with the widow herself. I was all tangled up, heels over head, in love with her. Why, the ground where she stood looked, crooked, suh, and I get afraid of her. 'No, suh, I didn't have the brass to tell her I was in love with her, but if I hadn't been dead in love with her I could have told her, sure. My half-brother was in the navy, and says he to me:

"If you're in a love scrape, Noah, there ain't but one thing to do, and that is to come with us and go on a cruise."

"So I got right out, that very night, without settling up or saying anything to anybody.
"It was at Portsmouth and Norfolk, suh, that I shipped," the old man continued, "and I shipped on the Constitution—the Con-sti-tu-tion, suh. She had been a great vessel once, but then she was old and used for a receiving ship. Well, I worked for a year on the Constitution, going up and down the ratlines to the top 'on the mast, but no further. I never got to be anything but an ordinary seaman. I didn't want to be an able seaman. I didn't want to go higher up the mast than the 'top. That was as near heaven as I ever wanted to go till my time came.

"After I'd been on the Constitution a year I went on the Brandywine on the inspection cruise. Do I remember the captain's name? You bet I do. It was Farragut. He was a fine, portly, good-looking man, suh, and another man of the same name was a big captain afterward. No, I was never flogged, but I've seen lots of others punished. Once I come near being, but it was just because I tried to get away when some one else was being punished. Which of the ports we visited did I like the best? All of 'em, suh; all of 'em. I could have shore leave three times a week when we were in port, and we could always find ways of having good times—there

were always bright eyes to shine on Jack Tars in them old days, suh—certain."

It was while he was at Norfolk and Portsmouth that Raby says he heard General Washington make a speech. Raby is not certain what the general was talking about, but there is no doubt in the old man's mind that the father of his country was indignant and excited.

"Yes, suh," said Raby, "I saw the old general and I heard him talk. He was pretty mad, too—oh, gracious, yes! I shall never forget one thing he said—it has stuck to me most a hundred years now:

"Go right on, fellow-citizens, as you have been going on, and I assure you that we shall have the devil to pay in this republic and no pitch hot!"

"While I was in Brooklyn navy yard I got leave one day and went out to see a monstrous pretty burying ground—Greenwood, they call it now, I hear. A man who came to see me two or three years ago told me that they bury a lot of folks every day there now—that the bodies go to that burying ground just like an everlasting stream of water. Oh, my gracious! what big cities New York and Brooklyn must be if that's true.

"I left the navy because I was afraid there'd be a war, and I didn't want to fight. Well, there was a war, and I didn't see no fighting, only on the sea, and then I was on land and a good ways off. I've lost my discharge papers and I'm sorry. If I had 'em maybe I could prove my age by them."

Previous to the recent municipal election at Wichita, Kan., Mrs. Harriet McMurray, a colored woman, appeared before the city clerk and desired to be registered.

"What is your age, auntie?" asked the head of the registration department.
"Law me, cap'n! Ax me sump'm easy," ejaculated the old lady. "All I kin tell you, sah, is dat I wuz in the revolutionary wah. My ole massa's Bible was dun 'n' by de flash befo' he sold mammy and me and Sophy to dat dah Runnel Robt'son."

The city clerk listened with curiosity and viewed the old lady skeptically.
"I want ter vote for Massa Cox," continued Aunt Harriet, "for he dun gib Dick, my daughtah Charity's man, work in de streets when de poo' niggah needed it."

The mathematicians and the historians of the registration bureau plied the old lady with questions, and finally gathered enough data to put her down at 115 years of age.

"I spec' I be that ole, anyway," said Aunt Harriet, "and maybe mo'." Ten days afterward "Auntie Harriet"

RACES AT GALESBURG.

THIS SEASON'S UNPRECEDENTED RUNNING EVENTS.

To Be inaugurated by the State Bicycle Meet—The Great Trotting Meeting in August and September—Followed by the Breeders' Events.

(Galesburg, Ill., Correspondence.)

LITTLE MORE than a year ago the Galesburg race track existed only in the imaginations of a few men. Many will recall the lengthy correspondence and the many negotiations which were necessary before C. W. Williams decided to move to Galesburg from Independence, Ia. On April 3d of last year the track was staked out. In the past year, what was once a pretty pasture land has become a fair grounds of national reputation, for it was here on Galesburg's dead level track that pretty little Alx reduced the trotting record to 2:03.4. The first year cannot be said to have been more than an experiment, but the result was so satisfactory that the Williams' race track is one of the solid institutions of the beautiful college city of Central Illinois. The outlook at the present time is very flattering, and it seems as though many records must fall here before the season closes.

During these spring days the grounds present a lively appearance. If you ask any of the trainers how they like the track their invariable answer is that it could not be better. Mr. Williams has that reputation among horsemen of being able to keep a track in as perfect condition as anybody can. The track was heavily manured last fall. About a month ago the manure was worked into the soil so that the ground is very springy and elastic.

Carpenters will soon begin work on additional grand stands, for the crowds of last year more than taxed the present seating capacity and the management expects a much larger attendance this year. It is not yet decided in what shape the new stands will be built, but it is certain that Mr. Williams will make them conform to the architecture of the other buildings.

The first event which will draw the public attention to the Galesburg track this year will be the state bicycle meet to be held June 19, 20 and 21, where \$2,500 will be given away in prizes. The first day there will be eight races with premiums worth \$600; the second day \$1,000 will be divided among ten races, and the last day \$900 goes to eight races. Besides several local championship events, the program includes a quarter, one mile, two mile and five mile L. A. W., Illinois division, championships. Thousands of wheelmen and many thousands of spectators will be present at that time.

The next attraction which will be the Fourth of July celebration, which, as Mr. Williams does things, will be elaborate and complete in every detail. It will be the day to entertain the people from all the surrounding country.
Then comes the great trotting and pacing meeting, Aug. 26 to Sept. 7, for meeting thirty-eight of the \$2,000 stakes filled, showing the entries of over six hundred trotters and nearly four hundred pacers. These animals represent about all the leading stables in the country. Monroe Salisbury, the owner of pretty Alx and other fast ones, has about thirty-eight entries here. A few of the entries in the fast stakes will give an idea of the quality of the horses to be gathered here at this meeting. In the 2:10 pace there are such individuals as Vera Chapel, 2:10; Belle Mahone, 2:10; Colonel Thornton, 2:11; Coleridge, 2:09; Albert E., 2:10; Fido, 2:10; Frank Egan, 2:10; Ethel A., 2:10; Gazette, 2:09; Ella T., 2:12; and Fleetwood, 2:12. In the 2:12 trot we find such names as Cleverone, 2:12; Senator A., 2:13; B. B. P., 2:13; Kentucky Union, 2:13; William Penn, 2:12; Senator Conkling, 2:12; Miss Nelson, 2:12; Klamath, 2:12; Mambrino Queen, 2:13; Beuzette, 2:12; Jack, 2:12; Aunt Delilah, 2:12; and Nina Medium, 2:14. Besides the advertised stakes numerous specials will be arranged later, which will include many of the record breakers of the season. The fact that the Williams track is going to be the speediest in the country will draw such horses here for time races.

Immediately following this meeting will come the Breeders' meeting, which will run from Sept. 9 to Nov. 2. The program contains 138 races with \$300 purses. Entries close Aug. 26.
The trainers are just beginning to let the horses step along a little, and some good speed has been seen.
The Allerton family are doing fine work, and if they hold up through the season, several of them will gain enviable records. As Mr. Williams goes down the track with some one of this string hitched to a "bike," the boys all want to stop their work to see him go, for he has some fine steppers. Allerton, who holds the stallion record to a high wheeler, so far has worked well and shows great promise of lowering his record of 2:09.4. Ferron and Faifa also do fine work. There is a 2-year-old sorrel pacer, Rob Hilliard, a full brother to Faifa, by Allerton, who is moving about as nice as any horse at the track.
Ab. Fullagar of Omaha is here with a promising string of eight or nine. The leader is Nina Medium, 2:14, who is entered in the 15 classes. He has a green pacer, Attempt, which is showing great promise. The others also are well worth watching. Ab has this string entered in about \$8,000 worth of stakes.
Within a few days W. A. Boggs of Lebanon, Ky., has located here with Major Cleland, 2:30; Norvaine, 2:25; Col. Thornton, 2:11, and four or five green ones.
W. A. Hogan has a 4-year-old bay mare, Bell Pilot, who can speed a 20 clip, quartered at the track.
George Redfield will shortly put his famous pacing dog Sport, who holds the world's record on the eighth, the quarter, the half and the mile, to regular work at the track.
Frank Lawrence is quartered at the track with Star Hawk, 2:17; Jessione, 2:20; Bretwood, 2:34, and a promising black stallion with a mark 2:29.4.
Chas. Shank has Frank Stickney's horses this year.

Several strings have applied for quarters at the Williams track and will be here in a few days.

FLOWERS FOR SINGERS.

Their Perfume Is Apt to Spoil the Voice—Violets Are the Worst.

Miss May Yohe has confided to an interviewer the interesting fact that she cannot bear to have flowers near her when singing, as their perfume utterly destroys her voice. The lady added that she could not account for this "curious fact." The effect of flowers on the voice has recently excited a good deal of attention in France, and Dr. Joal, of Mont Dore, has published an elaborate paper on the subject. He relates a number of cases which have come under his own observation in which thickness, huskiness and even complete loss of voice are always caused by penetrating odors. In some persons it is only the perfume of particular flowers that produce this effect; in others the odor of incense or musk, or the smells of the kitchen, tanyard or smithy act in the same way. The bad effect of flowers on the voice is so well known among singers that M. Faure, Mme. Krause and other eminent teachers caution their pupils against having them in their dressing rooms, and a jealous prima donna has been known to secure herself against the possible triumph of a rival by treacherously presenting her with a magnificent bouquet just before she went on the stage. Testimony to the evil effects of flowers on the voice is borne by Mme. Christine Nilsson and other famous singers, and by laryngologists like Dr. Fauvel and Dr. Gouguenheim, of Paris. The flower which has the worst reputation in this respect is the violet, but there is no evidence that it is really more harmful to the voice than other sweet smelling flowers, such as the rose, the mignonette, the heliotrope, the lily of the valley, the gardenia, the lilac, and the tuberose. The explanation of this curious idiosyncrasy is probably to be found in a special sensitiveness of the olfactory mucous membrane to the action, mechanical or chemical, of certain odorous particles. The mechanism is, roughly speaking, congestion of the mucous membrane of the turbinate bodies, which, it will be remembered, is largely erectile, followed by reflex vasomotor disturbance of the vocal apparatus. Dr. Joal says that the effect manifests itself not only in congestion of the nose, nasopharynx, and larynx, but in paresis of the constrictor muscles of the glottis and spasms of the bronchial tubes. The respiratory capacity, as tested by the spirometer, is notably reduced, and the voice not only loses brilliancy and volume, but part of its compass, and the singer is much more easily fatigued than in his natural state. The moral seems to be that singers who are the subjects of this particular infirmity must banish, not only flowers, but all strong perfumes from their environment if they wish their voices to be at their best; in particular, they must be careful not to accept bouquets from injudicious admirers or rival artists.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

Opportune Appearance of a Man Who Was Supposed to Be Murdered.

A hanging was once averted in Hall county, this state, in a thrilling manner, says Atlanta Constitution. A man was murdered for his money, it was thought. He disappeared, and, after a long search, only a skeleton was found. There were circumstances pointing to another man as the perpetrator of the awful deed. The clue was taken up and one by one the links in the chain of convicting evidence were discovered. He was placed on trial, convicted and sentenced. The day for the hanging came. People by the thousands came to see a human being swung off into eternity. The black cap was placed over the victim's face, and in five minutes the tragedy would have been over. Just then a tall mountaineer, who had been attracted to the hanging along with the crowd, stepped upon the scaffold and a brief colloquy between him and the sheriff ensued. The tall mountaineer was the man who had disappeared and whose death was about to be avenged by the law.

He Was a Mind Reader.

"Mister," said the man with defective clothing but a bythesome air, "you're the proprietor of this hotel, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"Well, I want to put you on to a good thing."

"What is it?"

"Me. I'll give you a chance ter let me work fer ye. I'll take a position as clerk or cashier or anything; I don't care. I'm a prize, I am, an' I ain't hard ter please."

"But I don't need you. The places are all filled and you wouldn't suit anyhow."

"Wouldn't suit! Dat shows yer don't know me specialty."

"What's that?"

"I'm a mind reader. All I do is ter wave me hands in front of a guest an' look in his eyes, an' I kin tell just how much money he has on him. An' de man dat makes out de bill does de rest."

—Washington Star.

Eat Muskrats in Delaware.

The season just closed has been a dull one for the muskrat catchers on the Delaware marshes. The catch is a valuable one in good seasons, and marshes are rented for the muskrat catching privilege. All cross-roads storekeepers deal in the pelts, and the Delaware legislature was once asked to enact a law for the protection of the muskrat, so that the species might not become extinct. The meat of the creature is sold in the Wilmington street market and served as marsh rabbit.

A Truthful Boy.
Mrs. De Fad (in bric-a-brac shop)—You have a beautiful collection of antiques here. New Boy—Yes'm, we have all the latest novelties.

BARRINGTON REVIEW.

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RAILROADS.

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

GOING NORTH. STATIONS. GOING SOUTH.
4:30 pm ar. Waukegan dep. 7:00 am
4:00 pm. Rondout. 6:30 am
2:55 pm. Leighton. 6:00 am
2:45 pm. Diamond Lake. 5:57 am
2:35 pm. Gilmer. 5:42 am
2:25 pm. Lake Zurich. 5:30 am
1:40 pm. Barrington. 5:00 am
1:10 pm. Clark. 4:55 am
12:45 pm. Spaulding. 4:45 pm
11:27 am. Wayne. 4:35 pm
11:15 am. Ingall. 4:25 pm
10:00 am. Turner. 4:15 pm
9:15 am. Frontenac. 4:00 pm
8:50 am. Mornantown. 3:45 pm
8:15 am. Walker. 3:30 pm
7:50 am. Plainfield. 3:15 pm
7:25 am. Coyne. 3:00 pm
7:00 am. Bridge Junction. 2:45 pm
6:50 am dep. East Joliet. ar. 4:15 pm

G. & N. W. R. R. TIME TABLE.

GOING SOUTH.
6:10 a. m., except Sunday.
6:45 a. m., except Sunday.
6:55 a. m., Sunday only.
7:00 a. m., except Sunday.
7:56 a. m., daily.
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.
4:40 p. m., daily.
8:44 p. m., Sunday only.
8:50 p. m., Sunday only.
GOING NORTH.
8:36 a. m., except Sunday.*
9:13 a. m., except Sunday.
10:30 a. m., daily.
12:10 p. m., except Sunday.*
12:00 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.

St. Ann's Catholic—Rev. J. P. Canoy, Pastor. Services every alternate Sunday at 8 o'clock a. m.
GERMAN EVANGELICAL ST. PAUL'S—Rev. E. Rahn, pastor. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. Sabbath school at 9:30 a. m.
BAPTIST—Rev. Robert Bailey, pastor. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath school at 12.
GERMAN EVANGELICAL—Rev. J. B. Elfrink, pastor. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sabbath school at 9 a. m.
THE EVANGELICAL SALON—Rev. E. Suhr, pastor. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sabbath school at 9:15 a. m.
METHODIST EPISCOPAL—Rev. 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.

LOUNGE LODGE NO. 751, A. F. and A. M.—Meets at their hall the second and fourth Saturdays of each month. L. A. Powers, W. M.; C. H. Kendall, S. W.; A. L. Robertson, J. W.; A. T. Ultsch, Sec.; C. B. Otis, Treas.; J. M. Thresher, S. D.; J. P. Brown, J. D.; A. Gleason, Tyler; J. W. Dacy, S. S.; Wm. Y. (ar), J. S.; Robert Bailey, Chaplain; E. W. Shipman, Marshal.
BARRINGTON CAMP NO. 800, Modern Woodmen of America, meets at their hall the first and third Tuesday evenings of each month. F. E. Smith, V. C.; J. M. Thresher, E. B.; John Robertson, B.; M. T. Lamey, Clerk; E. H. Sott, Escort; Wm. Antholiz, Watchman; H. P. Askew, Sentry; L. A. Powers, John Hatje and Fred Behlendorf, Managers; C. H. Kendall, Physician.
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. Y. C.; Wm. Humphrey, J. V. C.; A. Gleason, Q. M.; C. Bogart, Chaplain; A. S. Henderson, O. D.; L. Krahn, O. G.; H. Reuter, Sec'y.
W. R. C. No. 85, Meets at G. A. R. Hall the second and fourth Wednesday of each month. Mrs. Emily Hawley, Pres.; Mrs. Lucy Townsend, 2d V. P.; Mrs. Arietta Sizor, J. V. C.; Miss Robbie Brockway, Treas.; Mrs. Kate Runyan, Chaplain; Mrs. Emma Wood, Conductor; Mrs. Julia Robertson, Guard.

VILLAGE OFFICERS.

F. E. Hawley, President
H. C. P. Sandman, John Robertson, H. T. Abbott, John Collen, Wm. Grunna, John Hatje, Trustees
Miles T. Lamey, Village Clerk
A. L. Robertson, Treasurer
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A. Sandman, Street Commissioner

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Tender Steaks. Tender Roasts.

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.

Warmer weather this week. Use A. W. Meyer & Co.'s best patent flour.
Will Barrington have a celebration the Fourth? We cannot see why a good celebration cannot be arranged here for that day. Talk the matter up.
Varnishes, mixed paints, hard oils, etc., can always be found at J. D. Lamey & Co.'s. They make sales in any quantity desired.

Gold Dust 20c a package at A. W. Meyer & Co.'s.
Edward Carey McClaire of Chicago gave a series of lectures at the Baptist church this week.

The Lake Zurich brass band gives an entertainment and dance at Lake Zurich Saturday evening, May 25th. Admission to entertainment 20c and 10c; dance 25c. Good music has been secured and a first-class entertainment will be given.

Miss Sophia Laesberg of Palatine and Mr. Edward Peters were married at the home of Rev. Theo. Suhr Wednesday morning, May 22d. The marriage ceremony was witnessed by a limited number. In the afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Peters left for Elgin, and after a short tour will return to Barrington and occupy the residence which Mr. Peters has already furnished. We wish the happy couple much joy.

Miss Jessie Kleinman, the talented young elocutionist, who pleased Barrington people so much at the Henderson shot entertainment, will give a part of the program in the entertainment to be given by the W. R. C. Decoration night. Everybody keep it in mind.

Paint your screen doors, etc., with J. D. Lamey & Co.'s prepared green paint. Can be had in small or large quantities. Messrs. Fred Bennhoff and John Hatje made a business trip to Elgin last Wednesday.

J. D. Lamey & Co. have the largest and most complete stock of mixed paints in town. There is nothing in the paint line but what can be found in their stock.

The place to buy shoes is at A. W. Meyer & Co.'s. Children's shoes 25c, 25c and 50c a pair.

The Heath & Milligan best prepared paint, sold by J. D. Lamey & Co., is guaranteed to cover as much surface as any lead paint mixed by hand, gallon for gallon, or pound for pound. Will look handsomer and wear much longer.

Miss Kleinman, who took part in the Henderson shot entertainment last March, will be with us next Thursday evening. Her posings, pantomimes and recitations will be a rare treat to all.

Miss Jessie West of Chicago is visiting with Mrs. Dodge.

Mrs. Thomas Callahan of Chicago spent a few days here last week.

Those on the sick list this week were Mesdames Gleason, Burton and R. Comstock.

New styles in children's jackets, \$1.50, \$1.75, \$1.95, \$2.25 and \$2.50, at A. W. Meyer & Co.'s.

Mr. John Robertson and family visited at Gray's Lake last Sunday.

It is reported that Mr. Charles Vermilya has sold his interest in the hotel business here to Elgin parties, who will take possession June 1st.

Mr. E. C. McClain of Chicago has been holding meetings every evening this week at the Baptist church.

A fine line of ladies' and misses' silk mitts at A. W. Meyer & Co.'s.

All members of the G. A. R. and S. of V.'s are requested to take dinner at the Baptist church parlors May 30, which will be served gratis by the W. R. C. A good dinner will be served to others at the same place at 25c a meal. Mesdames Clausius and Johnson are convalescent.

Go to the entertainment at the Baptist church Thursday evening, May 30.

Large assortment of ladies' waists and wrappers at A. W. Meyer & Co.'s. The Barrington Military band will furnish music Decoration day.

Mr. C. C. Hennings visited his daughter, Mrs. Renick, at Woodstock last Sunday.

Memorial services will be held at Barrington Center Sunday afternoon, May 26.

A large selection of novelty silks for ladies' waists at A. W. Meyer & Co.

Mr. L. F. Elvidge has been awarded the contract for the building of Mr. Arch. Houghtaling's residence.

Messrs. George Heimerdinger and M. T. Lamey spent Saturday and Sunday with Elgin friends.

A new line of pretty dress goods at A. W. Meyer & Co.'s. Prices down.

The Barrington Protective and Detective association held their annual meeting at the Village hall Monday evening. The reports show that the association is in a prosperous condition. Its financial condition is first class, there being plenty of money in the treasury for the prosecution of any criminal offense which may be committed against any of its members. The officers of the association are some of our best business men.

Peaberry coffee 25c per pound at A. W. Meyer & Co.'s.

A grand musical and literary entertainment will be given May 30 by the W. R. C., assisted by Miss Jessie Kleinman, of Chicago. Those who have heard her once cannot afford to miss the opportunity of hearing her again.

Are You Going to Paint?

If you intend to do any painting this year now is the time, while we can quote you D. B. Shipman's Strictly Pure White Lead, Heath & Milligan's Strictly Pure White Lead, or St. Louis (Red Seal), Strictly Pure White Lead for \$6 per hundred. Take your choice. J. D. Lamey & Co.

Mr. M. C. McIntosh transacted business in Milwaukee Monday.

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.

Richard Wisman of Twin City, O., is not fastidious about having his trousers properly creased. His legs are boneless and he can tie them around his neck. He walks on his hands.

Within the present century the heads of half of whole families in Devonshire, England, were let out by the year. An Exeter periwig-maker went around periodically, cut the locks, and elled the ground thus left in stubble to stimulate a fresh crop.

CARE FOR THE HOME.

WILL IT BE DONE BY MAN OR BY WOMAN?

Serious Phase of the Many-Sided Problem Involved in All This Talk of the Woman of To-day—Girls Cutting a Wide Swath.



HAT are we to do with our girls? Time was in other days when things were not as they are now, that this query was the basis of much discussion and damal forebodings: for girls were quite as numerous then as now, while the avenues either for matrimony or an independent livelihood were fewer, as well as narrower, than they are now. The girls cut a wider swath in the life of the nation in these days, but the question of what to do with them remains just as unsettled and just as serious. They are side by side in competition with man in the race for employment and profitable wages, and with labor-saving machinery also cutting down his opportunities for work the wage-earner who assumes the responsibilities of family finds his income menaced from two sources, neither of which he can successfully oppose. We have not yet begun to realize in this country how great a revolution in wages these two factors must ultimately bring about, nor the impossibility of man's ever regaining a single inch of the ground he is steadily losing to both of them. I can recall the time, for instance, not ten years ago, when I could enumerate on the fingers of one hand the number of young women engaged in regular work for the New York city dailies. Today their number is bewildering. No newspaper is without its special woman writers. I give this illustration because I am familiar with the facts from personal knowledge, yet I presume it is as true of other lines of work as it is of newspaper making. Miss or Mrs. is no longer a surprising prefix to the name of a doctor's sign in any of our large cities.

It is in other grades of work, however, in which women, and especially young girls, are fast crowding. Indeed, the time seems to be rapidly approaching when in the household of the masses the question of what line of employment to choose for girls is to be quite as pertinent and serious as the selection of one for the boys. If accurate figures could be obtained of the increase during the last ten years in the number of girls who leave their homes daily to engage in work the aggregate would, I believe, startle even those who profess to have some knowledge on the subject. Desire in many instances, necessity in many more, are responsible for their presence in the ranks of labor, but whether it be desire or necessity the fact remains that young women are an increasing feature of the workaday life of the country, and it seems to me to be a condition calculated to have a marked influence on our national future. Whether a young girl has touched elbows with the world, who has encountered the material rather than the romantic side of life—who, in fact, comes to know at 20 what her grandmother learned at 40—whether she can ever feel entirely at ease in the home circle, with the companionship of her own, is the most serious phase of the many-sided problem involved in all this talk of the Woman of To-day.

Now the point to seriously consider is that somebody must care for the home, somebody must give it an attractiveness and an atmosphere which, midst pleasures and palaces though we may roam, be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.

Somebody, I repeat, must do this. Is it to be Man?—Peterson's Magazine.

Nothing Now for a Rich Man to Travel in His Own Yacht or Car. To those who are called upon to observe many things in connection with the railway travel of today a noticeable thing is the number of private cars, some of them very luxurious, with brass bedsteads, bath tubs, wood fires burning in the drawing room, and complete cooking arrangements. To many men of wealth about New York today the possession of a private car for land travel and of a yacht for water trips—even transoceanic voyaging—is as much a matter of course as the ownership of a carriage and team used to be to a magnate of other days.

That One Hundred. "Then," says Chaucery Depew, "there is another thing which constitutes happiness. I am not rich, in any sense by which Chicago and New York reckons riches. I have enough, if I wanted to, to quit work, live and pay an income tax! I would not sit up one hour after my usual time to make \$100, but I would sit up all night for a week rather than lose \$1000."—Chicago Times-Herald.

SONG-BIRDS.

Something About the Warblers of Different Countries.

India has the jocosse bulbuls, often called nightingales from their remarkably sweet voices. The Hindoos train them to sit on their hands and be carried about the bazaars. The black-faced thrush is a very fine songster, and can imitate almost everything he hears. The white-eyebrowed or spectacled laughing-thrush has a loud, powerful song and some melodious notes. He is sometimes called the Greater Peking nightingale or Japanese mocking-bird. The Japanese robin is a pretty bird to look at, and very lively in his motions, but is overrated as a singer, his notes resembling our Baltimore oriole's, only shriller, with little variation. Australia has the piping crow, which is more of a shriek than a true crow. His song is rich and varied, the notes resembling a flute. He can be taught to speak and imitate many birds as well. From Africa are shipped large numbers of little, birds to this country called African singing finches. The plumage is handsome, and often very odd. They lack voice, only one, the strawberry finch, having a song of any power. They are cunning, however, and pretty to have in an aviary. A gentleman in New York has an aviary cage containing some thirty-five varieties of small birds, and among them many African finches. As one of the canaries sings a small finch will fly to his side, and, placing his head against the singer's breast, listen closely until the canary drives him away. A weaver bird, with a thick, red bill, in this same happy family, will take all the threads given him and weave a close network down the side of the cage and out on the perches.

His owner says that if he would give him enough material the bird would weave until he shut out the daylight.

GLAD HAND OR MARBLE HEART.

Dusty Rhodes Knows by the Sign Which to Expect.

Tramps have invented a picture language all their own. A small diamond-shaped chalk drawing on a fence or gate post near a house is a gladdening sight to the eyes of Moist Mike or Hungry Henry. It means that the residents are full of the milk of human kindness and will give food or other assistance when asked without question. The simple sign of the cross on the other hand, warns the tramp to pass the house, as its occupants are cold and unsympathetic. The triangle pointed downward indicates that the house it refers to has been pretty steadily visited by tramps and that its people may have become tired of the continued assaults upon pantry and patience, but that no harm could ensue from a trial. A cross within a circle suggests a proper line of procedure to him who tramps and reads. It tells the nomad to go to the house and be a humble-minded sinner of a deep religious turn and speak of holy things and assures him that such hypocrisy will be well repaid by the really pious people within. A square with one corner cut off makes the average tramp shudder. It means that the house in sight is occupied by people who believe in the dignity of labor, and that if he wishes to get assistance from them he must work for it. There are only a few cases on record where a tramp has approached a house pointed out by such a mark. He also makes a detour around the house whose gate post or fence is decorated by a square having a dot in the centre. This means that the premises are infested with dogs. There are numerous other signs used, says the Washington Star, and there are words and phrases, too.

TAKEN AWAY IN BAGS.

New Plan for Garbage Removal Which Proves Very Successful.

Col. Waring yesterday invited the public to inspect his new garbage bagging system which he has instituted in Thirty-eighth street, between Fourth and Sixth avenues, says the New York Tribune. The bags were distributed along Thirty-eighth street several days ago. They are made of heavy canvas and sheet iron, without bottoms. Cans are placed inside of them. The ashes and house garbage are dumped into the cans, and when the ashman comes along he draws the can from the bag, which catches the garbage. The bag is quickly closed and tied, while the can is inserted into a fresh bag and left at the house. By skillful manipulation of the cans and bags little or no dust escapes. The bags are loaded upon the city ash carts and hauled to the dumps without offense or annoyance to anyone. There will probably be improvements made in the system as it grows older. But the system seems an assured success even in its experimental stage. President Wilson of the board of health said yesterday that he had personally inspected the new system and thought well of it. The householders along Thirty-eighth street are also pleased with the system. It prevents the annoyance arising from dust, and is almost odorless.

SELLING GREAT MEN'S THINGS.

Auctions at Which Effects of Notables Are Sold Draw Well.

The auction funds, whose name is legion in Washington, are having great sport this spring. Lately they reveled in the sale of the wines, carriages, furniture, and other effects of Minister Zeballos of Argentine, and now they have just gathered to enjoy themselves at an auction of the household belongings and stable equipments of the luckless Spanish diplomatist, Senor Murruaga, says a New York dispatch. These auctions of the effects of ambassadors, ministers, senators, and other high officials constitute one of the characteristic features of life in Washington. Hundreds of people buy chairs, rugs, pictures, and similar articles for their association, and prices at such sales usually rule above the actual value of the things disposed of. Some years ago a carpet presented to Gen. Grant by the shah of Persia, and which for some time covered the floor of the great east room in the white house, was sold at a public auction. Mr. Auctioneer was shrewd enough to cut the big fabric up into rugs, and now a score or more of Washington hostesses take guests into their drawing-rooms and proudly point to "the rug which the shah of Persia gave to Gen. Grant."

HAVE THEIR OWN OUTFITS.

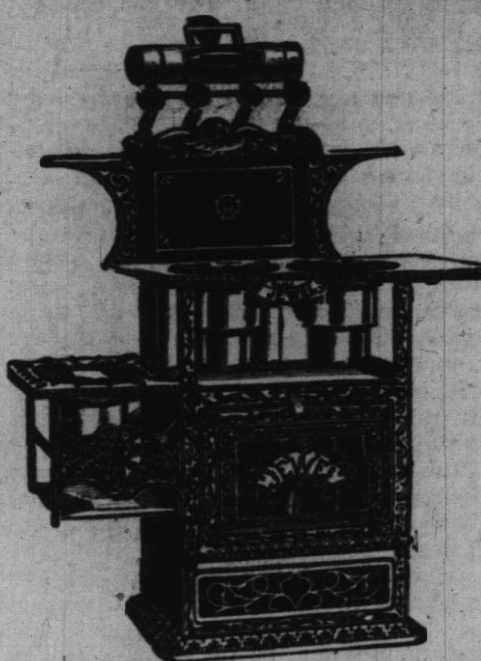
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Last Year We Sold

25 Jewel Gasoline Stoves



Twice the Number sold in this town any year before.

THE JEWEL

Always gives satisfaction.

H. D. A. GREBE, Barrington, Ill.

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.

Boys' Button Lace or Congress, Plain or Tip, Square or Pointed Toe.

Women's Square and Pointed Plain or Tip Toe.

Misses' and Children's Tans or Blacks, Heel or Spring Tip Toe.

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

B. H. SODT & SON.

MISSING LINKS.

The largest Bible in the world is a manuscript Hebrew Bible in the Vatican, weighing 320 pounds.

In the gardens around London there are more specimens of the cedar of Lebanon than on Mount Lebanon itself.

In some parts of south Africa much damage is done by baboons, which go in large marauding parties to rob gardens.

In Albania the men wear petticoats and the women trousers. The women do all the work and their husbands attend to the heavy standing round.

In the British Museum there is a beautiful piece of stained glass, with an engraved emblematization of the monarch Thothmes III, who lived 3400 years ago.

Nevada is the most sparsely settled State. There are nearly two and a half square miles to each inhabitant; next comes Idaho, with one inhabitant to each square mile. Montana and Wyoming each have less than one.

As the supply of ivory is becoming short billiard balls of cast steel are being used in Sweden. By making them hollow the weight is made to correspond with that of ivory balls.

The Mexican torch thistle, growing to a height of fifty or sixty feet, looks more like a candelabra than a tree. Another variety of the same species has long gray bristles, which give it the appearance of the head of an old gray-haired man.

A Pennsylvania railroad train recently went 53.3 miles from Camden to Atlantic City in forty-five minutes, an average rate of 76 1/2 miles an hour. This is considered the fastest time ever made by a railroad train in this country. The fastest single mile was made in forty-one seconds.

BLASTS FROM THE RAM'S HORN

Before we pray right we must first do right.

Put truth in a picture, and you help God to speak.

Sin cannot be hidden, because God never shuts his eyes.

No man can speak for God except he to whom God has spoken.

Strike at the face of any kind of a sin, and you will soon hear vipers hiss.

Faith rests and waits. Unbelief refuses to be quiet because it has no feeling.

Every time a saloon is licensed, the devil's chain is being made one link longer.

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

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

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

Free Pills.

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

All Free.

Those who have used Dr. King's New Discovery know its value, and those who have not, have now the opportunity to try it free. Call on the advertised druggist and get a trial bottle free. Send your name and address to H. E. Bucklen & Co., Chicago, and get a sample box of Dr. King's New Life Pills free, as well as a copy of Guide to Health and Household Instructor free. All of which is guaranteed to do you good and costs you nothing at A. L. Waller's drug store.

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.

FEEDING CIRCUSERS.

BREAKFAST FOR A THOUSAND IN 25 MINUTES.

The System by which a Firm of Caterers Accomplishes a Big Job—Tent Men with Great Appetites—An Elaborate Dinner.



ALMOST EVERY boy can remember his first glimpse of the circus, with its huge canvas and the feeling of awe, almost of reverence, with which he looked upon the snowy mountain that had risen like a mushroom during the night. The average country boy regards the coming of the circus as one of the great events of each year, and it is the reward which his parents offer for good conduct and proficiency at school. Probably the first thought which agitates the mind of the provincial is how and in what manner are the great army of performers, tent men, and drivers fed, for there are almost a thousand men in the employ of such great aggregations as Barnum & Bailey send upon the road each year. They outnumber in population some of the villages in which they hoist their tents, relying upon the surrounding country for additional patronage, and they could not be supplied with the huge quantities of food necessary for the nourishment of such a throng by the local dealers. The catering to the great circuses of the country is a distinctive feature of the show business, and, like all departments of the circus, it is systematic to a degree. The Barnum & Bailey hosts are fed by two young men, residents of the metropolis, who, together with a corps of cooks and scullions, are willing to back themselves against the world for the excellence of their cooking. When the schedule for the show is arranged the caterers, both of whom are in the neighborhood of 30 years of age, make out their programme. A contract is made with one of the largest grocery houses in New York to furnish the flour, sugar, butter, tea, coffee, and other articles in its line, and the meats are supplied by a Chicago firm. To each is given a tabulated schedule showing the places to which to send so many pounds of this and that on certain dates.

Three or four days before the show leaves New York the junior member of the catering firm goes to the next point at which a stand will be made and prepares for the coming of the band. The caterers' wagons, containing the most improved appliances for cooking, are loaded first, and they are the first to be removed from the cars. They are driven to the grounds at a rapid rate, fires are lighted at once, savory chops and steaks are broiling in a moment, and in a few minutes the air is redolent with the aroma of coffee which is being prepared in the largest urn ever made for the purpose. By the time the tent men reach the ground and unshackle their horses breakfast is ready, the tents in which the cooking is done and the meals are served having been hoisted into place while the meal was being prepared. On an average it is twenty-five minutes from the time the camping ground is reached until the several hundred men are sipping their coffee. Sipping is hardly the word, so far the tent men are concerned, for some of the robust fellows who take a hand in the little game known as "Hey Rube" drink as many as ten cups of the beverage at a sitting.

The tent men, rough, hard-handed chaps, that manage to have some fun at all times, the caretakers of the horses, and the drivers sit at one of the long tables and perform gustatory feats that would make a dyspeptic long for the possession of such a stomach and enormous digestive powers possessed by these rugged specimens of mankind. Their food is served on heavy porcelain getaways made in Germany, and guaranteed to withstand the roughest usage; in fact, it is well nigh impossible to smash it. The performers and the managers of the various departments sit apart from the rough and bluff element. Their service is of china and they have many of the accessories that would be looked for in the dining room of a large hotel. The women and men who do deeds of daring on horseback or the trapeze when robbed of their spangles and silken tights are much the same as ordinary folks. In the morning they are heavy-eyed, for the show generally reaches the camping ground between 4 and 5 o'clock, and breakfast is served immediately, no matter what the hour is.

The morning meal usually consists of oatmeal or hominy, steak, chops, eggs, beans, coffee and bread and butter. The luncheon, which is ready at 11:30 o'clock, so that all may be fed before the opening of the afternoon performance, is slightly more elaborate. The dinner, which is set for 4:30 o'clock, is the supreme effort, and the caterers announce with no small degree of pride that they furnish ten different kinds of meats for that meal, not to mention desserts of pies, puddings and other trifles that have no terrors for the canvassmen, although they are severely let alone by those who have to keep down corpulence, for turning a dozen somersaults in rapid succession is a task of no inconsiderable proportions.

As soon as dinner is over the cooking utensils, tables and other paraphernalia are packed and replaced upon the car for transportation, and the same scenes are repeated at the next town. The menagerie, with its hundreds of

wild beasts, are fed by the caterers also; that is, those of the animals that are carnivorous. The partners have made money on their scheme. Their contract with the Barnum & Bailey aggregation is to feed so many men at so much a head, and a system of meal tickets is in use, each pasteboard being good for one meal, whether breakfast, luncheon, or dinner.

PER CAPITA DEBTS OF EUROPE

Every Child Born in France is Worn Out From Nothing.

It will probably be news to most people that, according to the latest statistics, every baby born in France is, from the very hour of its birth 922 francs 50 centimes in debt.

The national debt of France is greater than that of any other country in the world, amounting in round numbers to 35,425,000,000 francs, of which 4,000,000,000 are departmental or communal debts, while the rest, strictly speaking, is owed by the state itself, of which each of the 38,250,000 inhabitants is a part.

It may be thought that as France carries a heavier financial burden than any other country, it is nearer the verge of ruin.

But figures, which are said not to lie, are sometimes deceiving. Italy and Portugal, though their national debts are much less, are more nearly insolvent, for they are almost entirely indebted to other countries, while the people of France are the creditors of the nation.

When Dr. Roux's discovery of antitoxin as an antidote for diphtheria was made public he was hailed as the greatest benefactor of his age, as 3 to 10 per cent of the population of France fall each year victims to that disease, and the saving of so many lives means that the population will begin to increase, or at least hold its own.

Portraits on Bank Notes and Stamps.

On United States notes: \$1, Washington; \$2, Jefferson; \$5, Jackson; \$10, Webster; \$20, Hamilton; \$50, Franklin; \$100, Lincoln; \$500, General Mansfield; \$1,000, DeWitt Clinton; \$5,000, Madison; \$10,000, Jackson. On silver certificates: \$10, Robert Morris; \$20, Commodore Decatur; \$50, Edward Everett; \$100, James Monroe; \$500, Charles Sumner, and \$1,000, W. L. Marcy. On gold notes: \$20, Garfield; \$50, Silas Wright; \$100, Thomas H. Benton; \$500, A. Lincoln; \$1,000, Alexander Hamilton; \$5,000, James Madison; \$10,000, Andrew Jackson. Those which appear on postage stamps are: On 10-cent stamp, the head of Jefferson; from life-size statue by Powers; 6-cent, Lincoln, from bust by Volk; 5-cent, Garfield; 4-cent, Jackson; 2-cent, Washington, after Houdin's bust; 1-cent, Franklin, from profile bust by Rubicht. Postal card, Jefferson.

Saved Clay's Life.

The Philadelphia Record says that John Swift, once Mayor of Philadelphia, saved the life of Henry Clay on a certain occasion. He and Clay were intimate friends, and several times during the Mayor's administration the eminent Kentuckian came to visit him. On one of these occasions Clay nearly lost his life. Mayor Swift was living on the east side of Tenth street, below Walnut, and during the first night of Mr. Clay's visit the host noticed an unusual strong odor of gas in the house. Upon investigation it was found that Mr. Clay had blown out the light, in ignorance of the proper method of extinguishing it. Had Mayor Swift not noticed the escape of the deadly gas, Mr. Clay's brilliant career would have been prematurely cut off.

Times Are Changing.

Cards to a mass for the repose of Moliere's soul at the Church of St. Eustache were sent recently to the principal actors and actresses of Paris. They were signed Jules de France, and were sent by a person who claims to be the son of the Duc de Berri, son of Charles X, and father of the Comte de Chambord, who also asserts that Moliere was the natural brother of Louis XIV. The mass was celebrated, and many members of the Comedie Francaise were present. Strangely enough, no objection was made by the church to this mass for Moliere's soul, though his body was buried in consecrated earth only by stealth, because he was an actor.

Marriage and Divorce.

Marriage may be entered into by two persons, with the following exceptions: Idiots, lunatics, persons of unsound mind, persons related by blood or affinity within certain degrees prohibited by law, infants under the age of consent, which varies in the different states, and all persons already married and not legally divorced.

CURRENT NOTES.

Maud—"And Mr. Meantall really said that I was better looking than ever?" Marie (wickedly)—"No, dear. He simply said you were looking better."—Life.

The Coming Woman—"My darling, give me just one little kiss." The Coming Man—"No, indeed. Why, you haven't been shaved to-day."—Philadelphia Record.

Carleton—"What happened when the mouse ran across the floor—did she faint?" Montauk—"Great Scott, no; don't you know she's a widow?"—Brooklyn Eagle.

"Is it true that Maud Makeface was arrested for intimidating voters?" "Yes. She threatened to kiss every man who would vote for Johnson."—Indianapolis Journal.

She—"So the Count's relatives consider it mesalliance?" He—"Decidedly. The girl has only a quarter of a million, and the Count owes three times as much as that."—Judge.

Dialogues of the Future: Master—"O—will you get me my boots?" Maid—"If you please." Master—"O—if you please." Maid—"If you please what?" Master—"Will you kindly get me my boots, if you please, miss?" Maid—"That's better. No, I won't."—Pall Mall Budget.

"MAKER OF VICTORY."

LAZARE CARNOT, STATESMAN AND SCIENTIST.

The Grandfather of the Late President of France—His Highest Aim to Be a Model French Citizen—France's Grand Old Man.

Prof. Sloane's life of Napoleon reaches, in a recent number of the Century, the beginning of the campaign in Italy. Of the grandfather of the late president of France Prof. Sloane writes: It was as a substitute for this dangerous visionary (Abbe Sleyes) that Carnot was made a director. He was now in his 43d year and at the height of his powers. In him was embodied all that was moderate and sound, consequently all that was enduring, in the French revolution; he was a thorough scholar, and his treatise on the metaphysics of the calculus forms an important chapter in the history of mathematical physics. As an officer in the engineers he had attained the highest distinction, while as minister of war he had shown himself an organizer and strategist of the first order. But his highest aim was to be a model French citizen. In his family relations as son, husband, and father, he was held by his neighbors to be a pattern; in his public life he strove with equal sincerity of purpose to illustrate the highest ideals of the eighteenth century. Such was the ardor of his republicanism that no man nor party in France was so repugnant but that he would use either one or both, if necessary, for his country's welfare, although he was like Chatham in his lofty scorn for parties. To him as a patriot, therefore, France, as against the outer world, was first, no matter what her government might be; but the France he yearned for was a land regenerated by the gospel of humanity, awakened to the highest activity by the equality of all before the law, refined by that self-abnegation of every man which makes all men brothers, and destroys the menace of the law. And yet he was no dreamer. While a member of the national assembly he had displayed such practical common sense in his chosen field of military science, that in 1793 he was intrusted by the committee of public safety with the control of the war. The standard of rank and command was no longer birth, nor seniority, nor influence, but merit. The wild and ignorant hordes of men which the conscription law had brought into the field were something hitherto unknown in Europe. It was Carnot who organized, clothed, fed, and drilled them. It was he who devised the new tactics and evolved the new and comprehensive plans which made his fourteen armies the power they became. It was in Carnot's administration that the young generals first came to the fore. It was by his favor that almost every man of that galaxy of modern warriors, who so long dazzled Europe by their feats of arms, first appeared as a candidate for advancement. Moreau, Macdonald, Jourdan, Bernadotte, Kleber, Mortier, Ney, Pichegru, Desaix, Berthier, Angereau, and Bonaparte himself—each one of these was the product of Carnot's system. He was the creator of the armies which for a time made all Europe tributary to France. Throughout an epoch which laid bare the meanness of most natures, his character was unsmirched. He began life under the ancient regime by writing and publishing a eulogy on Vauban, who had been disgraced for his plain speaking to Louis XIV. When called to a share in the government he was the advocate of a strong nationality, of a just administration within, and of a fearless front to the world. While minister of war he on one occasion actually left his post and hastened to Maubeuge, where defeat was threatening Jourdan; devised and put into operation a new plan; led in person the victorious assault; and then returned to Paris to inspire the country and the army with news of the victory; all this he did as if it were commonplace duty, without advertising himself by parade or ceremony. Even Robespierre had trembled before his biting irony, and yet dared not, as he wished, include him among his victims. After the events of Thermidor, when it was proposed to execute all those who had authorized the bloody deeds of the Terror, excepting Carnot, he prevented the sweeping measure by standing in his place to say that he too, had acted with the rest, had shared with them the conviction that the country could not otherwise be saved, and that therefore he must share their fate. In the milder light of the new constitution the dark blot on his record thus frankly confessed grew less repulsive as the continued dignity and sincerity of his nature asserted themselves in a tolerance which he believed to be as needful now as ruthless severity once had been. For a year the glory of French arms had been eclipsed; his dominant idea was first to restore their splendor, then to make peace with honor, and give the new life of his country an opportunity for expansion in a mild and firm administration of the new laws. If he had been dictator in the crisis, no doubt his plan, arduous as was the task, might have been realized; but, with Letourneur, in a minority of two, against an unprincipled adventurer leading two bigots, it was hopeless to secure the executive unity necessary for success.

OLD BRICKWORK.

Remarkable Strength and Tenacity in a Liverpool Building.

In demolishing a part of the Albert warehouse in Liverpool, belonging to the Mersey Docks and Harbor board, it occurred to the assistant engineer in charge of the work to make some investigations into the strength of the old brick work. The wall was built about fifty years ago of hard made

bricks, laid in ground mortar made with Flintshire lime. This lime is in a high degree hydraulic, and has a reputation of making mortar of exceptionally good quality. The Journal of the Royal Institute of British Architects, which describes the investigation, states that the engineer conceived the happy thought of leaving a piece of it in the form of a horizontal beam, having a twelve-foot span and measuring about two feet square in section, seven courses in the height of a two-foot wall. The ends of the beams were not cut free from the rest of the work. This beam was then loaded with all the weight that could conveniently be piled upon it, with appreciable deflection or other sign of weakness resulting. Two courses were then cut off and the whole weight again put on, but without other result. The beam was further reduced by a course, leaving it four courses, or fourteen inches deep, and the ends were also cut free from the other work—the mortar beds of the twelve-inch bearings being left untouched. A centrally placed load of five tons fifteen hundred weight was then gradually piled upon it, and was borne for several days without apparent effect upon the brick work. Finally the weight was increased to six tons, nine hundred weight, twenty-three pounds, which was sustained for thirty hours, when the beam collapsed during the night, and came down in pieces more like broken timber than anything else. Other tests were made with similarly astonishing results, but the above are sufficient to show what really first rate brick work in hydraulic lime will stand.

POOR PUGET'S NOSE.

French Red Tape Prevents the Repair of a Tenor's Statue.

Official red-tapeism is proverbially dilatory, but the record just now is with Paris, says the Philadelphia Telegraph. There the space in front of the Eccles des Beaux Arts is adorned with a beautiful statue of Puget, the once famous tenor. Four years ago a passer-by made the discovery that the statue's nose had come off. He called the attention of the police on duty to the fact. The policeman reported to the brigadier, who reported to the commissary of the quarter, who reported to the prefecture of police. The prefecture of police decided that the nose had dropped off the statue, and had not been maliciously knocked off; the matter, therefore, concerned the prefecture of the Seine. It was then August, 1891. In October a committee of three was appointed to decide which department had to put the nose on again. The committee inspected the statue in January, 1892, and reported in December that it was unable to report. In February, 1893, this report reached the department of public works. The head of a room found it in June and made the lives of his subordinates so many burdens to them with it. Somehow or other it got into print that, but for this zealous official, there would be hardly a statue in France and in Navarre with its nose on. In July he was decorated for special services. Somebody else took up the report. Between January and December, 1894, it had got into the assembly. On Feb. 25, 1895, the house sat upon it, and MM. Jaures and Carnaud got off some virulent attacks upon the government for its want of public spirit. The next day the same passer-by who had reported absence of the nose happened to pass by again. He discovered that the nose had not been replaced. He reported to the policeman on duty, who, etc. The nose of Puget is in for another round.

HER TRAVELING TRUNK.

She Did Not Want Its Numerous Foreign Labels Washed Off.

A Chicago woman who has traveled extensively and who intends to make her annual departure for Europe in a few weeks, sent her steamer trunk to a Randolph street establishment to be repaired. The workman who was put in charge of the job was a willing soul, and he wanted to make the trunk appear as if it were new. Accordingly he went all over it with hot water and a sponge and peeled off all the disfiguring labels placed there by the steamship companies, railways and hotels of foreign countries. He did not know that the especial pride of a traveler is the number of labels on his trunk. These labels show that he has been in London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, Rome, Constantinople, and Cairo, stopping at first-class hotels and traveling by the best routes. A trunk has no dignity until it is plastered over with colored paper says Chicago Record. The workman didn't know that—at least not until the woman came in to inspect the repairs, and then there was a scene. First she screamed and then she wanted to break down and cry. The proprietor told how sorry he was, and the workman made his frightened apology. He happened to remember that he had thrown the labels into a waste basket, so he searched and found most of them, although they were rather torn and crumpled. However he spent two hours in piecing out the labels and sticking them on the trunk so there was some balm for the woman's feelings. Now there is a rule in that shop: "Never remove a label from a trunk or valise."

In Tips.

One of the snugest berths, though by no means a sinecure, is the hall portership of one of the great service (London) clubs. In tips and salary a hall porter in a very well-known club owns to have made £1,500 a year for some years.

A sin of any kind is a demand for God to leave his throne.

LIVE HIGH IN PRISON.

MANY DISTINGUISHED MEN BEHIND PARIS BARS.

Visit to the Great Mazas—Luxurious Sainte-Pelagie, Wherein Those Condemned Have a Jolly Good Time—Anxiety for Work.

Paris prisons at the present time contain a more distinguished set of guests than ever before in their history. Ex-senators, ex-deputies, bankers, directors, and managers of newspapers, officers, noblemen, and wealthy manufacturers have of late been arrested with marvelous rapidity. A hundred years ago they would have been led to the guillotine without delay. The progress of a century has for such cases suspended and probably put an end altogether to the "veuve," the slang term for the terrible knife, but the disgrace is as complete as ever. There are eight prisons in Paris—the depot and jail of the prefecture of police, situated behind the Palace of Justice, the Mazas prison and house of cellular correction, house of correctional education or Petite Roquette; prison and house of correction of La Sante; Sainte-Pelagie; St. Lazare, for females exclusively; La Conciergerie, and La Grande Roquette. In addition to these there is the prison of Cherche-Midi, for military prisoners only, and of which so much was recently heard during the trial by court-martial of the traitor Dreyfus. The largest and by far the most important prison in the capital is Mazas, both as regards the number and the "quality" of the prisoners. Of all persons condemned by the tribunals of Paris those only who are to serve a term of one year or less remain in the capital. The others are sent to one of the twenty-six penitentiary houses in the provinces. The Mazas covers seven and a half acres. There are 1,200 cells, which shelter 1,150 prisoners. The cells measure 11 feet 10 inches in length, are 6½ feet wide, and about 740 cubic feet. Each prisoner is shut up in a separate cell. A small window, almost a peephole, strongly barred, is cut out in the wall, the prisoner being at liberty to open and close it at will. It lets in neither a great amount of light nor a great quantity of air. There is one chair in each cell and it is chained to the wall. The prisoner sleeps in a hammock. The most interesting objects on the walls are the chaplain's almanacs, which are freely distributed among the prisoners. They contain good moral advice and solid arguments to prove that the worst criminal may later on lead a good life. Some of these almanacs contain short stories and the subject of more than one of them is the wonderful escapes made by criminals from prisons. These almanacs constitute the reading matter of most of the prisoners. All the doors are of solid oak and have a little hole in the top, through which the warden can keep an eye on the prisoner. The warders seem to be prisoners themselves. They always talk in an undertone, never laugh, and were it not for taken for their charges. They never leave a cell without taking the precaution of walking backward. The director of the prison alone is allowed to inflict punishments, and his powers in this respect are limited to five days' dungeon. Orders from the prefect of police are necessary for anything beyond this penalty. Prisoners work eight or nine hours a day at matmaking, bootmaking, or tailoring, and are allowed one hour's fresh air and walking exercise. Only prisoners who have been condemned are compelled to work, but the majority of the accused, to pass the time and rid themselves of the terrible ennui that overtakes the most buoyant, ask permission to work also. Twice a week prisoners are allowed to receive visits, and it is on such occasions that the brutality of prison laws become manifest. The parlor is composed of two rows of cells, separated by a railing. The time for each visit, under the vigilant eye of a warden, is limited to a few minutes. The parlor scenes in French prisons would bring tears from the eyes of the most stone-hearted of men. It is not strange that the realistic playwright should have transported so pathetic a tableau to the stage. In the prison of La Sante the prisoners are divided into two groups of 500, one lot being confined to cells and the other working together during the day. This system is called "in common," and is said to meet with more success than the strict cellular arrangement that prevails at Mazas. La Sante is one of the finest, if not the finest, prison in Europe. Sainte-Pelagie is used nowadays as a political prison. Newspaper men are allowed also to serve their terms here when condemned for a cause that does not come within the criminal law. Sainte-Pelagie once was a private house. It was transformed into a prison in 1655 and during over 100 years enjoyed the reputation of being the most immoral prison in Paris. The prisoners sent there made chignons and many a noble duchess wore a wig fabricated at Sainte-Pelagie.

After Him for a Hundred.

Jenkins had had a difficulty with a bad character who had made threats of getting even if he had to follow him for a dozen years.

"By jove, Jenkins," said a friend, trying to frighten him, "I wouldn't get that fellow after me for a hundred dollars."

"Oh," replied Jenkins, coolly, "I don't know that it would make much difference. He wouldn't get it."

The friend didn't see the point at all.

"Wouldn't get it. Wouldn't get what?" he asked, stupidly.

"Wouldn't get the hundred dollars, of course. At least, unless he were a better collector than most of them who come your way."

A Sweet Answer.

A little boy and girl, each about 6 years old, were by the roadside. As we came up, the boy became angry at something and struck his playmate a sharp blow on the cheek, whereupon she sat down and began to cry. The boy stood looking on sullenly for a minute and then he said: "I didn't mean to hurt you, Katie; I am sorry."

The little rosy face brightened instantly. The sobs were hushed, and she said: "Well, if you are sorry, it didn't hurt me."

MARRIED IN HASTE.

Few Formalities at a Wedding in a Chicago Police Court.

Quite an amusing episode occurred in Justice Lyons' court in Chicago a short time ago in the midst of a trial for assault and battery, when a young couple rushed breathlessly into the room and informed his honor that they wanted to be joined in the holy bonds of wedlock as quickly as possible.

In one hand the prospective groom carried a marriage license, which contained the names of August Rohner and Maria Soss. The assault and battery case came to a halt, and Justice Lyons glanced over the certificate by which two beings were permitted to call themselves one.

"Hurry up, chudge," said the about-to-be bride, as she shifted from one foot to the other in a nervous manner, and glanced apprehensively at the door.

"But why are you in such haste?" asked Justice Davy.

"It must be now or never," answered the bride, "and we want now."

"All right," said the court, "I guess I can accommodate you," and he repaired to a mirror in the rear of the courtroom, carefully arranged his \$18 tie, parted his hair in the middle, took an extra reef in his immaculate Prince Albert, and called the couple to the front.

If there is one thing Justice Lyons is perfect in it is in the art of tying nuptial knots, and he was at his best.

"Have you a ring?" he asked.

"Nein," answered the lesser half.

"One will do," said the court.

"Nein, nein, or none," broke in the bride.

"Oh, all right," answered the court, as his face took on a deep scarlet hue and he proceeded with the ceremony. The couple alternately looked at him and at the door, and after it was all over and they stood with their arms twisted together, a fearful racket sounded on the stairs, and a little old man with a glare in his eyes burst breathlessly into the room. The new Mr. and Mrs. laughed at him, and the little old man, swearing volubly in German, gave the door a cruel kick, passed out again, and the bridal couple following. Justice Davy poked a beautiful bill in his purse, and the interrupted case went on.

Male Versus Female Brains.

Prof. Bishop of London was the most violent of the present century opponents of women suffrage, one of his arguments being that the average weight of a man's brain was 1,350 grains, while that of a woman of the average was only 1,260. The professor died in 1892, and when his own brain was weighed it only tipped 1,255 grains, five grains less than what he declared to be the female average.

Why He Was Scared.

Tommy being out walking with his mother, was very much scared at a dog that barked at him.

"Why, you are a regular little coward. Don't you know that the barking dog never bites?" said the maternal ancestor.

"I know the barking dog never bites, but how do I know that the dog knows it?" was the tearful reply.

Lots of Room to Hide.

The New Orleans authorities are hunting for the second husband of a woman who is under arrest there for bigamy. Have they examined her balloon sleeves?

Like Small Boys, Eh?

The way in which the America as well as the Spanish papers are boasting of their naval prowess and crying peace at the same time reminds one of the small boy who doesn't want to fight, "but just look at my muscle."

PERSONALS.

Gen. Booth is planning to send a colony of 10,000 person to Canada.

James A. Hill, postmaster of Paris, Ind., reported two cents as the entire receipts of his office during the last quarter.

M. Delbler, the French executioner, announces his intention of resigning. He has been suffering from influenza.

Miss Braddon, the novelist, has lost her husband, Mr. John Maxwell. He was a publisher, and thirty-five years ago started Temple Bar.

Mrs. U. S. Grant was among the first to pay her income tax to the collector of the district in which she resides in New York.

Senator Jones of Nevada says the silver men would support Senator Cameron for President if he should be nominated by the Republicans.

Kaiser Wilhelm has forbidden the officers and men of the Berlin garrison to smoke in the principal streets of the city, in consequence of irregularities in the salute offered to his Majesty and the members of the royal family.

Speaker Peck, when he retires, will have served eleven years. He will receive a pension of \$20,000 a year, and if the precedents are followed, a peerage. There have been eight Speakers of the Commons since the beginning of the century.

Mrs. Gladstone made an address to a visiting delegation the other day, and after she had concluded the Grand Old Man said: "The fact is, ladies are now taking much to public speech, and if they persevere and keep steady to it they will beat the men."

Maj. Calhoun, managing editor of the Standard, the new Boston daily, is the author of "Marching Through Georgia." He was an officer in Sherman's army and lost a leg in battle. He was captured by the rebels and suffered for some time the horrors of prison life South.

T. F. Johnson, son of H. V. Johnson, who was Governor of Georgia and United States Senator before the war and Vice-Presidential candidate on the ticket with Stephen A. Douglas in 1860, is looked upon as the probable leader of the new Republican party in Georgia.

MEMORIAL DAY 1895

Laurels and roses,
Lilies and cypress,
Kissed by the starlight,
Waked by the sun;
Lay them, oh! tenderly
Over the heroes
Of the cause that was lost,
And the cause that was won.

Better than laurels,
Sweeter than roses,
Whiter than lilies,
Purer than dew,
Are the pledge of forgiveness,
The hands clasped in friendship,
The peace and the prayers
Over the Gray and the Blue.



MISS BETHUNE'S VISIT

IT LACKED A fortnight or so of the nation's sweetest and most solemn festival. Over one of the many wooded elevations of Glenhurst cemetery, workmen were busy erecting a stately granite shaft in a spot, which for years has been marked by only a plain and inexpensive headstone.

"Sure," one of them remarked, "and the general do be a long time resavin' his deserts. It's thirty years he's been slavin' wid only a bit of a chape stui at his head; and after that same niglet, the bist of granite wid good letters beant none too good for him. It's reformed entirely thim paynurius Eliots beyant is gittin' and that's the truth."

"It isn't the son's widow who is paying for General Eliot's monument," another of the men explained. "It is the daughter, who lives somewhere in the West. She married a rich man named Bethune, who owns a large property out there; and she has never been home since her marriage."

"Faith, thim, and the Eliots, take all the credit of the payin', bad cess to the desavers," rejoined the first speaker. While they are discussing the family and the affairs of their employer, as workmen have a cheerful fashion of doing, a solitary pedestrian was moving leisurely along the undulating road which wound past the cemetery between the railway station of the village and the Eliot homestead, two miles beyond.

Leisurely, but not lazily. The girl's steps were buoyant, and every curve and motion of her slim, straight figure was instinct, with a graceful vigor. Life, to her, was still a precious heritage, she was young enough to exult in the mere sense of being alive, and to rejoice in the simple power of motion, and her blue eyes, looked forth brightly and unfeigningly upon a world which was still rife with charms and wonders. Here and there she paused, loitered, stopped altogether for a space.

A rude stone wall which fenced one

both gloves had been discarded, and her hands were laden with wayside blossoms; rich, yellow buttercups, golden disks of dandelion and snowy, honey-scented locust plumes, secured only by climbing to the very topmost rail of a zig-zag fence beneath the tree.

In performing that exploit those small, shapely hands had been stained by the green juices of crushed leaves and scratched by the locust spurs. And her soft, white chin showed a greenish-brownish smirch more conspicuous than beautifying.

To the former marks she was severely indifferent; of the latter she was blissfully unconscious.

But as she ascended the half-dozen stone steps to the front door of the



"YOU MUST BE TIRED?"

Eliot residence, she reflected that her nicely fitting boots were distressingly dusty, and that she must look rather untidy altogether after her walk and her frolics by the way.

She was not admitted until she had rung the gong several times, and had waited an unconscionably long interval. Then the door was opened noisily and with precipitation by one of the daughters of the house—Miss Millie Eliot—a low-browed, dark-skinned and square-shouldered young woman, in a shabby wrapper of faded crimson silk, with diamonds in her ears and many rings shining on her large fingers.

"Oh, you are the girl Mrs. Lacy was to send from the city to help us with the sewing and housework until after Decoration Day?" she said volubly, in thin, high tones, with a supercilious scrutiny of the visitor.

The girl's soft cheeks flushed; there was an odd glint of amusement in the large, lovely eyes.

Her lips parted as if for utterance, when those high, thin, affected tones checked her.

"You'd better go up to your room and get yourself ready for work right away. There's a lot to be done; and to-day—Ella, oh Ella, the new hired girl has come," Miss Millie concluded abruptly, her last words addressed to her sister who had just appeared at the opposite end of the broad, pretentious hall.

The sisters were very much alike, Ella, the younger, was a little taller than the other; her rust-colored hair and hazel eyes were a little darker; her complexion was a little more florid and coarser; her air was more affected and her tones more artificial.

"What shall we call you?" she inquired haughtily of the visitor, who still remained silent.

"You may call me Anne, please," answered the girl, her face hidden for an instant within a handkerchief of finest, whitest linen.

"Well, Annie, you had better throw those weeds away the first thing you do," said Ella, glancing contemptuously at the flowers. "And then, as quickly as you can, we want you to clean one of our front chambers and put it in proper order for a guest. Have you brought no clothing except the absurdly unsuitable things you are wearing?"

Anne wore a tailor suit of rich cloth,

a soft smoke-gray in color; and the exquisite fitting coat, open carelessly, revealed an elegant bodice of violet moire and costly lace. There was nothing mannish about it; and from the crown of her jaunty gray-plumed hat to the tips of her dainty boots, every curve and fold and seam bore the unmistakable but indescribable stamp of refined elegance. But Ella and her sister were not able, either by taste or training, to detect such a distinction, although they noticed the fabric of her coat and gown was expensive, and were inclined to sneer at the fact.

"I am afraid my—my things haven't got here yet," Anne replied, with her eyes on the floor, and with a queer little sound like a smothered cough.

Or was it a stifled ebullition of mirth? "It's surprising how inconsiderate people of your kind can be," Millie grumbled. "We never had a new servant yet who didn't leave her aprons or dresses or something needful behind her."

"I should say it was craft," Ella said, with a shrug which exaggerated the ugliness of her square, angular shoulders. "Of course, they know well enough we are obliged to give them something."

"We'll send the cook up to you presently, Anne; she will supply you with a dress and instruct you about your work," said the elder sister, as the two swept their frayed and faded slitten trails in the direction of the family sitting-room.

Left alone, Anne seated herself in one of the painted, leather chairs with which the hall was provided. For a moment she sat quietly; and then suddenly she covered her face again with her dainty handkerchief, while her lovely figure shook from head to foot with—was it with weeping or with laughter? In the midst of it the library door opened noiselessly, and a manly-looking young fellow approached her with quick, soundless footsteps.

"I beg pardon," he began, with as much deference as if he were addressing a throne queen, "will you not let me bring you a glass of water? You must be tired after your long walk, and the girls are very thoughtless sometimes."

Anne's proud head crested itself with dignity. She lifted her flushed face, and her large, blue eyes regarded him questioningly. But Richard Claverling was one who need neither wince nor quail



STROLLING THROUGH A DIM AND DREAMY STRIP OF PINE GROVE, before the searing gaze of any mortal creature. His were the lofty spirit, the clean conscience, the noble and generous heart. Proud he was as any monarch, but his pride was in his honor; in his power to right human wrongs; in his achievements wrought by toil and study, by courage and loyalty.

Anne read this in his grand young face. Manly sympathy for her alone from his great dark eyes, answered her mute questioning and extinguished her kindling resentment. She took the glass of water gratefully.

"You are very kind, and I appreciate it," she said with a little thrill in her low, refined voice; "but your kindness to a servant may annoy your sisters."

"It is the lowly who most need kindness. But I cannot think of you as a servant," he replied, with a little dubious shake of his dark, curly head; "and the Eliot girls are not relatives of mine. I am their father's ward, and nearly a penniless one, I fear."

"There are worse ills than being penniless," said Anne, looking at him with shy admiration from under her long, lovely lashes.

He was about to respond, when a coarse laugh startled both.

"Oh, I reckoned I'd catch you some time, Rich, if you do pretend to be such a saint! You meant to get the start of me with the pretty housemaid, I observe. But I'll overlook that if you let her give me a kiss," the newcomer exclaimed boisterously, as he swaggered up the hall toward them.

It was easy to discover that he was an Elliot. His resemblance to the sisters was as noticeable as their likeness to each other. As he advanced, leering and chuckling, Anne arose to her feet, her delicate face white with indignation.

"Oh, you needn't put on any airs with me, my dear," he sneered, as he extended a hand to seize her.

Rich struck the insolent hand aside and placed himself protectively before Anne.

"You will go at once, Wilkie, unless you want a quarrel with me," he said, with stern significance.

Wilkie began to bluster. But any serious dissension was averted by the sudden appearance of the cook.

"If you don't stop your tricks you won't get your rich cousin for a wife, Mister Wilkie," she admonished him.

"Oh, I can pull the wool over her eyes till I get her," Wilkie boasted, wickedly.

As Anne followed the cook up the broad staircase, she smiled gratefully down at her gallant young defender, who stood with bared head, looking after her with all his beautiful soul shining through his dark eyes.

Half an hour later she began her career as waitress, chambermaid and seamstress in the Eliot household.

It was soon discovered that her taste and skill in the latter capacity were almost invaluable; and henceforth the girls kept her occupied almost wholly in their services.

At first she dreaded lest Wilkie Eliot should repeat his insolence, and she scarcely dared venture outside the sewing room.

But he did not annoy her again, although she was convinced that he was deterred solely by a wholesome awe of Rich Claverling's vigilant eyes and powerful young arms.

Anne was not unhappy during those days. But sometimes her lovely eyes brimmed with gentle tears as she reflected upon the unending misery of the many young creatures who are doomed to drudgery and the tyranny which is harder yet to bear, from dawn till dark, all their lives, from the cradle to the grave.

"It is such treatment which makes bad servants, I am afraid," she said to herself.

She spent many pleasant moments with the Rich, sometimes at the piano when the others were all away, and sometimes strolling through a dim and dreamy strip of pine grove between the house and the ever-brawling creek a little way beyond the garden.

Meanwhile, the Eliots' long-expected guest and cousin from the far West had not arrived.

But early on the morning of Decoration Day a dispatch from her was brought to the house by a messenger.

Miss Bethune was at the Glenview hotel, and if they would call for her later, she would accompany them to the cemetery.

"You must be careful how you behave before her, Wilkie; you must remember she has lots of money," said Millie.

"You may never have such a chance again, Wilkie, to get a rich wife," said Ella.

"You must let her have your seat in the carriage, Rich; there won't be room for all," said Mrs. Eliot.

"Oh, I don't mind walking," that young man declared. "I'll start early and meet you at the hotel."

"I don't see what he wants to come for, I'd rather he wouldn't, I'm sure. I'm afraid he'll try to set Miss Bethune against Wilkie. He does dislike the poor boy so," Mrs. Eliot grumbled later, as her stylish equipage was speeding toward the Glenhurst house.

On their arrival the party was conducted to a private parlor, elegantly appointed.

Rich Claverling was already there.

They had waited but a few minutes when there was a little rustle at the opposite end of the room, and a white hand slowly drew aside the heavy crimson portiere.

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. P. A., 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. P. A., Chicago.

Intended for the Church.

Mr. Dolman in the Ladies' Home Journal states a fact that may not be generally known regarding Mr. Thos. Hardy—namely: That the author of "Tess" was intended by his fond parents to enter the church, and that he compromised with them by becoming an ecclesiastical architect.

Good Way to Help.

That is a very charming expression used by Lady Harris, speaking of Sir Augustus to a representative of the Princess. "The way I help my husband most," she says, "is by keeping, as far as possible, worries out of his life."

Important Change of Time.

The new service on the Nickel Plate road goes into effect on Sunday, May 19th. Three trains will be run in each direction, leaving Chicago going east at 8:05 a. m. daily except Sunday, 1:30 and 9:20 p. m. daily. No change of cars between Chicago and New York in either direction. Also through sleepers between Chicago and Boston. Superb dining cars are a feature of the new service. Rates always the lowest. City ticket office, 111 Adams street. Telephone main 338.

Output of a Naphtha Fountain.

A new naphtha fountain of remarkable yield has been struck near Baku. The output, which is ejected with uncontrollable force, is computed at about 15,000 tons per day. All the available reservoirs have been filled and the oil is now being run off into the Caspian sea. So far all attempts to batten down the outrush have been fruitless. The thick iron stakes used in these endeavors are shattered like matchwood.

The smallest humming-bird weighs twenty grains.

Women Only Know

How much they suffer when nervous, weak and tired. Nervous prostration is a lingering, racking, living death to those afflicted, though wholly incomprehensible to others. The cause of this condition is impure and insufficient blood.

Make the blood pure, give it vitality and it will properly feed the nerves and make them strong. Hood's Sarsaparilla cures nervousness because it acts directly upon the blood, making it rich and pure and endowing it with vitality and strength-giving power. No other medicine has such a record of cures.

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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. P. A., 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. P. A., Chicago.

Intended for the Church.

Mr. Dolman in the Ladies' Home Journal states a fact that may not be generally known regarding Mr. Thos. Hardy—namely: That the author of "Tess" was intended by his fond parents to enter the church, and that he compromised with them by becoming an ecclesiastical architect.

Good Way to Help.

That is a very charming expression used by Lady Harris, speaking of Sir Augustus to a representative of the Princess. "The way I help my husband most," she says, "is by keeping, as far as possible, worries out of his life."

Important Change of Time.

The new service on the Nickel Plate road goes into effect on Sunday, May 19th. Three trains will be run in each direction, leaving Chicago going east at 8:05 a. m. daily except Sunday, 1:30 and 9:20 p. m. daily. No change of cars between Chicago and New York in either direction. Also through sleepers between Chicago and Boston. Superb dining cars are a feature of the new service. Rates always the lowest. City ticket office, 111 Adams street. Telephone main 338.

Output of a Naphtha Fountain.

A new naphtha fountain of remarkable yield has been struck near Baku. The output, which is ejected with uncontrollable force, is computed at about 15,000 tons per day. All the available reservoirs have been filled and the oil is now being run off into the Caspian sea. So far all attempts to batten down the outrush have been fruitless. The thick iron stakes used in these endeavors are shattered like matchwood.

The smallest humming-bird weighs twenty grains.

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How much they suffer when nervous, weak and tired. Nervous prostration is a lingering, racking, living death to those afflicted, though wholly incomprehensible to others. The cause of this condition is impure and insufficient blood.

Make the blood pure, give it vitality and it will properly feed the nerves and make them strong. Hood's Sarsaparilla cures nervousness because it acts directly upon the blood, making it rich and pure and endowing it with vitality and strength-giving power. No other medicine has such a record of cures.

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