

BARRINGTON

VOL. 7. NO. 6.

FRIDAY, JUN

892.

PARK RIDGE.

CHURCHES.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.—The Rev. Charles S. Leeper, pastor; C. M. Davis, Superintendent Sunday-school. Sunday services, at 10:45 a. m., and 8 p. m. Sunday-school, at noon. Prayer meeting on Wednesday evening, at 8:00, in the lecture room of the church. Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor. Sunday evening, at 7 o'clock.

Methodist Episcopal Church.—The Rev. John O. Foster, pastor; J. C. Jorgeson, Superintendent of Sunday-school. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sabbath-school, 11:45 a. m. Prayer meeting on Wednesday evening. Epworth league meeting Sunday evening at 8:30.

VILLAGE OFFICERS.

W. F. Blaikie, President; Miss W. Robinson, Charles A. Latz, Clerk; C. E. Holbrook, F. B. Gildea, C. M. Davis and George H. Miller, Trustees; George E. Stobbing, Clerk; C. E. Holbrook, Treasurer; Joseph A. Phelps, Village Attorney; C. E. Robinson, Supt. Water Works; C. E. Moore, Collector; Fred Hansen, Street Commissioner; G. H. Fricke, Health Officer.

SCHOOL TRUSTEES.

Owen Stuart, President; J. E. Berry, Secretary; A. B. Mora, Thomas Jones, Frank W. McNally, Charles Kobow.

Visitors from the city were plenty on Sunday.

Mr. S. J. Ketcham returned from a business trip to Philadelphia on Friday.

Try our canned mackerel. They are nice. Hendrickson & Co.

Interesting exercises will be held in the M. E. church (children's day, Sunday, June 12, under the auspices of the Epworth league. Subject, "Our Little Brothers and Sisters." Matt. 28:15.

Miss E. A. Blaikie of Chicago has been spending a few days at the residence of her brother, Mr. A. Blaikie.

The subject at the Y. P. N. C. E. meeting on Sunday evening, June 12, will be, "Endure Hardness." Dan. 6: 10-28; 3 Tim. 2: 3.

Only a few of the prize baking powder left. Hendrickson & Co., Dakin block.

Do you use Eppa's Cocoa? We have it. Hendrickson & Co., Dakin block.

FOR RENT—A nine-room house three blocks from depot, at \$8 per month. Apply to W. E. or G. A. Blaikie, Park Ridge.

FOR RENT—Nearly new, seven-room house, two blocks from depot, at \$10 per month. Apply to W. E. or G. A. Blaikie, Park Ridge.

Wanted in the near future, may be. That game of ball will be played tomorrow, Saturday, if it don't storm, and it is hoped that there may be a large attendance.

Board Meeting.

The monthly meeting of the Village Board was held on Tuesday evening, with all members present.

The minutes of last regular and a special meeting were read and approved.

Petitions for sewer and water mains on Courtland and Mount Hope avenues, were referred to proper committee; also for water mains on Meacham avenue.

The treasurer's report for the month of May was read and approved. The same calls for \$2.40 in general fund.

A communication from Mr. Bolton in reference to making certain changes in his subdivision was referred to committee on plats and subdivisions to report at next meeting.

Trustee Robinson stated that two meetings had been held for the purpose of considering the question of the compilation of ordinances. The form of the town of Lake ordinances had

good. In order to obviate all further trouble it was thought best to have all policies issued direct from the company and the bills for premiums issued direct from the company also.

The ordinance for the issuance of \$7,000 worth of improvement bonds was passed, and an engrossed copy was ordered made. In order to make them more saleable it was changed to read for general improvement.

An ordinance was introduced for a new sidewalk on Meacham avenue, west side of lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 in block 3 in Hodges and Morrison's subdivision.

The matter was laid over for future consideration.

An ordinance was introduced by Trustee Blaikie asking for a franchise to operate what would be known as the Suburban Light and Power company. This matter was also referred.

The A. Gray controversy was referred to Committee on Streets and Alleys.

Mr. Evan Jones was granted permission to connect his house drain with the Washington street drain.

The official bond of the Village Treasurer, S. H. Holbrook, was filed and approved. It is in the sum of \$3,000, with G. E. Stobbing, O. D. Galuppa and Dr. G. H. Fricke as sureties.

The matter of village printing was laid over till next meeting.

Meeting adjourned until Tuesday evening, June 21.

The late Mrs. Sultman, who died very suddenly last week (Wednesday) and was buried Friday, was an old resident of this part of the country and very highly esteemed by her large circle of friends.

Mrs. Nellie Robinson has been a guest of her aunt, Mrs. Laura Farnsworth.

Santa Claus and Ivory soap at 5 cents a bar. Hendrickson & Co.

Notice.

Miss Jessie M. Cross, a graduate of the Illinois Conservatory of Music, Jacksonville, Ill., and a teacher of some little experience, desires pupils on the piano and organ. Beginners made a specialty.

Pupils desiring to take up local work may also apply to her.

Those wishing to secure her as a teacher will please leave word at her residence in Montrose.

LOCAL.

In the Palatine road race last Mon-

day evening, Mr. Keady, of Milwaukee avenue. It is one of the lightest and fastest made. Joseph Keady has sold his property on West Chicago avenue, and in the future will reside over his horseshoeing shop, 26 Elston road, where his old friends will find him attending strictly to business.

Increasing Their Profits.

PITTSBURG, Pa., June 4.—The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Pennsylvania railway was held here yesterday. The report of the board of directors for the year ending December 31, 1891, shows a total revenue of \$3,421,749.04; expenses, interest, etc., \$1,695,850.68, leaving a profit of \$1,725,938.36, which is an increase of \$443,979.05 over 1890.

Hardenbrook to Be Dismissed.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., June 9.—The Adjutant-General issued an order approving the finding of the court-martial which recently tried Capt. William T. Hardenbrook of Company C, Second Infantry, for disobedience of orders and conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman. Capt. Hardenbrook is sen-

PALATINE.

CHURCH AND SOCIETY NOTICES.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.—Rev. M. M. French, Pastor; G. W. Furt, Superintendent of Sunday-school. Services every Sunday at 11 o'clock A. M., and 7 p. m. Sabbath School at 10 o'clock A. M. Prayer meeting on Wednesday evening. Epworth League meeting Sunday evening at 8:00. Everybody welcome.

Saint Paul Evangelical Church.—Rev. George Carpe, pastor. Services every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock, Sunday School at 8 A. M.

PROTESTANT LUTHERAN IMMIGRANT CHURCH.—Rev. Adolf Pfeiffer, pastor. Services every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock.

PALATINE LODGE, NO. 24, A. F. & A. M.—Meets the first and third Saturday of each month, visitors always welcome. G. F. O'Brien, W. M. F. J. Frazee, Secy.

PALATINE LODGE, NO. 708, I. O. O. F.—Meets every Wednesday. Visiting brothers cordially invited. E. F. Barker, W. M. H. L. Hansen, Secy.

JOHN A. LOGAN LODGE, NO. 128, I. O. M. A.—Meets in Odd Fellows' Hall on second and fourth Sunday day of each month. Members of the Order always welcome. M. A. STAPLETON, Pres. C. H. JULIAN, Secy.

PENNSYLVANIA LODGE, NO. 41, I. O. S. T.—Meets in Odd Fellows' Hall, on the first and third Tues day of each month.

MISS LUCIA ANDERSON, G. T. Miss V. A. Landers, Secy. E. F. Barker, Lodge Deputy.

GLEANINGS ABOUT TOWN.

A sad accident occurred here on Sunday night at the railroad crossing near Abelmann's elevator. A Miss Shaumburg while crossing the track was struck by a south bound train at about 9 o'clock, killing her instantly. A coroner's inquest was held on Tuesday, after which the burial took place at the German cemetery.

Dr. Gelch and wife of Chicago visited at Mrs. Johnson's the first of the week.

Mr. Fred Frye of St. Paul has been visiting his parents during the week.

Mr. R. L. Gibbs, who has been confined to his home for several weeks with a severe case of lumbago, is convalescing.

"Children's day" exercises will take place in the M. E. church next Sunday evening. A good program is in preparation.

Attendance at M. E. Sunday school last Sunday, 110; collection, \$2.42.

Prof. W. L. Smyser of Gettysburg, Pa., has been engaged as principal of the Palatine high school.

Miss Mary E. Hecox and Miss A. Walker were recently married.

The closing exercises of the high school will take place at the M. E. church on Thursday evening, June 16. County Superintendent Bright and Prof. Nightingale are expected to be present.

There is considerable talk among members of Knights Templar residing on the line of the Wisconsin Division of the Chicago & Northwestern Railroad of starting a commandry on that line, somewhere between Irving Park and Barrington. We will be pleased to hear from any Knight Templar upon the question—ED.

The eighth grade of our public school, under the supervision of Miss Hecox, will give closing exercises on Friday evening, June 17, in Battermann's hall. Everybody interested in our public school is cordially invited.

JEFFERSON PARK.

Strawberries at Minor's.

School closes the 24th.

The teachers of this school had their salaries increased last Friday.

Bob has a watering tank in front

of his club. Address to H. J. Hansen, captain of Park.

Has seat in his resignation from the street department, "Arry," to lose you.

NEWWOOD PARK.

President: N. Sampson. G. W. Dinkert, W. M. Dinkert, G. C. Nichols, Trustees; Fred C. Ober, James A. Low, Treasurer; O. W. Flanders, Attorney; A. C. Nichols, Clerk; W. Stockwell, Engineer and Surveyor; D. W. Washington, Supervisor; G. D. Mason, Sidewalk Commissioner; H. Barber, Lamp Lighter; C. C. Howell, Chief of Police.

H. Benton returned from Wednesday looking half dead.

More buildings are to be soon.

W. H. Bentz is to see the "Norwood" with her new spring suit.

Our friends can't get a box defeat, somehow.

Not look much better to taking a lead in matter than one who pays no ready a charge on the tax of forty-five dollars.

W. H. Bentz to lay the dust we appreciated.

The manner in which men deport themselves great credit in charge.

Men were quite the race.

Mr. Bentz is in the village.

Dated March 2, 1892.

CHARGED IN OPEN MEETINGS.

A Nominees of the People's Party in

disa Accused of Dog Stealing

BRAZIL, Ind., June 9.—The People's

party of the Eighth Congressional

district held their congressional con-

vention here yesterday. All of the

ties of the district were represented.

Samuel Jones of Vigo county and

THE WORLD AT LARGE.

A REVIEW OF THE WEEKS DOINGS.

Walker S. Hobart, one of the wealthiest men on the Pacific slope, died at San Francisco, aged 52 years.

Judgment has been rendered against the Fort Worth railway company for \$5,000 in favor of employees, who lost an eye while at work.

Gov. Fifer of Illinois has been ill with an attack of malaria, but is now recovering.

Marlande Clark, the well-known actor who appeared in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," died at the West Pennsylvania hospital in Pittsburgh.

California and Nevada were pledged to free silver by the delegates from these States en route to Minneapolis.

Work on the East river tunnel began at Long Island City. It is hoped to complete the work in two years.

Fifty thousand dollars, it is alleged, was secured by the robbery of the Santa Fe express at Red Rock, Cherokee Strip.

Leopold Waitzfelder, manufacturer of cotton goods at New York and Philadelphia, has failed. The liabilities are estimated at \$50,000.

Exports of wheat (and flour as wheat) from the United States this week, aggregate 2,891,000 bushels, or about 600,000 bushels more than last week.

Mrs. Montague, who was sentenced to imprisonment for punishing her child in such a way that death resulted, has been transferred from Londonderry jail to Dublin.

A young Mexican woman claiming to be possessed of divine power has been banished, being charged by the Mexican government with having instigated an Indian uprising.

Government control of the Nicaragua Canal was recommended in a resolution at the St. Louis convention, and the convention, after appointing committees, adjourned.

Senator Cullom will introduce into the Republican national convention a resolution favoring an appropriation for the world's fair.

Special Commissioner Brackett has just returned from a visit to France and Spain, where he found the greatest interest manifested in regard to, the world's fair.

Murat Halstead in an interview said that he saw no impropriety in the Blaine movement, and that surface indications were that Secretary would accept the nomination if it were offered.

Four Mexican laborers were returned from El Paso, Texas, under the alien contract law.

WASHINGTON.

Senate.

The hegira to Minneapolis depleted the attendance in the Senate June 3, only twenty Senators being present when Senator Manderson called that body to order. Senator Allison moved that when the Senate adjourns it meet again on Monday next, which was agreed to. Senator Vest gave notice that he would call up the free wool bill on Monday and submit remarks thereon; and Senator Morgan said that on Tuesday he would speak on the silver bill. Senator Turpie spoke on a resolution calling on Secretary of State for information regarding reciprocity with Hayti, Columbia and Venezuela. He said reciprocity was embodied in treaties before the beginning of this country, and neither the President nor Mr. Blaine was entitled to the credit of the idea. At the close of Senator Turpie's remarks the resolution was adopted without dissent. Senator Stewart's free coinage bill was taken up and Senator Stewart continued his argument in its favor. The resolution reported from the Finance Committee for a committee of five Senators to inquire whether the law relative to national banks furnishes sufficient protection to depositors and other creditors and to investigate recent failures of national banks and any other violation of law or irregularities was agreed to, and Messrs. Chandler, Higgins, Peffer, Harris and McPherson were appointed. The Senate then proceeded with executive business, after which it adjourned until Monday next.

House.

Interest in fast-approaching national conventions, and speculation as to the candidates which the two great parties will present for the suffrage of the people, have a very dampening effect upon the business of the House. The attendance June 2 was small, the attention listless and a few private bills were passed without opposition. Mr. Whiting of Michigan from the Committee on Ways and Means reported a bill limiting the amount of wearing apparel and personal effects that may be admitted free of duty. The House then went into Committee of the Whole, Mr. Buchanan of Virginia in the chair, on the postoffice appropriation bill. The pending question was on the motion of Mr. Caldwell of Ohio increasing by \$300,000 the appropriation for the free delivery service. Lost—24 to 144. Without disposing of the bill the House adjourned.

In the House on June 3, Mr. Hatch of Missouri, from the Committee on Agriculture, reported the agricultural appropriation bill which was ordered printed and recommitted to the committee. The house went into com-

HUNDREDS ARE D

TERRIBLE FLOOD IN N WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA

OIL CITY and TITANVILLE Devastated. Tanks Take Fire and the Field Rages Through the Outskirts. Help Appealed for.

OIL CITY, Pa., June 3.—The appalling calamity in the history of the city came yesterday, resulting in destruction of life and property which yet can only be approximated. Far sixty-nine lives are known to be lost, hundreds of people are known to be missing, and it is believed that the number of life will reach 200 or more.

At 11:30 o'clock in the forenoon a large proportion of the population of the city was distributed along the banks and bridges of the Allegheny river and Oil creek watching the progress of the flood in both streams, the cause of the rise of the latter being due to a cloudburst above Titusville which resulted in the loss of lives at that point. At the time a large, dark, ominous cloud had made its appearance on the horizon, the flood pouring down the Oil Creek valley, and the dark, foreboding waves of gas fatigued and benzine could be seen on the surface of the stream. People began slowly to fall back from the bridge and the creek, but they hardly had time to do so when an explosion went up the stream which was rapidly followed by two others, and, quite suddenly, a flash of lightning, the creek for a distance of two miles was filled with an awful mass of roaring flames and a column of smoke that rolled high up the creek and river hills. No picture the scene then witnessed.

Almost all the town was within three minutes of the time of the explosion, and no one knows how many of the inhabitants are in the ruins of their home.

A correspondent stood at the bridge at the time of the first explosion at the eastern end of the creek bridge mentioned. As quickly as the words can be uttered, fully 5,000 people in that portion of the town were on the streets, with terror, rushing to the hill. Men, women, and children were down and trampled upon by horses and people in the mad places of safety.

Hundreds of people thought that judgment had come, and prayers were heard mingling with groans and lamentations of the multitude. The heat was intense, the weird and awful spectacle presented to the panic-stricken people was that a cloud-burst of fire



Memorial Day.

Oh, how sad are the memories this day brings to mind! When we think of the loved ones who have left us behind, And the world looks so darkened since silent they lie With their faces upturned to 'rd the 'bright sunlight sky. Could we but for one moment call them back again, To kiss and caress them, 'twould ease our heart's pain. And the bliss of the meeting would almost repay For the long years of sorrow since they went away.

Ah, no, we can never, though grieving we weep, Bring them back from their silence so long and so deep. But can look just ahead to a day that will be. When in heavenly mansions our loved ones we'll see, Where Jesus, our Savior, with love holds his sway And our glittering teardrops will soon wipe away While the low, sweet hosannas peal forth, o'er and o'er At the bliss of reunion with them ever more. Then cover their graves with fresh garlands of flowers. Blush not though they're watered by many a tear. And in fond remembrance of what was once ours, Strive to lift up the lowly—the sad hearted cheer And o'er the brave soldier who went from his fireside To fight for his country for you and for me Strew beautiful flowers, none too rare, none too costly For the one who left home ties a soldier to be And plant the loved banner he fought for and bled for. Above the stilled heart now so calmly at rest. 'Till the bugle shall call and the drum beats awaken. And he steps forth in glory in that land of the blest.

The String Act.

Amos Stoltz, Company G, 114th Ohio, Etna, Ohio, writes: "In order to clear up a mistake and to throw more light on 'Vanquishing Vicksburg,' I write the following. The comrade, in speaking of issuing tobacco at Raymond, does not go into detail. It was to me quite a curiosity to see the rebels who had been taken prisoners, and who were quartered in a large two-story building (being on second floor), let down his string to get Yank's money tied to the end of it. He would pull the string up to see if the amount agreed on was hanging to the end of it. If all were right, he was true to his word and complied with his part of the bargain. I stood watching the traders for quite a while and failed to see the reb act dishonestly with the Yank; but the boys had to pay dearly for their luxury. Presently Gen. Osterhaus came along, and seeing trading said, in his Dutch way, 'I puts a stop to this,' and he took the remainder of the tobacco and issued it to the boys. Now, as to the mistake, it was made when he said let so-and-so build the bridge over Big Black river. It was built by Patterson's Pioneer corps, assisted by details from the different reg-

them living on Capitol Hill, which at that time was the only part of Washington that was settled. Since then all the members of her adopted family have died, and for the second time she was left completely alone in the world, and she became an inmate of the Baptist home. Her memory of early Washington history was vivid, she remembering very distinctly the trying times of the war of 1812, which she loved to relate to interested listeners. She remembered distinctly the burning of the old Capitol building by the British, and the appearance of the old men and young lads who joined the militia to oppose the advance of the English troops. She was in Washington when the panic-stricken militia fled from the field of Blandensburg, and was surprised by a British soldier while trying to escape to the woods with some of the family silver. Perhaps her most vivid remembrance was the explosion at the navy-yard during the occupation of the city by the British. A quantity of powder had been cached in an old well by the retreating Americans, and it was accidentally fired by a piece of burning wad from a cannon that had been turned against the guns of the battery to disable them. Of the 400 British in the inclosure 250 were killed.

Lieutenant O. W. Longan Dead.

Oliver W. Longan, who has been one of the most valuable clerks in the Adjutant-General's office, War department, for the past twenty-eight years, died in the Homeopathic hospital in Washington the other day, after a brief illness. For the past fifteen years Comrade Longan has been secretary to the Board of Managers of the Soldiers' Home in Washington, and was personally known to all the inmates of that institution. He discharged these duties in addition to a fourth-class clerkship in the Adjutant-General's office, and performed all his labors with rare intelligence, and was a busy man. He lost his wife some two months ago, which so preyed upon his mind that he could not do his work and a week ago he was compelled to go to the hospital, where he failed rapidly, entirely loosing his faculties, dying without pain. He was considered the hill-bone of the Adjutant-General's office, and was always detailed on committees to devise plans for facilitating the work of the office. He enlisted in the Thirteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry in August, 1862, was promoted Sergeant-Major in March, 1863, and was discharged in March, 1864, to accept a position in the Adjutant-General's office here in Washington, where he has remained nearly all the time since, the exception being his appointment in 1867 to Lieutenant in the Seventh U. S. Cavalry, which position he resigned in 1869, and returned to his clerkship in the Adjutant-General's office. Comrade Longan was a Pennsylvanian by birth, and his remains were taken to his old home for interment.

Appropriations are Growing.

In the debate of the Naval appropriation bill in the Senate, Senator Gorman of Maryland made a declaration that the appropriations could not be restricted to any appreciable extent by the present Congress, as they had been unalterably fixed by the previous Congress. It is now conceded by everybody that the sum will be greatly in excess of the total of the appropriations of the Fifty-first Congress, first session, but Democratic leaders insist that the Fifty-second Congress is favorably situated for making an economical record, because the heaviest appropriations are always made during the first session. But the reasons of

TABERNACLE PULPIT.

TALMAGE ON THE ART OF FORGETTING.

To Remember Is Well, but the Power to Forget Is the Greatest Gift to the Human Race—"Their Sins and Their Iniquities Will I Remember No More."

BROOKLYN, N. Y., June 5, 1892.—The enormous audience which thronged the Tabernacle this morning had fresh evidence of Dr. Talmage's originality. The value of a retentive memory every one knew by experience and had heard extolled from their schooldays up, but they learned from Dr. Talmage's sermon that the art of forgetting is worth cultivating, and that there is the highest possible example for its exercise. His text was Heb. 8:12: "Their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more."

The national flower of the Egyptians is the heliotrope, of the Assyrians is the water lily, of the Hindoos is the marigold, of the Chinese is the chrysanthemum. We have no national flower, but there is hardly any flower more suggestive to many of us than the "forget-me-not." We all like to be remembered, and one of our misfortunes is that there are so many things we cannot remember. Mnemomics, or the art of assisting memory, is an important art. It was first suggested by Simonides of Cos five hundred years before Christ. Persons who had but little power to recall events, or put facts and names and dates in proper processions have, through this art, had their memory reinforced to an almost incredible extent. A good memory is an invaluable possession. By all means, cultivate it. I had an aged friend, who detained all night at a miserable depot in waiting for a rail-train fast in the snow banks, entertained a group of some ten or fifteen clergymen, likewise detained on their way home from a meeting of Presbyterian, by, first, with a piece of chalk, drawing out on the black and sooty walls of the depot, the characters of Walter Scott's "Marmion," and then reciting from memory the whole of that poem of some eighty pages in fine print. My old friend through great age lost his memory, and when I asked him if the story of the railroad depot was true, he said "I do not remember now, but it was just like me." "Let me see," said he to me, "have I ever seen you before?" "Yes," I said, "you were my guest last night and I was with you an hour ago." What an awful contrast in that man between the greatest memory I ever knew and no memory at all.

But right along with this art of recollection, which I cannot too highly eulogize, is one quite as important and yet I never heard it applauded. I mean the art of forgetting. There is a splendid faculty in that direction that we all need to cultivate. We might, through that process, be ten times happier and more useful than we now are. We have been told that forgetfulness is a weakness and ought to be avoided by all possible means. So far from a weakness, my text ascribes it to God. It is the very top of Omnipotence that God is able to obliterate a part of his own memory. If we repent of sin and rightly seek the divine forgiveness, the record of the misbehavior is not only crossed off the books, but God actually lets it pass out of memory. "Their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more." To remember no more is to forget, and you cannot make anything else out of it. God's power of forgetting is so great that if two men appeal to him, and the one man, after a life all right, gets the sins of his

blanket the fields, and the fields, and the home, and the home about over the home, and the greatest of the we were lost in the among the mountain wandering children, and dying in the tempest us in the mantle of his house, gladness and bidding us welcome. The world does not know would all flock to him. own kindness, or the rough preaching that in the centuries, many women have an idea that rants, and oppressor, a Nana Sahib, an Omnipotent. It is a libel against mighty; it is a slander heavens; it is a defamatory fable. I counted in times the word "mercy" compounded with other counted in my bible 4 word, "love," single or with other words. The counting. Perhaps you more; being better at figure Hebrew and the Greek languages have been taught cannot pay any more the love and mercy ness, and grace and tenderness and friendsh and sympathy and and fatherliness and patience and pardon of others are certain names so their pronunciation thrill it. Such is the name soldier, and liberator. Marching with his troops shepherd who was in because he had lost a baldi said to his troops. this poor shepherd find the lamb, and after full search late at night to their encampment. Garibaldi was found on into the day, and him for some purpose as he had not given up the the soldiers did, but had further into the night as it, and he pulled down from his couch and there which Garibaldi ordered taken to its owner. So der of the hosts of heaven from his glorious and victorious through the centuries of said: "I will go and rec world, and that race of was the progenitor, who will accompany through the night they not see that the angelic any further than the old most illustrious leader way down, and by the time is done our little world and lost world, our world the light will be found of the Great Shepherd, how will take up the sinners lost asleep set open the wide gate inviting you all to come in and pardon of God, yes into the ruins of where once was kept the your iniquities. The torn down and the ruined and you will find the ruined and broken and the ruins of Melrose or from these last ruins up some fragment of a soul or you can see the

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best manner and at reasonable rates.

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as second-class mail matter.

THE way to get good teachers is to have them thoroughly interested in the work and thoroughly equipped for it. There will then be no empty school houses or dull classes.

INTEGRITY is the first moral virtue, benevolence the second, and prudence is the third. Without the first the two latter cannot exist and without the third the two former would be often rendered useless.

A BOAT that would go under water, be fully in control of the operator and be capable of making trips at a fair speed of several hours in duration, with perfect safety to the men aboard, would revolutionize naval architecture. The submarine boats have done this much, except perhaps in the matter of speed, but they do not do it every time. They are not certain to work when wanted.

IT is not so hard for the human spirit, full of emotion and stirred to extraordinary effort by sudden impulse on battle-field or in other scenes of brilliant spectacle or maddening excitement, to risk the loss of that which to every man is dearer than all else. It requires a sterner courage, a heart more deliberate in self-sacrifice to risk life for others in a dismal river overflow in rickety boat with no skill against rushing waters with little endurance in the chill of furious blizzards.

NEGLECTING individuals, here and there, who gathered together, would form a minority not altogether inconsiderable in its quantity and weighty in its intellectual quality, is surely indisputable that this disease of greed is a serious menace to the highest form of public progress. Culture in the arts, religion, morality, health, duties of citizenship, sociological questions, and, in fact, all that fails to bring material gain to the individual mills which grind day in and night out to produce moneyed influence for their owners—all these pursuits are woefully neglected in the frenzied rush to acquire a larger income than one's neighbor.

THE question "What are we here for?" is a question not without pertinence to members of the various professions, many of whom regard the parchment that admits them to practice as exclusively for their personal advantage. To a certain extent members of the clerical and medical professions recognize their obligations to the public. Each accredited member of these professions performs many public duties in cure for mind or body of those who are unable to make per-

BARRINGTON.

CHURCH AND SOCIETY NOTICES.

S. of V.—Meet in Parker's hall, second and fourth Saturday of each month. W. H. Sellick, Com. Frank Krahn, S. V. C. J. L. Runyan, J. V. C.

BAPTIST CHURCH—Mr. Bailey, Pastor. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. Evening services at 7 p. m. Sabbath School 12:30.

ST. ANN'S CATHOLIC CHURCH—Rev. J. F. Clancy, Pastor. Services every other Sunday at 9 o'clock a. m.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH—E. W. Ward, Pastor. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath School at 12 m. Children's services 3 p. m. Class-meeting 6:15 p. m. Bible study Tuesday 7:30 p. m. Prayer-meeting Friday, 7 p. m.

GERMAN EVANGELICAL CHURCH—Rev. Wm. A. Schuster, Pastor. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. Evening service at 7:30 p. m. Sabbath school at 8 a. m.

GERMAN EVANGELICAL ST. PAUL'S CHURCH—Rev. F. Rahn, Pastor. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. Sabbath school at 8:30 a. m.

LOWNSBURY LODGE, No. 751—Meets at their hall the second and fourth Saturdays of each month. C. H. Austin, W. M. L. A. Powers, S. W. F. W. Shipman, J. W. H. T. Abbott, Treas.; F. O. Willmarth, Secy. W. J. Hanover, S. D.; Wm. McCredie, J. D.; A. Gleason, T.

BARRINGTON POST, No. 278, G. A. R. Department of Ill.—Meet every second Friday in the month, at Parker's Hall. E. R. Clark, Commander; L. F. Edridge, S. V. C. R. Purcell, J. V. C.; A. Gleason, Q. M.; A. S. Henderson, Q. D.; C. G. Benn, Q. G.; Henry Reuter, Sgt.; F. A. Lageschulte, Chap.

W. R. C., No. 85—Meets the second and fourth Wednesday of each month. Mrs. Ada Sellick, Pres.; Miss Bertha Seebert, Secy.

M. W. A. Camp 800—Meets first Saturday of each month at Lamey's hall. E. R. Clark, V. C.; John Robertson, W. A.; Fred Kirschner, B.; M. T. Lamey, clerk; William Antolitis, W.; P. A. Hawley, E.; H. S. Meter, S.

Miss Annie Krahn was in Chicago last week to have her eyes treated.

Mr. McCarty, formerly agent of the office of the E. J. & E. R. here, visited friends last week.

Don't forget the concert at the Baptist church Tuesday June 14, which promises to be a very entertaining affair. Admission 25 cents, children under twelve, 15 cents.

We have had rain nearly every day for the last month, which places the farmers back with their work, scarcely any of them having their corn planted.

Mrs. H. A. Harnden attended the Woman's Foreign Missionary convention at Rockford last week and visited at the home of the Rev. and Mrs. Clark, formerly of this place.

Miss Maude Otis is to graduate from the West Side High school at Chicago this week.

Frank Meter was in Chicago on business this week.

Will and Tyler Gilbert of Wauconda were in our town Thursday.

Miss Sherwood visited friends in Chicago last week.

Mrs. C. C. Flint went to Albany, N. Y., Wednesday, where she will spend a short time with her husband's folks.

Mrs. E. W. Shipman visited friends in Chicago, Monday.

George Steffenhofer has let the contract for his new house to Dundee parties.

Mr. and Mrs. George Nightingale returned from the west Sunday.

The Rev. E. W. Ward will preach at Arlington, Ill., Sunday, where his grandmother resides. The Rev. Males of that place will occupy the M. E. pulpit here next Sunday.

Miss Annie Wright visited friends here this week.

Mr. C. H. Austin's father of Libertyville visited him last week.

Dr. Roberts visited friends here Sunday evening.

We understand that a new meat market is to be opened here by William Hillman of Lake Zurich.

Miss Maggie Hishon of Chicago was the guest of Mrs. C. C. Flint the first of the week.

Charles Runyan left here Tuesday evening for Minneapolis where he will spend a few days' vacation with relatives.

Mr. Charles Gieske died at the home of his father Sunday, May 5, 1892, aged 23 years. The funeral services were held at the German Evangelical church Tuesday, the Rev. William Schuster officiating. He was a very promising young man and his death is mourned.

Upped school shoes in heel and toe, heel, 9, 10 and 11, at 75 cents. Solid calf button shoes, worn leather, button hole, solid and warranted, size 1 and 2, at \$1.30. We still continue the sale of our great \$3 shoe in the kid, flexible sole, for \$1.00. Unquestionably the largest and most attractive stock of shoes in this or any other section, and at prices guaranteed one-third less than prevailing credit rates. Ladies' Oxford ties at 63, 69 and 79 cents.

New line of fancy sun umbrellas at 20, 29, 48, 69, 70, 76 and 86 cents. Big values.

This week C. F. Hall will make a special offering in his millinery department in silk ribbons and flowers and importers' stock of fancy flowers. Beautiful all silk ribbon at 5 and 8 cents a yard, new and elegant line of flowers at 15, 19, 20 and 29 cents, just half value. Our milliner's department is turning out attractive hats and stylish hats at popular prices and it will pay you to investigate.

This week, royal chocolate 12 cents a pound in tin cans; macaroon oil, 3 cents; job lot of tooth brushes, very fine, 5 cents each; fragrant and lasting cologne 25 cents, large sized bottle; chocolate, 4 cents a cake, 3600 matches 25 cents, nickel plated safety pins 6 cents for 12; ladies' night dresses, lace trimmed, 44 cents; bamboo stands 70 cents, heavy oak stands, highly finished, 89 cents; pillow sham holders, 19 cents; dining room chairs at 39 cents; elegant upholstered rockers, solid oak frame, padded seat, stuffed, \$3.75; chamber sets, solid oak, beautifully finished, value \$23. C. F. Hall's price, \$15.98; home comfort rocker in natural wood and red 89 cents, spring beds \$2.25; mattresses \$2.50.

Broken stick candy 5 cents a pound; fine fancy California raisins 5 cents; 25 pounds Zante currants for \$1; best bananas 10 cents a dozen; fine fancy lemons 15 cents a dozen; best dates 5 cents a pound; in fact, we are making cut rates on every article offered in this market, and solicit the patronage of cash buying people. Always cash, always one price and that price lower than the lowest. Will continue to sell this week only best flour made at \$1.18 per sack. No. 2 grade for 98 cents.

The boys suits we are selling at 87 cents, \$1.29, 2.04 and 2.67 are worth your attention and our men's suits at \$6.50, \$1.00 and 12 are less than manufacturers' cost. There is money for you at the Dundee Cash Store of C. F. Hall. Railroad fares as usual to parties coming by rail only within a radius of twenty miles.

QUERIES TO CATCH CURS.

The Slip Nooses of New Orleans and the Lariat of 'Frisco.

In New Orleans the dog catchers who feed the pound with vagrant curs proceed about their work with a slip noose, which they hold in front of the dog's head or under his feet. In San Francisco the street curs are captured with big hand nets that look like exaggerations of the tools with which entomologists chase butterflies. But the net is a new thing for San Francisco, and before its use was introduced that city boasted the most scientific and interesting dog catchers in the Union. They did the work with lariats, used as cowboys use the flying loop, such as were introduced in the Southwest by the Mexicans.

It was a source of never-failing interest to the San Franciscans and to all who visited their city to see those wonderfully expert men catch a dog. The dog would be ahead of the man or across the street. The man would have his coil of rope hidden behind him, and would advance to within reach of the animal, when, with unerring accuracy, the rope shot out and the dog was captured. The movement was lightning-like, and the accuracy of aim was such that a dog was known to be doomed whenever a dog catcher set eyes on him. The instant a man threw his lariat he began to pull in again with a dog on the end of it. He always pulled the dog up between his legs, gripped the animal's neck between his knees, took off the noose, and, catching the cur by the neck, tossed him in the pound wagon. The dogs became wonderfully knowing, and seemed to be able to scent a dog

"LAUGH A LITTLE BIT."

Here's a motto, just your fit:
"Laugh a little bit."

When you think you're trouble-bit,
"Laugh a little bit."

Look misfortune in the face,
Brave the beldam's rude grimace;

Ten to one 'twill yield its place

If you have the grit and wit

Just to laugh a little bit.

Keep your face with sunshine lit—

"Laugh a little bit."

Gloomy shadows off will fit

If you have the wit and grit

Just to laugh a little bit.

Cherish this as sacred writ

"Laugh a little bit."

Little ills will sure betide you,

Fortune may not sit beside you,

Men may mock and fame deride you,

But you'll mind them not a whit

If you laugh a little bit.

—St. Nicholas.

"ON THE BAY."

Leading her pretty bay a few hundred feet from the road, then to a little hillock, Edna Grant flung one arm carelessly around her horse's neck and gazed slowly about. She drew in deep breaths of the crisp morning air, and noted with a keen, silent, still sort of pleasure the signs of approaching spring. At her feet and about her little tufts and patches of dead grass peeped up here and there above the partially melted snow, like dingy oases in a desert of glittering white.

Edna was a gay, spirited girl, but at times, in solitude, her love of nature threw a glow of sombre enthusiasm over her face instead of the usual levity. Turning her eyes once more toward the road, she beheld the brightness of the sunlit road, clouded and obscured by the gloomy shade of a slowly moving funeral procession.

Only an instant before the bounding blood in her veins, the breath of spring in the air had suggested naught but life. Now, with a shiver, its complement, death, threw its shadow upon her heart.

Edna closed her eyes, pressed her hand over them and leaned in a subdued attitude with her face on her horse's neck.

"Life—Death! Life—Death!"

Such is the burden of human breath. Such is the deep bass of a manly voice, so near that she started violently and opened her eyes. Quick as a flash the softened look vanished from her face, giving way to an angry petulance.

"Why can I never be alone for an instant but that you must come to annoy me?" she exclaimed.

"Ladylike, as usual" returned the man, whose tall, stately figure, and strong, though not handsome, face should have elicited a kindlier or at least more respectful greeting. "Seeing you wrapped in a lofty reverie, I left my buggy on the road, quietly walked here, read your thoughts and supplemented them with a strain on the same subject."

"You are a wicked wizard! How dare you say what I was thinking of?" she snapped.

Apparently heedless of her anger, he smiled in calm superiority and answered:

"That only adds another to the list of sweet names that out of the fullness of your amiability, you have bestowed on me. 'Wicked wizard,' that is not so bad—'W. W.' It reminds me of an inscription on an old tombstone—

Here lies W. W.
Who will nevermore trouble you, trouble you

"I wish you would follow his example then," said she spitefully.

"I could not lie," he retorted. "I am not built that way. I am constructed with timbers of truth, joists of candor, boards of honor, screws of integrity and nails of common sense."

"Spare me," she cried satirically. "From further eulogium of the great 'I Am,'" and, scorning his proffered aid, she sprang to her horse.

"Farewell! I am off for a sail on the bay," she cried pell-mell. Then touch-

WASHIN' TIME

The days are gettin' hazy with the smoke o' burnt fires, An' they're warn, as well as lazy—for the makin' bird powdered. A-diggin' in the blizzoms—how they strain their tender throats. An' the hot sun chains 'em, makes 'em give us makin' notes!

It's jes' the time for dreamin' of the cool and shady nooks, For rollin' up your breeches for a splash into the brooks; It's washin' time, it's washin' time—it's time to take your ease.

Where the lads sing soprano to the ten- or of the bees!

O, writer, leave your inkstand, an' your drowsy, frowny desk. An' get out into the country, where the world is pictureque! O, man, dead set for money! O, toller in the strife. Slip off and get some honey that will sweeten up your life!

—Atlantic Constitution.

CAPTURING A DESPERADO.

Twenty-five years ago certain parts of western Wisconsin were infested with horse-thieves. Their operations were so systematic and covered so large a region that detection was extremely difficult.

For a few years, indeed, they had things much their own way, but at last the farmers, goaded to action by the failure of the authorities to cope with the thieves, organized themselves into vigilance committees.

These committees were not lawless bodies of lynchers, but were societies incorporated under the laws of the State to protect their members against larceny, and to recover stolen property.

The active work of these vigilance committees was done by "the riders," usually five in number one of whom was captain. When more help was needed, the riders might call to their assistance as many members as the case seemed to demand.

Among the scores of hardened men who at that time alternately worked and loafed along the Mississippi River was one named Jim Corson. Though nothing criminal had been proved against him, his practices and associations gave color to the suspicion that he would not hesitate to steal whatever property he could safely make off with. In his habits he was reckless, dissolute and defiant.

In one particular he differed from most of his lawless associates. Instead of constantly loafing about the river, whether there was work to be had or not, he would occasionally go back a few miles into the country, hire out to some farmer, and work for a week or two.

One of the men for whom he had worked several times was William Dexter, a good-natured, easy-going old farmer who lived ten miles from the river. Corson had worked so well for Dexter that the old farmer had begun to feel confidence in him.

"Corson ain't so big a rascal as some folks would like to make out," he said to one of his neighbors, who had suggested that it was not wise to have such a fellow about.

Like most of his neighbors at that time, Dexter allowed his cattle to roam at will during the day, and at night shut them in a yard near the house.

On going out to milk his cows one morning, he found the bars down and all the cattle gone.

"What! what!" he exclaimed, rubbing his eyes. "I must 'a' left them bars down last night!"

He went to look for his cattle, and found the herd at mid-day, but a yoke of fat oxen which he had been intending to drive to market in a few days was missing.

Corson was not at the time at work for Dexter, and no suspicion fell upon him.

Dexter was a member of the vigilance committee. He notified at once the proper officers of the society, and Blackman, their captain, was sent for. He was a keen, courageous young farmer, tall and smooth-faced.

At dark the riders reported to him for duty. Dexter joined them.

"The thief," said Blackman, "has either taken the oxen to the city and sold them, or he has hidden them on the island. It is more likely that he went to town with them; nowadays they want the money as soon as they can get it."

A night ride of twenty-five miles brought them to the city. There were in the place at that time a dozen or more cattle-dealers, including butchers. Each of them was visited and closely questioned, but without any practical result. Not one of them reported having seen the stolen oxen.

"We will look 'em up," said Blackman.

He knew that nearly every butcher had a pasture of some sort, as near to the city as possible, where he kept the beef cattle he had on hand. He knew that some of the dealers were dishonest, and occasionally received stolen property.

As quietly as possible the riders began the search, going from one pasture to another. Just at nightfall, in a pasture which belonged to a German butcher, they found the missing oxen. Dexter identified them, took his property, and started them, into the city.

So much was accomplished; but it was now necessary to find the thief.

When the German butcher was confronted with the oxen, he rolled his eyes in evident distress. However, he was not disposed to give up the cattle.

"I have bought these oxen ten days before," he declared, doggedly.

"See here, my friend," said Blackman, "it will do you no good to lie about this business. These oxen were stolen night before last. They are fully identified. You bought them

yesterday morning. Now, sir, just answer our questions, tell us the truth, remember—or we'll have you in jail in less than half an hour."

"By Jigors!" whined the man. "Ven I have known dot dose oxens vas tole, I pays them not."

"We understand that. But tell us what sort of man it was you bought them of."

Thoroughly terrified, and convinced that Blackman could find out whatever he desired, the butcher told the whole story.

"I tells you true," he said. "Dot man vas a young feller, short and tick, mit black hair und eyes, und a crooked nose."

"Corson!" the man exclaimed.

Further questioning served to strengthen the impression that the thief was Corson. To find and arrest him was the next thing to be done.

It was found that he generally stayed with a young man of his acquaintance at a cabin thirty miles down the river from the city. An old woman, an aunt of Corson's cronies, kept house for them.

The cabin stood at the foot of one of the high, rock-crested Mississippi bluffs, and within a stone's throw of the river-bank.

Anticipating trouble in making the arrest, Blackman called out a few more men on his way down the river. There was another all night ride, wearying alike to men and horses. At the end of it Blackman's party, increased to a dozen men, dismounted and tied their horses a short distance from the cabin.

It was morning, but the sun had not yet risen. A gray mist hung over the valley, shutting out distant objects. The cabin itself was seen indistinctly, and showed no signs of any stir within.

The men surrounded it, and Blackman advanced to the door and knocked. There was no response, but sounds of moving about were heard within.

"Open the door!" Blackman demanded.

Still there was no reply. Just as Blackman called for an ax that stood near, thinking to break in the door, it was opened by the old woman.

Blackman asked first for Corson's cronies.

"He's gone down the river. He went away a week ago," said the old woman.

"Where is Jim Corson?"

"He's gone, too."

Blackman entered the cabin. The woman frightened, went out. Blackman noticed this movement.

It seemed absurd to think that any man would try to hide in so small a room. Two beds occupied nearly all of the space.

Blackman stepped into the centre of the room, motioning to his followers to keep outside. In the ceiling of boards above his head, so low as to be within easy reach, was a square hole. But this aperture was closed, and the cover, when Blackman tried to push it aside, resisted his best efforts.

Again he called for the axe; and again he found its use unnecessary, for the board was shoved swiftly to one side, and Blackman suddenly found himself looking into the muzzle of a cocked revolver held within two feet of his face.

It was Corson who held the revolver. He glared down at Blackman.

"Move a hand, and you're a dead man!" he cried.

"Very well, sir; I'm here," said Blackman. He gazed unflinchingly at the revolver, and into the eyes of the desperate man behind it.

"What are you here for?" said Corson.

"To arrest you."

"For what?"

"For stealing Dexter's cattle."

Corson uttered an oath. "I ain't a thief, and I won't be arrested!" he said.

"What are one against a dozen," said Blackman.

"What of that? I'll shoot the first man that makes a move."

"All right. Shoot me and you will still be taken in the end."

"Never! There ain't men enough in this county to take me alive."

"You might as well understand," said Blackman speaking slowly, "that you will be taken; if not alive, then dead. You need not expect my men to come in here, one at a time, for you to shoot down at your leisure. Instead of that they will set fire to the house, and you will be roasted out only to be shot down like a dog."

"But what about you?" cried Corson, with a triumphant gleam in his eyes. "I'll shoot you dead if they undertake that!"

"You will do as you please about that," replied Blackman. To see him one would have thought it was a matter of small consequence. "But the men will capture you just the same, and in that case they might not treat you well. I can't say what they would do."

Corson could easily guess what would be done. In imagination he saw himself dangling from a limb of the nearest tree. The vision caused him to waver.

"What will you do with me if I surrender?" he asked.

"Deliver you up to the officers of the law."

"Will you swear it?"

"No. My word is good enough."

I assure you that there will be neither hanging nor shooting done if you surrender."

"But you've got to swear it."

"I shall not swear it."

"I'll shoot you if you don't!"

"Fire away!"

Corson hesitated. Blackman, looking him steadily in the eye, saw that the time had come to take advantage of his hesitation.

"Turn that revolver the other end to, and give it to me!" he said. At the same time he held out his hand to receive it.

For two minutes the men glared at each other, and neither spoke a word. Then Corson slowly turned the revolver and gave it up.

"Now come down!" said Blackman, instantly covering him with the weapon.

The fellow obeyed with alacrity.

Twenty-five years ago we were a pair of bandits, and after that gave his captors more trouble.

He was immediately taken to the county-seat and lodged in jail. At his trial he was clearly identified as the German butcher. He was convicted and sentenced to twelve years' imprisonment at hard labor at Waukegan.

CHARLES I. WOOD.

NOT MUCH IN IT.

He Had Some Fun With the Customs Officers.

When we crossed the line again at Port Huron and Sarnia things were a little more exciting. It was 12:30 at night for one thing, and it struck me as being rather a strange coincidence that we should be half-way between night and morning. Being a loyal Canadian, the land of my birth was of course represented by morning.

Passengers open their valises for examination by the customs officer. I looked up eagerly, hoping to see a more imposing-looking individual than the one whom I had encountered before; but no, I was again doomed to disappointment. It was the same sort of a sad-looking old man.

Opposite me, or rather reclining in a position more suggestive of comfort than of grace, was a verdant-looking country youth, who had for sometime been making night hideous with his snores. Upon being rudely awakened by the customs officer and requested to open his valise, he replied: "There's nothin' much in it," and closed his eyes again. The officer gave him no very gentle shake, saying: "Open your valise, sir."

The fellow raised himself up, leaning his head on his hands, and blinking stupidly at the officer, replied again that there was nothin' much in it, and prepared to close his eyes once more.

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The points were marked up paid for the game and walked out. The solution of the mystery was that the imitation game was played on a wagon.

</div

THE 'REASON WHY.'

Why don't I never git married?

Wal, that's reasons an' reasons, an then I never did think much o'marriage—
Let alone my opinion o' men.
They're a pore sort o' critter—the bilin'
That's a few I allow's fit ter live;
But fer makin' the run, I jes' wonder
That their Maker Himself kin forgive.

An' marriage is mostly jes' mis'ry
An' trouble an' struggle an' strife.
Read the papers if you'd git a notion
What it is to be hitched up for life!
Lead o' Goshen, I'm glad I ain't in it!
That ain't no man I ever obeyed;
An' when I hear tell o' divorces,
I'm proud to be called an' "old maid."

Ialkus fought shy o' the men-folks
An' to stuck down to sober, straight fact,
I must own that they none on 'em never—
Ex far ez I've noticed—was cracked
Upon me. So yo' see 'mong my reasons
For not gittin' married, ye've asked
Me ter tell ya, the best of 'em may be,
My dear, that I never wuz asked!

—Boston Globe.

OVER THE TORRENT.

"You are bent upon staying here until I get back?" I asked, as I reluctantly arranged her easel against the rail facing the falls and placed a camp chair handy.

"Why not?" said my cousin Alice, seating herself and taking out some crayons as carefully as if we were still upon the river bluff. "I want to sketch and I am tired of the hotel." This with a nod toward the C—house, a great summer caravansary near by. "The view here is simply superb. What more would you have?"

I held my hat on my head while she was speaking, and felt the wonderful structure beneath our feet shiver and sway like some living being under the strength of the strong wind then blowing.

A suspension bridge was both a rarity and a wonder forty years ago. Cautious people ventured upon it with much the feeling of one who enters a balloon for the first time. Men rode over it, divided between a desire to be across and the fear of driving too fast lest they should shake the thing down. The sober opinions of many ordinarily intelligent people concerning it would be laughed at by a schoolboy now.

Upon this particular morning I was obliged to cross over early to the other side upon business that could not be delayed. My cousin said she would go with me as far as the toll-keeper's gate, and sketch the bridge. But on arriving there we found that the tollkeeper's booth was closed and himself absent. It afterward appeared that the man was sleeping off the effects of a night's carouse. Had he been at his post as he should have been, the state of affairs which resulted later on and the mad agony of fear through which we both passed would have been averted.

When Alice saw that there was no convenient point of view at hand from the shore she went with me upon the bridge.

"Just a little further, only a little further," she kept repeating, "before I go back. Why Jack, the view is too lovely for anything out here! I don't believe there is a bit of danger."

And so she accompanied me out upon the structure to the middle. There the raging river bounded far beneath us, and the mist from the falls above rose before us like the white smoke of an unseen conflagration. We leaned over the iron rail-way that alone separated us from destruction until I myself drew back, fully drawn under a tantalizing and

nilized that both avenues were hopelessly blocked. Then, probably the idea came to her that she was liable to be gored or crushed between the opposing herds. I myself was helpless to aid her, otherwise than by shouting; yet what advice could I give?

With a nerve I hardly expected I saw her climb over the wire cables, with a view of clinging to them upon the outside, in the hope of avoiding a certain trampling to death. She succeeded in gaining the outer narrow ledge of the flooring and thus hung by hands and feet over a gulf more than two feet deep, with a roaring river at the bottom.

Then came the crash between the opposing herds. The collision was terrific, for the animals appeared to be ungovernable either through fright or confusion. To render it yet more appalling it was accompanied with dreadful bellowing. For a few moments the struggle among the animals was indescribably awful, to me it was especially so, knowing as I did that my cousin's life hung, as it were, by a hair which a momentary loss of composure might sever.

The bridge swayed frightfully Alice might have withstood the shock, however, had not some of the cattle been dashed violently against the wires. I saw her shaken from her hold, then I hid my eyes from the catastrophe which I felt certain would follow.

How long I thus remained I was unable to remember but as I stood there at the entrance to the bridge, bowed down and trembling, my name was faintly called out. I looked, but for an instant refused to believe the evidence of my senses for just before me, pale and ghastly, was Alice.

It was no illusion. She had dropped into one of the iron cradles which one on either side ran upon pulleys just beyond the outer edges of the bridge floor. They are used when it is necessary to tighten nuts and for the other repairing purposes under the flooring. The shock of her fall had loosened the cradle from its slight moorings, and under the unusual jarring it had been driven along the gently declining wire rope to the shoreward towers. Thus when I felt not sure that she had met a horrible death, she was almost miraculously wasted to my feet.

As I helped her over the railing, her unusual nerve was shown in her first remark

"My sketch is trampled out of recognition," said she with a vain attempt at a smile. "I fear that I shall lack courage to make another one." —Farmer's Voice.

A DAY LOST OR GAINED.

A Curious Circumstance Connected With a Trip Around the World.

You often hear someone who thinks himself "cute" telling how sailors in circumnavigating the globe "gain" a day. Such persons almost invariably mention the "gain" but it is seldom you hear of the "lost" day which can also be dropped out of existence in making a trip around the world. The facts are these: If he goes to the East he gains a day, to the West he loses one. It comes about in this way: There are 360 degrees of longitude in the entire circle of the earth. As the world rotates on its axis once in each twenty-four hours, one-twenty-fourth of 360 degrees which equals fifteen degrees, corresponds to a difference of one hour in time. Now, imagine a ship sailing from New York to the East. When it has traveled one

A Curious Circumstance.

Small Boy—Mamma, didn't you say las' week you wanted the bats an' th' hatchet sharpened?

Mrs. Suburb—Indeed I did. I wanted his little heart how thoughtless you are. They are both so dull as to be useless.

"Well, I'll take 'em around to the sharpener's for you."

"How sweet of you to offer to do such things for your mamma, my little cherub. I'll wrap them up for you."

"No, don't wrap them up. I want them to show. There's a boy out there waitin' to lick me, but I guess when he sees me comin' he'll go home."

Proof Enough.

Outer—Your boat is a fast sailer.

Skipper (hired catboat)—You bet she's fast. That's because her bottom is smooth. She's smooth as a bottle. Just chock up another sand-bag or two, please; th' wind is freshenin' and I can't leave th' tiller. Goin' to have a gale, I guess.

Outer—Have you examined the bottom lately?

Skipper—Only las' week. I was out with a party an' we upset, an' I jus' tell you that there bottom was so smooth not one of us could hold onto it.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY TOLEDO,
Lucas County.

FRANK J. CHENET makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENET & Co., doing business in the city of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENET.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in the presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1888.

A. W. GLEASON.

{ seal }

Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENET & Co., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists. 75c.



OPERATING ON THE SCENE
FACE.
small's pace. It has run but has not paused with all the wealth of their experience, and if any one such facial blemish it is his or

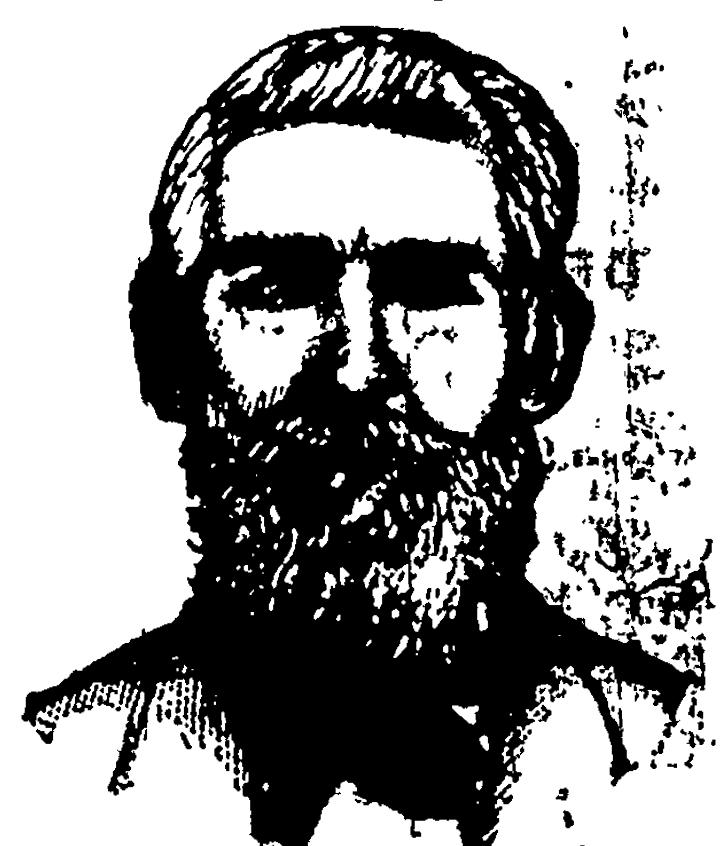
Foremost among the made undeniable triumph John H. Woodbury, who nished parlors at 125 street, New York City, ar ple who apply to him for marks, moles, superfluous kindred disfigurements, really the dermatologist or inventor of Dermatiform, vicians only. He is also Woodbury's Facial Soap for complexion, which is for also the inventor of several which are patented at W eminent medical practitioners who stand in the front in rheumatism, consumption, none holding a higher pl skin diseases than Prof methods of removing w were tried before Prof. V riddle. This physician to one used his scalpel and powder.

Prof. Woodbury revolutionized the extreme that birthmarks or moles penetration; that they could not be removed in such a state that they would not disappear and that when the scab falls off, whatever the disfigurement necessarily disappear. The declaration, and old form shattered by it. Yet it was the riddle. He uses no such as a harmless lotion, birthmark into an ordinary most eminent society people who had been for years disabled life through a disfigurement to every day to the success methods. There is no physician who has not some time to remove a facial blemish one who can show such a ruptured success in so doing. He does not keep a record, receives testamentary of tologist. There is one prominent New Jersey boy of especial consideration, deep interest of the world who cured him. The boy like hundreds of other con had been cured of several his face, suggests that the book on Dermatology. He do a better thing for human race, and those who have that they must live all the

SWAMP-ROOT TO THE FRONT.

ANOTHER LIFE SAVED—SUFFERED AGONIES FOR YEARS.

Given Up to Die—Restored to Health by Dr. Killmer's Swamp-Root.



The above is a good likeness of Mr. Geo. C. Cradick, engraved from a photo, taken a short time ago and sent to Dr. Killmer & Co., with his letter and package of GRAVEL he speaks

WOO. BUD.

DESCRIPTION OF THE PERFORMANCE.

The Leading Dermatologist
III-Shaped Ears and
Daily—Facial Expressions
and Wrinkles Softened
—Marks Disappear from
His Magic Hand.



ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cures the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and \$1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY.
NEW YORK, N.Y.



Celia and Cupid.
Celia caught young Love one day—
Stole the fellow's bow;
All his arrows hid away;
Left him full of woe.

Then she dried poor Cupid's tears;
And when this was done,
Told him modern cavaliers
Used the Gatling gun—

Gun that shoots a thousand shots
While the bow shoots two;
Strikes a thousand fatal spots
With an aim half true.

Bow and arrow, Celia said,
"Long are out of style;
Dame use the gun instead—
Maiden full of guile."

Cupid must have minded then,
For in two short years
Lovely Celia had quite ten
Dozen cavaliers.

The Ideal Wife.

Perhaps the first qualification for an ideal wife is that she should be womanly, kind, sympathetic, and above all things tolerant of faults in others, and, although possessed of what is called "soul," she should not under-estimate the necessity of domestication, for the two can well go together.

Then if she be of a refined, sensitive nature, with good intellectual capacity, she should, when molded to her husband's nature, prove to be an ideal wife.

Too much stress cannot be laid upon the fact that a man should look for a woman with somewhat similar tastes to those possessed by himself. Many a noble woman has been rendered miserable all her days by marriage with a man of entirely opposite tastes and inclinations.

Take an instance. A young man, good-hearted, manly and altogether a good sort of fellow, whose reputation as an athlete is proverbial, but whose intellectual capacity is not of very first-class, marries a woman of a highly sensitive and artistic nature, and the consequences are disastrous.

Though both respect each other, she feels it deeply because he does not evince a deep interest in her work, and on his part feels the same want of union.

Such couples cannot be happy together.

Therefore it is in my opinion absolutely necessary that to be idyllic, a woman should to a degree harmonize in her taste with her husband; otherwise, be she good woman as she may, her husband will not see in her his ideal.

A Romantic Proposal.

She was a convalescent from a gripe, and as she leaned back in the depths of her easy chair she played with the roses in her lap, which had been brought her by the first caller she had been able to receive, and smiled over some stories he was telling her of a summer at—well, we'll only say at a certain fashionable watering place on Narragansett bay. "One of the beauties whom I used to see at the Casino," said he, "was a young married belle about 24 or 4. I should think, and her husband was about 60, and it was great fun watching them.

"There was such a good story, bona fide truth it was, too, about their engagement. He called at her home one evening and offered his heart, hand and fortune in correct style. Pretty Miss Bud said she 'must ask mamma,' and coyly tripped up stairs to mamma, who told her that every girl did not get such a chance as that, and, of course, she was to accept him.

"Down she went, picturing the ardent lover awaiting her return with anxious, throbbing heart, and found the old gentleman comfortably asleep in the biggest arm-chair, while an occasional snore attested to the depth of his slumbers." "I hope she didn't wake the poor old thing up," said the convalescent, when she got her breath again after her laugh. "Oh, yes she did. Catch her losing that chance! She woke him up and told him it was all right and she'd have him."

President Baker's Wife.

Mrs. Annie F. Morgan Baker is the wife of President William T. Baker, whose name appears so frequently on the standing committees of the Columbian exposition. Mrs. Baker was born in Troy, N.Y. She is a woman of charming presence and gracious manner. Her face is dark and intellectual, lighted with dark expressive eyes, framed in a halo of beautiful gray hair.

She possesses a voice of unusual strength and sweetness, and the best masters have aided her in its cultivation. Mrs. Baker is earnest and energetic has always shared in her husband's plans and ambitions and his success in life is no doubt another confirmation of the truth lying in that saying of John Quincy Adams that "upon examining the biographies of illustrious men you will generally find some female about them in the relation of mother, wife or sister to whose instigation a great part of their merit is ascribed."

See in Education.

Sir James Crichton Browne who has the credit of being one of the highest medical authorities in England, gives it as his opinion that owing to the difference in brain structure between men and women that the methods of education in the two sexes should be radically different. While fully admitting the beneficial influence of education in opening up to women interests and oc-

cupations that were formerly denied them, he asserts that these opportunities have their drawbacks, more especially in involving great dangers to health. Sir James maintains that the brains of many school girls are worked in a manner which is not good for their intellectual or bodily development. He denounces the stimulation of examinations, as inducing hundreds of pupils to attempt tasks beyond their strength, and also to the continuation of work into the evening, at a period of the day when the minds of the students are least capable of exertion. That three girls out of every four should suffer from headache in going through the ordinary high school training may be taken, he says, as proving most conclusively that their brains are overtaxed. He was very severe on the folly of compelling girls to drill, in the vain hope that muscular effort would, when their brains were tired, give relief to cerebral fatigue.

A Poor Mother.

The pathos that necessarily attaches to the life of an infant monarch has been intensified in the case of the baby King of Spain, by the news of a plot directed against his innocent life. Who, even among the children of the poor, need envy this little crowned baby, whose life, from his very cradle, is shadowed by dangers from which less highly placed children are exempt, and whose future, even if he escapes the perils that menace him, must be one of constant anxiety, ceremony, responsibility and isolation? It is pitiful to think of the poor little fellow playing with his childish toys in blissful ignorance of his position and all that it entails, while strong men are conspiring against the infant life, merely because it stands as the symbol of a form of a government to which they are opposed. To Queen Christina the hearts of all true women will turn with new sympathy. Her intense devotion to the little Alfonso has endeared her to very many beyond the limits of her own country, and it will be learned with general regret that to her constant solicitude for her son's health is added the keen anxiety with which she must have been filled by the news of the political danger by which his life has been threatened.

The Czar's Good Angel.

Since Alexander III ascended the throne of Russia after the assassination of Alexander II, the Czarina has never been free from anxiety for her consort's safety. "She resolved there and then," says a writer in the *Review de Famille*, "never to leave the Czar for a single moment. She placed herself, as it were, between him and the would-be assassins, covering him as with a pure angel's wing, and the Czar, superstitious as it behoves a true Russian to be, regards her as a protecting spirit, as a divinity among his penates. She accompanies him everywhere—to the review, the camps and on his journeys." The Empress, besides being a model wife, is also a model mother. She has had six children, of whom five are living. When the sixth baby died the Empress herself carried the coffin in her carriage to the grave, like any woman of the people would have done.

Your Minister's Wife.

Do not remind her every time you see her of her failure to attend this meeting or that, writes A. J. Parry in the *June Ladies' Home Journal*.

Do not allude more than is needful in her presence to the devotion and activity of your former pastor's wife, or of the wife of some other pastor in town.

Do not make her president of all your societies, or chairman of all your committees.

I do not forget that she is a woman, and a wife, and a mother, before she is an assistant pastor.

Do not forget that her time is not paid for.

Mrs. Gladstone on Perambulators.

Very valuable in themselves, when used with proper attention and common sense, it is difficult to speak with any patience of the cruel folly so often seen in the use of them writes Mrs. William E. Gladstone in her instructive "Hints from a Mother's Life" in the *June Ladies' Home Journal*.

There are the sudden jerks, the rushes at dangerous crossings, the poor babies left to sleep in every variety of unwholesome posture, these and other heedlessnesses expose children to the risk of chills, with all their train of evil consequences, sunstrokes and even spinal injuries.

The First Woman's Ward Meeting.

A Wyoming paper describes the first woman's ward meeting that was ever held in the world. It took place at the home of Mrs. Fredenbali in Cheyenne.

Mrs. Fredenbali assumed the part of hostess and received her guests in a lovely dove-colored gown embroidered with yellow buttercups. It is also expressly stated that nobody drank, smoked, chewed or swore.

Notes by the Way

"Miss Mathilde Wergeland of Norway has written what is described as an excellent treatise on the right of succession according to old Norse law. Mrs. M. Lemon is editor of the *New York Journal* a thriving fortnightly journal in New York city, devoted to the interests of publishers and booksellers. She writes book reviews and does all the editorial work.

Mrs. Susan C. Yeomans of Walworth, N.Y., a sister of ex-President Cleveland, has been appointed by Gov. Flower a trustee of the State Asylum for Feeble-minded Women in Wayne county, N.Y.

American laws for the protection of children are far in advance of English ones. In France, too, a law has been passed removing children from the custody of parents who are likely to endanger the well-being, whether physical or moral, of their offspring. Hitherto in England, children have been thought of the parents as little as the children.

OUR ST. LOUIS LETTER.

Good Luck! Secretary Elkins—The Annual Festivities Planned for Beautiful Results Promised—Summer Exciting Pleasures, Etc.

Stephen B. Elkins, the Secretary of War, is a Missourian and has many war personal friends in St. Louis. For this reason everybody believes he is in earnest when he says that before he goes out of the cabinet he will get enough money appropriated to make Jeff. Ross' barracks one of the largest and handsomest military posts in the United States. More than a quarter of a million dollars will be spent on the post if the plans for the improvement are carried out, and considerably over a million dollars will be added to the volume of business in the city. Real estate men, too, say that the new post will make property values rapidly increase, in the southern part of town, which lies adjacent to the reservoir.

Very few people, even artists, know that when Robert Bringhurst, the sculptor, modeled that statue of Grant on Twelfth street he had posing for him Paul Cornoyer, the young American painter who has recently achieved distinction in Paris. The booted legs of Gen. Grant are Cornoyer's legs, and the field glass in the hero's hand was modeled from the glass taken from Gen. John S. Marmaduke when a prisoner by Councilman Nelson Cole of this city. These little things were brought out the other night by a conversation between two gentlemen who were, having a taste of the glories of the fall entertainment to be set before us by the committees in charge of the festivities. It was at a private exhibition of a miniature St. Louis, lighted as it will be in the fall. Chairman John C. Wilkinson whose committee manages the illumination, will make the Grant statue and the statue of Liberty, which face each other on Twelfth street, the central figures of a splendid Columbian tableau. A third statue will be put up between Liberty and the Union depot, and the three will be linked together and flanked by many-colored electrical devices. The whole six blocks between the site of the new City hall and Washington avenue will be a brilliant promenade overhung by pictures in light, half historical, and partly allegorical. The suggestion of Columbus and his time will be preserved, too, in the illuminations on the down-town streets.

The warm weather is leading to the annual revival of a very popular city custom. Only St. Louis people know how to sit gracefully on their front steps summer afternoons. The girls bring out cushions, as soon as supper is done, while it is yet light and pose on the steps with books in their hands. The men follow, the older with cigars, and the younger with banjo or mandolin, and unless a walk to an opera garden or a fountain where there is ice cream soda interferes, there they sit all the evening. Neighbors come over to see each other, and plan for picnics and excursions are laid. Take a walk just now along Nine, Washington, Locust—any of the streets lined with houses, east in the western part of the city, and you will see the groups and hear the talk of the muscle, the chat and laughter now and then rising about. Many a St. Louis family, long from home by the summer, sends word to their relatives in small towns, men and women stilled by long, dreary sojourns on their front steps, and hasten their return. Boston is the only other city in the country where this fashion obtains of making the front step the reception room on summer evenings. In New York it is held to be bad form.

With their front steps, and an occasional day on the river or at one of the neighboring resorts, St. Louis folk who do not want to enrich seaside or mountain hotel men will get along very well this summer. There are twelve summering places within two hours' ride of the city, by rail and boat. All of these places make money four months in the year. Then there are the innumerable suburban spots which are high and cool all of them reached by fast street car lines. In consequence of these surroundings, the city loses but a small part of its population during the summer and even in the dog-days there is no exodus of the business men such as one sees in the large eastern cities.

Managing Habits.

Wife—I shall need \$10 to day.

Husband—Good gracious! I gave you \$10 yesterday. \$10 the day before, and \$10 the day before that.

Wife—I need the \$10, or I would not ask it. I wish to get a new dress.

Husband—Oh! Well, you do need another dress, that's a fact. Here's the money. Can you get a dress for \$10?

Wife—No, but this ten and the other three tens make forty. Good-by, dear.

An Inherited Attitude.

Father—Your school report is generally good, but you are marked very low in deportment. Why is that?

Boy—I always forget and stand on one foot and rest the other on a railing or something when I recite, and teacher marks me for that. I told her I couldn't help it, and she said maybe I inherited it.

"Inherited it?"

"Yessir. She said that's the way men stand when they are talking over a bar."

A Level Head.

Wife—My dear, the very next time we have a session of opera, I want to go.

Husband—Very well. I'll become an opera manager, if you wish. No doubt I can get up a company if I try.

"But why should you become a manager simply to take me to the opera?"

"It will be cheaper than buying seats, my dear."

A Queer Xylo.

Wife—Dear me, it's a rainy Saturday, and I'll have the children racing about the house all day and breaking things.

Husband—What have you usually done on rainy Saturdays?

Wife—I generally sent them to play with the neighbors' children, but all I knew have moved away.

Molasses burns with a high heat, a combination with the dry stalks of the sugar cane, and its substitution for coal as a fuel is practised in certain sections of the South.

The Only One Ever Printed—Can You Find the Word?

There is a 3-inch display advertisement in this paper this week which has no two words alike except one word. The same is true of each new one appearing each week, from the Dr. Harter Medicine Co. This house places a "Crescent" on everything they make and publish. Look for it, send them the name of the word, and they will return you Book, BEAUTIFUL LITHOGRAPH, or SAMPLES FREE.

The world's passenger cars can seat 1,500,000 people.

BEECHAM'S PILLS act like magic on the liver and other vital organs. One dose relieves sick headache in 20 minutes.

Less than 800 persons own half the soil of Ireland.

Borch's Optical Scientific Optician Spectacles and Eye Glasses & Specialty. Consult us about your eyes. Improve your sight. 100 Adams St., opp. P. O.

Switzerland is erecting its first sugar factory.

Mr. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, for children teething, softens the gums, reduces irritation, relieves pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

The increase of population in France during the last five years has amounted to only one-half of 1 per cent. The population of the great cities is increasing and that of the rural districts decreasing.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a child, she cried for Castoria. When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria. When she had children, she gave them Castoria.

Crushed flower stalks often leave bad and almost indelible stains, so that care should be used in wearing them against fine lace.

They all Testify

To the Efficiency of the World-Renowned

SWIFT'S

Specific.

The old-time simple remedy from the Georgia swamps and fields has gone forth to the antipodes, astonishing the skeptical and convincing the world of the great dependability on the physician's skill. There is no blood stain which it does not immediately eradicate. Potions outwardly absorbed or the result of vital diseases from within all yield to this potent but simple remedy. It is an unequalled tonic, builds up the old infirmities, cures all diseases arising from impure blood or weakened vitality. Swift's is a true physician's skill. There is no blood stain which it does not immediately eradicate. Potions outwardly absorbed or the result of vital diseases from within all yield to this potent but simple remedy. It is an unequalled tonic, builds up the old infirmities, cures all diseases arising from impure blood or weakened vitality. Swift's is a true physician's skill. There is no blood stain which it does not immediately eradicate. Potions outwardly absorbed or the result of vital diseases from within all yield to this potent but simple remedy. It is an unequalled tonic, builds up the old infirmities, cures all diseases arising from impure blood or weakened vitality. Swift's is a true physician's skill. There is no blood stain which it does not immediately eradicate. Potions outwardly absorbed or the result of vital diseases from within all yield to this potent but simple remedy. It is an unequalled tonic, builds up the old infirmities, cures all diseases arising from impure blood or weakened vitality. Swift's is a true physician's skill. There is no blood stain which it does not immediately eradicate. Potions outwardly absorbed or the result of vital diseases from within all yield to this potent but simple remedy. It is an unequalled tonic, builds up the old infirmities, cures all diseases arising from impure blood or weakened vitality. Swift's is a true physician's skill. There is no blood stain which it does not immediately eradicate. Potions outwardly absorbed or the result of vital diseases from within all yield to this potent but simple remedy. It is an unequalled tonic, builds up the old infirmities, cures all diseases arising from impure blood or weakened vitality. Swift's is a true physician's skill. There is no blood stain which it does not immediately eradicate. Potions outwardly absorbed or the result of vital diseases from within all yield to this potent but simple remedy. It is an unequalled tonic, builds up the old infirmities, cures all diseases arising from impure blood or weakened vitality. Swift's is a true physician's skill. There is no blood stain which it does not immediately eradicate. Potions outwardly absorbed or the result of vital diseases from within all yield to this potent but simple remedy. It is an unequalled tonic, builds up the old infirmities, cures all diseases arising from impure blood or weakened vitality. Swift's is a true physician's skill. There is no blood stain which it does not immediately eradicate. Potions outwardly absorbed or the result of vital diseases from within all yield to this potent but simple remedy. It is an unequalled tonic, builds up the old infirmities

AMUSEMENTS.

CASINO—EDEN MUSEE.

Haverly's new home minstrels have fairly captured the town by their unequalled performances at the Casino-Eden Musee. The new comers are in every respect the equal of the original mastodons who preceded them, and who are now en route to California. We doubt if there be any more complete organizations than those two companies of Col. Haverly, and the standard of excellence which has ever been the aim of this indefatigable caterer of amusements, finds full exemplification in the performances of the "Home" company. Full houses and delighted audiences attest their appreciation of the good programs presented the past week. Press Eldredge and Larry Dooley, principal end men and comedians, are artists of highest rank on the minstrel stage. Their wit is clear, unctuous and versatile. Both have a fund of humor, which is irresistible, and their respective deliberations are received with applause. James A. Wall is also a very clever performer, and Murphy and Turner are character artists of merit and ability. Charles F. Shattuck, basso and vocal director, is a singer of great compass, and to his careful training is due the excellence and finish of the "first part" choruses and ballads, which are always a feature with Mr. Haverly's minstrel companies. W. H. Windom has a sweet bovish voice, and Mr. Frank Dumont, the stage manager and interlocutor, is one of the very best that ever graced the speaker's chair. He is also the author of the clever sketches "Com pressed Air" and "The Patrol Box," which constitute the finale of the first part and the performance, and the local allusions are remarkably amusing. Last but not least, is the life-like impersonations of Benedetto, the French mimic, as M'le. Fouyer, the renowned Parisian charonette. In dress, speech and action, he is perfection itself, his selections are well chosen and he is the recipient of triple encores every performance. The Parisian toy theater with mechanical managerie and cycloramic effects still continues a great drawing attraction and is exhibited at the close of every performance without extra charge. A new program of mirth and melody will be given next week and as before mentioned in these columns a visit to the city is incomplete without a visit to Haverly's Casino.

HAVLIN'S.

It is with pleasure that Mr. Havlin announces to his patrons the production of "Sentenced for Life," at his pretty Wabash avenue theater, during the week beginning with the matinee Sunday, June 12. The piece is not, as the title seems to indicate, a melodrama. On the contrary, it is a well-written, romantic and spectacular drama, the scenes of which are laid in and around New York City. The story is a very interesting one, with strong situations and startling climaxes.

Among the noteworthy scene features are: the massive bank vaults, the registered electric patrol service; New York Bay by moonlight; the prison towers of Blackwell's Island; the smugglers' den of Corlear's Hook and the water tunnel reserve. All the scenery is new, and was painted expressly for this production. The company has been specially engaged, and is a very strong one, comprising some of the most capable actors in the country.

Mr. Havlin has the honor to inform the public that a new Hoosier romance, after the style of "Blue Jeans," will receive its first production on any stage at his theater on Sunday, June 19. The title of the play is "Zeb," the interest centers in and around Muncie, Ind., and at the world's fair. Comedy and pathos are happily blended, the scenery is new and realistic, and the company an exceptionally good one.

CHICAGO OPERA-HOUSE.

The second week of the run of "Ali Baba" at the Chicago opera-house has started out with great prosperity. It is a remarkable fact that 13,400 people attended the first five performances of this production. From a spectacular point of view it is unquestionably one of the most elaborate entertainments ever presented in this country. A particularly striking scene is that in the second act, showing first the interior of an old oriental inn, following which comes a picture illustrating the scene between the city of Bagdad and the locality of the city of forty thousand. The巧work of the scene shows a gay dell in the forest by moonlight with a waterfall of real water running from the mountain heights over two or three rustic bridges the procession of the forty thieves. The armor and accoutrements used in this parade are truly magnificent. Perhaps the most striking special feature of the piece is the grand jewel baller which occurs in a scene entitled the "Cavern of the Lions." There are over 150 people costumed in this divertissement and the total cost of the costumes worn is said to have run half the enormous sum of \$11,000. From present indications "Ali Baba" promises to exceed in popularity and profit any previous production by the American Extravaganza company.

M'VICKER'S.

Miss Agnes Huntington and her own opera company will commence her farewell engagement in Chicago at McVicker's theater, Monday evening, June 11, in Planquette's beautiful opera, "Paul Jones." This will add another opera to the three musical attractions in the city, but it may be said that it will not by any means be the least of the four the scenes and pretty girls and the neat way in which they are costumed will equal if not outshine, anything at present playing here. And as for the music, that every one who has seen the opera will immediately admit can not be surpassed in tunefulness. Miss Huntington is naturally the bright particular star of the production, and her artistic singing, pliant acting, and refined, attractive personality would enable her to invest with importance a much less conspicuous role than the one she essayed. One of the commendable things about her performance is found in her ease and naturalness. She makes great use of her opportunities, and yet she never seems to be striving after effect.

Miss Huntington will only remain one week at McVicker's and then she

Conscience is the living law and honor is to this law what piety is to religion.

will go to London and probably not be seen in this country for a year or two.

CLARK STREET THEATER.

W. S. Moore's Imperial Comic Opera company commenced the second week of the summer season at the Clark street theater Sunday afternoon, with the excellent interpretation of Abber's melodious opera, "Fra Diavolo." Sig. Martin Pache made his first appearance with the company on that occasion, and he may well be said to have achieved a veritable triumph. There can be no doubt that this artist is the best operatic tenor in America to-day. H. W. Dodd did some excellent comedy work as Lord Alton, and Agnes Earl, Luis Stevens, and Minnie Sharp, the other new members of the company, were very favorably received. The chorus was even better than before and it had already been pronounced excellent. Next Sunday, "The Mikado" will be put on for a week with Sig. Pache and the other favorites in the cast. Jessie Darsie, the sweet society debutante, who made such a hit in "The Chimes of Normandy," will also have a part in "The Mikado."

WINDSOR THEATER.

M. B. Leavitt, proprietor and manager. Week commencing Sunday matinee, June 12, splendid production of Henry Pett's famous melodrama in five acts, entitled "The Black Flag," introducing the veteran character actor, J. L. Ashton, supported by a company of artists selected especially for the characters in this creation. Sunday matinee, June 19, "Sentenced for Life."

LIBBY PRISON.

Don't fail to visit Libby prison, the only war museum in America. Washington avenue, between Fourteenth and Fifteenth streets. Open daily and Sunday from 9:30 a. m. to 10 p. m.

UNITED STATES COURT.

An Editor Acquitted of the Charge of Printing a Lottery Advertisement.

Joseph Mueller, who was charged with having published an advertisement in the Dodge County Pioneer, at Mayville, was acquitted in the United States court yesterday. The case is an important victory for the Louisiana State lottery. It was charged that a certain notice that appeared in the paper, which is a German weekly, was an advertisement under the new law forbidding the mailing of publications containing lottery advertisements. The card read as follows.

CONRAD! CONRAD! CONRAD!

CAED TO THE PUBLIC

While it is true that I have been elected president to the Louisiana State Lottery company, vice M. A. Dauphin, deceased, I am still president of the Gulf Coast Ice and Manufacturing company, and all orders for material, machinery, etc., as well as all other business letters should be addressed to me as before. PAUL CONRAD, box 1,358 New Orleans.

Gen. E. S. Bragg of Fond du Lac defended Mueller, arguing that the advertisement did not come within the scope of the statute. The jury was out but a few minutes.—Milwaukee (Wis.) Sentinel.

DECAY OF A PACIFIC TRIBE.

The Aborigines of Andaman Islands Nearly Extinct.

As in former years the most interesting portion of the English administration review of the Andaman Islands for 1890-91 is that which deals with the Aborigines. Mr. Portman has done much for this unique and primitive race; but even he, apparently, is unable to arrest the process of decay which threatens them in the near future with complete extinction. For untold centuries the Andamanese have lived as effectively cut off from the outside world as the mummy in the heart of the pyramids, and the atmosphere of the nineteenth century proves not less fatal to the one than to the other.

In common with the Pacific Islanders, they are unable to survive contact with civilization—even the civilization of the average Pt. Blair convict. All the people of Rutland Island and Pt. Campbell are now dead and very few remain in the south Andaman and Archipelago. Apart from the mortality from infectious disease, the few children who are born do not survive, and it is stated that the present generation may be considered the last of the Great Andaman tribe. Mr. Portman is still endeavoring to keep the tribe alive as long as possible, and he is collecting all the children at his house where they are well fed and looked after, but this measure, although it may postpone, cannot prevent the eventual extinction of the race.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

Whiskey is the devil's looking glass. Be slow to promise and quick to perform.

Command your temper, lest it should command you.

Faith and works are twins who never quarrel and fight.

To be careful is the true way to guard against care.

There are many people who mistake trouble for religion.

To know, and not be able to perform, is doubly unfortunate.

How easy it is to see how much better other folks might be.

There is often more religion in a smile than there is in a tear.

Sometimes our mistakes attract more attention to us than our virtue.

There are men who help the world most when they go out of it.

It is the first distemper of learning when men study words and not matter.

The only step you may ever take toward heaven is the one you take to-day.

Every heart has a secret drawer, the spring of which is only known to the owner.

Conscience is the living law and honor is to this law what piety is to religion.

THE PLAGUE OF AFRICA.

Terrible Devastation Effecting the Alighting of a Cloud of Locusts.

The awful cloud, black in its density, on account of its density, gray toward its borders and scintillating on the side where the sun's rays fell, was advancing straight toward the oasis. In another moment I guessed the terrible, says Hilarion Michel, in the Chautauquan. It was an invasion of locusts bringing ravage and famine. Noce is the only antidote for this evil, the purpose being to frighten the locusts. A frightful and indescribable tumult now pervaded the city. It was a terrible confusion of sounds caused by the screams of men, women and children, and the clashing of pieces of iron and the firing of guns. From our standpoint we could witness part of the scene. The people were in their gardens gathered around the palm trees, and no one was to be seen idle. The men and boys each with a tin pot hanging upon his back, climbed the palms with astonishing rapidity and sat upon the top branches. But vainly did they exhaust their lung force and the energy of their arms: the awful, irreparable disaster fell upon the city; it was ruin for three-quarters of the population and a subsequent famine for all.

During eight hours locusts rained upon the palms and upon all that was green. The trees were loaded with swarms of them, the soil was covered, and even in the streets the pedestrian could scarcely avoid crushing some at every step.

Evening came enveloped in a deep gloom of woe, and drove home the distressed and despondent people.

The sun rose with bright sparkling rays showing the inhabitants the extent of their misfortune.

The first sight was the present aspect of the lofty and graceful palms. The leaf stalks denuded of their fringed borders, raised their points like spindles;

the green dates whose stalks had been devoured were spread over the ground; the soil, which was previously covered with lucern and garden vegetables, was now bare as a broad road, all verdure not too tough for the teeth of the insect had been annihilated.

The desolation was complete and famine certain, for the products of the soil are the principal resource of those little clusters of life lost in the depths of the desert.

HER RECOMMENDATION.

The List of What She Could Not Do Was a Long One.

In one of the loveliest counties of old Virginia there still stands a stately mansion that was in days gone by the show place of all that section, says Harper's Bazar. The imposing park of mighty oaks, graceful lindens, and generous low-spreading beeches was a fit setting for the big house, with its white columns reared from basement to roof. The quaint furniture and rare crystal and princely plate were spoken of far and near. Every room, every window seat, and every table in this house was waxed. Every morning an army of nimble-kneed young negroes fell upon these doors and rubbed and polished until each board fairly shone and glistened with the amber wax. The war came on. The army of negroes was scattered from the old quarter. They spread throughout the state, and it was thought a rare fortune to get hold of Mrs. C.—'s well-trained servants. One day one of these servants applied to Mrs. B.— of Richmond for a situation. It was Mahaly, a holly-toily girl, but not without her following in the old quarter. "Can you cook?" asked Mrs. B.—. "Cook? No, m' Ole miss' cook wa' Cinthy, an' Minervy, an' Luce, an' Judy, an' Arrah, an' Rachel, an' Polly." "Can you do housework?" queried Mrs. B.—, with interest. "No, m' Ole miss' can't do housework." Dar wa' Jinny an' Becky, an' Na' Jana an' Liza, an' Rose, an' Dinah, an' Salomy, an' Nancy to do housework." Well, maybe you could do laundry work?" "No, m' don't know a'fuffin' bout washin' nor irnin'. Karline an' Matilda, an' Sooky, an' Henrietta, an' Lydia did de washin' and de irnin'." "Then you can nurse?" persisted Mrs. B.—. "Nebber nussed in me life. Dar wa' Judy an' Seely, an' Pheony an' Penelope, an' Venus, an' old Bet to nuss." "What did you do?" asked Mrs. B.— in dismay. "Well," replied Mahaly as a rare smile broke over her dark countenance, "I mosly hunted up old miss' specia."

The Buffalo Bug.

Though moth and rust corrupt, they are as nothing to the Buffalo bug.

That insect is a comparatively new pest in households, but hundreds of housewives have learned to fear him. He has various forms in various states of being so that to describe a Buffalo bug is to tell what he is from worm to fly. He is best known, perhaps, as a hard-shelled, dark-brown thing, not unlike the lady bug in shape. The bug will eat any fabric, woolen or hempen, and what he does not eat he destroys. Sometimes he starts on the edge of a carpet or rug and eats his way around a room. Only poison can stay his course. Sometimes he gets into the crack of a floor and eats the carpet in a straight line from end to end. When the bug starts on such a tour the housewife's only resource is to saturate her carpet with turpentine.

The Relationship Changed.

Little Bessie's doll had lost one eye, its face was cracked, one arm was gone, and most of its internal sawdust had departed. She placed it in a sitting posture on the floor in the corner of her play house, examined its forlorn and shrunken figure with a critical eye, and said regretfully yet decidedly.

"You can stay in the family if you want to Dolly, but after this I'm only going to be a stepmother to you."

MEAT MARKET.

The undersigned having lately purchased the meat stand of WM. HAMMER, take this opportunity to inform the public that they will keep on hand a good supply of

FIRST CLASS MEATS.

of all kinds, including Fish, Oysters,

Poultry and Vegetables in their season.

German Bolognas and Sausages a specialty.

Louis P. Kraft. Fred Hinderer.

Des Plaines, Ill.

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