

BARRINGTON REVIEW.

VOL. 10. NO. 8.

BARRINGTON, ILL., SATURDAY, JULY 6, 1895.

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Write to T. S. QUINCY,
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Manufacturer and Dealer in
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REPAIRING NEATLY DONE.

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Call and see my stock and get prices before
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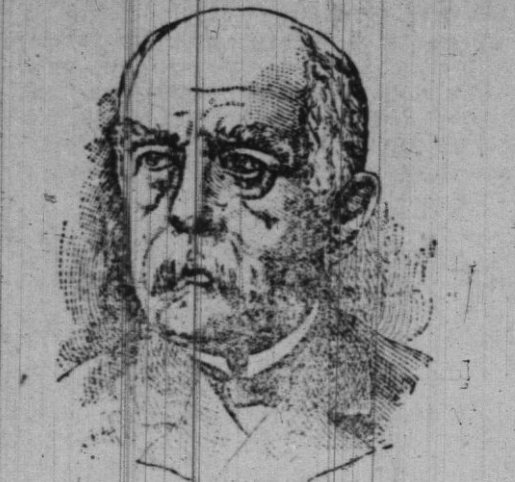
PRINCE BISMARCK ILL

SERIOUS ALARM FELT FOR THE
GREAT CHANCELLOR.

He is suffering from Great Physical
Depression and inability to Retain
Anything but Liquid Food—News of
Foreign Lands Condensed.

Friedrichsruhe, July 3.—Prince Bis-
marck is seriously ill and is unable to
partake of food. Count Herbert Bis-
marck and the other members of the
ex-chancellor's family have arrived here.

It is not known that they were espe-
cially summoned on account of the



PRINCE BISMARCK.
aged ex-premier's illness, but their
gathering in connection with the re-
port is likely to cause alarm. The Ham-
burgische Correspondent, which has in-
timate relations with the Bismarck
family, says that Prince Bismarck has
been in a serious condition for the past
week. He has been suffering from
great physical depression, combined
with severe neuritis in the face, and is
only able to take liquid food.

Cabinet's First Meeting.
London, July 3.—The first meeting of
Lord Salisbury's new cabinet took place
yesterday. Although the fact is not
yet officially announced, the state-
ment of the Yorkshire Post that Mr.
Gerald William Balfour, member of
parliament for the central division of
Leeds, and brother of the Rt. Hon. A.
J. Balfour, has been appointed chief
secretary for Ireland, is generally ac-
cepted as being correct. The Times an-
nounces that the Hon. William St. John
Freemantle Broderick has been ap-
pointed under secretary of war.

Parliament to Be Dissolved.
London, July 3.—The first lord of the
treasury, the Rt. Hon. A. J. Balfour,
announced in the house of commons
that parliament would be prorogued
Saturday next and that the dissolution
of parliament would follow Monday.

Japanese Do Not Advance.
Hong Kong, July 3.—The Japanese
have not advanced upon Tai Wan Fu,
island of Formosa. The withdrawal of
the British marines from the island of
Formosa has caused much surprise
among foreigners who remain ashore.

To Change Her Religion.
Berlin, July 3.—According to gen-
eral report here the Princess Frederick
Charles of Prussia, who has been living
in Italy for several months is about to
become a Roman Catholic.

Bombs Explode Near a Barracks.
Rome, July 3.—Two bombs were ex-
ploded near the barracks at Monopoli
last night. No one was hurt and very
little damage was done.

Damage of \$1,400,000.
Paris, July 3.—The fire in the famous
Godillot's military-outfitting establish-
ment here caused damage to the extent
of \$1,400,000.

Canadian Rifle Team in England.
Liverpool, July 3.—The Canadian rifle
team which is to compete at the ap-
proaching Bisley meeting has arrived
here.

Earthquake in Austria.
Lalbach, Austria, July 3.—A strong
earthquake shock was experienced
here yesterday evening.

Sold Under the Hammer.
Pittsburg, July 3.—The iron mills of
the Moorehead-McLean company, in
this city, have been sold by the sheriff.
The plant is worth over \$1,000,000, but
went for \$11,000, just enough to cover
the taxes due on the property and the
sheriff's costs. The purchaser is the
New York Life Insurance company,
holder of the mortgage on which the
sale was made. The mortgage was for
\$350,000, but the interest accumulated
ran the claim up to \$370,000. This action
leaves the extension creditors without
security and nothing to fall back on.

French Troops in South America.
New York, July 3.—Advices received
by the Herald from Rio Janeiro state
that French troops have occupied the
territory of Amapa. The military au-
thorities there have telegraphed to the
general government asking for rein-
forcements to resist the invasion. Mem-
bers of the Jacobin party caused sev-
eral rows in the streets of Rio Janeiro.
There were frequent fights between Ja-
cobins, naval cadets and sailors during
the night. The disorder was finally sup-
pressed by the police.

Sad Accident to a Family.
Pittsburg, July 3.—James Caussion,
a glassworker, with his wife and chil-
dren, a boy of 6 and a girl of 8 years,
were out driving near their home last
night. At the top of a high hill the
horse became frightened and plunged
sideways over the embankment. The

little girl was instantly killed. Mrs.
Caussion's back was broken and her
son was fatally injured. Mr. Caussion
was badly hurt, but will recover. The
horse was killed and the vehicle de-
molished.

HIS UNIQUE REVENGE.

Discarded Sailor in Illinois Disturbs the
Repose of a Bridal Couple.

Chicago, July 3.—In a fit of jealous
rage at having been rejected by the
girl he loved for his rival, George
Cornes, of Romeo, a small town on the
Drainage Canal, made a desperate at-
tempt to blow the pair out of existence
with dynamite. George Cornes and
George Burrows were rival suitors for
Mary Settle's heart and hand. She
finally accepted Burrows. They were
married last Saturday. Cornes told
them he would get even by blowing
them up. No one believed that he
meant it. But last night he broke open
a box in which the canal workmen
keep their dynamite for blasting pur-
poses and stole two sticks of the explo-
sive. He then placed them under the
cabin in which Burrows and his bride,
as well as five laborers, were asleep,
and just before daylight, touched them
off. The cabin was torn to pieces, even
the furniture and the beds in which the
people were fast asleep were broken up.
All the inmates were injured, three
perhaps fatally. Cornes was caught
later.

BEGIN TO TRANSMIT POWER.

Niagara Falls Harnessed Up for Com-
mercial Purposes.

Niagara Falls, N. Y., July 3.—The
first electric power transmitted for
commercial purposes from the plant of
the Niagara Power Company, at Ni-
agara Falls, found its way from the
great power house through the elec-
trical subway for a distance of about
a mile Sunday morning and put in mo-
tion the machinery of the Pittsburg Re-
duction Company. Four thousand
horse-power of electricity was delivered
and engaged in the manufacture of
aluminum. It is stated on good au-
thority that generator No. 2 will be
supplying 5,000 horse-power within thirty
days, and that additional wheels
will be put in operation with great ra-
pidity now that the success of the work
has been assured. It is said that the
Niagara Power Company has contract-
ed with the General Electric Company
for its transmission line to Tonawanda
and for lateral lines to Depew and
Lockport to be constructed at once.

WITH BRITISH GOLD.

Pacific Cable May Be Built and Con-
trolled by Foreigners.

San Francisco, Cal., July 3.—Hugh
Craig, vice president of the chamber
of commerce, says he is convinced that
the Pacific cable is to be built by British
capitalists. To the statement that
Englishmen and Australians with
Canadians have decided to undertake
the work, he adds that the difficulty of
obtaining a mid-ocean station has been
overcome. To avoid international com-
plications, Fanning Island has been
chosen as a station. The total length
of this cable will thus be over 6,000
miles. The estimated cost from Auck-
land to Vancouver is \$7,565,000. This
cable, it is proposed, will be only one
of a number of cables connecting with
it on the southern hemisphere.

Arsenic in a Flour Barrel.

Washington, Ind., July 3.—A case of
wholesale poisoning is reported from
Hyatt's Station Monday night, in
which thirteen people were affected,
three of whom may not recover.
Thomas Faith, who runs a sawmill and
boards his help, buys his bread of a
neighbor named Inglehart. Every person
who ate bread became violently sick. It
is alleged a relative of Inglehart, who
is not on good terms with his wife,
visited the Inglehart home and threw
poison in the flour barrel. The victims
all showed signs of arsenic poisoning.
The bread will be analyzed. Inglehart
has sworn out a warrant for the arrest
of Jake Yager, his son-in-law, who is
accused of having put the arsenic in the
flour.

Attempt to Wreck a Train.

Washington, July 3.—It is believed
an attempt was made by robbers Mon-
day night to wreck an east-bound fast
express train about thirty-five miles
from here. The train was running at
high speed about midnight, when sud-
denly there was a terrific explosion.
Though the cars had been considerably
damaged and the headlight of the loco-
motive scattered through the woods, no
person had been injured. The train is
known as the "money train," and it
is thought that dynamite was used to
wreck it in the hope of looting the ex-
press car.

Prefer White Labor to Colored.

Pittsburg, Pa., July 3.—The man-
agers of the Clinton Iron Mills, have
decided to dismiss the colored puddlers
and return to the use of white labor.
The managers decided also to raise
the rate for puddling to \$4. The white
men have no love for the negroes and
refuse to work until the Amalgamated
scale is signed, but no trouble is ex-
pected over that.

Loan to Be Issued in London.

London, July 3.—A Chinese loan is
about to be issued in London. It is not
for a large amount and is independent
of the negotiations for a Chinese loan
made from St. Petersburg and else-
where.

Curfew Ordinance a Joke.

Duluth, Minn., July 3.—There is little
probability of the passing of the curfew
ordinance. Most of the aldermen and
citizens generally look upon it as a joke.

BANDITS AT WORK.

HIGHWAYMEN ROB SOUTHERN
PACIFIC TRAIN.

Registered Mail Is Rifled, Passengers
Thoroughly Searched, and the Work
Generally Successful—Officers of the
Law in Hot Pursuit.

Grant's Pass, Ore., July 3.—The
Southern Pacific "overland," north-
bound, was stopped Monday at 10:15
by three highwaymen near Riddies,
about thirty miles south of Roseburg,
and robbed. Sticks of dynamite were
placed on the rails, which disabled the
engine by blowing the flanges off the
pony trucks and brought the train to a
stop.

Taking the fireman, two of the high-
waymen proceeded to go through the
train, and every car from the express
car to the rear Pullman, was searched.
Nothing was obtained from the express
car, for there was no treasure on board.
In the mail car better success was met,
and Portland, Tacoma, Seattle and Vic-
toria, B. C., registered sacks were
rifled. Passengers were also searched
pretty thoroughly, but just what suc-
cess was met with is not known.

It is estimated that the robbers se-
cured from \$2,000 to \$4,000 altogether.
One passenger in the Pullman gave up
\$400; others contributed in amounts
ranging from \$3 to \$50. When the cause
of the stoppage of the train was known
the passengers began hiding money and
valuables, throwing them under the
seats, in hat racks, and stuffing boots
and shoes. Many afterwards dug up
and gave at the robbers' request.

After the chief robber had secured his
booty he ordered the engineer to pro-
ceed north. He then shot out the head-
light and fired five additional shots,
which was a signal to his companions.
They then disappeared in the darkness.

One highwayman took a hasty shot at
Conductor Kerney, who was in charge
of the train, but no damage resulted.
The police have a good description of
the men, and Superintendent Fields, of
the Southern Pacific, in an hour after
hearing of the hold-up had two parties
on the way to the scene of the robbery.
A posse of officers was hastily made up
in Roseburg and started at once, and
another of rough-and-ready mountaineers
started from here. Every effort
will be made to capture the robbers.
The men of the party starting from
here are thoroughly familiar with every
foot of ground in the neighborhood of
the robbery, and good hopes are enter-
tained of capturing the robbers.
The train was delayed several hours,
being compelled to turn the engine
around and back into Roseburg.

ENDS A TRAGIC STORY.

Indiana Children Commit Suicide—"Go-
ing to Meet Their Father."

Jeffersonville, Ind., July 3.—Investi-
gation has proved that the poison which
killed little Lottie and Omer Bennett
was not administered by the mother.
The children of their own free will
swallowed the deadly drugs. The little
girl had often told the neighbors they
intended going to meet their father,
but knowing how much the mother
talked of this nothing was thought of
it. A letter left by the little girl said
she and her brother took their lives of
their own accord. The three bodies have
been buried in the same grave. The ter-
rible tragedy recalls the killing of
thirty years ago of Mrs. Bennett's
stepmother by her father, Peter Smith;
the murder of Smith seven years later
on a ferryboat by his illegitimate son,
Thomas Pifer, and the murder of his
wife and two children by Pifer five
years later, and his own suicide. Next
followed the suicide of Benson Bennett,
Mrs. Bennett's husband, two years
later, and now the triple poisoning of
wife and two children completes a
bloody family history.

Valuable Patent Declared Void.

Cleveland, O., July 3.—The United
States circuit court has handed down a
decision holding that the patent owned
by the American Fiber Chamolais Com-
pany of New York is absolutely void.
The fiber company brought suit against
various firms here for infringement of
their patent in the manufacture of fiber,
which is largely used in making wom-
en's garments.

Gasoline Stove Explodes.

Benton Harbor Mich., July 3.—A fire
in Coloma caused by the explosion of a
gasoline stove destroyed Dr. Beker's
new brick block containing a bakery,
drug store, and offices. The loss was
about \$7,500, with \$1,500 insurance on the
building. Mr. Hemlinway, proprietor of
the bakery, was severely burned and
is not expected to live.

Amounts to 15 Per Cent Increase.

Joliet, Ill., July 3.—Manager Pettigrew, of the Illinois Steel Company, an-
nounces the signing of the new scale by
the employees of the rod mill and says it
represents an average increase in wages
of 15 per cent. In the billet mill the in-
crease will amount to 13 per cent.

Committee Called to Meet.

Omaha, Neb., July 3.—C. J. Smythe,
chairman of the State Central Commit-
tee of the free silver Democracy, has
called a meeting of the committee for
July 16th at Omaha. This committee
was named by the regular State Demo-
cratic convention last year.

Senator Vest Going Abroad.

Sedalia, Mo., July 3.—Senator George
Vest left last night for Europe, and will
spend the summer at Carlsbad. The
senator has been in poor health for the
past two years, and hopes the waters of
the springs will be beneficial to him.

A. W. MEYER & CO.

Shoe Department...

You will find in this department
the most complete stock in town.
We are careful in the selection of
our shoes. The stock and work-
manship of the shoes is of the
highest character.

Ladies' Shoes.

We have a nice line of Ladies' Fine Shoes at \$1.25,
1.35, 1.45, 1.50 to 1.75 a pair.

Ladies' Dress Shoes \$1.75, 2.00, 2.25, 2.50 to 3.00
a pair.

Children's Shoes.

We carry a full line of Children's Shoes, 20, 25, 30
35 to 50 cents a pair

Misses' Shoes, 75 cents a pair upwards.

Ladies' Slippers.

Ladies' Slippers in Tans and Black at 69, 95 cents
\$1.00, 1.25 to 1.60 a pair.

Men's Shoes.

Our line of Men's Shoes is complete. Men's Shoes
\$1.50, 1.65, 1.75, 1.85, 2.00 to 3.00 a pair.

Our Boys' Shoes can not be beat for their wearing
qualities. We want your patronage if honest goods
will secure it.

A. W. MEYER & CO.,

BARRINGTON.

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

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Fire Association of Philadelphia.
Norwich Union of England.
Phoenix of Hartford.
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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.

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.
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ADVERTISING

Is the keystone of prosperity in any busi-
ness, and the thing to consider is not
whether to advertise, but in what me-
dium. We invite the attention of ad-
vertisers to the circulation of

BARRINGTON REVIEW.

THE DUSE IS DYING.

GREAT ITALIAN ACTRESS AT CURTAIN-FALL.

Her Memoirs Are Already in the Editor's Hands—A Translation of the First Chapter Given to a Rome Correspondent.



USE IS DYING; her theatrical troupe disbanded the other day and its star is said to be past recovery. Like her great contemporary, Tommaso Salvini, she has written her memoirs, but unlike those of the hero of the tragic muse her reminiscences lack directness, self-possession, stamina. They are, however, an excellent mirror of Duse's traits and whims.

Signora Matilda Serrao, Italy's greatest woman writer, will publish Duse's memoirs, which came to her in the shape of letters written by the great artist. The signora tells a Rome correspondent that she has preserved the identity of the letters throughout; her duties as the editor, she says, consists principally in a methodical arrangement of the material placed at her disposal. Here follows the opening chapter of the memoirs exactly as Duse wrote it:

Reminiscences? No, I don't want to remember. I am what I am, what I have been is past. Ah, if I could forget my disappointments, my struggles, my abasements. No, I must not forget the battles I fought, not these—but everything else, everything. Still can it be done? Time and again our thoughts travel back to these and events that happened. One cannot help remembering what has, at one period in life, torn our heart, made it bleed and tremble.



ELEANOR DUSE.

made it cover and suffer; we cannot escape the thoughts of what has been and does exist in spite of us. They are like mildew on the leaves of our mental diary. And then come men and women, people you have never seen, strangers for whom you care not and who do not care for you, to inquire who you are and what you are, what you feel, what you think. They want to know all about your past. And when you refuse to receive them, when you do not answer their questions, they call you proud, full of pretensions, arrogant. Arrogant, and why? Because you will not tell them what you are afraid to tell yourself, what frightens you, what you mean to keep a secret from your own heart.

Events of my life? There are many of them—but what looks to me an event, an occurrence that, perhaps, forced upon me the part I am playing in the world, the markstones in my life in short—to another they may appear stale and empty and unprofitable accidents. Yes, I have had many experiences, too many, but they were not experiences in the sense which the sensation-hungry mob alone recognizes; they are more like trials, trials that have cost many tears and the remembrance of which make me cry, cry, every time when I play Lydia di Morane (In the drama, "Visitors at the Wedding"). I feel then as if my soul was ready to go out in one great sob. It was ten years ago, in Rio. The yellow fever went from house to house, from palace to hut, gathering in victims. We play actors played. One day, at rehearsal, Diotti appeared with the pallor of death on his brow, tired, hardly able to stand on his feet.

"What ails thee? For God's sake tell."

"Nothing—a strange feeling; my head is not right; but come, let us make a start."

And he did begin. I saw he was not himself. I saw him tremble as if shaken by intense cold.

"Do not attempt the impossible," I said. "I am going to close the theater."

"And thy fortune?" he made answer, "all thy fortune is at stake. I will be better to-night; let us proceed with rehearsal."

Suddenly, in the midst of an exciting situation, he broke down. It was the fever. The fever that never lets up on a being marked for destruction. What were we to do? We had to play, because we were under contract; we had to play because a good many tickets had been sold; we had to play because the Shylockian Impresario wanted his pound of flesh; we had to play while he was lying alone, deserted, fighting the battle of death.

On the first evening: Feodora. The house, as stated, sold out and I—a failure in all that the word implies. The theater—a great, immense structure—I myself small, insignificant, a person of no consequence. My voice—great God, how should my voice penetrate into the parterre? I believe I might as well have said: "Loris, I love thee," than "Loris, leave me"—nobody would have known the difference. Add to this that there was a continuous whispering and murmuring in all parts of the house, in the boxes, in the galleries, everywhere, all the time, from the beginning up to the curtain's fall. My heart, my head, my voice—they seemed not to belong to me at all. I had no power over either. I was thinking of him all the time, of him alone.

At last the performance closed. I ran home, and, in the darkness of my room, threw myself on the floor. I had never felt so lonely before.

Next day: Intermission. We played only three times in the week. The newspapers gave their final decision. They said I had a certain something about me that attracted attention, but my voice? Well, half of that I have said they could not hear and the other half, they were unable to understand.

The following day we had our second performance. Denise. The theater—that immense barn—empty. Only three or four rows of seats were taken, and to the right and left two or three boxes. My poor Denise, so simple, so devoid of all sensational elements—no toilettes to speak of, no jewels—the audience listened to her during the first act; they paid her some attention in the second act, too. In the third act I had a crying scene and I cried real tears and the audience cried with me. Mine was victory, but the battle was not entirely won yet, for the part of Fernando was essayed by another; he who had been my Fernando was still battling with death. And the thought of him, of the patient sufferer, would never cease to agitate me that evening; it stood between me and the part I was trying to play. He always was before me, cold, pallid, shaking, his features distorted and his eyes glassy. In vain did I endeavor to throw off this feeling. In vain did I argue with myself that art demanded from its followers the sacrifice of self-negation. I could not be otherwise. He was always before me—that poor man, that good man, who never harmed anybody in the world. He was to die amid strangers, while we, his friends, played comedy.

Comedy, indeed. Is there anything more tragic than life? And there before those damned, those glorious, those blessed footlights, I prayed: "O, Madonna, save my friend. Save him, for he has a father and a mother whose only hope in life he is. Save him and take me in his stead. Let me die; let me lose everything—my renown, my talents, my future—but save him!" Two days later and all was at an end. And we continued playing comedy. As for myself, I heaped success upon success, and every triumph I earned increased my sorrow, made me more wretched. Why had heaven refused the offering of my poor self? On the evening of Diotti's death-day I played Fernando. And then and there I became what I am. Then and there I felt for the first time that I had a heart, that I had soul and blood in that heart. Then and there I learned that life is not base, only sorrowful and hard to bear. This I felt. Do you call it an event? I don't know whether it is important enough to be so classed by others. As for me—it was the markstone of my life. A life—in a life.

A Survivor of Waterloo.

Survivors of Waterloo are so few in England and France, where they should be, in the nature of things, more numerous than elsewhere, that the presence of one in Ohio is notable. James R. Green, who lives near Alliance, saw the great combat, though it is not recorded that he took part in it. He was a young midshipman in the British navy at the time, and his vessel being anchored at Antwerp, he penetrated Wellington's lines and witnessed part of the action as well as the bloody battle of Ligny. After many years of roving Green became a school teacher. He is an object of local interest, apart from his career, because of his picturesque attire.

Has Passed the Ninety Mark.

Dr. James Martineau, the celebrated Unitarian divine, the celebration of whose ninetieth birthday has attracted almost as much attention as a Gladstone somewhat bent with age. His stone anniversary, is a very tall man, a very plain man as well, and his face shows emaciation, but there are no hard lines in it. It is his mouth that first attracts the eye, for it is large, like an orator's, and the lips are full and close. Notwithstanding his great age and busy life, Dr. Martineau takes a lively interest in the progress of the Unitarian church in the United States.

William H. Hinrichsen.

William H. Hinrichsen, secretary of state of Illinois, has lately become a factor in national politics, owing to the part he recently played in calling an extraordinary convention of his party to take action on the troublesome silver question. Mr. Hinrichsen was elected in 1888 to the office which he now holds.



W. H. HINRICHSEN.

He subsequently became chairman of the state committee of his party. He is 37 years old, was born in Chicago and is of Swedish extraction.

Kate Upson Clarke.

Mrs. Kate Upson Clarke is one of the most active, sprightly, and irrepressible of the women writers of New York city, and enjoys a well-deserved popularity. Her husband is one of the editors of the Evening Post, and they have three sons, the oldest a senior at Yale college. Mrs. Clarke is an active member of the Meridian club, which consists of just thirty members, and meets once a month at noon, sharp; and she founded and is president of the Wheaton Alumnae club. Though well known in New York's literary and social circles, Mrs. Clarke is a resident of Brooklyn, and in her pleasant home on Quincy street entertains her large circle of friends with generous hospitality.

Widow of the Hero of Fort Sumter.

One of the many widows of public men living in Washington is Mrs. Robert Anderson, widow of the "hero of Sumter." She possesses what may be called the most typical relic of the war, the flag that was flying over the fort when it was fired on by the insurgent Carolina battery. After the war the flag came into the possession of General Anderson, and when he died it was draped about his casket.

In Hot Weather.

"Oh, for an ice! Oh, for an ice!" Cried the maiden dear.
"Oh, for an ice!" echoed her beau,
"Oh, for an ice-cold mug of beer."

TO WED A BARON.

MISS ROSE MARSTON HAS A ROMANCE.

Rudolph Schutzbar-Milchling, a German Nobleman of Great Wealth and Many Attainments, Wins a Fair Young Chicagoan.



IT'S ALL LIKE the fairy tale about the handsome prince that fell in love with the beautiful maiden whom he immediately captured and carried away to his ancestral castle. Unlike the stereotyped international marriage, however, in this case the financial conditions are reversed. The prospective bridegroom is Baron Rudolph Schutzbar-Milchling, a German nobleman of immense wealth and most aristocratic lineage. The bride is Miss Rose Marston of 4201 Ellis avenue, a beautiful American girl who has been living in Chicago for the past three years, says the Times-Herald. She is the daughter of Harry C. Marston, colonel of volunteers in the United States army. Colonel Marston has long been prominent in diplomatic affairs, and is a man of unusual attainments. For two years he was American consul at Mauritius and afterward served in the same capacity at Malaga, Spain, where he was consul for ten years. Mrs. Marston was a well-known St. Louis belle and during the family's residence in Washington became noted for her wit as well as her beauty. Miss Marston inherits all her mother's loveliness, but is of an entirely different type of beauty. She is a pronounced blonde, having most abundant golden hair, which waves around her face, making a fitting background for her classic features. Her eyes are dark blue and

have been devoted to experiments with trees of all kinds, and he frequently replenishes his magnificent estates from American forests. The baron affirms that within twenty years this country will be bringing American woods from Germany. For years he has been systematically planting American walnut, maple, cherry and other trees on his estate in Hesse-Thuringen. Among his favorite trees are the giant sequoia, or redwoods, of the Yosemite Valley, which have now grown to about four feet high on his estate.

Baron Schutzbar-Milchling is about 35 years of age, with the erect, well-



THE BARON.

shaped figure of the soldier. He has a splendid complexion, light hair and brown mustache. As yet he has not completely mastered the English language.

The courtship of the baron and Miss Marston is a most romantic one. They met for the first time at Madrid, where both were guests at a brilliant diplomatic ball. Circumstances did not again bring them together until the world's fair. It was at a French ball



THE POSTMASTER-GENERAL.

The Above is the Latest Portrait of William L. Wilson, Postmaster-General of the United States.

her complexion ideal in its coloring. But it is her carriage and figure that give her her chief distinction. She is very tall and slender, with exquisite curves and much grace and stateliness of movement. In dress Miss Marston exhibits unusual taste and thus displays her Parisian education. Altogether she is a most striking picture of loveliness and the baron is indeed capturing an "American beauty." The bride is about 22 years of age. Baron



MISS ROSE MARSTON.

Schutzbar-Milchling is the only living representative of an old and noble family. He has several immense estates in Germany, the largest being situated at Hohenhaus, near Berlin. The baron has always been connected with the army, being at one time captain in the emperor's regiment of uhlans. He is an enthusiastic sportsman, and has shot tigers in India, lions in Africa, grizzly bears in the Rockies and alligators in Florida. His travels have extended over the entire world, but he is especially interested in all things American. Science and literature also occupy a large part of his time, and his book of travels in Morocco is now being translated into English. At present he is engaged upon a book which concerns his journeys in the United States and Mexico. One of his fads, which goes most appropriately with his love of wandering, is photography, in which he is especially successful. Several years of his busy and profitable life

at the Auditorium that they met for the second time, and since then the baron has been untiring in his attentions, visiting this country frequently. Besides being an exceptionally beautiful girl, Miss Marston is very talented. She is a tireless student of instrumental music, and is an excellent linguist, speaking French, Spanish, German and English equally well. She received her education at the convent of the Sacred Heart at Paris. Miss Marston is one of three children. One sister, Maud, was married last June to William C. Asay, who was city prosecuting attorney under Mayor Hopkins. The other sister resides in Malaga, Spain, and is married to one of the most prominent men of that city.

The marriage of Miss Marston and the baron will take place in the course of the next two months. It is expected that the wedding will be a large church affair, but as yet that question is undecided. The baron and his bride will leave for New York directly after the ceremony. From there they will go to London, Paris and other cities.

The Cup Defender.

Although the actual work of building the America's Cup defender devolves on Nat Herreshoff, his blind father, John Brown Herreshoff, will be entitled to the credit of designing it. Mr. Herreshoff, who is now nearly 60, has been blind since boyhood. Nature has compensated him with a marvellously retentive memory and an exquisite sense of touch, so that his work is done with rapidity and with perfect accuracy. As an example of the phenomenal keenness of his senses he is able without a moment's hesitation to pick out any paper he desires from the well-filled pigeon-holes of his desk.

Bell's Gorgeous Summer Home.

The summer home of Professor Bell, the telephone inventor and millionaire, is on an estate of fifteen thousand acres in Cape Breton, on the Bras D'Or. The professor appears to have all the instincts of the true fisherman. On one of the neighboring lakes he has a house-boat, propelled by a steam launch, with a trap-door cut in the floor of his dining-room so that he can fish, if the fancy strikes him, while at table.

GIRLS OF DANBURY.

WILL NOT MARRY A MAN WHO DRINKS.

Nearly Five Hundred of Them Join in a Society That Will Bring the Young Men Up "With a Round Turn"—Amusing Incidents.

(Danbury, Conn., Correspondence.)



AND WE DO further more agree not to marry any man who uses "beers, wines, or malt or spirituous liquors, nor to keep company with any such man, and we pledge ourselves to use our best endeavors in influencing all our men acquaintances

to abstain from intoxicating drinks of any and all kinds.—Constitution of the St. Peter's Ladies' Temperance Society.

That is the condition of affairs in Danbury. Wise on one side, the women on the other, and several hundred very thirsty young men standing between the two in piteous uncertainty which way to turn. On the one hand are the long lists of cooling drinks, and it is very hot and thirsty weather; on the other hand are the young women with all their charms, and Danbury young women are very charming. What is a poor devil of a Danbury youth to do?

All the young male population of the



MAGGIE DRUMM.

city have been asking themselves this question with passionate emphasis since the crusade began, just two weeks ago. The Rev. Henry J. Lynch started it at a meeting of the Children of Mary, held at St. Peter's Roman Catholic church of which he is one of the pastors. For years Father Lynch has been an ardent temperance advocate and a fighter for the no-license principle in the local liquor question. Last year he led the temperance cohorts, and so ably did he conduct the campaign that no license lacked only a very few votes of victory. Activity in politics made the priest an astute leader, and this enlistment of the Roman Catholic young women in the cause is the first gun of the conflict that will not be terminated until the elections of next October. The liquor element is beginning to realize what a dangerous combatant the clergyman is, and this new move is causing its members no little trouble.

"If Father Lynch was in politics for what he could get out of it," they say, "he would own the state of Connecticut in a few years. There isn't a politician in the ring or out of it that's smarter."

An idea had been lying dormant in Father Lynch's mind for some time when he got up to speak at the meeting of the Children of Mary, and while he was speaking on the subject of the liquor traffic it took practical form. These are the words that began the movement:

"Do you young women realize the influence that you could wield for good in this matter? Do you know that it is in your power to turn the wavering scale to the right? Only stand firmly for the cause and the victory is won. Let it be known that you are for temperance not only in your own lives but for your associates as well. Is there one among you who does not know some poor woman whose life has been ruined by her marriage to a man of whom liquor has made a beast? Would any of you then wish to court such a fate? Make the men understand that if they desire your good opinion and your companionship, they must give up liquor. You can make them do it, unless I woefully misunderstand human nature."

Great applause greeted this effort, and after some further discussion it was decided that the society should stand for total abstinence on the part of its male friends. A suggestion was made that an auxiliary branch be formed among the Danbury youth, but that was dropped for the present. Meantime the society was receiving encouraging messages. One from the Women's Christian Temperance Union was read, and great applause followed. It said:

"Let the good work go on. We greet our sisters in the noble cause of temperance."

Another message was from the neighboring town of Bethel, and it told of the admiration which the Roman Catholic young women of that place felt toward the organized anti-liquor girls of Danbury. Furthermore, the Bethel women said they would be proud to enroll themselves in the organization. An earnest invitation to join was sent by the St. Peter's society, and it is expected that a number of them will come over from Bethel to attend the meetings. About 100 names in Bethel will be added to the roll, and with the new acquisitions in Danbury the society will then muster about 500 strong. Father Lynch hopes to have 1,000 workers before the summer is over.

The new movement has struck the young men of Danbury squarely amidships. They don't know what to think of it, which doesn't prevent them from thinking of it very hard. The first half dozen youths to whom the Sun reporter propounded the query, "What are you going to do about it?" replied with a burst of profanity which was soulful but vague. Finally the reporter met a youth who had devoted considerable brain wear to the question chiefly because of his interest in a certain member of the new society. This youth is a member of a number of organizations in Danbury, not including the Sons of Temperance. He was found in a shady spot on Main street, fanning himself with his hat, and dividing his attention between a large pictorial sign representing a huge beer glass on the verge of overflowing with cool and creamy froth and a small thermometer engaged in an earnest effort to force its top off by pressure of the mercury.

Fifty-four ministers have for some time been engaged in drawing up a scheme for Presbyterian union in Scotland.

stories, where they make from \$7 or \$8 or \$9 all the way up to \$20 a week. Many of them rent houses which they run themselves, and a few are house owners. They are self-reliant, self-respecting girls and good citizens, and when they go into a thing as they have into this temperance movement it is not simply a fad, but a matter to be carried through to the end. Father Lynch could not have found a better set of coadjutors than the women whom he addressed.

Immediately after his speech the girls got together and began to discuss ways and means for carrying out the plan outlined to them. An organization was decided upon, to be called the St. Peter's Ladies' Temperance Society, a committee was appointed to draft a constitution, and the following officers were elected: President, Miss Maggie Drumm; vice-president, Miss Mary Higgins; secretary, Miss Annie Fox; treasurer, Miss Josie McNamara. As soon as the news of the inception of the movement spread, applications for membership poured in from all sides, and the second meeting was attended by 300 young women. It was here that the constitution was discussed, and the chief matter of debate was the section quoted at the beginning of this article regarding the attitude of the members toward such friends as they might have who drank. The discussion was opened by a young woman, who arose and said:

"I would like to know if we are promising not to go with any fellow who drinks at all. I think we ought to make some distinction. A man needn't be a drunkard just because he takes a drink once in a while. I know lots of fellows that take an occasional beer, maybe, but they never get intoxicated, and it seems—"

"Oh, I know," put in a voice from the front seat. "She means Jim."

"I don't, either," retorted the first speaker hastily. Then she added with dignity: "I don't think it's right people should speak out names that way."

"No personalities, if you please, ladies," said the chairwoman.

"What I want to know is," put in a member who was of an inquiring turn of mind, "how you can tell if the young man you keep company with has been taking a drink or two if he hasn't taken enough to show it?"

"That's easy," put in a blue-eyed lassie, rising in her desire to impart information. "You can smell his breath when he kisses you."

"Oh, Lizzie," cried all the others, very much shocked, and Lizzie turned the color of the wine in cup that inebriates and sat down so abruptly that some of the hairpins fell out of her hair.

When the sensation has subsided a gloomy voice said:

"At that rate we'll have to boycott cloves."

"Well, I don't want any fellow that's got the clove habit, either," declared a sprightly brunette. "I'm going right to my fellow—or I mean if I had one I'd go right to him and say—that is, if I had one who drank anything—I'd say to him, 'Now, Jack'—er—er Jim—or—er—Fred or whatever his name was, 'if you think more of your beer than you do of me, you can just stick to it, but you can't go 'round with me any more. I'm not going to have a fellow who



ANNIE FOX.

drinks, so you can take your choice. That's what I'm going to tell him!"

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VETERANS' CORNER.

TWICE TOLD TALES FOR OLD SOLDIERS.

"The Little Hero"—The Learned Soldiers of Japan—Sheridan Grew Tired of Hearing the Famous Song, "Sheridan's Ride."



HE graves were gay as garden plots, Glad music shook the air, And in the breeze the starry flag Was floating everywhere.

And little Johnny, all aglow, Flushed cheek and flashing eye, Said, "I will be a soldier, too, And for my country die!"

"May God forbid!" the veteran cried; "You know not what you say; Far, from our dear land and you Be war's red awful day!"

"But yet be brave! to dare the wrong, And to defend the right— And fear not, little Valiant Heart, You'll have enough to fight!"

Napoleon's Political Code.

As early as Sept. 19, 1797, Bonaparte wrote Talleyrand a letter containing what he called his complete code of politics. His sphinx-like demeanor and the mysterious allusions already quoted from the festival speech, taken in connection with that outline, confirm the notion that Talleyrand, Barras, and Sieyes were preparing for a new constitution, which should be ready for use when the spring elections should increase the number of royalist delegates, and eventually bring the clash between the executive and the legislature. He expresses to Talleyrand in that letter the same contempt for all antecedent French political speculation felt by Sieyes. Even Montesquieu had not arranged and analyzed the results of his reading and travels; though doubtless capable, he had done nothing really constructive.

The English had confused the respective functions of the various powers in government. In view of their history, it was easy to see why the taxing power was in the house of commons. But why should it also declare war or make peace? Great Britain, being a state whose constitution was compounded of privileges (a black ceiling with a gilt edge), was quite different from France, where these had been abolished, and all power proceeded directly from the sovereign people. Why, then, as to the constitution of that time, should the French legislative alone have rights which belonged to government in its totality? This sovereign power, he continued, "falls, I think, into two magistracies quite distinct; one that supervises but does not act, to which we now call the executive power should be compelled to submit important measures—the legislation of execution, so to speak. This great magistracy would be truly the chief council of the nation; it would have all that part of administration or of execution which is by our constitution entrusted to the legislative." This body should be numerous and composed only of men who had already held positions of public trust.

This legislative should make and change the organic laws, but not in two or three days, as at present; for after an organic law has once been made operative, it should not be changed without four or five months of discussion. "This legislative power, without rank in the republic, impassive, without eyes or ears for what is about it, would have no ambition, and would not inundate us with more than a thousand specific statutes which, by their absurdity destroy their own validity, and make us, with three hundred tomes of laws, a nation without law." Is this confusion a recurrence to youthful crudities of ideal politics, or does it hint at the exercise by that upper magistracy of its unchecked powers through some single executive agent like himself? Certain it is that this very concept, though sensibly changed, had a direct influence on the institutions of the empire.—Prof. William M. Sloan's Life of Napoleon in the Century.

Gen. Grant's Log Cabin.

Grant's log cabin, one of the sacred mementos of the lamented general and a valuable relic of the war, which has had no special protection since it was placed in Fairmount park, will be carried away piecemeal by relic hunters unless some guard is detailed to shield it from vandalism. It is now in a mutilated and dilapidated condition and needs immediate protection says Philadelphia Inquirer. The front and rear doors remind one of a country school house in New England, where the boys are allowed to carve their names or initials with unrestrained freedom; for both are literally covered with various letters of the alphabet and designs. When the cabin was put up a printed copy of the late Adam Badeau's communication vouching for the genuineness of the cabin as the one used by General Grant while giving orders to Sheridan, Sherman and other officers was nailed to each door. The one that was in the rear is gone. Whether it was stolen or beaten down by storms is not known. Relic gatherers have not only hacked out big pieces, but have carried away some of the upright logs that support the roof and the southern side of the structure. The removal of these timbers must have required considerable time and effort, for they were securely fastened at each end by long, old-fashioned spikes, similar to those used to hold rails to sleepers on railroads.

One log is half way dislodged, as though the person who was attempting to steal it was frightened away before he could complete his vandalism. The other timbers supporting the building are apparently sound. The doors of the cabin are kept locked and as yet the vandals have refrained from forcing an entrance. There is no guard around the cabin and never has been one. The cabin belongs to the estate of the late George H. Stuart, who was presented with the relic by General Grant. George H. Stuart, Jr., once thought of placing the cabin on private grounds, but he abandoned the idea and decided to let it remain in the

park, and at present he has no plans for its use elsewhere. Mr. Stuart said he was not aware of the depredations made on the relic, and that he regretted the mutilations. He could not say whether he would have an iron fence built around the cabin or not. He said that it would be a good idea to place a guard at the building and to keep the front door open, so that visitors could enjoy an inspection of the interior.

Gen. Miles' Poker Story.

"I don't play poker myself," said Major General Miles, "in fact I am glad to say that the game has rather gone out in the army; but I think I can claim to have been a witness of the biggest game as to stakes that was ever played."

"Tell us about it, general," said Col. Ochiltree. "I have some pretty good poker stories in stock myself."

"And so have I," said Henry Watterson. "For instance, Joe Blackburn's about the game played in the trenches at the battle of Shiloh, with a table made of the bodies of the comrades of the players."

"Well," said Mr. John W. Mackay, "as to stakes, I can enter a claim for some of the games played in the good old days in Nevada, when the boys had the Comstock lode to draw upon. But, general, let us have your story."

"It was in the spring of 1865—just thirty years ago this week, when I came to think of it—when Davis, Lee and the rest of you confederates, Col. Watterson, were in full retreat, from Richmond toward Danville, and we were pressing you night and day, hardly stopping to eat or sleep. On the eve of the battle of Sailors' Creek."

"I was there," said Col. Ochiltree. "It was in that battle that I was wounded."

"That day," continued Gen. Miles, "we overhauled and captured a confederate wagon train and found, greatly to the delight of the boys, that several of the wagons were loaded with confederate bonds and confederate money in transit from the confederate treasury department in Richmond to wherever the government, now on wheels, might make its last stand. The soldiers simply helped themselves to the bonds and the money, and the officers did not care to deprive them of the spoils to which they were rightly entitled. At night, when we knocked off work for supper and a few hours of rest and sleep, I had occasion to ride along the line, and found, greatly to my amusement, a poker game going on around almost every camp fire. Stopping to watch one of the games, this is what I heard:

"How much is the ante?"

"A thousand dollars."

"And how much to fill? Five thousand. Well, here goes. I raise it ten thousand."

"Good; I see you and go you ten thousand better. Twenty-five thousand to draw cards."

"Then cards were drawn, and presently a bet was made of fifty thousand. Some one went a hundred thousand dollars better, but he was ruled down. Fifty thousand was the limit. However, there was \$500,000 in the pot when it was hauled down by the winner, who had three trays and a pair of jacks. I expressed my surprise at the size of the game, and told the boys that they had better go slow or their funds would run out."

"Never fear, general," replied one of them. "We will keep within our means. You ought to have been here just now. Why, we had a jackpot of \$1,200,000."

"I think you will agree with me," continued Gen. Miles, "that no bigger poker game was ever played, and for my part I am sure that confederate money never served a better purpose than to amuse those union soldiers in that resting hour in that most wearing of brief campaigns."—New York Mail.

"Sheridan's Ride."

Speaking of how weary and sick of "Ben Bolt," its author, Thomas Dunn English, had lately become because of the "Tribby" craze, a woman said: "If Gen. Sheridan were alive, Mr. English would be sure of the general's sympathy, for if ever a man got tired of a poem, it was 'Phil' Sheridan of the 'Sheridan's Ride.'" Mrs. Sheridan was asked recently to tell the story of the famous ride as the general himself used to tell it. Mrs. Sheridan answered: "He wasn't in the habit of telling it. It was told to him often enough. Whenever he went somebody recited that poem. Whenever he was invited to entertainments or suppers or dinners, some girl or boy told him how he rode. It went on for years, and the general would come home so disgusted that he often declared he never would accept another invitation for reunions or celebrations unless promised that he should be recited at and told how he rode. The only time I know of when Gen. Sheridan himself told the story in public was one night at a dinner at Mrs. Hale's house. Everybody saves the best for the wife of the senator from Maine, and one night I was surprised to hear the general finishing the account of that ride. But it was told so quietly that only the group about him knew what was going on. He heard it too often ever to want to tell it himself."

Japan's Learned Soldiers.

London Daily News: It appears that note books are quite common in the Japanese army among both soldiers and coolies. They keep regular diaries and take copious notes of everything they see. "It is surprising," writes a war correspondent to the Chinese Mail, "what a lot they know about the great west. Several of them talk intelligently of Spartans and Persians, Napoleon and his march to Moscow, and even compare the abolition of feudalism in England and Japan. They fully understand all that is implied in the contest between old-fashioned hand-to-hand warfare and modern long range maneuvers; and they speak scornfully of the Chinese tactics at Ping-Yang, in trying cavalry charges against massed bodies of riflemen without first using their machine guns, as the French at Waterloo did their field pieces, to throw the ranks in disorder. All this from the Japanese must be surprising to Europeans, because we do not know them. Their progress is greater and more real than foreigners imagine."

Willie Was Swindled.

"Why, Willie, do you mean to say you paid 25 cents apiece for these handkerchiefs? They're nothing but cotton." "O no, mamma. They're Mississippi silk. The auctioneer said so."

THE CURFEW MAYOR.

M. PEIRONNETT THE TERROR OF WHEATON YOUTH.

When the Bell Rings All Boys and Girls Must Hide Themselves to the Parental Roof or Submit to Acquaintance with a Policeman.



AMES S. Peironnett, the mayor of Wheaton, Ill., has recently come into publicity by requiring the ringing of curfew bells in the model little town over which he ably presides. Dispatch, simplicity and patriotism are the characteristics eminent in the government of Wheaton. Mr. Peironnett fosters a well-founded prejudice against committees and believes that delegation of any duties, when they can be personally encompassed, is of the most destructive forms of government dissipation. His whole life is an illustration of this rule applied to personal policy. Mr. Peironnett is a worthy representative of an honorable ancestry of Huguenot origin. The family came to this country in 1777 and settled in New York state. James Peironnett was born in Binghamton, N. Y., Oct. 9, 1842. In 1853 his parents emigrated to Peru, Ill., where he continued his school life. He arrived in Chicago in the latter part of the '50s. Graduating from a commercial college in 1861, he shortly after returned to Peru to engage in the lumber business. Two years later he returned to Chicago to take charge of the clerical affairs of the Evans & Co. commission house. He succeeded Mr. Evans in 1864, when the firm of J. S. Peironnett & Co. was established, em-

ploying Miss Fannie S. Baker, the daughter of the former publisher of the Chicago Journal of Commerce. They have five children, who have no need of curfew bells to warn them of untimely hours.

AMERICAN GIRLS IN PARIS.

Those Who Make Pictures Have a Club of Their Own.

In September, 1893, the American Girls' Art club was started in Paris by a little group of New York women, headed by Mrs. Newtaw Reid. In the heart of the old Latin quarter, within a stone's throw of several famous studios and the Luxembourg galleries, in a charming old house at Rue de Chevreuse, the little club has prospered and become the headquarters of American girl art students in Paris. Good board and lodging are provided at a minimum cost, and while there is nothing like refinement or surveillance, the young women are afforded a home-like protection, and there is a freedom from the old promiscuous association with the whole quarter that is to be commended. It is now proposed to build and endow an art institute in Paris for the further fostering of art among our young women, says Leslie's Weekly. The plan is for a building with studios, lecture halls and dormitory and living room accommodation for one hundred; very much the same as in the famous French school at Rome. The cost of the whole is estimated, will be one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and the carrying out of the plan awaits only the subscription of this sum. It is impossible to overestimate the importance of such a stimulus as this to the artistic aspirations of our people. While the most sanguine supporters of art education expect but a small number of scholars to do work of value, they realize that the residue serves to spread an understanding and appreciation of art throughout the country, and so create an interest in the work of American artists that will



JUSTICE SHIRAS.

Herewith is given a picture of Justice George Shiras, of the United States Supreme court, whose vote created the majority in declaring the income tax law unconstitutional. Justice Shiras was born in Allegheny county, Pa., in 1832, and is therefore sixty-three years old.

bracing the brothers, J. S. and W. F. Peironnett. For several years the house maintained the record of doing the most extensive business on 'change. Disasters, fires, panics and corners were braved unflinchingly, each succeeding victory adding to the house's reputation and also to the volume of business transacted. In 1868 Mr. Peironnett built a home at Wheaton, but did not relinquish his Chicago interests until he was elected mayor of that pretty suburb. His efforts in behalf of Wheaton have always been marked with a desire for public welfare. For twelve years he has been president of the school board. Six years he has served in the council and four years ago he was elected by an admiring people to the mayoralty office. Last year he was the moving spirit in the inauguration of a waterworks sys-



JAMES S. PEIRONNETT.

tem. A civil engineer was employed, but his ideas were too broad and impracticable. Dispensing with his services, Mayor Peironnett called upon the president of the Wheaton college, and together these two gentlemen devised and planned the system. Personally Mayor Peironnett supervised all affairs, keeping every detail in close observation. The ordinance recently passed by the city council of Wheaton is not an impracticable, orthodox measure, but it is an act that has not only the sympathy but also the support of the Wheaton residents. Mr. Peironnett transacts the greater part of his executive business in the Calumet building of Chicago. He is a cultured man and an example of true American citizenship and integrity. In 1873 he was married

continually and increasingly widen its influence and strengthen its importance. The Art Institute for American Women in Paris deserves encouragement; likewise the similar institution founded on a broader basis—recently started in Rome. Their success is a matter of concern to all interested in the fine arts.

THE SMALLEST REPUBLIC.

A Population of Fifty-five and the Women Cast Votes.

Among the tiny republics of the world perhaps the tiniest of all, in point of population, is the Republic of Tavalora, on the island of that name, about eight miles from Sardinia. It has a population of fifty-five, and is less than two miles in length. Sovereignty was accorded in 1836 by King Charles Albert to the head of the Bartoleoni family, who was given the title of king. For nearly 50 years this monarch—Paul I. was his name—ruled his microscopic kingdom with skill and judgment, and enjoyed peace with all his neighbors. He died May 30, 1882, after expressing the desire to his sorrowful relatives that none of them should succeed him. He strongly wished his subjects to govern themselves. No pretender arose, and for nearly four years the simple inhabitants got along comfortably without any hand at the helm of their ship of state. But in 1886, after lengthy discussions, in which the Tavaloran women took a prominent part, a republic was proclaimed. The women had a large say regarding the constitution, and they secured the right of suffrage. The president is elected for six years. He and the other officials serve without salary. The independence of the tiny state was recognized in 1887 by the Italian government.

About Du Maurier.

The latest pen sketch of Du Maurier portrays him as a man with a sharp nose, ragged, pointed beard, and thin, colorless hair. His sight troubles him, and he wears clumsy, iron-bowed spectacles. His face is not handsome, but is rendered attractive by a kindly smile, and though he depicts well-groomed men in Punch, he dresses carelessly. Du Maurier considers himself an old man, though he is but a few years past sixty.

Tribly footstools are the newest. They are of tufted silk or velvet.

CORNER OF ODDITIES.

QUEER AND CURIOUS EVENTS OF RECENT OCCURRENCE.

A Useful Pigeon—The Corpse Heard the Oath—Dead Man Comes Back to Life—A Marvelous Mirage Seen in the Heavens.



A-seein' me try ter pull er way, Chum's jest about sure ter say: "I'll bet yer dasen't come."

Tip-top branch up ther tallest tree, Leaves so thick yer kin hardly see, A-clingin' fast fer fear he'll drop, Hitchin' way up till he hez ter stop; Bendin' ther limb jest like er bow, A-wavin' his hat at me below, Shakin' ther tree to scare me out Chum's jest about sure to shout: "I'll bet yer dasen't come."

Ripe yeller apples er-hangin' high, Can't help but see 'em walkin' by, Wonder why 'tis 'at ther bigges an' bes' Don't seem ter grow ez low ez ther res'; Orchard lot up behin' ther hill, Both better keep putty mum an' still; Chug or-barkin' an' runnin' bur way, Chum's jest about sure ter say: "I'll bet yer dasen't come."

Swallow Strange Things.

The doctors of the London hospitals have an incredible number of patients who have swallowed strange things. Of course, children are the most frequent sufferers. The commonest objects that they swallow are small metal whistles and tin "squeakers." The most dangerous of toys for very young children are the India rubber air balloons which can be inflated by means of a small mouth-piece. These can most readily be drawn in by the breath, then each succeeding respiration inflates the India rubber bag. These have caused scores of deaths and so have thimbles. A child sees its mother's bright thimble, and there is no worse article to swallow.

Among grown-up people young women of the domestic and working class are the most frequent patients, this being because they habitually carry small articles in their mouths, and are often prone to what is called "larking." Only a week or two ago a cook in a west end mansion swallowed a small glass vial containing flavoring essence. One of the strangest cases of this kind on record was that of a gentleman who about two years ago was treated at one of the London hospitals, he having swallowed a tiny live tortoise. He had bought several of these creatures and was amusing his children by pretending to eat them alive and so on, when he actually swallowed one. It was several days before the creature was even killed. Scores of these cases come from public bars, where people seem fond of attempting silly tricks with coins, pencil cases, etc.

A Useful Pigeon.

An incident occurred recently in San Francisco, in the family of a dealer in Japanese curiosities and a member of the Pacific Coast Pigeon society, which proved to him in a most impressive manner the valuable services which may sometimes be rendered by the carrier pigeon, and probably explains some of his enthusiasm in that direction. His little baby boy, was taken suddenly sick with most alarming symptoms of diphtheria. The mother, watching by the bedside of the little one, dispatched a message tied on a carrier pigeon to her husband at his store. In the message she wrote the nature of the child's alarming illness, and made an urgent appeal for medicine to save his life. The bird was started from the home of the family, five miles from the store. The bird flew swiftly to the store, where the father received it. He read the message, called a doctor, explained the child's symptoms as his wife had detailed them in her message, and received the proper medicine. Then, tying the little vial containing the medicine, to the tail of the pigeon, he let it go. The pigeon sped away through the air, straight for the cliff. It made the distance, five miles, in ten minutes—a distance which would have required the doctor three-quarters of an hour to cover. In twenty minutes from the time the mother's message was received, the baby was taking the medicine.

Marvelous Mirage at Mt. Hope.

The early risers of Mount Hope, N. Y., were treated to a remarkable mirage on Decoration Day, which showed in the clouds, even to the most minute details, a strip of the New York bank of the Hudson river nearly twenty miles long. The city of Yonkers was so plainly depicted that even the largest and principal residences were recognizable. Tugs and ferryboats were plying on the Hudson river and big chimneys were pouring out smoke, apparently located far above the earth. It seemed at times as if the foot of the tub whistles could be heard. The most wonderful part of the spectacle was the arrival of a New York Central train at Yonkers. This express train appeared to break into the mirage from the south, plow its way through, as if running on a granite foundation, and then completely disappear at the northern end of the sky panorama. The mirage lasted about thirty minutes and was seen by a great many people on the streets.

Buffalo and Lions.

An African sportsman, while hunting in the bush, saw a wonderful struggle of brute forces between a wounded buffalo and three lions. The lions had overtaken the buffalo and were tearing him with claws and teeth. The gallant old bull tried to hold his own against his assailants, but in vain did he attempt to gore them. The cunning lions escaped the thrusts by hugging his sides and thus keeping their bodies parallel with his. One lion, while gnawing at the buffalo's neck, was swung completely off his legs as a man swings a

child by its arms. Had the buffalo not been wounded he might have cleared himself, even though the odds against him were three to one. The struggle, which owing to the cloud of dust was seen by glimpses, did not last many minutes. The buffalo was killed by the bullet, not by the lions. When he fell the lions stood with their forefeet on the carcass and roared their paeans of victory. Their triumph was short, for the bullets of the two white hunters who had seen the fight killed two of them and wounded the third.

The New Woman Takes a Hand.

The new woman asserted herself in Redkey, Ind., last week. Duncan Clark's female minstrels were booked to appear at the opera house, and upon the arrival of the troupe small dodgers were distributed promising a decidedly sensational entertainment. Some time previous to this a variety troupe had given a private performance to twenty-six married men, in the back room of a saloon. The local paper exposed the performance, and a number of family rows were the result. When the Galety troupe opened the doors Saturday night about twenty-five indignant female church members surrounded the doors, ready to take down the names of all who attended. Nearly every married man in town had arranged to attend, but when they found the indignant array of females at the door lost all interest in the show, and, sitting down outside, awaited developments. About fifty men, however, ran the gauntlet and took in the show, while fully 500 people were on the outside, expecting some excitement. At 11 o'clock the performance closed without any disturbance, when the manager announced that they would give an after-performance, thinking the women outside would think the show was over and go home. But they were not to be deceived, and the after-performance was given to those who saw fit to brave the wrath of the women. The show was of the variety kind, and no worse than many others. At midnight the show closed and the "new woman" went home.

The Corpse Heard the Oath.

News comes from Union county, Ga., of a sensational whitecapping which occurred there Saturday night, and the investigation which the federal authorities are making has revealed the existence of an oathbound organization among the illicit distillers. James Phillips, who lives near Blairsville, was taken from his home Saturday night by a dozen men, and while half of them turned their Winchester on him the others took turn beating him with clubs. He lay apparently dead at their feet. Over his body they swore secrecy and bound themselves to stick to each other, and they left Phillips on the road. Passers-by found him soon after, and he recovered enough to give names. Two of the whitecaps, James Cavender and Sam Taylor, have been caught. Warrants are out for the others. The latest report is that Phillips is dead.

How She Might Know Him.

Some time ago an amorous young man sent a letter to a German lady, and this postscript was added: "That my darling may make no mistake, remember that I will wear a light pair of trousers and a dark cutaway coat. In my right hand I will carry a small cane and in my left a cigar. Yours ever, Adolphe." The father replied courteously, stating that his daughter had given him authority to represent her at the appointed place at the time agreed on. His postscript was as follows: "Dot mine son may make no mistakes, I will wear in mine right hand a club; in mine left hand I will wear a six-shooter. You will recognize me by de vay I bats you on de head a goople times twice mild de club. Vait for me at de corner, as I have somedings important to inform you mit. Your fren, Heinrich Muller."

Peculiar Sect Will Meet.

The district conference of the Reorganized Church of Latter Day Saints of Jesus Christ is to be held at Gallier, Mich., and a special from that place says that delegates are already arriving. The Latter Day Saints are commonly called Mormons, but they claim to have no connection whatever with the Salt Lake church, and do not believe in the practice of polygamy. They are very zealous in the work of their society, and regard immersion and laying on of hands as necessary to soul saving. The services are carried on in the same manner as other churches. As to compensation of the ministers, so much is allowed for each member of the family, and at the end of the month a check is received from the general treasury of the church.

Murdered Man Turns Up Alive.

One of the strangest cases of crime in Alabama has developed at Mobile. At Livingston, Ala., a year ago Hinton Rice was charged with drowning William Burrell. He was tried, convicted and sentenced to twenty years in the penitentiary. A brother of the prisoner testified that he was an eye-witness to the tragedy. The man supposed to have been murdered was located at Mobile several weeks ago, but eluded the officers until Saturday, when he was arrested. When asked why he did not make himself known he said he did not want people to know his whereabouts, and expressed no regret that his supposed slayer was serving a term of imprisonment. Rice will be released.

Fatal Explosion of Powder.

Philip Phillippe and Louis Beran, both of Alma, Wis., were badly injured from a powder explosion Saturday. The men were quarrying rock from the Mississippi Dike works above Grafton and attempted to reload a defective dynamite blast, when the powder was ignited by a smoldering fuse and the large three gallon keg exploded in their hands. Phillippe has a wife and family living in Wisconsin. Beran was foreman of the quarries and is not married.

On a Tombstone.

Last week I visited the cemetery at Flattsburg, New York, where I found a tomb erected to the memory of Catharine Straight, aged 3 months and 8 days, and Charles Straight, aged 4 months and 4 days, and bearing the following bit of poetry: "They tasted of life's bitter cup, Refused to drink the potion up. They turned their little heads aside; Disgusted with the taste, they died."

The war in the east has caused a great rise in the price of camphor.

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

INTERESTING READING FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE.

Where Dogs and Cats Find Cures for All Their Ailments—Tale of a Kitten—A Brave Little Jap—Catch Questions.

In a remote corner of the vegetable garden there is a square not under cultivation. In fact, it is given over to the various kinds of weeds and wild growth that seems to thrive there as they do nowhere else. There golden rod and black-eyed susans flaunt their yellow wealth, and morning glory and "love vine" entangle each other in riotous confusion.

Practically, this garden bed has gone to waste, but that there is value in the tumbled mass of heterogeneous growth has been left for the dumb animals of our household to discover. It is there that the several dogs and cats find the medicines that their constitutions sometimes seem to require.

Frequently one of the dogs is afflicted with a loss of appetite, or perhaps he recognizes some malady, and, like a wise fellow, decides to take his medicine while fasting, but on the days on which he refuses his meals he will repair to the garden, push open the unlatched gate with his nose, and deliberately wend his way to the neglected corner square. Here he will eat as much of the grass as he feels is good for him and then trot briskly down the walk with a sense of duty well done.

The white cat will climb over the palings, nibble daintily at the undergrowth of the garden bed and scramble back to the fence railing, where he will sit washing his face with his pink paws as though anxious to rid himself of all traces of the disagreeable dose he has taken.

On one occasion I saw this instinct by which animals provide for the needs of their nature save a dog's life. As I was returning home from a canter on horseback I heard the pointer that accompanied me giving vent to sharp, excited barks, while at the same time I could distinguish the piercing cries of a bird in distress. Urging my horse forward I found that the cries proceeded from a young mocking bird, which was within the coils of a rattlesnake.

Without any apparent intention of liberating the bird, the snake was viciously regarding the dog, which alternately barked and snapped at it. Seeing that the snake was in a dangerous mood I tried to call the dog away, but before I could do so the snake released the bird and buried its fangs in the dog's back.

With a sharp yelp of pain Pluto left the rattlesnake to crawl away while he staggered off to a clump of bushes, where he began to bite off great mouthfuls of what seemed to be a kind of weed. Under the potent influence of this plant, of which he ate voraciously, I saw the dog fast recovering, and, although for some time he appeared to be a little dazed, he was able to follow me home that afternoon.

After I had acquainted my father with the incident of the afternoon's adventure, he returned with me to the spot where Pluto had encountered his formidable enemy. Here we found the mocking bird, which appeared to be more stunned than hurt. I caught it in my hand, giving it a vigorous shake, whereupon after a little uncertain fluttering it finally flew off. A little farther on, in a clump of foliage, the rattlesnake was found and put to death.

Before I left the place I tried to discover what plant it was that had proved so successful an antidote for the bite of the snake, but so great had been my anxiety concerning Pluto at the time he was bitten that I failed to notice what species of weed it was to which the dog had turned so instinctively, and, to my regret, I could not afterward identify it.—E. A. M. in Philadelphia Times.

A Funny Room.

The most decided novelty introduced in the world of amusement is perhaps the "swinging room." This is an American invention, adapted and improved according to the French idea. Some of the papers in Paris refer to it as "an instrument of torture rather than amusement." It matters little what it is; there is such a decided "go" about the thing that it takes your breath away and makes your hair stand on end from fright into the bargain.

After you have bought your ticket to the entertainment you are ushered into a handsomely furnished room, with a fine chandelier hanging from the ceiling. In the middle of the room runs a stout iron bar from wall to wall. To the bar is attached a large swing, seating about a dozen people. You take your seat and the swing is set in motion. At first it moves rather slowly, just like any other swing, but this does not last long. The swing begins to go faster and faster till it completely turns upside down. You can see the whole room—walls, furniture and all—whirling around at terrific speed.

You are at first seized with amazement and then fright, clutching frantically to your seat and wondering when you will be flung out against the ceiling or where you will land. Everything is whirling around until your head fairly swims.

Suddenly this remarkable swing stops and you step off—on the ceiling close to the chandelier, which instead of being suspended, sticks straight up into the air. The mystery is explained by a polite attendant, who tells you it is not the swing that has been going round but the room itself.

All the furniture and pictures are securely fastened to prevent them from flying about while the room turns its somersaults. The explanation sounds reasonable enough, but you go away in a doubtful frame of mind feeling that you would like to bet any amount that the swing with you in it turned bottom side up, but why you didn't fall out—that's what puzzles your still whirling brain.—New York Advertiser.

Tale of a Kitten.

Ellie, Will and Baby have a kitten.

It is their very own, they say. All day long they play with their kitten in all sorts of ways.

Sometimes Will has her for a circus cat; then kitty must jump over a stick, chase a toy mouse and show off all her tricks. Next Ellie will take her turn, and rig kitty out in her doll's clothes and put her to sleep in the doll's bed.

Before poor kit has had her nap out likely as not Baby will seize her to have a ride in his cart. Then away she goes, down the walk, bump, bump. Baby's cart has no string, you must know.

The folks in the house say, "Oh, that poor kitten! What a life it does lead." But kit does not seem to mind their play; she likes the children. If they are gone out of sight for a time she runs about the house to find them.

Kitty has to stay in the woodshed at night; she does not like this, but mamma says she must not stay in the house.

One night kitty found out where the children slept. It was a warm night and the window was open. Kitty ran up a cherry tree and out on a bough from which she could jump into the room. She sprang up on Ellie's cot and lay close beside her, and how she did purr! Mamma had to laugh when she found her. But she said: "No, no, little kit; you must not sleep with my babies!"

The next night the window was left open at the top. Kit could not jump so high as that; so what do you think she did? She got on the ledge, outside the window, to be as near her little friends as she could.

When Ellie waked in the morning there was the kit looking in at her. Ellie thought she said: "Mew, mew! Do let me come to you." And she made haste to let her in, you may be sure.—Mrs. D. P. Sanford.

A Brave Little Jap.

Every war brings out stories of heroism that last long after many other incidents of the conflict are forgotten. Boyish bravery in the heat and smoke of battle in particular is always told of and seems to have more distinction than that of the older soldier who is trained to do his duty under all circumstances. Already from the Japan-China war has come the story of a brave little bugler that is likely to be told over and over again. It was one of the battlefields, which have not been frequent in this war, when the Japanese troops were somewhat panic-stricken and were retreating before the Chinese, that the little bugler was mortally wounded. Stricken and dying as he was, the brave did not forget his duty. He saw the troops flying and knew that the Chinese were gaining a victory; with splendid courage he raised himself, and grasping his bugle, sounded a loud and stirring "charge." The troops heard and rallied in obedience to it, and the day was theirs. But the little bugler had died as they fought, and did not even know that his effort had been successful. His comrades knew, however, what he had done, and they bore him from the field in triumph, and already the "uta" a poem of honor, has been written in his memory, while his mother has arrayed herself in robes of state and honor, and wound her hair with flowers, the proudest woman in the empire that her only son should have thus distinguished himself.—New York Times.

Catch Questions.

Very simple questions will sometimes find wise men napping. If a goose weighs ten pounds and a half its own weight, what is the weight of the goose? Who has not been tempted to reply on the instant 15 pounds? The correct answer being of course 20 pounds.

The following catches are even simpler, yet many have been puzzled by them: How many days would it take to cut up a piece of cloth 50 yards long, one yard being cut off each day? A snail climbing up a pole 20 feet high ascends 5 feet every day and slips down four feet every night. How long will the snail take to reach the top of the pole?

It is scarcely necessary to point out that the answer to the first question is not 50 days, but 49; and to the second, not 20 days, but 16—since the snail who gains one foot each day for 15 days, climbs up the sixteenth to the top of the pole, and there remains.—New York Recorder.

How to Carry Your Books.

Children who carry a load of school books back and forth from home and school each day are cautioned by a physician not to carry the load in the same hand or over the same shoulder, as many instances have been shown where the habit lengthened the arm or enlarged the hand disproportionately, or caused the child to carry one shoulder higher than the other. If the books are carried first in the right and then in the left hand every second day, or the bag of books suspended from the shoulder be changed about as frequently, the danger will be met and overcome. Even in cases of decided right or left-handedness a changing about of the burden not only prevents this lack of symmetry but strengthens the weaker hand wonderfully.

A Tidy Cat.

There is a cat in Boston that has learned to be extremely tidy. She lives in an office and when meat and bread or food is given her to eat it is usually spread out on a piece of paper. When she has finished, or eaten all she cares to, she carefully and patiently folds the paper into a package, skillfully using her paws and her mouth to accomplish it. When she has made this into as neat a package as she can, she carries it to some out-of-the-way corner or nook where she puts it away till she wants to finish it.

An Infant Poet.

A little four-year old made this remark a year before he was called to the bright beyond, as he lay on the floor looking out on the beautiful sky at early evening: "Mamma, come and see the lovely sky; it is like a blue cushion. See, the moon is a bright ball and the stars are pins."

THE RURAL HEROES.

JEAN PEGOLAN, owner of a farm in the village of Eyvettes, is in high good humor this evening.

About him the dry leaves are dancing in the melancholy autumn wind, and the sun is darting long, reddish rays through the bare boughs above; the sky is blue as blue can be; and from the woods rises a pungent, aromatic odor. Jean Pegolan, sententious through his tough hide, of some small part of all this poetry, this serenity of nature, whips up the gray with a will and turns his head homeward.

It is quite true, to be sure, that the Prussians are marching on Paris, that here they have sacked a village, there burned a farm to the ground, and further on, shot some poor, unoffensive creature dead. But, I ask you, what difference can that possibly make to Jean Pegolan? Neither his house, nor his cattle, nor his crops, have suffered in the least from invasion. He saw some of the enemy at the neighboring town, where he had just been to sell some of the produce of his farm, and, dear me, he has not found that they are such monsters. One must admit that they are men like any others.

When he has passed the Green-Cross and sees the village before him, with its church steeple of gray slate and the gilt weather vane, shining in the sunset, his honest farmer has a vision of the steaming dish of soup which awaits him on the table at home, that brings the water to his mouth.

"Hi! Git up!"

But instead of "getting up" the gray comes to a sudden standstill. A Prussian estafette, in passing has seized her bridle and sharply turns her out of the way. Then, as Pegolan is too slow in making room, he raises his whip and slashes it across the farmer's face, from ear to ear.

Certainly Jean Pegolan has always expressed the greatest respect for the conqueror, but this time, rage gets the better of him. He rises to his feet, seizes one of the benches of the cart and the Prussian rolls off his horse the next moment, with a broken skull.

The shadows are growing deeper across the road, the woods are very still, the moon is creeping up the horizon, half hidden behind a transparent veil of clouds.

Pegolan, who is now trembling in every limb, looks furtively around him. No one has seen the deed. His Prussian lies there in the ditch, kicking convulsively, face downward. As for him, he will assuredly tell no tales!

"Come, git up! Hi!"

And the gray, who scents her stable comrade afar, starts off at a gallop. They have all been pushed and locked into the church like a flock of sheep. Here they are, sitting in groups in the nave, some very pale, others very red, all silent, their throats contracted by fright. A crude white light falls from the windows of unstained glass and throws large pale squares on the "hue peasants' frocks or illumines pitilessly some face on which abject fear may be read in the drawn mouth and pinched nostrils.

Faint heavy odors of autumnal foliage come from the neighboring cemetery and one hears the chirping of the sparrows disputing among themselves amidst the gravestones.

The night before, a Prussian patrol had found, near the Green-Cross, the body of a murdered hussard. It is necessary to make an example. And so, since dawn, a battalion of chasseurs have invaded the village, and, by order of the commanding officer, have imprisoned within the church walls every able-bodied man in the community. The morning—until the stroke of noon—has been given them to point out the guilty one, or to make a personal confession; that hour passed, one of the men will be picked out at random, and the village turned down.

And it is now 11:30 o'clock. Oh! If they only knew the murderer—the assassin—the bandit—who has brought all this upon them, while they were vegetating along tranquilly in the midst of the ruins of their country; how gladly and quickly would they, good people denounce him! If necessary they would wreak vengeance upon him with their own hands. But they do not know him; and meantime, the minutes hurry on, and none dare take the initiative, none assume the responsibility of singling out the criminal.

He who could solve their perplexities, who might cry: "I am the murderer, the assassin, the bandit!"—he, Jean Pegolan, is very careful not to breathe a word.

He sits in the shadow of the confessional, with his sealskin cap drawn over his eyes and his heart beating wildly within him, and thinks of his wife, who is so dainty and so kissable; of his cows, who are ruminating at their stalls; of his hay, all well stowed away in his loft, and he tells himself that to die would be to leave that to all eternity, that one only dies once, that he would be very much of a fool to give himself up to justice, and that after all, he never killed the Prussian intentionally. The reasonings suffice to quiet his conscience. If the choice happens to fall on an innocent man—well, my faith, it cannot be helped. Every one is surely bound to look after himself in this base world.

Hark! the clock, a quarter to twelve. Only a quarter of an hour left. The last stroke dies away in slow vibrations and silence hangs again under the high vaulted ceiling, like some invisible presence. The heavy rhythmic tread of troops approaching, then stopping, sounds from without. A hoarse cry of command comes next, multitudinous guns strike the ground with a dull thud.

A decision must be reached—and at once.

Some one speaks a name—in a whisper only—yet every one heard it.

Then hastily, hurriedly, with the feverish eagerness of people who dread death, everyone repeats it. Jean Pegolan, the Eyvettes farmer, draws a long breath. The name is not his.

It is that of a poor devil, half-woodcutter, half poacher, a Fed Republican, who voted a "nay" at the last elections.

He has a sick wife and three little children, the eldest of whom can but barely walk, and these will be left without bread, by his death. But that can not be helped. Perhaps the others

not do the deed. But then he was quite capable of doing it. Besides, he is only a poor wretch, while they are all comfortable farmers, in easy circumstances. Justice above all things.

In vain does the poor wretch protest his innocence. The evening before he was alling—a wrench he got in felling a tree. He had been on his bed, without stirring, all day. They could make inquiries. They would see that he had not been out of his house. All in vain does he throw himself at the feet, his voice choked with anguish and fear. All in vain does he invoke their pity. What is to become of his children if he is to die? His wife will never equal the task of providing for them.

No one answers. Pegolan, in his corner, sits in cold perspiration, fearing some change in opinion, some sudden relenting. But the others are only too happy to have come to some conclusion. They ask but one thing now, to be speedily rid of this man who moans before them, tearing his hair, and reproaching them for their ferocious egotism, their monstrous cruelty.

The door is thrown wide open, and beyond it rises a forest of bayonets filling the small square, and nearer to the threshold the group of men charged with the execution have gathered, and the fatal instrument of death shines again in the warm white light of the moon.

And 12 o'clock strikes. There is a cry broken by a detonation, and the smoke clearing away the body of the woodcutter and poacher is seen lying on the steps of the church, and stiffening there, while one by one those men pass out beside it, the blood staining the souls of their feet. And the Prussian officers, with looks of speechless contempt, turn away revolted.

Jean Pegolan has gained his own abode once more.

Heavens! But it is pleasant to be safe at home again after such an adventure! The chickens are clucking, and scratching about in the barnyard, the pigeons are cooing on the roof, the ducks are waddling around a tiny pond that shines softly in the sun; from the stable, where the Prussians have not entered, comes the mellow lowing of the milk cows, and the gray's strident neighing forms a response. Sheaves of wheat are piled up with a golden luxuriance, in the coach house, and the hay in stacks, shows at all the windows of the loft.

The farmer shakes himself; his clothes are still moist with perspiration. He enters the house and sees his wife in tears on her knees beside the bed. She starts up at the sound of his step and stands before him, white as a spectre.



HE LAY DEAD.

"What!" in a shrill voice. "You are not dead?"

Pegolan, stunned by this singular reaction, stares mutely.

"It was you who killed the Prussian at Green Cross! Don't deny it! I saw the blood on your blouse this morning."

"Sh—sh! It's true—but don't denounce me, for pity's sake!"

"Ah!" cried the woman with muttering disgust. "You needn't be afraid now! You know it's too late, and you have allowed another man to be shot in your place?"

"It isn't my fault, is it? I didn't say anything. It was the Mayor who picked out the other one."

Pegolan lets himself drop into a chair, with flaccid legs, and something like remorse seizing him inwardly. For one moment his infamy is borne in upon him by the lightning flash of conscience. Good Lord! One isn't perfect. And as the carriage that is bearing away his wife to her father rolls out of sight he is still sitting there, all upset.

But these impressions wear away, little by little. Evening comes on, and the Prussians have left the village with life and drums, abandoning to their fate the three children and wife of the woodcutter, who will die of hunger. And Jean Pegolan has recovered all his good spirits.

What will you say?

His farm is safe!

Tea Tableids.

These are a boon to travelers. The tea-leaf is ground up to powder. The stems of the leaf, the coarser part, are thrown away. The finer, more aromatic parts alone remain, and these are compressed into tableids, one sufficing to make a cup of tea. The traveler needs only to boil some water on a spirit-lamp. He drops a tableid in a cup or a glass, pours the boiling water over it, stirs, and his tea is made. A little box that can be put in the waistcoat-pocket contains one hundred tableids, which make one hundred cups of tea, and cost only sixpence, or twelve cents.—London Letter.

The Seven Hells.

The Moslems believe in the existence of "seven great hells," bearing the names of Jahannam, Latha, Hutamah, Sakar, Jahim, and al-Kariah. The first to be the endless abode of the Dahriyah, a sect which denies the creation; the second is for Manichees and Arabs; the third for Brahmins; the fourth for Jews; the fifth for Christians and the sixth for the Magians. The seventh, the "great, great, hot, hot hell," is reserved for liars and hypocrites. The last is packed to suffocation.

Bismarck Cards.

A New York printer, who has struck off several thousand Bismarck cards, has disposed of more than 6,000, some for parties in Texas, and from the United States between 25,000 and 30,000 congratulatory postals will be sent to Prince Bismarck. The cards of United States origin go for 2 cents.

BULLETS FLEW FAST.

A BLOODY NIGHT IN EARLY NEWTON.

How Gambler Riley Averged the Death of a Friend—Nine Cowboys Laid to Rest as a Result of the Gambler's Marksmanship.



IN THE way of prompt and deadly shooting nothing in all the red calendar of homicide in the far west beats the record of the gambler Riley, at Newton, Kas., made one night in "1871," said C. B.

Durers of Topeka, to the writer recently. "The Atchison railroad had been built to that point during the year and a flourishing town had grown up round the terminus to which the Texas cattle drives that had been going to Abilene now came. With the gamblers, cowboys and railroad men that thronged the streets it was a very lively sort of town, where dance halls and gambling places were in full blast, and pistol shooting often was heard by day and night. It was at that time that Boot Cemetery got its start, and its list of occupants who had met violent death numbered thirty before the town got quieted down.

"On the night in question the Texas cattle drives were in for shipment, and the cowboys were celebrating. Some of the Texans had a grudge against the officers of the town, and so they came in that night prepared for trouble, and they set about making it straightway. They killed the city marshal, the deputy marshal, and another man early in the evening. Later they poured into Pinkham's dance hall to the number of twenty-five or thirty. The three men already killed were not enough to satisfy them and they wanted more. Upon a bench at the side of the room a man was sitting with a girl on his knee. One of the cowboys walked up to him, slapped him on the shoulder and said:

"I'll teach you to hold my girl in your lap" and shot him dead.

"Riley was in the dance hall and the man just killed was a particular friend of his. Without a word Riley stepped back to the big double doors in the front of the saloon and closed them. Placing his back against the doors he drew a pair of revolvers and fell to shooting, one man against the crowd. Men tumbled left and right and shots rang out all over the room in response to the drum-roll cracking of Riley's pistols. Shots perforated and splintered the door all about him, but he stood there firing until his pistols were emptied. Behind the bar which ran along one side of the room he knew where the armory was ready for instant use. Leaping over the counter he caught up a revolver that lay on a shelf beneath and kept on with his firing. Before he had emptied the pistol that he found behind the bar, the men inside had forced the front doors open, those that could rushed out and Riley shot his last man in the middle of the street. When it came to counting up losses it was discovered there were thirteen dead men in the town due to that night's shooting, of whom nine cowboys had fallen to Riley's hand. How many wounded ones rode or were carried away by their comrades to the cattle could only be guessed at.

"There was one curious incident of this fight not generally known. Riley it was supposed was unhurt in the shooting. A doctor hastily summoned to the scene came to the side of a cowboy who was dying.

"How is it doc?" asked the wounded man. "Am I going to pull through?"

"The doctor shook his head. 'I am sorry, my poor fellow, but I cannot give you any hope.'

"How about the man who shot me," said the cowboy. "Is he dead?"

"No," answered the doctor. "He was not even wounded."

"I know better than that," said the cowboy. "I know he was hit. I was right by the side of him when he shot me, and before I fell I fired and hit him under the arm. You examine him and you'll find that he's wounded there."

"When the doctor got round to Riley he examined him and sure enough found that he had received a flesh wound under his arm which in the excitement of fighting he had not noticed. Riley left the town after the inquest and didn't appear there again. No effort seems to have been made to arrest or bring him to trial for an act that was generally held to be justifiable and praiseworthy.

"I got a message some time afterward from Kansas City saying that Riley was there and asking if I wanted him," said Major R. H. Spivey of the land department of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe railroad who was Mayor of Newton at the time of the killing. "I sent back word that they were perfectly welcome to keep him there. We had begun to build up a population in Newton and didn't need him."

Water-Hyacinths Impeding Navigation.

An assisted immigrant is making a lot of trouble in Louisiana. It is a plant, a water-hyacinth, which a man from New Orleans saw and admired about three years ago while on a visit to Columbia, says Harper's Bazar. He brought some bulbs of it home with him and grew them in tubs in his front yard. In about two years patches of the flower appeared in Bayou St. John, which connects New Orleans with Lake Pontchartrain. In another year the bayou was full of it, so that navigation was impeded. Now all the canals near New Orleans are overrun and covered up of it at planting-time is returned to it, with this invading flower; great masses

of it are floating in the lake; rivers running into the lake are choked with it, and it has traveled a hundred miles to the westward of New Orleans. It grows enormously, spreads like rabbits in Australia, chokes all the bayous and streams it gets into, and is a tremendous nuisance, the limitations of which are not in sight. In Columbia it is a harmless, flowering plant that grows in tubs, but in Louisiana the conditions suit it, and have developed it into the most flourishing and obstinate pest the state has known since she lost the Louisiana Lottery.

PLAYING FOR HIGH STAKES.

A Chronicle of the Gambling at the Court of George II.

Here is a little picture of pastimes at the court of George II. and his queen. It is in a letter from Lady Bristol to her husband, under date of Jan. 7, 1729: "The miserable setting out which I had both in body and mind still continues its wretched course; my three days' journey was supported by as many doses of laudanum, the strength of which enabled me to go into court yesterday morning, where I was most graciously received and you were most kindly inquired after. I introduced Lady Hervey to the Prince of Wales, the most agreeable young man that it is possible to imagine, without being the least handsome, his person little but very well made and genteel, a liveliness in his eyes that is indescribable, and the most obliging address that can be conceived; but the crown of all his perfections is that just duty and regard he pays to the king and queen, with such a mixture of affection, as if obliging them with the greatest pleasures of his life, and they receive it with the utmost joy and satisfaction, and the father's fondness seems to equal the tenderness of the mother, so that I believe the world never produced a royal family so happy in one another; pray God long continue it. I thought to have told you of this and a great deal more by the coach, and set out this morning at 4 o'clock, therefore excused myself from all hazard at night to have the evening for that purpose; but as I sat in my chair I received a letter with a request from the Princess Amelia to come and receive £50 of her money for a share with me at all hazard, and that I must play; I thought it would not be civil to refuse her, besides, the inclination one can't but have to do whatever she desires; therefore, I sent to my old ally, Lord Godolphin, and the Duke of Grafton; who both offered their purses. We four lost £30 apiece; the king lost all of his, the queen part of hers, the prince lost £200, after having won double that sum, but the winning and losing was with an equal good air, throwing at all; the Princess Royal won £464, the Duchess of Marlborough had lost £500 and rose a winner of £390, all of which she got of the Duke of Grafton, who lost £800; the other three men I can't tell no particulars of; they were the Duke of Norfolk, Lord William Manners and Lord Ashburnham; but I must return to the Duchess of Marlborough, whose spirits were beyond anything I ever saw for the whole time, tho' she was forced to be carried to the table in a chair, and fixed there, before the king and queen came; after this had company to sup, and sat up till between 3 and 4 this morning."

STUB ENDS.

Frowning down a good cause is the modern way of stoning Stephen. The devil never expects to be hurt by the fellow who rides two horses. No one will ever shine in conversation who thinks of saying fine things. The man who is too nice to help in clean politics is too nice for the world. A dead beat that is hatched from laziness is of few days and full of trouble. Some men will "bet you ten dollars" when they are at the end of their argument.

Give the conceited man all the road; the more he spreads the less he deceives. The man who becomes a successful hypocrite has to work at it every day in the week.

There is no place like home, and that is why so many men spend their evenings down town.

Hate is two points with poison tips—one toward your enemy and the other toward yourself.

Bill collectors pay little attention to the rules of etiquette, they never wait till a call is returned.

A good, frugal, sensible wife is the best savings bank a spendthrift can get. It is a safe investment.

SNORTS.

Poverty never wears a large stomach. Want of good sense is the worst of poverty.

To ask a man to pay a bill is as easily said as done.

A string tied to a gift is a great drawback to charity.

Taking the cents of the meeting—passing around the hat.

The worst kind of writer's cramp is being cramped for funds.

Lawyers are men who work with a will. Doctors often put them in the way of it.

It is the experience of all conductors that strange things come to pass on railroads.

The book agent frequently has more brass than the man who travels for a hardware firm.

A man generally leaves no stone unturned when he goes out in the fields looking for bait.

We expect other people to change their opinions, while we tenaciously cling to our own.

When a man's mind is unsettled, it frequently happens that his bills are in the same condition.

When the peace of Europe is rent will be a good time for somebody to put a patch on the seat of war.

When a man attempts to warm his hands at a hotel register it is high time to inquire into his mental condition.

"Will the coming man use both arms?" asks a scientist. Yes, if he can trust the girl to handle the reins.—Texas Sittings.

WOOD FOR CLOTHES.

WONDERS OF NATURE BEING UNVEILED.

A New Process by Which Silk Is Produced from Wood—Already Extensively Used—Costs Less Than Other Silks.



PROCESS has been discovered by which a material closely resembling silk may be manufactured from wood. Even now women are walking about the streets of European cities in the most elaborate gowns of silk in the manufacture of which the worm had no part. In fact, the silkworm has lost its occupation. The palm for this valuable discovery in chemical science must go to Switzerland, for a native of Zurich, Dr. Lehner by name, is the inventor of the process.

Some years ago he began to make observations on the habits and physical characteristics of the silkworm and became deeply interested in the subject. He discovered the chemical action which took place in the worm in producing its cocoon, and at odd times sought to counterfeit the work of nature. So convinced did he become of the feasibility of his ideas that he soon abandoned all other work and devoted his time to this single study, in which he has achieved a signal triumph. In the process of manufacturing the new fabric the principal ingredients used are sprucewood pulp, cotton or jute waste, etc., combined with a large quantity of alcohol. The use of the substantial or solid materials mentioned creates a market for what was hitherto of no use whatever, being burned in factory furnaces to get it out of the way.

Spruce sawdust now has a market value, for this, as well as the other materials, are digested by a chemical process in which alcohol plays an important part. The material thus digested is so much like the cocoon spun by the silkworm that when the two are placed side by side in a finished state it takes an expert to determine which is which. The artificial material at one state is in a liquid state, and of a density about equal to the ordinary syrup of commerce. When in this state a machine of Dr. Lehner's invention, which may be called an artificial silkworm, comes into play. This machine, which is very simple in construction, requiring so little attention that it can be kept at work with about as much labor as is devoted to a twenty-four hour clock, performs exactly the same mechanical work that a silkworm does. It draws from the liquid a continuous, unbroken thread of even diameter and unlimited length. As this thread is spun another portion of the machine takes it up and twists it into any desired thickness of yarn with perfect regularity. Thus the fabric can be made of any desired weight or thickness, so that it will be seasonable at all times.

This artificial silk has been spun in Bradford, England, and worked up into a large variety of fabrics. In the dyeing, weaving and finishing of these no special treatment has been found necessary. It has been dyed in all imaginable shades and colors, and owing to the peculiar qualities of the material it takes a dye more readily and gives a more brilliant effect than the natural article. In texture it is the equal of the best of Chinese and Italian silks, being soft and silken to the touch. It is expected that it will be used largely in combination with natural silk and cotton for producing broadcloth effects. These latter have been so expensive lately as to be out of reach of all but the fattest purses. The new invention will greatly reduce the cost. It would seem that this new process would give an immense impetus to the manufacture of textile fabrics all over the world, and it probably will, but Dr. Lehner also differs from the average inventor in that he combines financial cunning with his remarkable genius, so that every yard of this new material made will put pennies into his pocket.

Patents on the process have been obtained in most of the European countries, and an application for one in the United States is now on file at Washington, as well as in the patent office of the Canadian government. A company with a capital stock of \$1,500,000 is about to be formed in Montreal to manufacture the material. There has already been formed in England a company having a capital stock of \$500,000, the inventor receiving \$150,000 in cash and \$150,000 in full paid shares, the remaining \$200,000 being used as a working capital.

Cleveland's Generosity.
There is no fund to pay the expenses of the funeral of a cabinet officer, while on the other hand, deceased senators and congressmen and senators are buried at public expense, each such funeral costing about \$5,000. In the case of the Gresham funeral not a dollar of its expenses will be allowed to fall on the slender estate which he left. It is understood that President Cleveland himself insisted on defraying the cost, save for the funeral train, which was tendered by J. W. Doane, the Pullman magnate, and its transportation, which was the voluntary act of the Baltimore & Ohio railroad company.

Kept His Word.
A Kansas man advertised in the local paper that he would move his stock and fixtures the next day and within twenty-four hours the town was visited by a double-barreled cyclone, and he kept his word. And yet people inquire if advertising is remunerative.

COAL MINING UNDER THE SEA.

An Enterprise with Some Novel Features in New South Wales.

It is proposed to carry into effect a project which aims at bringing from far below the lowest depths of Sydney harbor, New South Wales, the coal which geologists had predicted would be found there, and which has actually been tested by diamond-drill borings. Transported, in a recent issue, contains a very flattering account of the scheme now being floated on the London market, from which the following particulars are obtained:

Important fields had been developed both north and south of Sydney—at Newcastle and Bulli—but up to the present the intervening area has been practically untouched, although plainly shown on the government geological maps of forty years ago. The unquestionable advantages which would follow the opening of coal-mines in the very heart of the capital of the colony have led to the formation of a company, and induce our contemporary to take a most sanguine view of the outlook. Sydney is an important shipping port, where the lines of many steamship companies converge, and the coal of the bed in question is in demand for bunker use and export. The borings were made under the superintendence of the Miners Department of New South Wales, partly on account of the geological interest and partly with the very practical ulterior view of raising revenue. The seam was found within 30 feet of the depth predicted by the geologists, in a bore hole 2,700 feet deep. For 1,500 feet the borings passed through a compact sandstone, claimed to be impermeable to water. The seam itself is 10 feet 3 inches thick, of which 6 feet is clean coal free from sand. The shafts to be sunk will be within 200 feet of deep water, so that the situation will be unique, the saving on cost of transportation from the nearest mines now working being about 75 cents to \$1 a ton. The parent company has secured a surface site of small extent, but has concessions over 1,400 acres below ground (and water), and it is expected that several other collieries will be started, for which there is said to be room. There is nothing extraordinary in mining under water, as implied in the statements. This has been done on the Cornish coast and in the copper and iron mines of Michigan at Silver Islet, Lake Superior, but the opening of great collieries in a large shipping port, with a delivery from the shaft mouth directly into vessels alongside, is something which only the mines of Washington and British Columbia can rival. It is also proposed to utilize the smaller coal, screened from the bunker coal, for a large electric installation and also to make coke and establish local smelting works.

HOME FORUM.

A Most Marvelous Benefit Order.
Of all the great fraternal benefit orders now in existence, the Home Forum Benefit Order, with offices at 56 Fifth avenue, Chicago, Ill., has the most wonderful record. Organized December, 1892, it has attained a membership of 20,000 in thirty months. Its assessment rates are low, and only seven were required to pay its losses in 1893, and also 1894. It has paid all its losses in full, which include an accident indemnity for loss of hand, foot, or eye. It is peculiar in that it admits both men and women to full membership on the very same terms. It is growing now at the rate of 1,600 members per month. So great has been its success and rapid growth that its rivals and other persons have become jealous and envious of its management and unequal record.

At the last biennial meeting, held at Detroit, Mich., the reports of its officers showed some unparalleled statistics. The Order tripled its membership in 1894, and its membership of January, 1895, has been doubled from that time until July, 1895. Its officers were re-elected at Detroit by acclamation. The Order has been admitted to do business in eleven states, and was recently examined by the Insurance Commissioner of Wisconsin, who pronounced its management "competent, economical and businesslike." In a certificate, and granted them a license for that state. It has a large membership in Illinois, and is extending its territory and fast becoming the wonder of the closing years of the nineteenth century for popularity, cheap insurance, and prompt payment of its claims. Dr. P. L. McKinnin, who is well known throughout the western states, is president of the Order, and Mr. L. E. Fish is secretary.

RACE FOR LIFE.

It Was Around a Tree with a Bear in Pursuit.

William Murphy, of Juneau, had an exciting adventure with a bear near Lynn Canal, Alaska, last week, says an exchange. He saw bruin on a hillside, and, rifle in hand, he gave him a hot chase. Just as he reached the summit he unexpectedly met the bear coming around a huge boulder. The animal was too close for action, and before Murphy could fire the gun was knocked out of his hand with one stroke of the bear's huge paw.

Murphy realized the perilous situation and made for a tree. The bear reached out and caught the seat of his trousers. Then a race for life began around the tree, with Murphy in the lead and the bear a close second. Splendid time was made, when the bear reversed his direction and met Murphy face to face. With one blow the man was knocked down, and together they rolled down the hillside into an embankment of snow at the bottom of a gulch. The bear appeared surprised and somewhat dazed, and hurriedly galloped up the hill. Murphy, though badly torn and bleeding, made his way down to where his boat lay and pulled over to his camp. Later he went to Juneau for medical treatment. His injuries are not serious, but are very painful.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

The edible dogs in China have blue tongues.
About ten persons commit suicide every day in Paris.

The skin of the rhinoceros, in some parts, is two inches thick.

Pineapples are sold in Madagascar at the rate of four for a cent.

A Chicago vocalist earns fifty dollars a day by singing for phonographs.

Lobsters are afraid of thunder, and seek deep water during thunderstorms.

Plum pudding was almost unknown in England before the middle of the last century.

DONE BY THE TURKS.

MORE HORRIBLE RECITALS OF BUTCHERIES.

The Bloodthirsty Followers of Mahomet Hacked Their Victims to Pieces and Burned Them Alive—Heartrending Walls of the Dying.



ANCIENT, medieval and modern history, should all their records be rolled into one, have no tale more dramatic and horrible than that of the outrages on the helpless peasants of Armenia at the hands of a ferocious Turkish soldiery. These atrocities stand forth in the annals of Christendom as the very essence of cruelty, and as an instance of what the still uncivilized Turk is capable of accomplishing.

The civilized world stood shocked and appalled and the great powers of Europe stepped in and began an investigation. Then followed a demand upon the Sultan of Turkey to put a stop to these atrocities and to institute such reforms in his brutal government as would forever end another butchery of his Armenian subjects. And now the bloodthirsty Turkish despot defies all civilized Europe and refuses to interfere to prevent a repetition of the persecutions and horrors of Sassoun.

The story, brutal as it is, and exhibiting in the minor telling of it a lust, rapine and violence that could hardly be imagined, is all the more remarkable because it is not war. Had the Armenians been fighting His Majesty the Sultan and resisting his fanatical troops, some shadow of excuse might there be. But, instead of this, when the Turkish brigades appeared in the country the Armenian men and women ran to them like little children and gathered under what they thought were protecting wings against the ravages of the marauding, savage hill tribes, the Kurds.

Without a sign, without a signal, while the peasants were yet having them as the representatives of governmental authority and as the military delegates of their monarch, the Turks cut and fired, cut and fired again. No novelist's pen could depict a tale of torture half so graphically as comes down in the simple unvarnished statements of the few survivors that somehow made their way beyond the reach of bayonet, bullet and sword.

The blood that was shed has hardly yet grown cold, but even now all Europe is ablaze with shame and regret that such cruelties could be perpetrated



In these Christian modern times. A commission of inquiry, formed of delegates of Great Britain, France and Russia has been on the ground for some weeks, and has actually visited the scenes of the death-dealing tortures. All the other European powers are ready to act with them.

There is little of previous history to rehearse, little explanation to be made. The story of the outrages stands out in broad detail. The feeble defense has been made by those close to the sublime Porte that the savage and nomadic Kurds themselves were alone responsible for these dreadful crimes. That this is not so can be proved by the fact that early in June, a year ago, the Turkish government commenced to send brigades to Armenia and to reinforce them by detachments of savage troops, men whom it was fondly expected would shoulder all the responsibility for what was to be attempted.

In broad daylight the deeds were done. At dawn the little villages of Semal, Shenik and Aval were attacked by Kurds and by Turkish soldiers, disguised as mountaineers. There had been no provocation, no excuse even for retaliation. The day before a few Kurds had stolen some of the villagers' sheep, and the shepherds, naturally, had engaged in a hand-to-hand conflict with them to recover their property. Four to one the Hamidieh, the Bakranlees, the Rishkotlees, the Khilanlees and Zillanees, together with the disguised troops of the Sultan, outnumbered the Armenians. In terror the latter fled, leaving in their alarm the old and wounded behind.

It was then the atrocities began. It

needed little discernment on the part of the Turkish troops to perceive that the Kurds were not warriors at all. Throwing off all disguise, the soldiers of the Sultan entered the villages, bayonet and sword in hand. The bugles sounded and the cannon boomed.

With cries that were piteous, understanding nothing save that an awful calamity was now upon them, the old villagers who had been left behind came tumbling out of their houses as the soldiers with calm ferocity applied the torch to the buildings. These old peasants flung themselves pitifully at the feet of even the common soldiery, crying "We are loyal! See! These are our tax receipts. For God's sake spare us. We love the Turks. Oh, do take pity on us. Good God! don't burn us alive!"

Professor Langley's Flying Machine.

The Langley flying machine, it is reported, flew a distance of 1,000 feet, at a test, down the Potomac a few days ago. The machine is now propelled by storage batteries placed under the wings and moves independently of any control from the float from which the flights are made. It is now believed that the machine will fly great distances. Professor Langley has already



at One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street and Third avenue, reappeared at One Hundred and Twenty-third street, although when the organ-grinder had moved away from One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street they had gone in a direction opposite to him. From One Hundred and Twenty-third street the musician and the woman went to One Hundred and Twenty-first street, between First and Second avenues. There the same two children turned up. They always formed the nucleus for a dancing party. The children were poorly dressed and their toes peered through the ends of their worn shoes. Their pale faces showed that they were very tired.

"Are those your children?" asked the reporter of the Italian.

"No," he replied in a surprised tone, "girls of my friend."

When pressed with further questions the Italian said that a man whom he knew in Spring street, near Mulberry, Ricardo by name, made a practice of hiring children out to organ grinders whom he knew at 50 cents each for an afternoon. The children liked the work, he said, were well looked after, and were always at home by 10 o'clock at night. He believed the parents got half of the money paid the agent by the musicians. He did not think he was doing anything in violation of the law, for the children never complained. The supply, the Italian said, was always greater than the demand.

"Do you make money by this scheme?"

For answer the Italian jingled a lot of coins in his coat pocket. This proved that he was making money and that the New York public loves children.

A Lazy Man's Device.
Near the little town of Clare, Iowa, lives a man who had a well that needed cleaning badly, but fearing the treacherous quicksand at the bottom he was afraid to undertake it. He hung his coat on a post near the well and went into hiding for a few days. His neighbors, missing him and finding his coat near the well, surmised that he had sunk beneath the quicksands, so they worked with a will to find his dead body. After the well had been thoroughly cleaned out in their efforts to find his body, the wretch suddenly came back.

Begging an Industry.

There are numbers of villages in Russia in which begging is the staple industry. No one does anything else. It is stated in the labor commission report on that country that "nearly 3,000 out of the 3,500 persons in the districts of Inzar and Saransk are beggars," and that the whole population of the village of Marinin live by means of begging. And these are by no means isolated cases. In many other districts precisely the same style of things prevails. In a real beggars' village, all the inhabitants, including even the starosta, and other local dignitaries, are enrolled in a company, which is divided into parties. These parties go out in turn on begging picnics. The booty they bring back is regarded as common property, and the population depends upon it for their support.

A ship canal is proposed from Elliot bay to Lake Washington, in the state of that name, and a company has been organized for the undertaking.

TRAFFIC IN CHILDREN.

Organ-Grinders Hire Them to Dance in the Street.

The attention of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children is called to the singular traffic in children which has been going on in this city for some time, says the New York World. It will not be difficult to gather evidence of it, as all that is needed is to follow an organ-grinder and to bestow a few nickels on him judiciously. On Friday afternoon a reporter's attention was attracted to a crowd surrounding an organ-grinder at One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street and Lexington avenue. The man was accompanied by a woman, who played a tambourine more or less in time with the doleful walls of the organ. In front of them were several children dancing. The crowd, out of sympathy with the little ones who were apparently enjoying the music so much, was not niggard of its pennies. After playing about five minutes the wandering minstrel moved on to One Hundred and Twenty-third street and the same avenue. There the same performance was resumed. The singular thing about it was that two little girls, scarcely more than ten years of age, who had danced



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LIFE'S LITTLE IRONIES.

The Indians will very soon be, on the average, the richest people in the country. Some tribes of them are now worth several thousands per head.

A man in Auburn, Me., just had to sneeze the other day when his mouth was full of carpet tacks. One went down his throat, but the doctor got it out.

There's a good story afloat of a man who has a \$5,000 Bank of England note and makes a good income renting it out for weddings, where it appears as the bride's father's gift.

Customs officers near Belgrade recently seized a lot of human bones consigned to a Vienna bone-boiling house. They had once belonged to Russian and Turkish soldiers who fell in the war of 1878.

Lewis Pierce of Batavia was wounded twice in the last war, and has been struck by lightning once, twice shipwrecked at sea, and smashed and crushed in several runaways. The other day a finger was crushed.

CAUSE FOR TITTERS.

Sunday School Was Excited Over an Unusual Occurrence.

When Superintendent Ogden of the big Methodist Episcopal Sunday school tapped his bell for silence he failed to get the usual response. Ripples of excitement, in the form of titterings, whisperings and subdued hilarity pervaded the entire room. The cause was ample to account for everything that happened, however, says a Cape May special. At 12 o'clock, noon, in the parsonage beside the church, Clinton Hand of Millville, and Miss Hannah Kimsey, the very handsome and attractive daughter of William Kimsey, of this city, had been wedded. Bride and groom are members of the Sunday school, and they both took their seats in their respective classes as though nothing unusual had happened. The groom is a member of Pastor Gifford's class, and the genial gentleman performed the ceremony and, of course, could not find it in his heart to rebuke the young men who insisted upon congratulating the happy betrothed. Mrs. Hand, swathed in rosy blushes, sat in her class, the teacher of which, H. C. Thompson, cashier of the local bank, witnessed the nuptials and was one of the first to offer congratulations. When Mr. Ogden came to know what had happened he did not wonder at the excitement.

Low Rates to Colorado.
On account of the meeting of the National Educational Association at Denver, Col., July 5th to 12th, 1895, the North-Western Line will sell excursion tickets to Denver, Pueblo, Colorado Springs and Manitou at a rate not to exceed one fare for the round trip (with \$2.00 added for membership fee). The time limit of these tickets will be extremely liberal, and an excellent opportunity will be afforded for a summer sojourn in the "Rockies," or enjoyable side trips to the Black Hills, Yellowstone National Park or the Pacific Coast. For full information apply to agents of connecting lines, or address W. B. Kniskern, General Passenger and Ticket Agent Chicago & North-Western Ry., Chicago, Ill.

Good for the Shoes.
Vaseline is highly recommended for use on shoes, instead of any kind of polish. Put it on at night, rubbing it in well; after wearing the shoes a short time in the morning you will be surprised at the polish they will take on. A little lampblack mixed with the vaseline adds somewhat to the polish.

A Fine Harvest.
Awaits investors in wheat, who buy now, as wheat is at the present price a splendid purchase. The drought of 1891 sent wheat up to \$1.44. Wheat will soon be \$1. You can speculate through the reliable commission house of Thomas & Co., Rialto Bldg., Chicago, Ill. Only small margin required. Write to that firm for manual on successful speculation and Daily Market Report. Free.

Emancipated.
Mrs. Ricketts—What do you think of Mrs. Dickey?
Mrs. Snooper—She is one of the manliest little women I know.

ALL OUT OF SORTS

Tired, weak and weary. If this is your condition, stop and think. You are a sufferer from dyspepsia and great misery awaits you if you do not check it now. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best medicine you can take. It has peculiar power to tone and strengthen the stomach. Remember

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the only true blood purifier prominently in the public eye today. \$1; six for \$5.

Hood's Pills act harmoniously with Hood's Sarsaparilla. 25c

SWAMP ROOT The Great KIDNEY, LIVER & BLADDER CURE. At Druggists, 50c & \$1. Advice & Pamphlet free. Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR

IMPERIAL GRANUM IT IS THE BEST FOOD FOR NURSING MOTHERS, INFANTS & CHILDREN. A TOWN CRIED A LONG NEW YORK. WANTED.

RELIABLE MEN to sell complete line of choice Nursery Stock. Big line of specialties. Salary or commission. Experience not necessary. Special inducements to beginners now. Write at once for terms, stating age.

THE R. C. CHASE COMPANY, GENEVA, N. Y.

PARKER'S HAIR BALM Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never fails to Restore Gray Hair to Its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c, and \$1.00 Druggists.

WANTED—LADY AGENTS in every town to sell our Safety Medicine; used ten years in physicians' private practice. Address, stating experience, Box 134, A. SPINDEL & CO., Topeka, Kansas.

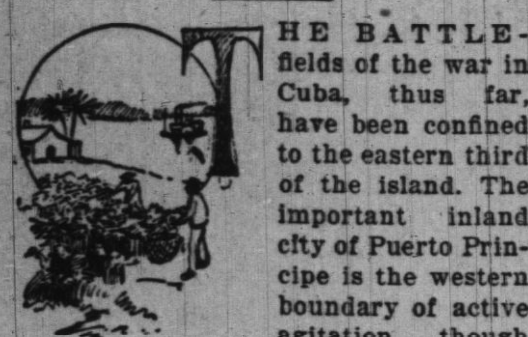
ARTIFICIAL LIMBS Free Catalogue. Geo. H. Fueller, Box 2146, Rochester, N. Y.

BLOOD POISON A SPECIALTY. Primary, Secondary or Tertiary BLOOD POISON permanently cured in 15 to 30 days. You can be treated at home for same price under same guarantee. If you prefer to come here we will cure you at our famous hotel bills, and return to your home free of charge. If you fail to cure, if you have taken mercury, iodine, potash, and still have aches and pains, Mucous Patches in mouth, Sore Throat, Pimples, Copper Colored Spots, Ulcers on any part of the body, Hair or Eyebrows falling out, it is this Secondary BLOOD POISON we guarantee to cure. We solicit the most obstinate cases and challenge the world for a case we cannot cure. This disease has always baffled the medical profession. Address, enclosing \$5.00, 3007 Masonic Temple, CHICAGO, ILL. Cut out and send this advertisement.

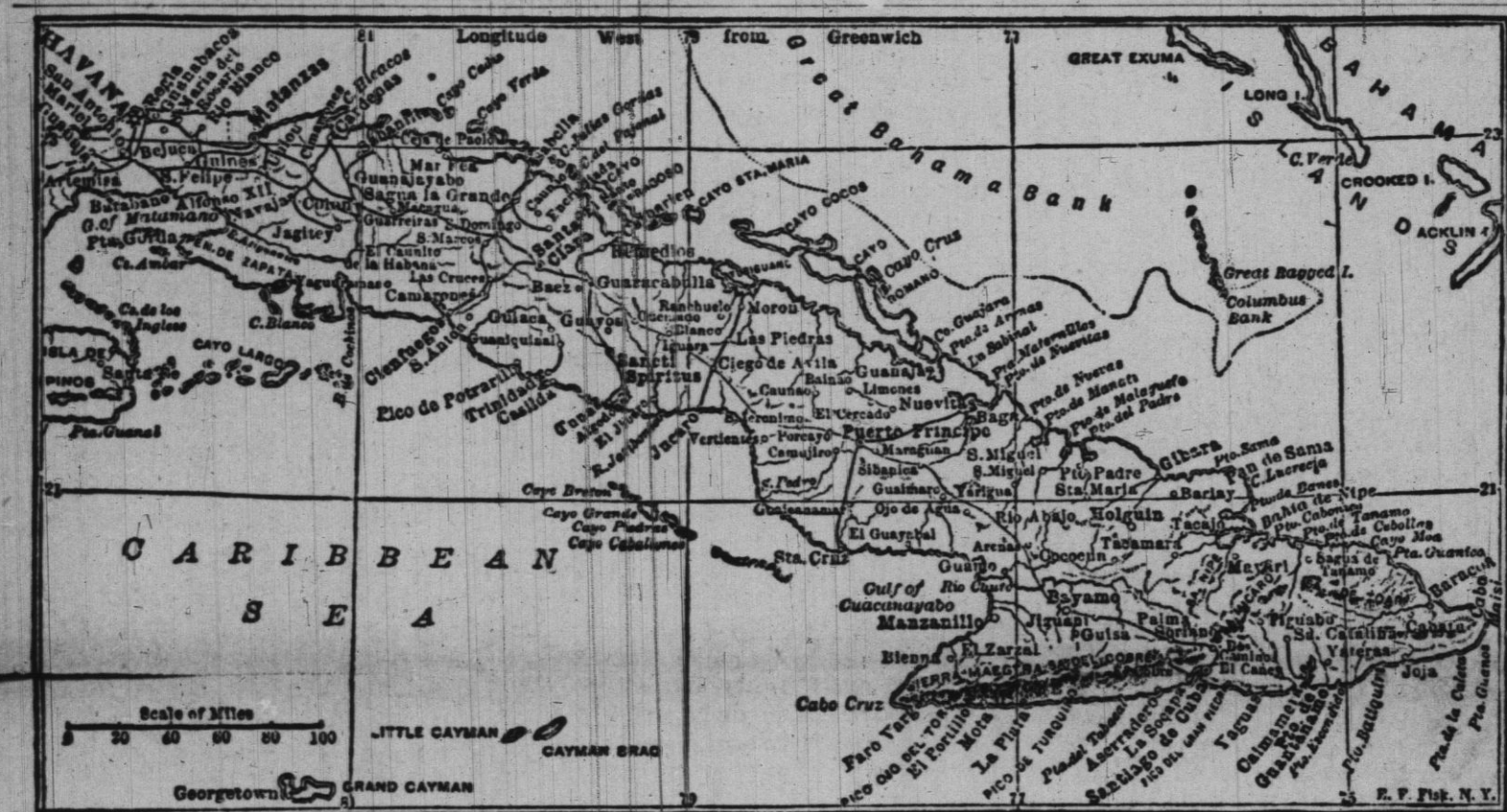
CUBA'S REBELLION.

CAUSES OF HATRED OF SPANIARDS.

Why Most of the Fighting Is in the Eastern Part of the Island—The Mountains to Which the Insurgents Escape.



THE BATTLE-fields of the war in Cuba, thus far, have been confined to the eastern third of the island. The important inland city of Puerto Principe is the western boundary of active agitation, though there have been a few skirmishes, of little note, as far east as Matanzas, and even in the neivrons of Havana. It is quite certain that Cuba's cause will be won or lost mainly in the region east of Puerto Principe and Santa Cruz on the southern coast. It is easy to see why this eastern end of the island was the field of campaign chosen by the insurgents of 1868-78, and again by those of to-day. In the first place, the much larger development of the railroad system in western Cuba would make it easier there for the Spaniards to mass their forces with celerity against every insurgent band. To-day Gen. Martinez Campos is hampered by the lack of transportation facilities in East Cuba. Then it is far easier to smuggle men and munitions into the island toward its eastern extremity, because all around the periphery of that part of the island the mountains are within a short distance of the sea, and when aid and comfort for the patriot bands are landed in one of the little inlets and are finally got in among the mountains they are practically safe from seizure by the enemy, unless captured after they are taken down to the interior plain. Further, the east end is nearer one or another of the islands whence Cuban sympathizers will improve every opportunity to send men or material to their friends. It was noteworthy, also, in the ten years' war of 1868-78, that the town Cubans did not take nearly so active a part in the field as their rural brethren; and while the town Cubans are in numerical ascendancy in the west, the Cuban planters are the prevailing white native element in the central and eastern parts of the island.



A MAP OF CUBA

A reason, however, more potent than any of these for making East Cuba the chief scene of the war is the fact that here alone are found the mountains in which the Cuban whites and mixed bloods, with their black help, may practically defy subjugation. If they are not strong enough to meet Martinez Campos' soldiers in the open country enclosed by the coast ranges, they can bide their time, watch every movement of the enemy from the hills, swoop down upon him unawares when there is an opportunity to do him damage, capture his supply wagons, and harry him like an insect pest till life is a burden. This is what they did in 1868-78, what they will do now, and in no other part of the island can they carry out similar tactics.

Wild and rough as much of Cuba is, it is not the mountainous country that many suppose. Its most important hill features, as this map shows, are grouped in its eastern part. The map indicates the low ranges of hills running through the center of the island and forming the water parting between the north and south flowing rivers; but these hills are not a predominating feature until they approach the extreme western end of Cuba beyond Havana, where they rise to the dignity of mountains.

The map shows the position of every settlement of any importance on the island. It therefore indicates all the places that are figuring as centers of operations. Some of the fights, however, are occurring in the neighborhood of hamlets of two or three houses, whose names are not given on any of the existing maps. But every day the dispatches include the names of well-known towns. Among them is Guanatanamo, on the southeast coast, near which, a few weeks ago, Antonio Maceo landed with a handful of followers who grew in a few days to 1,000, and 3,000 men are said to have since rallied to his standard. Near this town some of the hardest fighting has occurred. It was among these wooded mountains of the southeast coast, that both the Maceos, Maximo Gomez, the commander-in-chief, and Jaso Marti, the best-known insurgent

leaders, eluded the vigilance of the Spanish troops on land after they had escaped the warships and gunboats which patrol the water front; and here they rallied the greater part of the men who have given them sufficient strength to occupy a number of important points on the interior plain as far west as Puerto Principe.

Here is the city of Santiago de Cuba, where most of Gen. Martinez Campos' 20,000 troops from Spain have landed, a few of them remaining at the port while the greater part have been sent inland to occupy important towns. Here is the inland town of Holguin, where the insurgents the other day forced the railroad company that is trying to connect that town with Gibara, on the north coast, to contribute \$100,000 to the patriot cause under penalty of the destruction of its property if it refused. Gibara is another port where the Spanish troops are entering Cuba. Here is Bayamo, around which clusters so much of the history of the last war, which is already beginning to play an important part in the present struggle. The Spanish troops have now been pushed in from Gibara to Holguin in the north, and from Santiago and Manzanillo to Bayamo, with the idea of forming a line across the island. This is all very well, but, unfortunately for Spain, the insurgents are already well established on both sides of the line.

Along both north and south coasts of the eastern and central parts of the island are numerous little rocks and islets on some of which the insurgents had collected the guns and powder which, it now appears, they had been accumulating for many months in preparation for the coming war. It would take more ships than there are in Spain's navy to guard every little cove on this long coast line against the admission of material and men in aid of Cuba's cause. Most of this material was accumulated on islands along the south coast from Sant. Cruz to Santiago.

invite a Spanish youth to her house unless she is certain he is to become a Cuban in sentiment.

The world does not present a stranger anomaly than the relations existing between these two kindred peoples. The explanation is not far to seek. It is found in the abnormal political relations of the two classes. The Spaniard goes to Cuba to make what he can out of the island and then, as a rule, he goes home. Cuba has been Spain's oyster for centuries. Most of the thousands of Spanish incomers are government officials, employees and soldiers, whose business it is to make all possible pickings for Spain, and, incidentally, to line their own pockets well. The Cuban stands no chance except in the industrial and commercial lines. If he is shrewd or lucky, he may grow rich in commerce or planting, but he cannot take no part in public affairs, he cannot worship as he pleases, he has few rights worth mentioning and he is taxed to death. If he owns real estate, he pays thirty per cent of its income into the captain general's treasure box. If he kills an ox he must pay a dollar. It costs him \$15 a year to own a carriage or even an ox cart. He cannot engage in any sort of business without buying official permission. He cannot sell a horse or build a wharf without paying for a government permit. The Spanish agents, from captain generals down, have almost absolute authority. Some of them have been honest men who have tried to deal justly. The names of many of them have been loaded with infamy. They have bought their offices with the distinct understanding that they were to use official place as a means of acquiring wealth. No wonder a deadly hatred exists between the native Cubans and the mass of Spanish incomers, all of whom are regarded as being, directly or indirectly, the agents of Spain for their impoverishment and abasement. In January last, while the present storm was brewing, the Spanish cortes passed a measure purporting to give

Cuba a large degree of home rule, while carefully reserving for Spain the decisive voice in everything. The proposed reform excited only derision in Cuba. What reason has Cuba to trust Spain's word? At the close of the ten years' war Spain promised to give Cuba schools, good roads, legislative representation, and many other desirable things. She has broken her pledges in every respect. For some years, to be sure, a handful of Cubans have been permitted to sit in the Spanish cortes, but they have not had a particle of power or influence there. It is not strange that most Americans sympathize with the Cuban cause. We have large and intimate business relations with the island, and we know the misery she suffers. We see in this land so near our own, a country most lavishly blessed with natural riches, but ground down by the most wicked and atrocious misrule with which any colony is cursed. A people who should tamely endure such wrongs as Cuba suffers could have no mind or spirit above those of the slave. We shall see whether the time is ripe for Cuba to throw off the yoke. If so, her sons, some day, will bless the rigors of her low-lying tropical coasts and the almost impenetrable fastnesses of her eastern mountains for the important part they will play in helping Cuba, at last, to stand erect in her own right and manhood. CYRUS C. ADAMS.

Looking Forward.
The Japanese government is liberal and progressive, and what private corporations will not undertake it does. While it owns the telegraph lines and many of the railroads, all of which are profitable, private corporations own half of the railroads, the telephones, electric light plants and street railroads. Railroads and street car lines pay very handsomely. They are operated cheaply, and the average Japanese is so daft upon the subject of riding that he will spend his last cent to travel to a distant town and walk back. The beds of the railroads are sodded and beautified. One railroad has 200,000 cherry trees planted along the sides. There are something like 40,000 public schools in Japan. The buildings are comfortable and education is compulsory.

In the Lobby.
First Amateur—I say—whom do you consider the greatest violinist you have ever heard?
Second Amateur—Ysaye.
First Amateur—Do you mean Isay?
Second Amateur—Yes.
Third Amateur—Is he?
Second Amateur—Ah, to be sure, I stand corrected—Iszy!
Manager (interrupting)—To avoid confusion I have had these cards printed. (Reads) "Ysaye is pronounced E-zai-a."

WHISKERS AND WIND.

A Further Contribution to the Literature of an Interesting Affinity.

"That fellow," said the man with the ginger beard, as the smooth-shaven new settler drove by, "that fellow, when I know him out in Kansas, had a set of goat trimmin's that would discount Peffer. And he lost 'em in the funniest way."

"Got 'em shaved off?" asked the grocer, trying to be sarcastic.

Much to the surprise of the man from Potato creek the man with the ginger beard replied:

"That's jest the way. Exactly."

When the man with the ginger beard had enjoyed the grocer's surprise, he continued:

"Course, he didn't have to have 'em shaved off, but after the way they took to actin' he allowed that was the best thing he could do. You see, they was a cyclone come along across his place. He seen 'er a-comin', an' by the time he got the cow and the dog and his wife an' chillern in the cyclone pit they was so little room that he had to leave his head stickin' out. Purty soon along comes de Si—"

"Old Si who?" asked the grocer.

"It might have been old 'Si Hubbard, but this time it happened to be ole Si Clone. Well, that there wind took them flouin' whiskers and wrapped 'em round and round his neck, and durn nigh choked 'im."

"And he 'lowed after that it would be safer to go smooth, I suppose?" asked the man from Potato creek.

"Hardly. Ketch any Kansas man takin' off his whiskers for any sich frivolous reason. But the elicktricity, or something, had sot 'em so that they wouldn't grow no other way than just round and round. I tried to persuade him to leave 'em that way, seein' as how he had the finest neck comforter ever a man had in them whiskers, but he was too dadwormed highminded, an' keeps 'em cut clean off now."

The man from Potato creek slowly gathered up the two burlap sacks that served him as a saddle, put them on his yellow mule, and rode homeward, pondering, pondering.—Ex.

NO STAINED GLASS THERE.

Commander Booth Says None Shall Be Permitted in the New Building.

Some newspaper men and women got an impressive glimpse of the aims of the Salvation Army one day last week, says the New York Press. Commander Booth was showing the party over the new building just before it was opened for public inspection. On each side of the stage in the auditorium is a large window and both give light enough by day with the glass roof over the top to make artificial lighting before sundown unnecessary. These two windows are so situated that one's first thought is what a magnificent effect could be created if the windows were filled with stained glass. A young chit of a woman, a dainty little thing who does art work for one of the city papers, voiced what was probably in everybody's mind when she said: "Of course you hope that somebody will give you stained glass for those two splendidly situated windows, Commander Booth?" To the surprise of everybody the commander replied to the young woman: "No, never, never, never! We don't want stained glass there nor anywhere else. The aim of the Salvation Army is to keep down near the lower strata of society. Stained glass is beautiful to look at, but it removes a religious organization one or more steps from the people. We won't have it because we want to be as plain as the plainest, and as homely as the homeliest. We aim to reach the great human family, the very dregs, you may say, of humanity. Never forget that. We are pleased to have the rich and wealthy patronize us and even good-naturedly coddle us. We thankfully accept your dollar, not only because it does you good to give it, but it helps us to get down nearer to those we want to reach. We do not want to rise. We want to go lower instead of higher. No stained glass for the Salvation Army as long as I live if I can help it."

What Is a Snob?

A writer in the Toronto Week is exercised upon the question of snobbery, and entitles an article, "What Is a Snob?" in which, after two full columns of argument he comes to no conclusion better than "Who is not a Snob?" I think I can answer the first question in a few words. A snob is a person (not more often a woman than a man) who:

First—Strives to appear what he or she is not.
Second—Forces upon the attention of others what he or she is.
Third—Ignores the rights and often the very existence of those who he or she should politely recognize.
And I think, too, that I can answer the second question: "Who is not a snob?" The man, who, being himself, allows all members in the circles of his friends and acquaintances to be themselves, and who, to persons in every walk of life, shows a thoughtful consideration for their rights.—Ex.

The Pingree Potato Plan.

Allotting of land for the growing of the Pingree potatoes was begun by the poor commission yesterday, says the Detroit Free Press. Over forty applicants appeared before noon. Before any allotment is made each applicant has to quarter two and one-half bushels of potatoes for seed. Then they are dumped back into a bin and will be given out again when planting begins.

World's Supply of Tin.

More than half the world's supply of tin is mined in the Straits settlement at the tip of the Malay peninsula.

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

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Philadelphia's New Bug.

A new bug has struck town, and he has struck it with a rush, says Philadelphia Record. For want of a better name—even the entomologists admit he is a stranger here—he is known as the electric-light bug. Look at any arc light on a hot evening and you will see hundreds of them darting about, attracted by the glare. They are about the size of a cockroach, only a trifle longer and thinner, and have reddish-brown wings, slightly mottled. They seem to be attracted by the glare, and dash madly against the globe, only to fall stunned on the pavement below. After recovering from the shock they crawl away to recuperate, unless trodden to death under foot. If a man wears spectacles or eyeglasses and looks up at the light at an angle at which the glare will be reflected on his glasses, ten chances to one he will feel that one of the bugs has dashed head first against his spectacles. The bugs have been in town a short time, but are making their presence felt.

The Trust After No-To-Bac.

Chicago Special.—Reported here today that a large sum of money had been offered for the famous tobacco habit cure called No-To-Bac by a syndicate who want to take it off the market. Inquiry at the general offices revealed the fact that No-To-Bac was not for sale to the trust at any price. No-To-Bac's success is marvellous. Almost every Druggist in America sells No-To-Bac under guarantee to cure tobacco habit or refund money.

Women's Keener Color Perception.

Statistics have been accumulated which reveal that in respect to color blindness there is a remarkable difference between the two sexes. About three and one-half per cent of men are color-blind to a marked extent, while not more than four-tenths of one per cent of women are thus affected. This difference in color perception will strike most husbands who have been sent by their wives upon shopping expeditions to match ribbons as understated, if anything.

Denver, 1895.

On account of the National Educational Association meeting at Denver, Col., July 5th to 12th, the Chicago Great Western Railway will sell excursion tickets at one first-class fare, plus \$2.00 for the round trip. Tickets on sale July 4th, 5th and 6th and on the 7th for trains arriving in St. Joseph or Kansas City on that date. Tickets good returning until Sept. 1, 1895. This popular line has arranged to run through cars complete with every modern convenience, to accommodate its patrons. Call upon ticket agents of this company for information, berth reservations, etc.

F. H. LORD,
G. P. & T. A.,
Chicago.

Summer Tourist Rates.

The North-Western Line (Chicago & North-Western Ry.) is now selling excursion tickets at reduced rates to St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth, Ashland, Hayward, Marquette, Deadwood, Dakota, Hot Springs, Denver, Colorado Springs, Manitou, Salt Lake City, and the lake and mountain resorts of the west and northwest. For rates and full information apply to agents of connecting lines. Illustrated pamphlets, giving full particulars, will be mailed free upon application to W. B. Kniskern, G. P. & T. A., Chicago & North-Western Ry., Chicago, Ill.

The Romance of Farming.

Is found on irrigated farms. It is genuine fun, not work, to irrigate a growing fruit orchard or berry patch or alfalfa field in the Yakima Valley. There is a tremendous satisfaction in feeling that you determine how fast or how slow your crops grow and don't care whether it rains or shines. Four cents in stamps sent to Chas. S. Fee, Gen'l Pass. Agent Northern Pacific Railroad, St. Paul, Minn., will bring in return an irrigation pamphlet.

Portugal abolished capital punishment in 1867, Holland in 1870, Switzerland in 1874, and Italy in 1889.



KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs. Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colic, headach and fevers, and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance. Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and \$1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

Schrage's \$1,000,000 Rheumatic Cure Never Failed.
167 Dearborn St., Chicago.

In China ordinary day board can be had for a Chinaman for about four cents.

"Hanson's Magic Corn Salve." Warranted to cure corns, bunions, etc. Sold by druggists for 15 cents.

In twelve marriages out of every hundred one of the parties has been married before.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth. Do not use any of those old-fashioned remedies, like Wm. Lewis's Soothing Syrup for Children's Teething.

The Chinese tea crop is said to be up to the average this year, in spite of the war with Japan.

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

Over Mr. Gladstone's bedstead is hung the motto, "Christian, Remember What Thou Hast to Do."

HALL'S CATARRH CURE is a liquid and is taken internally. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

The population of the German empire is increasing at the rate of five hundred thousand a year.

Pine's Cure is a wonderful Cough medicine.—Mrs. W. P. Pickett, Van Sicken and Blake Aves., Brooklyn, N. Y., Oct. 26, 1894.

Miss Susanne Adams is another American girl who has just made a successful debut at the Grand Opera House, Paris.

It is so easy to remove Corns with Hinderecort that we wonder so many will endure them. Get Hinderecort and see how nicely it takes them off.

The latest description of the Chinese Emperor portrays him as "looking about 17, a thin-shouldered, narrow-chested, frail, worn-out boy."

There is pleasure and profit and no small satisfaction in abating troublesome and painful ites by using Parker's Ginger Tonic.

Queen Victoria has sat down on clipping dogs' ears or tails. No mutilated dog born after 1894 will be entitled to a prize in any English bench show.

FITS—All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No Fits after the first day's use. Nervousness, Trembling and Irritability free. Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 363 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Mrs. James A. Garfield, widow of the President, will spend the summer at her niece's residence, Caldwell, N. J., the town of President Cleveland's birth.

Two Hundred Miles Under Ground. The Louisville & Nashville Railroad Company has just issued an interesting little brochure of Mammoth Cave, handsomely printed and illustrated. The text is by Dr. R. Ellsworth Call, a gentleman of scientific attainments, and the illustrations are reproductions of photographs taken by flash light. Ten cents in stamps or silver, sent to C. P. Atmore, general passenger agent, Louisville, Ky., will secure a copy.

Lack of money is the chief cause of suicide in France.

Dr. PIERCE'S Golden Medical DISCOVERY

Cures Ninety-eight per cent. of all cases of Consumption, in all its Earlier Stages.

Although by many believed to be incurable, there is the evidence of hundreds of living witnesses to the fact that, in all its earlier stages, consumption is a curable disease. Not every case, but a large percentage of cases, and we believe, fully 98 per cent. are cured by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, even after the disease has progressed so far as to induce repeated bleedings from the lungs, severe lingering cough with copious expectoration (including tubercular matter), great loss of flesh and extreme emaciation and weakness.

That Plate means

Columbia

THE BEST BICYCLE

On the steering-head of every Columbia bicycle of this year's make is that name-plate appears. It is unique, handsome, and indicates much—satisfaction and highest enjoyment to the rider.

No other bicycle has ever equalled a Columbia. No other bicycle ever shall equal a Columbia. The greatest bicycle factory in the world says so.

New Price \$100

HARTFORDS, next best, \$80 \$60.

\$50 for boys' and girls' sizes.

POPE MFG. CO.
Hartford, Conn.
BOSTON, CHICAGO,
NEW YORK, SAN FRANCISCO,
PROVIDENCE, BUFFALO.

An Art Catalogue of these famous wheels at any Columbia Agency, or will be mailed for two 2-cent stamps.

LITTLE GIANT LAMP HOLDER

No More Upset Lamps. Fits any lamp with a standard. Sent free by mail with circulars for 35 Cents.

Agents Wanted.
SPECIALTY MFG. CO., Skaneateles, N.Y.

PATENTS, TRADE MARKS

Examination and Advice as to Patentability of Invention. Send for "Inventor's Guide, or How to Get a Patent." PATRICK O'FARRELL, Washington, D. C.

W. N. U. CHICAGO, VOL. X, NO. 27

When Answering Advertisements, Kindly Mention This Paper.

FISO'S CURE FOR

CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.

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

CONSUMPTION

WHICH?

Some must sow,
Though others reap—
Some must go,
While others sleep;
Some must sign,
While joy bells ring—
Some must die,
While others sing.
Some will laugh,
While storm clouds burst;
Some will quail,
While others thirst;
Some will grope,
While others sail—
Some will hope,
While others fail.
Some will sin,
Some will win.
In cause unjust,
Some will greed,
While others give—
Some will need,
While mortals live.
Voices raise
Upon the air—
Some in praise,
And some—despair!
Thus the ill
And joys must be;
Thus fulfils
Our destiny.
Keep this thought
Within thy mind:
"Peace was brought
For humankind,"
Who hath braved
Life's sea—storm tost,
Some are saved,
And some are lost.
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

THE STROKE OF RUIN.

BY MAURICE THOMPSON.



It was moonlight and rather late in the balmy evening, with a breeze fluttering along Royal street, and the sound of a guitar coming from an indefinite distance. No street cars were running and but few strollers—these mostly creoles in high-heeled shoes tapping lightly on the banquettes—went up and down the narrow way.

Boyle Harding leaned back in an easy chair on the iron-railed balcony, or gallery, which overlooked the sidewalk, and smoked slowly, with half-closed eyes. He was awaiting the arrival of his young friend, Francois Rapin, who had lately interested him to a singular degree.

Even at the moment, up the uncarpeted stairway came the active creole's feet, two steps at a time, along with a lively tune sung almost breathlessly through a curving black mustache.

"Ah, but here I am!" he cried, issuing through the doorway and tripping a gay step along the floor towards Harding.

"Well, and what is it?" demanded the New Yorker. "What have you found out?"

"Bah!" He produced a cigarette and asked for a light by an inimitable pantomime with head and shoulders. "Maybe she went to the French opera. Go with me; I have a box; come."

"But haven't you yet seen her?"

"Seen her—how should I know? Monsieur Harding forgets the conditions." He laughed in his atrociously frivolous French way.

"I beg pardon," said Harding, quickly; "I had, indeed, forgotten that I did not know her name, her place of residence, nor yet even the color of her eyes. Yes, I will go with you to the opera. Everybody goes, eh?"

"Not everybody, but everybody of the best. It is the distinction; we draw the line in front of the boxes."

"Not the dead line, I hope."

"Even that sometimes, yes. I have known a glance of sweet eyes to cost a man his best blood under the oaks. Are you a good fencer?"

Boyle Harding made no answer, but flung his cigar stump over the iron balustrade down into the street, where it coruscated on the cobblestones, and then he rose and shook himself lightly as one does who forms an imperfect plan or feels vaguely impatient over delayed expectations.

The sky above New Orleans was as blue as a sapphire, and the irregular old houses along Royal street caught many a stray glint from the splendid moon. Harding was in a mood to feel all the force of such a scene. He had come South a fortnight past with letters of introduction to influential people, but he was not seeking society; a quiet sojourn in New Orleans with his eyes and ears opened suited him better. He was young, however, brimful of blood and surcharged with a poet's imagination.

What was, perhaps, just the thing he would have most desired came to him unexpectedly one day. It was a twinkle of romance in the gloom of Royal street. He suddenly met a beautiful young woman face to face at the door of Garcin's old book store, a dingy hole where you find the contents of French libraries that have been sold at successive sales or picked up at auction. Warm eyes exchanged an involuntary look which seemed to have a glow of inquiry struck out of iris points. Harding was electrified, and impulsively lifted his hat. She passed him with a half smile, leaving a breath of violets and the rustle of a gown quietly elegant in the air round about.

The color of her hair, her height, the tint of her eyes, her complexion—he could not fix one of these in his mind, but he knew that she was the loveliest, the most enchanting girl that ever breathed. The impression entered his consciousness so suddenly and set itself so deep and with such a thrill of romantic pleasure, that he stopped short in the door, and stood

there, hat in hand, smiling reminiscently and listening to the purr of his own blood sweetly quickening along his veins.

A lover is a great fool; but he is the only man who knows what song it was that the stars sang; and to him you must go if you would learn the secret of heavenly happiness and the value of dreams as nutriment for the imagination. A lover's soul will treble its stature by feeding one moment on a smile.

In fact, Boyle Harding had felt this sudden growth within; it had quickened, broadened and sweetened his spiritual vision, while affording a fine and richly mysterious increment to his enjoyment of his new surroundings.

This was midway in the fifties, when New Orleans had reached the splendid zenith of her wealth, and when the peculiar color of her social life was most dazzling and romantic. As an American city she stood apart, a hot, almost tropical heart of passion, luxury, pleasure and abounding hospitality. And with it all went the old freedom of chivalric personal courage and the love of spectacular results in matters of honor.

Harding and his young creole friend set out on foot; it was but a short step to the Opera House, and as they went along Rapin was prattling on the subject of fencing, always a great vogue with the jeunesse doree of New Orleans. He was himself a rich orphan, living upon an almost unlimited income, and had long been a confirmed habitue of the fencing halls. Having seen some rapiers and foils in Harding's rooms, he was saying:

"But you must be interested in sword play—in fencing. It is the noblest of all the exercises for gentlemen, and your physique is precisely made up for it. You must be a master, or you could be."

"I have had good masters," Harding replied in an evasive tone, "but I am losing interest in it."

"Your masters were in New York?"

"No; Paris. I had M. Duval for three years."

"M. Duval! You had M. Charles Duval for three years?"

"Yes."

"Ah, what fortune! He, and he only, teaches the 'stroke of ruin,' the pass which pierces across from shoulder to shoulder, disabling the victim for life, yet never killing him!" Rapin spoke enthusiastically, and after a moment's pause added almost breathlessly:

"And you learned his stroke! Oh, but I am overjoyed; and you will teach me to do it? Ah, Monsieur, I shall be your lifelong debtor. I have dreamed of that incomparable thrust; I have made two journeys to Paris to learn it; but, you must know, M. Duval is an ancient enemy of my father. I could not go to him, and his pupil are so few and so, so, so distinguished and exclusive that I could not reach one of them."

Harding laughed at the youth's frankness and told him pleasantly that he should be glad to give him the secret instruction. Thereupon Rapin almost hugged him, and they were just entering the Opera House.

A great curve of splendor, a flash of faces, jewels, laces, eyes, fans—a bewildering horizon of corsets, coiffures, necklaces, bracelets, rings; a foam of airy gowns sinking and swelling gently, like surf froth against a beach of fairy land. Harding gazed in half-blinded stupidity, so he felt, and could see no details, could make out no individual face distinctly. It all struck him as some vast spectacle of barbarous gewgaw splendor, and yet nothing that he had ever seen could compare with it in unity of effect. The boxes were all full, and full of beauty and queenly costume, so accentuated that howhere else could such insistences upon decoration have been tolerable. There, however, it was the perfection of color, brilliance and condensed, passionate beauty of expression such as the Greeks of Alexandria dreamed of in their luxurious exhibitions.

Harding and Rapin were the only persons in their box, which was well to one side of the great curve. On the stage a celebrated ballet favorite was kicking neatly through one of her captivating passages.

"We will begin the lessons to-morrow," murmured Rapin; "I shall be an apt scholar, monsieur."

"Yes," said Harding, absently. He was gazing along the great sweep of beauty and light.

"But excuse me for a moment or two," the creole added after a while, when the curtain was down, "I am going to call at the box of a friend."

He went, and Harding continued his survey, which, now that his eyes had somewhat accustomed themselves to the glamor, became more real and absorbingly interesting.

Presently he saw Rapin in a box, a magnificent one, near the centre, talking with a tall, young woman—and it was she. There could be no doubt for a moment. The thrill through Harding's heart told as much as the girl's resplendent, yet, in a way, subdued beauty.

Harding's eyes were fixed; the trance of that old-time love which men used to acknowledge was upon him. His strong, healthy, boyish nature plunged into the thick of a passion-romance as fervid as it was pure and sincere. And at the very central moment she turned from Rapin and looked straight at him. Moreover, he could see a light of quick interest come into her face; they were speaking of him.

The prosy fact was that Rapin, in his enthusiastic way, had been telling Mlle. Marie de Montmartin—that was her name—about his good fortune in finding a master to teach him the "stroke of ruin," and he had directed her attention to the young man in his box. But for Mlle. Marie de Montmartin we may as well say that she glanced mechanically, then looked

again. Harding was a superbly handsome young athlete, a flower of perfect manhood with a face never to be forgotten by any woman.

Rapin presently returned to the box, bringing with him, or at least Harding fancied it, a breath of that exquisite violet perfume which had been haunting Harding's memory for days and nights together.

"Who is she—the young lady in the box where you've been?"

The abrupt inquiry and a certain timbre of Harding's voice betrayed his emotion to the quick creole.

"Oh, she—that is Mlle. Marie de Montmartin. Lovely, isn't she? You might envy me, M. Harding. She is my betrothed."

"Ah!"—Harding hesitated and a palish change passed over his face, like a fleece cloud over some glorified space of sky. Then he coolly added: "I do envy you. Yes, she is the most beautiful girl that I have ever seen. She is the one I met in the old book store door. You are quick to find."

Rapin colored.

"Thank you," he said, as the curtain went up and the prima donna strode forth with a superb swing.

The next day Rapin came to Harding's rooms for his initial lesson; but the young man begged a postponement; he was not feeling in good form, he said, and was averse to exercise.

And now Harding's powerful letters of introduction came into play. The only son of General Stanhope Harding had the key to open even the exclusive gate of the mansion wherein the ancient family traditions of Montmartin were kept in an atmosphere of their own. Here the young man found Mlle. Marie even more fascinating than his imagination had pictured her.

We must acquit him; he did not deliberately seek to gain her affections; indeed, there was no need to seek; she claimed him at sight, and the way was love's sweetest path. Rapin was forgotten as a merely conventional lover must always be when the true one comes rushing in all aglow and all powerful.

Marie's parents were delighted. There was no obstacle, religious or other, and an alliance with the Harding family was something to be proud of. So, in due course of time, the engagement was announced and the wedding day approached.

Harding had been to New York; he returned late in November, radiant with happy aspirations, and took rooms as before, but now in the St. Charles. He brought some friends with him, and his parents would be coming a little later.

I have said that a lover is a fool. His vanity, moreover, cannot be overestimated, and the selfishness of his passion plays him small yet irresistible tricks. Harding had a desire to go again to the old book store of Garcin, on Royal street, and have his first meeting with Marie over once more in his imagination. He slipped away from the hotel furtively and with a foolish stir in his blood.

The morning was like a summer's dream, clothing the old city in films of chastened splendor. Up and down the narrow streets clacked the high-heeled boots of the little creoles. Fruit stands, heaped with luscious oranges, bananas, apples, dashed the air with a rich bouquet, and there were roses everywhere. Harding held his head high and walked swiftly.

When we go to seek an illusion we are pretty sure to find a reality. It is not the scheme of nature to humor us in luxuries. At Garcin's door Harding came abruptly face to face with Francois Rapin, whom he had not seen since the announcement of the coming nuptials. Somehow it was a surprise, but Rapin's face showed a quick smile.

Harding stopped short in his tracks, and would have probably put forth his hand in a friendly offer of salutation; but just then his hat was lightly tapped from his head by Rapin, who immediately picked it up and handed it to him, saying:

"Monsieur Harding will now remember his promise to teach me the mysterious stroke of M. Duval."

He bowed low and was gone, while a card fluttered down at Harding's feet; it bore Rapin's address.

At first Harding's heat of temper was great, but reflection led him to consult his friends, who ridiculed the thought of a duel. He was glad to escape, for, although a born fighter, this was no time to be risking his life or to be killing a man.

He had, however, consulted but one side of that advisory board which always exists in such cases. His Northern friends were unanimously opposed to the duel, but he must be frank and lay the matter before his fiancée's family.

"You must fight him, sir," said Montmartin.

"Of course, there is but one way open to a gentleman," sighed Marie; "you must challenge him."

The Montmartin household and all the Montmartin circle were as a unit on this point. No evasion was to be considered, since Rapin smilingly refused to apologize, and so Harding sent the challenge, which was promptly accepted.

They met at sunrise under the "oaks" so well known to duelling history. Merrily clinked their rapiers for honor's sake and Marie's. That was but about forty years ago; and yet what a distance! What a far spin the world has made down the "groove of change" since then! Farragut and Butler have been in the city; the reconstruction terror has come and gone; the reassertion of State authority followed the victory of the citizens over the alien soldiers; the lottery has gone; the city is rich once more; see the bales of cotton, the hogheads, the barrels, the bags on the levee! And there are no more duels.

Yesterday a white-haired man, whose shoulders drooped strangely, and

whose two arms dangled half-paralyzed beside him, walked down Royal street. "That is Francois Rapin," said a creole to some friends. "He got that wound in the celebrated duel with Harding."

"Y-e-e-s," drawled another of the group, with a queer little shrug. "Y-e-e-s, Mr. Harding taught him the 'stroke of ruin,' ha! ha! c'est vra, n'est ce pas?"

I followed with curious gaze the retreating form of Rapin, recalling at the same time that Boyle Harding and his wife were now living in Nice, where, in most comfortable circumstances and well-loaded with fame, Harding writes his novels and plays with his grandchildren. His wife is said to be still beautiful and very domestic.—New York Vanity.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Poetry is the language of poverty. Money is often a concealed weapon. Cupid does not know a dollar from a doughnut.

A loud laugh in a woman is like a noise in a picture.

Confidence, in conversation, has a greater share than wit.

When properly used one opportunity will last a lifetime.

No man feels entirely at ease in a millinery establishment.

The old man who feels young can't afford to act as he feels.

Women hate with their hearts and despise with their heads.

You can do more for yourself than any one else can do for you.

Tact is sometimes an acquired habit, but never in its highest form.

An error established in a man's mind is equal to a fact to him.

Sometimes more is said by saying nothing than by talking a week.

Error never made a rope strong enough to strangle truth forever.

Loving art for art's sake is not greatly unlike loving pie for pie's sake.

Some lucky people always have a fool at hand to take their risks for them.

You never know how fond you are of a boy until you become engaged to his sister.

A girl can make herself love a man she hates just as she can acquire a taste for olives.

Conceive not so high an opinion of anyone as to be bashful and impotent in his presence.

There was a time in every man's life when he was faithful in his attachment to one woman.

Never tell a secret to a bride or a bridegroom. Wait until they have been married longer.—The South-West.

Why a Tarlatan Kept His Check.

With so many bank robberies all around us it is not surprising that there should be some uneasiness among depositors. In general, however, the New Yorker has a cool head. He has faith in the Clearing House Association, because he really does not quite understand the mystery of it, and he believes in his bank through thick and thin because he has seen the banks of the city stand together in support of a weakened institution. I am reminded of what happened to old Green Morris, an ignorant turfman, who lived in Brooklyn and raced horses on all the tracks of the metropolitan circuit. He had a big year of winnings at Monmouth Park and received at the end of the season a check from the association for \$67,000. Eighteen months later he showed that check to me, considerably worn.

"Why, Green," I said, reproachfully, "this check is eighteen months old. What do you mean by keeping it so long? It is nearly worn out. Don't you know that a check should be deposited at once, or cashed? Suppose the bank was to fail?"

Green chuckled knowingly and winked as he folded it up and put it back in his pocketbook. "I ain't been racin' hosses for nothin' these goin' on nigh twenty year. I ain't got no faith in no bank. They's too failin' to suit me. That's what I've allus been afraid of, an' that's why I'm holdin' on to my check. I ain't a-goin' to have no bank failin' with my money in the safe. Beside, I ain't had no use for the \$67,000, an' it's jes' as easy to keep it in my pocket this way."

This same Green is worth now \$300,000 or \$400,000 and yet cannot write his name.—New York Press.

A New and Durable Gun.

The French Minister of War has just completed experiments with a gun which is guaranteed for 1000 rounds. After 3000 rounds with smokeless powder its rifling was found, it is said, in fair condition. A muzzle velocity of 3500 feet per second is reported. Not only is the whole gun of hard tempered steel, but it has a choke bore of such construction that as the projectile moves forward in the barrel the lands of the rifling become larger and closer, so that the copper forming the driving band is constantly set out. The escape of gas between the projectile and the walls of the gun and the consequent erosion of the gun are thus prevented.—San Francisco Examiner.

A Curious Fact.

The Count of Montesquieu, a wealthy and eccentric French nobleman, inhabits a splendid villa in the neighborhood of Paris, chiefly remarkable for its magnificent conservatory, which is used as a banquet hall. Creeping among the plants in this winter garden are to be seen a number of little tortoises, which their eccentric owner has had enameled and studded with precious stones.—Benton Alleriel.

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When in this condition, I commenced using Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine. In two days I began to improve and in one month's time I was cured, much to the surprise of all who knew of my condition. I have been in excellent health since and have recommended your remedies to many of my friends."

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