

PARK RIDGE.

CHURCHES.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH—The Rev. Charles S. Loeper, pastor; C. M. Davis, Superintendent of 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 at 11:45 a. m. Prayer meeting on Wednesday evening. Epworth league meeting Sunday evening at 8:30.

Official Paper of the Village of Park Ridge

VILLAGE OFFICERS

W. P. Black, President
 Silas W. Robinson, Charles A. Lutz, Trustees
 Cord Hulsman, F. E. Glides, C. M. Davis and George H. Miller
 George T. Stebbings, Clerk and Commissioner of Public Works
 S. H. Holbrook, Treasurer
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 C. H. Robinson, Supt. Water Works
 C. H. Moore, Policeman
 G. H. Fricke, Health Officer

SCHOOL TRUSTEES.

Owen Stuart, President
 Frank W. McNally, Secretary
 A. R. Morn, Thomas Jones, Charles Kobow, F. C. Jorgeson

Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Wallace of Chicago were guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Morn on Sunday.

"The Garden of the Gods" is the topic the pastor will preach about next Sunday evening at the Congregational church.

Otto Consoer, practical piano tuner and repairer. Pianos and organs tuned and put in first-class order at low rates. Leave orders care of T. A. Ward, Park Ridge postoffice.

Mr. Theo. Johnson and wife of Chicago were guests of Miss Carrie Cummings on Sunday. Mr. Johnson is a former resident of Park Ridge, and is thinking of locating here again in the near future.

Bert Meacham breaks the record with a pickerel weighing five pounds.

Mr. Wm. VanAllen of Chicago visited his aunt, Mrs. Laura Farnsworth, on Sunday.

Try our nice 24c package coffee. A silver plated tea spoon with each package. We have just received a fine line of new Candies also.

HENDRICKSON & Co.

Wm. Zeutell, real estate, insurance loans, Edison Park, Ill.

Church Trustee J. E. Berry has the M. E. parsonage property, corner Grand and 1st Sts., for sale. The property is said to be cheap at that figure.

Dr. E. Lawrence of Southwestern Iowa visited his daughter, Mrs. W. S. Hendrickson last week.

Mark Kendle had a narrow escape from being gored to death by a fierce bull. It appears the animal escaped from the front yard and in going after a pit bull to drive him back, Mark Kendle fell down in a fall. Mark was badly hurt, but every thing is going well. Mr. Kendle is recovering from his wounds, and with the presence of mind succeeded in getting the animal back to its proper quarters. The old saying that "kiss is as good as a mile" Mark thinks is all very well in theory, but in practice the reverse is somewhat comforting. L. A. Room De Ave.

Dr. Fricke's cement sidewalk is out of sight—as it were.

Union services of the Park Ridge and Elmhurst churches were held here on Sunday evening last, the Rev. Mr. Loeper taking charge.

There was a business meeting and

the fact that our columns this week are not all board proceedings.

We heard the Democratic pow-wow in Desplaines Friday night and thought some one was trying to blow up the new Town hall there.

The Normal Bible class met at the residence of Miss Mary Meacham on Monday.

Mrs. Adams of Bianco, Iowa, is visiting her son, Mr. Kendrick Howden.

Mr. George Clark and Mr. John Tarnow are each commencing excavations for a new house, the former on Prospect avenue and the latter on Meacham street.

Mr. Corrigan and Mr. and Mrs. Allen of Chicago were guests of Mr. Royal Meacham on Sunday.

NOTICE—W. E. Blaikie, real estate and house renting agency. Some exceptional bargains in lots.

Park Ridge, Ill.

Dr. H. C. Fricke lost a valuable horse recently from pneumonia.

A Harvest Home sociable, under the auspices of the Epworth league, will be held at the residence of Mrs. S. E. Cummings, on Thursday evening, Nov. 6, at 8 o'clock.

At a recent meeting of the "Park Ridge Zouaves" it was decided to reorganize and combine with the "Northwood Park Rifles." A committee was appointed to revise the constitution, and a drum corps will be selected from the smaller members. The zouaves will turn out in force on Oct. 30, and join in the civic parade in Chicago. Hurrah for the world's fair and the Park Ridge zouaves.

NO FLIES ON THIS ENTERTAINMENT.

One of the finest entertainments ever given in Park Ridge took place in the M. E. church on Friday evening last under the auspices of the "Epworth league," and as our worthy friend, Malone, facetiously remarked, "the baldheaded row" (wherever that might be) was respectfully crowded. The attraction for the evening was Miss Olive Thompson, America's greatest impersonator, in her charming monologue entertainment interspersed with songs, recitals, autoharp and banjo solos. Miss Thompson is certainly a drawing card and fulfilled the most sanguine expectations of her friends. The press throughout the country all have given her flattering notices, and we feel no hesitancy in corroborating their many favorable comments. The net proceeds of the entertainment will be devoted by the young people of the church towards the salary of the

rendered:

PART I.

1. Bobolinks Boquet	Thompson
Extra from W. Dow Hedott	
2. Autoharp solo—melody of popular airs	
3. The Blue Waltz	Burdett
4. Imitation of a Piano Sonata	
5. M. E. Church	
6. M. E. Church	
7. M. E. Church	
8. M. E. Church	
9. M. E. Church	
10. M. E. Church	
11. M. E. Church	
12. M. E. Church	
13. M. E. Church	
14. M. E. Church	
15. M. E. Church	
16. M. E. Church	
17. M. E. Church	
18. M. E. Church	
19. M. E. Church	
20. M. E. Church	

A QUICK SUMMONS

It is our sad duty to chronicle one of the most shocking fatalities in the history of Park Ridge, and at the same time to extend our heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved. At 6:00 o'clock on Saturday morning, Sept. 24, John J. Connolly, a young man, well known and highly respected by all of our friends,

country when quite young. He had lived continuously in the same place for over twenty-five years, and was regarded as an upright and industrious young man. His parents, Owen and Bridget, four brothers, Patrick, Owen, Edward and Bernard, and three sisters, Katie, Sabina and Mary Connolly, survive him. J. J. Stott of Desplaines had charge of the funeral which was held at the home of deceased on Monday, Sept. 26. The remains were encased in a beautiful casket, which was covered with the choicest of flowers, the gift of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Redlings, and Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Janes. There were no services held at the home, and the interment took place at Feohanville, the following friends officiating as pall bearers—William and Thomas Murphy, Jr., Louis Peters, Fred Miller, Paul Wenat, and a young man, friend of the family, from Chicago. Father Lynch of Feohanville made a few appropriate remarks at the grave.

Willie Frenche's Birthday Party.

One of the merriest parties of the day was the one at Willie Frenche's, it being his birthday. A number of boys and girls, twenty-five in all, joined him in celebrating, and we should judge by the sounds we heard that all had a good time. Some of those present were Mary Morn, Bessie Stagg, Helen Trimm, Nellie Black, Amanda Hackmaster, Josie Fricke, Lu'n Williams, Isabel Ward, Louise Ward, Angie Morn, Volney Mills, Walter Trimm, George Ward, George Druehl, Willie Druehl, Bertie Earle, Raleigh Trimm, Augusta Saur, Genevieve Kemp, Arthur Kemp, Chester Morn.

DESPLAINES.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH—The Rev. James Malley, pastor; B. F. Kinder, Superintendent of Sunday-school. Sunday services, at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday-school at 12 m. Prayer meeting on Wednesday evening. Young People's meeting Sunday evening at 8:45.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH—The Rev. Edward Huelster, pastor; H. H. Taicott, Superintendent of Sunday-school. Preaching Sunday morning at 10:30, and in the evening at 8 o'clock. Sunday-school at noon. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening.

LUTHERAN CHURCH—The Rev. W. Loweraker, pastor. Sunday services at 10 a. m., followed by Sunday-school at 11:30.

ST. MARY CHURCH—The Rev. J. F. W. pastor. Services at 10:30 Sunday morning. Sunday-school at 12 m.

The corner stone of the new Evangelical church will be laid Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

munity to be present on that occasion. Gottfried Fulle is putting up a fine building for business purposes. It will be ready to occupy in a short time.

It is reported that several of our charming widows here and at Park Ridge were overcome with grief on reading an announcement of Bro. Peters' nuptials. No use in quoting to them that there are as good fish, etc. No need, they say like Bro. Peters.

S. W. Luch has gone out to Dakota to take a look at his farm out there.

The annual Hay Festival Home concert of the Methodist church and Sunday-school was held last Sunday evening. Nature has not been particularly lavish with her productions this season and the display of fruits and vegetables was not so good as on former occasions, but there were enough on exhibition to remind the congregation that seed time and harvest never fail in this latitude. There was a good attendance and everything passed off harmoniously and satisfactorily.

The women's club last Saturday evening at the village hall was well attended. The fire ladies appeared in

occasionally heard. For instance, when Mr. Goldzier was speaking in German, a gray haired German citizen exclaimed: "He make a lie, O he make a lie!"

Edmundson said he was a business man only, not a public speaker. He would say that if elected the success of the county would be safe in his hands. When he ran before he looked out our fellow-townsmen, H. Morn, and he expected to knock out the present candidate in the same way. When Mr. McHale got up to speak there was some disturbance in the back of the hall and the president was to command order. "Let the man alone," said the speaker. "This is free country and let them talk. I'll drown them out." And he did, though his wind was well-nigh exhausted when he got through. Jacob Kern was proud to be a Democrat. He was in for reform and the repeal of the "obnoxious" school law, he termed it.

But the climax was reached when the chairman, Ira Barchard, shouted, "I will now introduce Mr. Dr. Fonda Jefferson." "It seems devilish queer to me," said the doctor as he took the platform, "that I should be here to speak at a Democratic meeting, as I am known to be a life long Republican. I came in the interest of just one man, a candidate for coroner. I want you to vote for Jim McHale, and if ever he has occasion to sit on your bodies he will do it up in good shape. I have to acknowledge (and a virtuous blush crossed itself over the doctor's handsome countenance) I have to acknowledge that the Republicans made a big mistake in putting up a man for coroner. I have known Henry Esdohr since a boy up, and the fact is he can't read and write the English language well enough to do business. He will have to go to school twenty years longer and then he won't know enough, for he is lacking right here, in getting to the top of his head."

As the speaker continued in this vein it became apparent what was the matter with the doctor. The diagnosis was plain. There had been a slight unpleasantness between him and the quondam friend, County Clerk Barchard, over some political deal and the doctor vowed "by the Gods in Israel" not even with him.

At the conclusion of the speeches the audience dispersed, the speaker taking the 10 o'clock train for the city. After silence reigned in the hall Postmaster Schaefer was seen to pick up the portraits that hung on the wall, handling them as carefully as if they had been sacred.

DEDICATORY AND MUSIC.

Dedication of the New Village Hall.

The dedicatory exercises of the new Village hall took place last Thursday evening, Sept. 22. It was rather an impromptu affair gotten up on short notice without much opportunity for preparation. There was a good turnout, however, both of ladies and gentlemen, and much interest was taken in the exercises. The hall was handsomely draped with the national colors and conspicuous among the flags was a relic of war times, being an old and tattered flag made by the patriotic women of the town and presented to a company of soldiers encamped on the Desplaines river at the time of the breaking out of the rebellion.

President Senne of the Village board called the meeting to order. He said that he felt somewhat embarrassed being the only person occupying the platform, and would request all the members of the board to come forward and take seats in front. But the village fathers were conspicuously absent for some unexplained reason and the

THEIR RECORD AS PETS.

WILD BEASTS TAMED FOR DOMESTIC USES.

Polar Bear Cubs Not a Likely Lot for Bad-Fellows—Beast Farms in Algiers—The Indian Cheetah An Amiable Beast.

Lieutenant Becker, of the Austrian polar expedition, tells a story of a sailor who tried to tame two young white bears not much bigger than lapdogs, and got so fond of them that he even took them to bed in cold weather, till one night his comrades were awakened by loud shrieks and the complaint that one of his pets had bitten two of his toes off. An Esquimau pilot, in commenting on the accident, remarked that the little brutes can never be trusted after they have grown stout enough to bite through a man's clothes.

But with that single exception specimens of every kind of carnivorous mammal have been tamed sufficiently to recognize the authority of their master and to be domesticated, if not handled with impunity. Seleucus Nicator, the king of Syria, used to drive a four-in-hand team of tame tigers, and the Nabob of Oude had a pet she tiger that often was taken along on his journeys, and had been taught to mount an elephant without making use of her formidable claws.

Lions have frequently been tamed by showmen, and sometimes even for military purposes. During the reign of the Emperor Trajan, a Roman general on an expedition against a revolted province on the north shore of the Adriatic tried the plan of scaring the natives with a brigade of trained lions, but found that in warfare the ignorance of plucky barbarians is not always a disadvantage. "They mistook them for large dogs," says the historian, "and knocked their brains out."

About ninety per cent of the wild animals used for the beast fights of Circus Maximus came from Northern Africa, and the Algerian coast towns are still the favorite rendezvous of international pet dealers. On the steamer wharf of Algiers strangers are besieged by the native beast peddlers, extolling in broken French the merits of their tame baboons, jackals, monkeys and young lions. In the outskirts of the Casbah, or hill suburb, there are regular beast farms where lions and leopards by dozens of pairs are kept for breeding purposes.

But the most tamable of all the big cats is the East Indian cheetah, or hunting leopard, a creature which, in its habits and appearance, seems to form a curious connecting link between the cheetah and dog. Its legs are longer than those of a tiger, it has true canine teeth, thick and deep-rooted like those of a hound, and its claws are rather blunt, on account of being less perfectly retractable than those of a common cat. The dog cat, as some naturalists have proposed to call the cheetah, gets so tame that it can be trusted to pass the night under its master's bed, and will play for hours with aggressive and troublesome puppies without losing its good humor. But out in the fields its semi-feline instincts are apt to revive at the most unexpected moments. It will fly at domestic animals or bristle up with an ominous growl at sight of a running boy, and on hunting excursions it is by far the safest plan to keep its eyes covered till there is a chance to get a glimpse of legitimate game.

"I once brought up a young cheetah with some greyhound pups," says an English officer who passed several years in a garrison town in Northern Hindostan. "Even when nearly full grown it would play with any dog, some of which did not much relish its bounding at them, and was always sportive and frolicsome. It got much attached to me, and at once recog-

SHE HAD PURE GRIT.

The Man Who Turned His Oxen Into Hogs Field Got the Worst of It.

"Talking about pure grit," said a woman who was luncheoning at the Colonial club in New York. "I knew a woman once who was full of it."

"Tell us about her," exclaimed the other two women of the luncheon party. "Who was she?"

"Why, she was my mother," answered the first speaker. "She was the littlest little woman I ever saw, but there was courage and fight enough in her to stock a regiment. I don't mean she was a nagging creature, making trouble for everybody. She was the sweetest, kindest woman in the world. It was only when somebody tried to impose on her or on some of us girls that she came out as a fighter. Let me tell you a story about her, and you'll see what I mean."

"Well, we were living in Iowa when my father, a minister, by the way, died and left mother to manage a farm and to care for a big family of girls. The grain was high in the field, and it had to be cut at once. Mother entered into negotiations with a neighbor, and was just about to close a trade with him when she discovered that he was trying to overreach—insisting on terms that were exorbitant and absurd."

"Mother told him that she'd get somebody else to cut the grain, and that made him so angry that he was quite rude in his speech. But mother shut the door in his face and left him to have his sputter out all by himself."

"That night, about 1 o'clock, mother was awakened by a noise out in the yard. She slipped out of bed and peered through the window. There was that same farmer engaged in taking down the bars of the fence that surrounded the field of grain that mother wouldn't let him cut. The bars down, the man went out into the road for a minute, and the next minute he came back driving a yoke of oxen, which he turned loose into the field."

"What did your mother say to the man?" asked one of the listeners.

"She didn't say anything."

"Didn't she tell him to take the cattle right out of the field?"

"No, indeed, that was not her way of doing things. What she did first was to dress herself. Then she stole quietly down stairs and out into the yard. Then she went to the barn and got an oxgoad. Then she bounded to the grain field and drove the oxen out of it."

"And then she went back to bed, I suppose," said one of the women. "Or did she watch the rest of the night?"

"Neither. She drove those oxen a mile and a half down the road till she came to a great field of corn which belonged to that awful man. Then she took down the bars and wished the oxen good-morning."

"On the way back she stopped long enough to open the gate of a pasture in which was quite a herd of steers and to set some of them moving toward the cornfield, and they found that field, I can assure you."

"Next morning mother told us what she had done, and we just hugged her and kissed her till she cried."

"And what came of it?"

"Oh, yes—that's the best part of the story. The neighbors somehow found out what had happened, and they were so pleased over it that they came and cut mother's grain for nothing."

"But just think of that ninety-five-pound woman driving a yoke of oxen a mile and a half in the middle of the night on such an errand! I always feel proud of my little mother when I recall this episode in her life."

PASSING PLEASANTRIES.

It does not speak well for the pro-

THE FARM AND HOME.

BREEDERS WANTED TO STOP PAMPERING PIGS.

Serious Errors in Feeding—Ways Right and Wrong—Cheap Training of Pigs—Tomatoes—Stock Notes and Some Hints.

Suggestions on Feeding.

It has been said "That he who never did a foolish thing never did a wise one," and as I have had a good deal of success with hogs, I have no hesitation in detailing some blunders I have made, in the hope that others may profit thereby, writes John Cowrie in Coleman's Rural World. A good many years ago, one spring found me with twenty-five thoroughbred sows all in pig to the best I could find. In due time 100 or more choice pigs as anyone could wish were brought forth and doing well. Determined to undo all previous efforts in the swine business, I procured a large quantity of corn meal, shorts, beans and oil meal, and started in to feed those sows. I succeeded well; they had good appetites and evidently enjoyed the ration I prepared, but it was just three weeks when the last pig expired. You say almost audibly, overfed the sows and caused fever. Precisely. I know it now and am very careful about feeding sows while nursing their pigs. These sows were turned to pasture, deprived of all grain, bred as soon as possible, and in the fall had again a fine lot of pigs, which averaged at selling 375 pounds each. With common stock this would scarcely have been possible and I refer to it as showing what can be done in an emergency, if only the conditions are favorable.

While fattening nearly 200 hogs one winter during some very cold weather I had closed every opening in the hog house, endeavoring to make the hogs as comfortable as possible. A sudden rise in the temperature one night made me somewhat uneasy on awakening in the morning, and my worst fears were realized on opening the door of the hog house, when I was met by an atmosphere so stifling as to prove at once that serious damage had been done. Doors were immediately thrown open and every means taken to thoroughly ventilate the building, but I lost several of my finest hogs, and it was several weeks before the others fully recovered. Now I attach more importance than ever to thorough ventilation at all times. Pure air, clean, sweet food, pure water and a good dry bed, will amply repay for any time expended in securing them.

Several years ago meeting a neighbor, probably in September, when new corn was just becoming profitable to feed, he casually remarked, "I've put up my hogs to fatten, and am going to crowd them right along as I believe the early markets will be the best."

I suggested that he must be careful not to overfeed, that new corn was easily digested and readily assimilated and might cause serious damage in his herd, fed in that manner, saying that he would not think of feeding new corn to his horses except in very limited quantities, but he concluded that hogs were different from horses, and went home, as he said, to "shove it into them." Several weeks later we met again. "My hogs have the cholera—losing eight or ten a day" were his first words.

I could name many other instances of hogs dying in large numbers shortly after the advent of new corn, but it is needless, every observing person knows that this is a critical time in the hog's existence. Do not understand me as saying that this is the cause of all disease in hogs. Nothing of the kind, but allow me to urge upon every one interested in swine to be

he did not look very well, but nineteen weeks from his arrival saw nearly 150 choice, healthy pigs of his get, proving that he had one essential qualification.

Need I say more? Take this lesson to heart, stop pampering your pigs, and the farmers of Iowa instead of continuing the narrow-minded policy of swapping pigs with their neighbors will patronize more liberally than ever the men who have made it a life work to improve this useful animal. Nothing is more fully demonstrated than the fact that to secure success with swine it is indispensable to purchase breeding animals from those making a specialty of the business.

Ways Right and Wrong.

A "greenhorn" drives a nail so it splits the lumber almost invariably, a mechanic puts it in place so it hardly shows, or even becomes an ornament. The educated man of the plains knows how to throw the lasso, one jerk of his strong arm, while riding full tilt, will send it singing to fall just over the horns of the desired steer. A thoughtless man will throw a blanket on his horse and then walk around the animal several times to pull it in place. We peel a tree correctly by first removing a 4 ft. length of bark around the trunk next to the ground before felling it and taking off all the bark, thus none is wasted on chips and stump. The ax is hung aright when the helve is first dried and seasoned thoroughly before shaving it to fit the head, and the head cleansed where the helve is to go in, by washing, wiping and drying. The head is heated slightly to expand it while the helve is being wedged, it then shrinks onto the handle and never loosens. Half the labor of crop cultivation is saved by proper preparation and planting. We plough, wait long enough for surface seeds to germinate, harrow, wait again and harrow, planting directly. Before the crop is large enough to be injured by the team a good cross-harrowing kills millions of weeds and rarely disturbs a plant. The old way to plough and plant at any time, and then "plough out" and hoe laboriously, has driven many a boy off the farm.—N. Y. Times.

Cheap Training of Tomatoes.

Wire is now sold so cheaply that it makes the most economical as well as the best support for tomato vines. Set two rows of stakes on each side of the hills after once cultivating through them both ways. On these stakes train the vines, winding the wire around each stake to hold it in place. Once in a while the wires should cross to help keep the stakes in position. The fruit will be kept from the ground and will not rot its early specimens so badly as where the vines lie sprawling on the ground.—American Cultivator.

Stock Notes.

Fat cattle can be grown cheaper on good pastures than in any other way. Young cattle will grow better if given a change of pasture at least occasionally.

Whenever a calf is taken away to wean it should be kept out of sight and hearing of its mother.

A good hog, sheep or steer will nearly always pay for raising, but in many cases a poor one will not.

Pure bred stock costs a little more at the start, but they amply repay by the superiority of their offspring.

With profitable cattle feeding two rules are necessary, keep a good stock of cattle, and then keep them well.

When cattle are high a farmer can often feed a scrub steer without a positive loss, but rarely so with low prices.

The improved animal has a strong, thrifty habit and it is its nature to make a vigorous growth from the start.

It does not pay to feed to maturity

THE SHIPS OF MELTON.

How sail the ships to Melton,
That lieh far and fair,
And dream-like in the haven
Where skies are calm and clear?
With blown-sails leaping whitely,
Sure-winged 'neath storm or star;
They straightly steer for still they hear
The love-bells o'er the bar.

How sail the ships of Melton?
Love-blown across the foam;
For still the sea slugs over
The songs of love and home;
Nor spely leas with splendid smiles
Can win their sails afar;
While softly swells that chime of bells,
The love-bells o'er the bar

O ships that sail to Melton,
With the Captains glad and grand;
The stars that light the ocean
Are the stars that light the land;
But say for me, adrift at sea
On lonely wrecks afar;
My heart still hears, and dreaming hears
The love-bells on the bar.

SAVED BY AN APE.

"Why I stopped in Panama on my return from my trip to South America is a mystery. The quaint Spanish fashion of the old city interested me, and I found it difficult to tear myself away. When I was ready to leave my brief sojourn in the country had inspired me with so much confidence that I eagerly embraced the suggestion of my landlord to cross the isthmus on horseback.

"Take it leisurely," he said; "follow the old road. It touches various points along the canal. You can make the journey in a couple of days and you will not mind spending a night in one of DeLesseps' villages."

Now the canal was a pet hobby of mine. I was anxious to see how it was progressing. Besides I had a friend who was one of the contractors, and I wanted to pay him a visit.

The next morning I mounted a gentle mustang, furnished by my host, and set out for Aspinwall, the Atlantic port, where I intended to take the steamer. As I wished to reach the camp of my friend Jackson by midday, I rode rapidly during the morning.

At one place the road ran along in sight of the canal for half a mile. Here I saw a scene not to be matched anywhere on earth. Enormous machines were at work excavating thousands of tons of dirt, and countless wagons were employed removing the loose earth. Myriads of workmen swarmed everywhere, jabbering to each other in all the tongues of the known world. Among them were men from all the countries of the world—Americans, Africans, Chinamen, West Indians and Malays. The fierce looks cast upon me by these fellows alarmed me; but I pretended to be a calm spectator of the animated scene. One of the contractors was about, and from him I learned that I would find Jackson about five miles further on.

"Are you armed?" asked the contractor.

"I told him that I had a revolver.

"You will probably need it before you reach Aspinwall," said he. "You are passing through thirty thousand of the worst cut-throats that were ever collected together."

After hearing that I had a great mind to return to Panama, but the dread of being laughed at made me decide to push on. Assuming a determined, businesslike look, I put spurs to my mustang and ambled through the motley gang of laborers until I had the satisfaction of leaving them behind me. Fortunately I encountered no obstacle, and Jackson's camp was made just in time for dinner.

Here I was safe. Jackson was a big fellow, whose men were nearly all Americans. He was delighted to see me and gave me a capital dinner. During the two hours that I spent with him I filled him full of news and he, on the other hand, told me a lot of wonderful things about the canal. He made no secret of his conviction that the enterprise would drag along

where. They were of all sizes, and the interest they took in my movements amused me not a little. Sometimes they chattered at me indignantly and shook their fists almost in my face. At a wave of my hand, however, they fed in precipitate terror.

As soon as I entered the lake the monkeys took fresh courage. They scrambled about in droves and abused me to their heart's content. Among them was one of a species that I had not seen before. He was a ferocious looking monster, fully five feet high and as muscular as a bear. Before I realized the situation this great long-legged fellow swooped down on my clothes and started with them for the woods. For a moment I was absolutely paralyzed. It was no joke to ride to Aspinwall in a decent rig, but I had no fancy for the role of Lady Godiva.

There was no time to lose. The monkey had left my revolver, and as soon as I could seize it I fired. He gave a howl of rage and dropped everything but my coat. I hastily jumped into my recovered garments and gave chase. It was useless. The thief scurried up into the top of a tall cocoanut tree, and in a twinkling of an eye put on my coat, buttoning it round him, and then proceeded to hurl cocoanuts at me with such precision that I was glad to quickly leap into the saddle and ride off.

But my troubles had just begun. I had reconciled myself to the loss of my coat, as Jackson's money was in an inside pocket of my waist, but the monkey showed a disposition to follow me. After firing at him several times I gave it up. His tough hide seemed bullet proof, and there was no chance to kill him unless I shot him in the eye.

The declining sun warned me that it was time to seek shelter for the night, and I knew that in these tropical solitudes there was no twilight. I saw no cultivated fields, no houses, no signs of the hacienda of Don Francisco Mendez.

The situation was growing serious. Occasionally a stone weighing a pound or two was hurled at me from some leafy covert, and then the gigantic monkey would give a horrible laugh and scamper away. He was a funny looking chap in my blue flannel coat, but I was too angry to enjoy the comic aspect of the matter. It struck me that if the brute caught me in the dark he would make an end of me in no time. It was both horrible and humiliating, such a death in the tangled forests of this savage land.

Just then I saw a short distance off in a clearing a square stone hut. Here was shelter and protection. I was not disappointed much to find it uninhabited. It was strongly built, with no windows, and one entrance, from which the door had long since rotted away. A stepladder led to the loft. Ascending I found a small apartment dimly lighted by round holes in the wall, which had evidently been used by sharpshooters at some revolutionary period in the history of the country. My mind was made up in an instant. I went back to my mustang and picketed him about one hundred and sixty yards from the hut in the bushes. Then I returned to my fortress just as darkness closed in upon me, and sought refuge in the loft, pulling up the ladder after me. I was safe here, even from the monkeys, and I lay down feeling a sense of perfect security.

It must have been late in the night when I heard something moving in the room underneath me. Looking through the opening in the floor I could see nothing. I struck a match, and by the flickering flame recognized the monkey. The wretch still wore my coat, and in the dim uncertain light his appearance was more repulsive than ever.

I lay down again knowing that the beast could not get into the loft and commenced planning for his destruc-

My last match was gone, but to my great delight it was almost morning. With the first rays of daylight I peered through the hole in the floor. It was a ghastly sight that met my gaze. The two Mexicans lay on the floor quite dead. Their heads had been smashed to jelly against the wall and their throats bore dark blue marks.

Sitting in the corner was the monkey. He was bleeding profusely and was evidently seriously hurt. At first I thought I would spare him. He saved my life and I was grateful. But when I fixed the ladder and descended the untamable beast prepared for a spring, and there was such evident malice in his eyes that I aimed at his eye and fired. One shot did the work. He rolled over dead.

It was no place for me after such an adventure, and I at once went in search of my mustang. To my great joy he was all right, and I was soon in the saddle and on my way to Aspinwall.

Depositing Jackson's money in the bank when I arrived, I immediately boarded the steamer. I knew that it would not be prudent to speak of the two Mexicans and I had a suspicion that a statement of the part the monkey had borne in the tragedy would be regarded by the authorities as a cook-and-bull story. So I wisely kept my mouth shut until I was again among friends.

Of course, I have never wasted any regret on Pedro and Juan, but I still hold my horrible friend, the monkey, in great esteem.—N. Y. Dispatch.

GETTING WIVES IN SIAM.

The King Has His Given to Him and Other People Buy Theirs.

The Chinese do all the menial labor in Siam. They also keep all the pawnshops and gambling houses and teach the Siamese how to gamble," said Lieutenant L. N. Rasmussen to a San Francisco Examiner reporter. Lieut. R. is a young Danish officer who went to Siam six years ago at the solicitation of the king to drill the royal troops in European fashion.

The king has not a very large army—only 2,000 or 4,000 men, although the name of every male subject is on either the army or navy roll. But they are never called into service, as the king cannot stand the expense of feeding a large army. Moreover it is not needed, as there are few disturbances. The king's army is larger than his family, but the latter is of pretty fair size. Nobody dares to give the exact figures, but at last accounts he had 100 wives and 105 children. The present king is a young man, about 38 years old, I think, and he is popular. He is the highest power, owns the whole country, and does about as he pleases, but he is well liked. His eldest son is the crown prince. Just now that youth is a member of the Buddhist priesthood. All the princes and nobles have to go through the priesthood before they are full-fledged. "How does the king get all his wives?" "They are presents to him from his nobles. They offer him their daughters. Of course no one would dare to offer him one that was not good looking, and he seldom refuses to accept them. Should he refuse, the parents might as well move out of Siam, as the refusal would simply mean that the parents were in royal disfavor." "How do the other people get their wives over there?" "Oh, buy them. Many of the nobles have numerous wives. If a girl strikes their fancy they negotiate for her purchase, but not generally until they have paid her proper salt. Some of them buy their wives from the ranks of the actresses in the Siam theaters. Prices vary from \$1,000 to \$40. It costs more to marry into a rich family. Sometimes young couples elope, just as they do in other countries, but the groom has to settle just the same. There is a rate fixed for elopements—40 ticals, or about

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

HINTS FOR THE TREATMENT OF SICK HORSES.

How to Feed for the Invalid Horse—
Things We Do Not Do—Occasion-
al Substituting—Farm Notes
—Household Hints.

Treatment of Sick Horses.
F. J. McMahon, veterinary surgeon to the Chicago fire department, communicates to the Street Railway Review an article on the treatment of sick horses from which we find an extract in an exchange. After specifying the principle substances from which to select articles of diet for the sick horse, bran, carrots, oatmeal, linseed, etc., the writer con-

tinues: Bran stands decidedly foremost as the food most generally in use for the invalid horse; it acts as a laxative, is frequently tempting to the appetite, and is easy of digestion. There is no part of general treatment more universal than offering this substance as a change of food. Is the horse very weary, and his powers of digestion weakened in consequence, we induce him to take a warm bran mash, which comfortably distends the stomach, and satisfies any craving for food, thereby enabling him readily to lie down and rest his enfeebled system, until repose restores its wonted vigor. Does he show slight symptoms of cold or fever, a warm bran mash is a convenient plan of steaming, and consequently soothing the irritable mucous membranes of the air passages; it is a substitute for the more stimulating diet he is accustomed to, and gently promotes the activity of the digestive apparatus. It is also a convenient medium for the exhibition of certain simple remedies to be mentioned hereafter. Is he incapacitated by lameness, a lower diet than that with which he is indulged when in full work is judicious, and bran is selected. Is it necessary to administer purgative medicine, a bran mash or two renders the bowels more susceptible of its action, and a smaller portion of the drug is therefore required to produce the desired effect, there being, at the same time, less risk of painful spasms accompanying its operation. Bran mashes may be given hot or cold—cold are perhaps quite as grateful to the horse, but the nibbling of the hot mash in catarrhal affections is particularly beneficial, from the necessary inhalation of the steam arising therefrom.

Of all the roots by which horses are tempted, the carrot, as a rule, is the favorite and most beneficial one. It is said to be somewhat diuretic in its effect, and to exercise a salubrious influence on the skin. Certain it is, when cut and offered frequently by the hand of a groom, a sick horse is coaxed into eating it when disinclined to partake of other nourishment, and the greatest benefit results. For the ailing horse, then, carrots are most valuable as an article of diet, and a few may be given to advantage even to a horse in healthy condition.

Oat meal is most nutritious as a food for a convalescent horse, is most valuable; the bruising process the grain has undergone breaks the husk, and renders it more easily acted upon by the digestive powers. It is usually given in the form of gruel, as which it is one of the most essential articles of diet for the infirmity. It is also a ready mode of supplying the tired, thirsty horse with nourishment after exertion, when he returns to the stable.

Linseed is decidedly included in the sick diet roll. It is nutritious, and from its oleaginous nature soothing to the frequently irritable mucus membrane of the alimentary canal, and hence to be particularly recommended in the treatment of sore throats, nor is its bland effect local only, its more general influence is

1591 Milwaukee Av, CHICAGO

PARK RIDGE ORDINANCE.

An Ordinance providing for Water Main on Meacham Avenue.

Be it ordained by the President and Board of Trustees of the Village of Park Ridge:

Section 1. That a water main supply pipe of 18 inch diameter be constructed and laid on a line eight feet west of the center line of Meacham Avenue from a connection to be made with water main on Cedar Avenue at the intersection thereof with Cedar street to the junction of Elm street therewith. That pipe be placed with top surface not less than four and one half (4 1/2) feet below the present grade of said Meacham Avenue.

Sec. 2. That the cost and expense of said improvement shall be paid for by a special assessment to be made in accordance with sections eighteen (18) to fifty-one (51) inclusive, in article nine (9) of the Act of the General Assembly of the State of Illinois, entitled "An Act to Provide for the Incorporation of Cities and Villages." Approved April 10th, 1912.

Sec. 3. That Charles A. Lutz, Corb Hulsman, and S. W. Robinson are hereby appointed Commissioners to make an estimate of the cost of said improvement, including labor, material, and all other expenses attending the same and the cost of making and levying the assessment and report the same in writing to said President and Board of Trustees.

Sec. 4. This ordinance shall be in force from and after its passage and approval.

W. P. BLACK
President Board of Trustees of the Village of Park Ridge

Attest: GEORGE T. STERNING
Village Clerk

Passed Sept. 13, 1922

Approved Sept. 14, 1922

Published Sept. 24, 1922

PARK RIDGE ORDINANCE.

Be it ordained by the President and Board of Trustees of the Village of Park Ridge:

Section 1. The selling or giving away of any intoxicating liquors, mixed or fermented liquor is hereby absolutely prohibited.

Sec. 2. The provisions of this ordinance shall not apply to the selling and giving away of any kind of a intoxicating liquor by any apothecary, druggist or pharmacist in said village, for medicinal purposes only, for medicinal, mechanical, sacramental and chemical purposes only. Provided that such apothecary, druggist or pharmacist shall have been granted a permit for the sale of liquors for such purpose, such permit shall be granted only upon application in writing to the President and Board of Trustees and when granted the same shall be signed by the President, countersigned by the clerk and attested by the village seal, upon the payment to the village clerk of the sum required by the President and the Board of Trustees. Such permit shall authorize such apothecary, druggist or pharmacist to sell liquor for medicinal, sacramental and chemical purposes only and not to be drunk upon the premises under any circumstance.

Every such apothecary, druggist and pharmacist shall keep a record in a book which he shall provide for the purpose of all sales of intoxicating liquors made by him to all persons whomsoever which record shall show the date of each sale, the name and address of the purchaser, the quantity and kind of liquor, and the purpose for which the same was sold which book shall be open to the inspection of the President and any member of the Board of Trustees, and the Village Attorney at any and all times during business hours.

Sec. 3. Any person violating any clause or section of this ordinance shall be subject to a penalty of not less than fifty dollars nor more than two hundred dollars for each offense.

Sec. 4. This ordinance shall take effect and be in force from its approval and publication.

W. P. BLACK
President Board of Trustees of the Village of Park Ridge

Attest: GEORGE T. STERNING
Village Clerk

Passed Sept. 17th, 1922

Approved Sept. 19th, 1922

Published Sept. 24th, 1922

PARK RIDGE ORDINANCE.

Be it ordained by the President and Board of Trustees of the Village of Park Ridge:

Section 1. That informers shall be entitled to one-half of any penalty collected for any violation of the provisions of an ordinance of said Village. Adopted Sept. 17th 1922 to prohibit the selling or giving away of any intoxicating, malt, vinous, mixed or fermented liquors.

Passed Sept. 20th, 1922

Approved Sept. 30th, 1922

Published Sept. 31th, 1922

W. P. BLACK
President Board of Trustees of the Village of Park Ridge

Attest: GEORGE T. STERNING
Village Clerk

NOTICE

STATE OF ILLINOIS,
County of Cook,
Village of Park Ridge.)

Sealed proposals will be received for furnishing materials and doing the work according to the ordinances, plans and specifications on file with the Village Clerk as follows:

For wooden water supply pipe in certain streets in the Village of Park Ridge, in addition to those now in use, aggregating a total of six hundred (600) lineal feet. There shall accompany each proposal instead of the usual money forfeit a bond in the penal sum of Fifty (\$50) dollars signed by two responsible parties for the payment of said sum to the Village of Park Ridge should the proposer fail or refuse to execute bond and contract required by said Village after the award has been made. The payment of said bond shall be confirmed by the Court, bond shall be given by the contractor whose bid is accepted in a sum equal to one-half his bid with interest and bond for the faithful performance of contract. Proposals will be received up to eight o'clock on Tuesday, Oct. 4, 1922 at Park Ridge, Chicago and where the same will be publicly opened.

A proposal will must give the names of the proposer and the names of the two responsible parties and be sealed and marked "Water Main Bid" and be kept in the Village Clerk's office.

The contract will be made in accordance with the plans and specifications on file with the Village Clerk and all bids are subject to the right to reject any and all bids in his discretion.

GEORGE T. STERNING
Village Clerk

FACTS AND FOLLIES.

In Saxony about 70 per cent of the workmen earn less than \$150 per year.

A woman's tombstone is the only one in England upon which the epitaph is written in shorthand.

A French prince advertises that he desires to sell his title and arms, "the whole guaranteed by authentic parchments of the reign of Henry IV."

A process for making artificial precious stones out of crystallized alumina has been discovered in Glasgow. Some years ago a Paris artificer successfully produced imitation rubies.

A stranger carrying a large number of very flattering letters of recommendation called on a business man and wanted a position. "I can not give you a position," the business man said, "but I can give you another letter of recommendation."

George Mears found four and a half pounds of pure ambergris in the water near Long Key, Fla. He did not know its value or its name until he had given a very high price in samples. He sold it for \$500. It is thought to be from the whale and is used by the Masoris.

CHICAGO AMUSEMENTS

A List of Chicago's Most Popular Theaters.

CHICAGO OPERA-HOUSE.

The eighteenth week of "All Baba's" Chicago run began last Sunday night, and the 150th performance of the spectacle occurred last Friday, when an enormous audience was present. The occasion was commemorated by the presentation of artistic souvenir books containing etchings of the principal scenes in the piece and the casts of all the Chicago opera-house productions since the days of the "Arabian Nights." Since the inception of "All Baba" alterations and changes have constantly been going on, and there is hardly a performance at which something new may not be seen. The piece is now practically complete, all the members of the company are permanently fitted into their places, and the whole production is in the condition in which it will be given on the road. Within a few weeks "All Baba" and the American Extravaganza company will leave Chicago for good, and will not again be seen there until the world's fair.

M'VICKER'S THEATER.

William H. Crane is the only actor now on the stage that can boast of a repertory composed exclusively of American plays. The popular and genial comedian, even since he severed his connection with Stuart Robinson, and because a "lone star" in the theatrical armament, has been working to that end, and to-day he is fully equipped with a stock of plays of home manufacture.

When Mr. Crane first announced his intention of producing purely American plays, his scheme appeared to many of his warmest admirers to be chimerical. At that time, with the exception of "The Henrietta," scarcely an American play of any prominence was in existence. The few authors who were engaged in the effort to produce them were struggling always with no encouragement from managers or actors, and to get a hearing for their work was almost impossible. Mr. Crane, however, believed that there was a future for the American drama, and he determined to reap the glory of fostering and developing it. He went into the market bidding for American plays, and very soon his faith in native talent was justified by the production of "The Senator," which is to-day one of the most valuable theatrical properties known to this country.

The success of this play was simply astonishing. For two seasons it filled the big Star theater in New York, and in every large city this wonderful career was duplicated. The average actor would have been content to play in a piece such as this for years, but Mr. Crane's ambition is of too restless and energetic a nature to admit of his resting quietly on his laurels already won. He wanted more American plays, and he kept his authors busily at work upon ideas to produce them. Every season he has from three to six authors under contract preparing scenarios for submission to him, and the retainers of the men engaged in this experimental work have involved the expenditure of not less than \$10,000 each season. If out of one of the scenarios thus developed, a good play was ultimately developed, the comedian has felt himself fully repaid for his outlay. At least three such plays have already been secured, and are now included in Mr. Crane's repertory. They are "On Probation," by Matthews and Jesop; "For Money," by Clay M. Greene and Augustus Thomas, and "The American Minister," by Paul M. Potter, and each has been stamped with public approval by New York audiences.

In mounting his plays, Mr. Crane has shown the same liberal policy which he follows in securing them. No expense has been spared to make the productions perfect in every detail, and some of his productions have been marvelous from a scenic point of view. It is not so very long since Augustin Daly in New York and Henry Irving in London were without recognized rivals in the field of scenic productions, but Mr. Crane has now become a competitor for their honors, and may fairly claim to be their equal. No more elaborate or elegant stage settings were ever seen in New York than those which marked the productions of "The American Minister" and "For Money." They were the talk of the town, and challenged the admiration of public and press. No details were left unattended to, and the costumes and properties were equally notable. All this massive scenery, with costumes and properties the comedian carries with him on his tour, in three special baggage cars, and the plays will be presented in each city visited with the same elaborate mounting that they received in New York.

Mr. Crane has become practically established as a regular feature of the theatrical year in New York. His season there is never less than twenty weeks, and its opening is looked forward to with as much interest and expectancy as that of Daly's or the Lyceum theater. Many efforts have been made to induce him to abandon touring and settle down to a permanent New York attraction, but he has thus far resisted all such flattering temptations. His admirers embrace the playgoers of every large city in the Union, and he has not yet learned to forget any of the friends upon whose encouragement and approval he has leaned in the past. Success has not spoiled him, and he proposes to continue the presentation of native American comedy and drama in all the large cities where it is appreciated.

AUDITORIUM.

Sousa's New Marine band began its initial tour Sept. 24 with a concert given at Plainfield, N. J., a little town that boasts of a large population of musicians and music lovers. The attendance was immense and the band sprang into favor instantaneously, the opinion being unanimous that it far excels the famous old Marine band in all material points. Encores were demanded for each selection and the concert did not conclude until the hour of midnight.

There seems to be no variation in public opinion regarding the playing of popular music by first class hands. It is the same in Chicago and New York as it is in Plainfield and places of like size. The Plainfield verdict may therefore be taken as a pretty sure indication that the new band has

entered upon a long era of prosperity throughout the country.

The Blakely syndicate has been obliged to decline many requests to fill dates in various places, so great have been the demands from local managers. The first important engagement will be filled at the Auditorium, Chicago, during the week beginning Oct. 10. Then will follow performances at the grand reception to be tendered by the Chicago citizens to the President and distinguished visitors, and at other festivities incidental to world's fair dedication week. New York and Philadelphia will be visited later on in October.

The advance sale for the Chicago concerts will begin next Monday morning at the box office. The scale of prices has been fixed at the extremely low rate of 50c, 75c and \$1.

THE GREAT CHICAGO FIRE.

As interesting as the stories have always been that could be told in regard to the great city of Chicago, the one telling of the burning and re-building of the city is the story most wonderful of all. Indeed, it seems like a tale from fairyland. It is only when we illustrate the magnitude of this fearful disaster by such figures as the following, that the mind is capable of understanding, in any degree, the full scope of this awful calamity, and when the aid of a vivid imagination could be able to comprehend what must have been the superb grandeur of the scene.

If all the buildings burned in Chicago were placed end to end it would make an unbroken road nearly 150 miles long. It would take about two days continuous driving, with a good team, to pass over the entire length of all the streets in the burnt district. The fire swept over and reduced to ruins 125 acres of buildings every hour, and destroyed property at the rate of over \$3,000 every second, or \$1,000,000 every five minutes, from start to finish. To any one standing in an elevated position when the fire was at its height the scene must have been grand and awe-inspiring.

Nearly three years ago a syndicate of Chicago capitalists determined to have this great scene reproduced upon canvas, by the best artists in the world, regardless of expense. The direction of the work was placed in the hands of Mr. Howard H. Gross of Chicago, and the services of many of the most eminent artists in this kind of work were secured. Among them Salvador Mege of Paris, Edward J. Austin of London, Paul Wilhelm of Düsseldorf, Richard Lorenz of Munich and Oliver Dennett Grover. After over two years of work by a score or more of men and the expenditure of nearly a quarter million dollars, the great cyclorama has been completed and is pronounced by the press and the public generally, as a most remarkable, faithful and realistic reproduction of the burning of Chicago. All the buildings and ruins shown upon the great canvas (which comprises over twenty thousand square feet of surface) are historically correct.

MADISON STREET THEATER.

Spectacular farce comedy, as presented by the City Club company, is the attraction at Sam T. Jack's Madison street opera-house this week and has been drawing the largest audiences of the season. Among the leading members of the company are Lew Hawkins, the Emmetta, Charles Belmont, Fannie Everett, Kittle Wells, Phyllis Allen, Harry Bryant and other clever and well known specialty performers. The opening piece "Studies in Terra Cotta" is full of laughter and catchy songs by the above named people, assisted by a chorus of twenty pretty dressed girls. A strong olio of the latest novelties follows, and Matt Morgan's living pictures are interspersed between each specialty. The program closes with Percy Grant's musical travesty "A Miss Hell-yett," which is a witty and mirth-provoking skit on Mrs. Leslie Carter's play, Miss Helyett. The piece is produced with special scenery, new costumes, and among its most "fetching" features are the four forlorn widows of the late tarrara boom, the lively quakeress, the Archery club and the Hoffman house dudes. The engagement continues all next week.

WINDSOR THEATER.

One week, commencing Sunday matinee, Oct. 2, "Haverly's Mastodon Minstrels." J. H. Haverly, director; Ed S. Hoyt, proprietor; William Foote, manager. \$10,000 challenge minstrel show. Read the roll: Messrs. Billy Rice, E. M. Hall, E. M. Kayne, Charles Sully, Harry Constantine, Len Belmont, Fred Wilson, Ed Hogert, Neil O'Brien, Harry Heath, The Great Kiesel, A. M. Thatcher, Fred Bandell, Arthur Yule, George Evans, Miller McIntyre, George Collins, James Phillips, Charles Witt, Harry Hopping, Phil Hacker, H. Runge, A. Michelson, C. Van Deventer, C. E. Amidon, Thomas Berks, John J. Forsyth, George Parker, John H. Astley, Max Million, Charles H. Keeshin. \$10,000 that Haverly never employ any performer not recognized as the best in his line—\$10,000.

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Haverly's Home minstrels. The world in wax. 1,000 art curios. Minstrel performances 2:30 and 8:15 p. m. Haverly's Home minstrels to-day and every day. "Tell it to him." "Steal the Alarm." Great fire scene, engine, horses, etc.

CLARK STREET THEATER.

The funniest play ever written, "The New Mugs" Landing. "New songs! New specialties! New features! Next Sunday, "The Old, Old Story."

LIBBY PRISON.

Wabash Avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets. The only war museum in America. A wonderful exhibition of historic relics. Open from 8:30 a. m. to 10 p. m. Sundays included.

GRAND OPERA-HOUSE.

Second week, immense success of Hoyt's "A Temperance Town." Every night mincees Wednesday and Saturday. Next week—Third and last week of Hoyt's "A Temperance Town."

HOOVER'S.

Daniel Frohman's Lyceum theater company. "Lady Bountiful." Sunday next—The latest comedy success, "Imagination." By Sydney Rosenfeld.

HAYLIN'S.

At the house of success, and all this week "A Pair of Jacks." Full of fun and music. Next Sunday—"Lost in New York."

LYONER'S.

Every evening at 8—Arizona Joe in the Back Halls. Matinee Sunday, Wednesday and Saturday at 2. Sunday, Oct. 2. Held in Slavery at 2.

HOW THE ANCIENTS DINED.

Our Worthy Forefathers Were Great Eaters and Deep Drinkers.

There is an old Latin riddle of the eighth century in which the table says: "First, I am a quadruped, and adorned with handsome clothing then I am ripped off my apparel and lose my legs too." The food of the Anglo-Saxon was largely bread.

The bread was baked in round, flat cakes, which the superstition of the cook marked with a cross to preserve them from the perils of the fire. Milk, butter, and cheese were also eaten. The principal meat was bacon, as the acorns of the oak forests, which then covered a large part of England supported numerous droves of swine. Our Anglo-Saxon forefathers were not only hearty eaters, but, unfortunately, deep drinkers.

The drinking horns were at first literally horns, and so must be immediately emptied when filled, later, when the primitive horn had been replaced by a glass cup, it retained a tradition of its rude predecessor in its shape, so that it, too, had to be emptied at a draught. Each guest was furnished with a spoon, while his knife he always carried in his belt, as for forks, who dreamed of them when nature had given them ten fingers?

But you will see why a servant with a basin of water and a towel always presented himself to each guest before dinner was served and after it was ended. Roast meat was served on the spit or rod on which it was cooked, and the guest cut or tore off a piece to suit himself. Boiled meat was laid on the table or bread, or later, on thick slices of bread called "trenchers," from a Norman word meaning "to cut," as these were to carve the meat on, thus preserving the tablecloth from the knife.

FAMILIAR NAMES.

Several autograph letters of Luther and Melancthon have been discovered in the library of an obscure town in the Prussian province of Saxony.

Alphonse Daudet approves of women writing. "A woman," he observes, "can often say things that we rougher natures cannot express in just language."

Bacon said: "There be three things which make a nation great and prosperous—a fertile soil, busy work shops and easy conveyance for men and commodities from one place to another."

Time Incense.

There has recently been added to the collection of folk objects in the museum of the university of Pennsylvania a package of incense, the use of which survives in the rural districts of China for the purpose of measuring time. It is called kong keung, or "clock incense," the word kong being our familiar English word "gong," which we get from the Chinese. It is used by the watchman, whose watch at night is divided into five parts. Five of these sticks are burned during the night, and they are shortened by breaking them off in accordance with the seasons. This incense was purchased at a Chinese shop in Philadelphia, and is another curious instance of primitive survivals among these interesting people.

She Thought of Him.

A little girl who had been away with her parents on a trip to a pleasant New England town was relating her experiences to her grandfather on her return to the city. She told him about every thing she could think of, in the pretty childish way that is always interesting. Finally the grandfather said: "Well, chickie, did you think of grandpa while you were away?"

"Oh, yes," she replied, "I thought you were at home working."

Electric Baths.

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Electric Baths.

MRS. DR. FRANCIS
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ONE ENJOY

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, cleanses 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.

"German Syrup"

William McKeekan, Druggist at Bloomingdale, Mich. "I have had the Asthma badly ever since I came out of the army and though I have been in the drug business for fifteen years, and have tried nearly everything on the market, nothing has given me the slightest relief until a few months ago, when I used Boschee's German Syrup. I am now glad to acknowledge the great good it has done me. I am greatly relieved during the day and at night go to sleep without the least trouble."



Kidney, Liver and Bladder Cure. Rheumatism,

Lumbago, pain in joints or back, brick dust in

THE SPANISH MAIDEN.

I met a little maid—
"Buenos Dias!"
With manners cool and staid—
"Buenos Dias!"
The prettiest girl in town—
With cheeks of rose brown—
"Buenos Dias!"

Hair as black as jet—
"Buenos Dias!"
Dark loving eyes and yet—
"Buenos Dias!"
Beneath my admiring glance
Her dimples began to dance—
"Buenos Dias!"

English she did not know—
"Buenos Dias!"
My Spanish was too slow—
"Buenos Dias!"
I put flowers in her hand,
She laughed the witch—and—
"Adios Señor."

—Inter Ocean.

IN THE TIDE.

This is the story of the fate that befell Lieut. Henry Crewe and Margaret Neville, his betrothed, who disappeared from the infant city of Halifax on the afternoon of September 18, 1749. The facts were gathered by one Nicholas Pinson from the mouths of Indians more or less concerned, from the members of the Neville family and from much sagacious conjecture and woven with an infinite deal of irrelevant detail into a narrative which has been rigorously condensed in the present rendering.

There was a faint opaline haze in the afternoon air, and in the still waters of the harbor the low hills, with their foliage lightly touched in bronze and amethyst and amber, were faithfully reproduced. Into a hollow between two knolls wooded with beech trees ran a shallow cove, its clear waters edged with sand of a tender, greenish gray. Close to the water's edge stood the lovers, and across the silence they could hear pulsating dimly the hammer of them that were building the city.

"Listen," said the man, as he drew the girl closely to him and kissed her on the forehead, "those are the strokes that are making a home for us."

The girl lifted her lips for a kiss that never reached them. The man was seized from behind, a dark hand covered his mouth, and Lieut. Henry Crewe, his sword unstirred in his scabbard, found himself pinioned hand and foot ere he had time to realize that other arms were about him than those of the woman he loved. With her it fared in like fashion, save that before they covered her mouth she found time for one long piercing cry. It was heard by those who were working on the city palisades, but no man could tell the direction whence it came. Presently a search party set out for the thick woods, lying a little north of west from the city, but in the meantime the Indians had carried their captives northward to the lakes, and were making all speed on the Funday coast by way of the Shubenacadie trail.

Henry Crewe was a tall man, and well sinewed, and for a brief space he strove so fiercely with his bonds that his fair skin flushed well-nigh purple, and his lips, under the yellow moustache, curled apart terribly, like those of a beast at bay. Unable to endure the anguish of his effort, Margaret averted her eyes, for she knew the hopelessness of it. Like all the Nevilles of Nova Scotia to this day, the girl was somewhat spare of form and feature, with dark hair, a clear dark skin and eyes of deep color that might be either gray or green. Her terrible cry had been far less the utterance of a blind terror than a

work of Beausejour rose from some seven or eight miles across the marshes. There, among his bitter enemies, Crewe knew he might find sure succor if only the gallant Frenchmen could be made aware of what was passing near them. He saw Margaret's eyes, and with terrible appeal upon the works, wherein for her and for her lover lay safety; and, agonized to feel his utter helplessness, he raised a long and ringing shout which, as it seemed to him, must reach the very souls of those behind the ramparts. Margaret's heart leaped with hope, which flickered out as she saw the Indians laugh grimly at the effort. To be within sight of help and yet so infinitely helpless! For the first time the girl yielded to complete despair, and her head sank upon her breast.

After skirting for perhaps an hour a red and all but empty channel, which Crewe recognized by hearing as the bed of the Tantramor (or Tanamarra, "water of hubbub") the savages suddenly led their captives down the steep, gleaming abyss of mud to the edge of the shallow current, which now, at low tide, clattered shrilly seaward over clods of blue clay and small stones rolled down from the uplands.

The place was like a hideous gaping pit. A double winding of the channel closed it in above and below. Some forty or fifty feet over their heads against a pure sky of loveliest blue, waved a shaggy fringe of salt grasses, yellowing in the autumn air. This harsh and meagre herbage encircled the rim of the chasm, and seemed to make the outer world of men infinitely remote. The sun, an hour or two past noon, glared down whitely into the gulf, and glistened in a myriad of steely reflections from the polished but irregular steep of slime. There was something so strange and monstrous in the scene that Margaret's dull misery was quickened to a nameless horror. Suddenly a voice, which she hardly recognized as that of her lover, said slowly and steadily.

"Margaret, this is the end of our journey; we have come to the end."

Looking up she met Crewe's eyes fastened upon her with a gaze which seemed to sustain her and fill her nerves with strength. With the end of his uncertainty his will became clear, and his resolution perfect as tempered steel. An Indian had brought two stakes and thrown them on the mud at the leader's feet. Margaret looked at the tide-mark, far up the dreadful slope, then again into her lover's face. She understood; but she gave no sign, save that her skin blanched to a more deathly pallor, and she exclaimed in a voice of poignant regret, "Have we kept silence all these long hours only for this? And I had so much to say to you!"

"There will be time," he said gently, and his voice was a calm. "The flood tide has not yet begun, and it will take some hours. And it was well, dear, that we could not speak; for so you had hope till the last to support you, while I had none, having heard the Indians say we were to die, though they said not in my hearing when or how."

A faint flush of pride rose into the girl's face, and she stretched out her pinioned arms to him and cried: "You shall not be deceived in me. I will be worthy of you and will not shame our race before these beasts."

By this time the stakes were driven into the strong clay. They were placed some way up the slope, and one a little space above the other. To

shed cry as he came up figures, and rose higher flapping, as he turned across the marshes.

In the journal of the Beausejour, there is a under the date of Septe. It was added on a su. Translated fully it runs

"In the afternoon tea marched across the Tin what mischief the redskins having observed them to number in the channel, on the brink as if watching the stream. It was with high tide when we reached savages disappearing on day on the further shore, where our hearts burned redskins and chastise their. A woman was bound to a fallen forward in the w. dardful luxuriance of dan about her and floating a swim across the river, w men following who could. beneath the tide, out he found the life had fled, at v dored; for, had she held the water would not yet ha a little of her chin. Bu found beneath the water young man, bound likewise it seemed to us we thereu why the poor lady had been to die. The levers, for them, were plainly Englis them with us back to the posing to give them Christ more than ever cursing the which forces us to make a natives."

—Charles G. D. Roberts Independent.

STORIES OF HO

The Victims Seldom Act viously Fancied Th

A group of men were loungers' corner of a hotel, says the Examiner, reading a morning paper, his paper open at the p a robbery that startled "I can not help having for such bold thieves," respectable looking m gathering. "Not," he that I approve stealing but if one is bound to box it is more manly to point of a pistol than the victim's confidence tray it."

One by one the reader papers aside, and with disposed of bandits an the remarkably short o ways prevails on su. Then they grew remin

"The pluckiest robber of," said a Denverite, who made Dan Moffat 000 about three years ago became familiar enough quel has been generally young fellow walked into vate office at the F bank, covering Moffat displaying a bottle of h he said was nitro-gly Moffat fill out a check a cashed and hand him th specified just what he manding \$1,000 in gold and dollar bill, and. When Moffat went to teller the visitor was ju with the revolver close but hidden by an over secured the money, the out the door and disappe

"Did they ever catch now, that is hard to sta some mystery about it. did not think that Moffa caught. But a big ro about it, and rewards off haps a year, after num and releases, it was ann prisoner in jail in Clay

GOOD NIGHT.

Good night! I have to say good night
To such a host of peerless things!
Good night unto that fragile hand
All quiescent with its weight of rings;
Good night to fond, uplifted eyes;
Good night to chestnut braids of hair;
Good night unto the perfect mouth
And all the sweetness nestled there.
The snowy hand detains me; then
I'll have to say good night again!

But there will come a time, my love,
When, if I read our star aright,
I shall not linger by this porch
With my adieu. 'Till then good night!
You wish the time were now? And I.
You do not blush to wish it so?
You would have blushed yourself to death
To own as much a year ago.

What! both these snowy hands? Ah, then
I'll have to say good night again!

—Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

HER FIRST MESSAGE.

Ned Dubois was not at all pleased with the surroundings when he and his pretty little wife alighted from the train at the Pineville depot. He stood as if undecided which way to go and cast a wistful glance in the direction of the swiftly disappearing cars; just in front of them was the depot, and a hundred yards or so further on a neat, cozy cottage rested upon the brow of a gently sloping hill; in the distance, perhaps a mile or so away, could be seen the housetops of Pineville proper.

"I didn't expect such a place as this," he said. "It'll be awful on you, sweetheart."

A cheery laugh burst from the wife as Ned's lugubrious tones fell upon her ears, and, darting a swift glance of love into the handsome eyes bent toward her, she replied:

"I think it's awful nice, Ned, just to think of being so near you all the time—why, I can bring my work to the office and spend the whole day with you—that is," and she looked up coyly. "If you'll let me."

"Let you?" he echoed, "the idea! The thought of having you with me was one strong incentive in accepting this out-of-the-way job."

Further conversation was stopped by the approach of a man from the depot.

"My name is Rogers," he said, "and I'm the agent here, you're my successor, are you not?"

Ned bowed and introduced himself and wife.

"Will you step into the office," continued the agent, "or do you prefer going directly to your house?"

"To the house, by all means," cried Mrs. Dubois. "I am dreadfully anxious to get straightened out."

"You'll have your hands full, I fear," smiled Rogers. "I tried to place everything nicely, but an old bachelor is a poor hand at such work."

"I'm sure your efforts have proven more satisfactory than you claim," was Ned's rejoinder. "and we are grateful to you for your kindness."

By this time they had reached the house, and leaving the little house-keeper busily putting things to rights, the two men returned to the depot, where they were engaged for several hours in effecting a transfer of the office.

"Now," said the ex-agent, when the change had been completed.

"I want to tell you this is the loneliest place on earth, and I am glad to get away; why, I've sat here day after day and never caught sight of a soul except the train crews as they dashed through."

After completing the decorating and fixing of their little home Mrs. Dubois turned her attention to the transfer of

he found the object to be a pile of cross ties on the track. He advanced quickly to throw them aside when he discovered that several rails had been torn from the track.

This fearful sight chilled his blood, and he stood almost paralyzed for a moment. Then he thought of the train loaded with human souls that was even then rushing rapidly toward its doom, and wheeling round he dashed toward the depot.

He had scarcely traversed twenty steps, however, before he felt a heavy hand come down on his shoulder.

"Halt!" came a gruff voice. "one step further, and you die!"

Ned felt the cold muzzle of a revolver come in contact with his ear, and he stopped.

"So," the voice continued, sneeringly, "thought ye'd spoil our prospects, did ye?"

"For God's sake," begged Ned, "let me go and save the precious lives you have put in jeopardy!"

"Nice move that'd be for us," chuckled the wrecker, "after all our work and plans."

"But think, man, what you are doing."

"Done thought, and the end of the thing is that we're goin' to have a pull at a pile of cash now on the train you speak of."

Suddenly, probably without knowing it, the hand holding the pistol dropped a few inches, and the hand on Ned's shoulder loosened its grasp, then a wild desire to reach his office flashed across the operator's mind, and clinching his teeth, he shook himself loose from his captor and fled in the direction of the depot.

He had gone several yards before the man realized his escape, then a deep curse broke out on the evening air and the train wrecker started in pursuit.

Ned glanced back, and in place of one he saw several forms rushing after him.

"Don't shoot," he heard one of them say, "it might arouse some one, besides we can reach the office before he can send a warning message."

Poor Ned's heart sank as he heard this, he knew too well that they would dash in on him before he could even get a response from one of the offices above him, but he madly dashed into his office and attempted to lock the door.

But, alas for once he was too excited, and before his trembling fingers could place the key into the lock the entire crowd was on him.

"Sit down, now," panted one of them, "and behave."

In despair Ned dropped into a chair, with his back to the curtains, and buried his face in his hands.

After a hurried consultation the gang of wreckers left two of their members to guard Ned, while the rest hastened to demolish the track.

Suddenly the tick of the instrument caused him to raise his head. It was Singleton, the second station from Pineville, reporting the arrival and departure of No. 88.

Great drops of perspiration stood out on Ned's face, and he felt as if his heart would burst before this trial was over. Only one more station to pass, and then the hopes of saving the train would be over.

He sat with straining ears to catch the sound of Ellaville, the next station to his, reporting the train, for then he knew the end had come, and his suspense would cease.

His eyes roamed about the room and rested on the mirror he had laughed with his wife, about so

and to Ned's ears came the deep sonorous sound of the engine whistle, as it blew for Pineville.

Then he heard the sharp crack followed by terrible shrieks and all was silent.

"Ned," came a soft voice behind him, and a trembling little woman rushed in, "have they hurt you?" as she began undoing the bonds.

"No, sweetheart," he cried, clasping her to his bosom, "but had it not been for you there is no telling what might have happened."

Her face flushed with pleasure, and she asked:

"Did I send it correctly, Ned?"

"Correctly!" echoed the husband, "it was the grandest message that ever flashed over these wires."

Just then a knock was heard on the door, and opening it Ned admitted a crowd of men in the midst of whom were several prisoners.

"We got most of them," said a man who seemed to be the leader of the party.

"Are these all?" asked Ned.

"Well, not exactly; we left two lying out by the track," was the laconic answer.

All of them proved to be old offenders and were duly punished; and in the winding up of the affair the rail-authorities amply rewarded the gallant little wife for "Her First Message." — Edward N. Wood in Old Homestead.

A WEIRD WESTERN TALE.

Spirits of Murdered Men Watching Over Riches in an Old Mine.

The Ozark mountains of Missouri present a field for the lovers of the curious which is not to be found this side of old Mexico. The whole country was at one time under the domination of the Spanish when they first explored this part of the continent, and their relics are to be found all over the hills in the shape of excavations and old mines, and in many instances their very tools are to be found just where they left them over a hundred or two hundred years ago, says the New York Herald.

About eighteen miles southwest of Galena is an old Spanish mine which is reputed to be rich with gold and silver as well as with lead, yet no man has ever had the temerity to work the mine on account of the story which is attached to it and the certain uncanny feeling which is said to overcome any one who dares to profane the place with his presence.

The story is that in this mine great riches were found by seven men, who were so overcome by their good fortune that they could not agree as to the division of the find, but each was eager to have the whole for himself, and the result was that one by one they were killed by their companions until but one was left, and then it is related that during the night he was set upon by the whole ghostly band and was choked to death by the spirits of the men whom he had helped to murder. This is the story which has been told, and in addition there are many who swear that they have also seen the ghostly band of murdered men who are keeping watch over the riches hidden away in this mountain mine.

The natives will tell you with bated breath how a certain man (he was a Vermonter named Johnson) had said that he would find the treasure in spite of the devil and all his imps and how he went to the place and worked alone because he could get none of the people in the neighborhood to

OUR ST. LOUIS

The New-Corrier Majors
Fidelity—Dutiful
Sunday Afternoon

St. Louis, Sept. 26.—

postman in St. Louis has some object of great interest to people who not the least attention. This is because Velled Prophet takes place and every body in society as usual, about the invitation, the kissing, by the can't be bought. The city event of the year, there, to a great extent, one's position in the social position for invitation the box of the V at the postoffice. the requests are the potentate by foreign one ever knows who part of those who write, and always brings the first success in the form of a containing the invitation ask for invitations do. They may understand the well, but no word of ex comes to them from the ence. The aim of the make his ball as exclus and he is always m visitors from abroad the people, reflecting the g hospitality which is in these times of festivity.

One of the occupations several clever St. Louis themselves independent splendor just now, wh full of strangers. One used to be a stenograph business house here, but the field too circumstances. talents. She went to man who is connected agement of a hotel, and wished to her.

"Will you send for me hear the strangers in wish to be guided in and shown around town time?" she asked.

The other woman too the girl, and helped the made only a little n year she has had letter ladies who are coming fall that she has given in the office, and has m to shop for a living finds on inquiry at th there are other women the same thing, and living as it.

Rather unexpectedly tion has been added to the managers of the. This is a battalion drill every Sunday afternoon. The companies partici cranky of the volun the city. As the Expos on Sunday the entert which is appreciated. which had been ann idea of bringing peo took place last Sunday car lines which run c were crowded all da ground is on the borde lake in the park, an boats were seized on ea noon by visitors who r water and watched the there, secure from the those on the land had

A Sham

The Earl of Durha

SLEEPS WITH EYES OPEN.

A Young Woman at Port Jefferson Puzzles the Medical Men.

Richard Risley, of Port Jefferson, N. Y., is a hard-working bayman. He has a rather pretty daughter, who for the past year has been puzzling the doctors in consequence of a peculiar affliction which has attacked her eyes.

Miss Risley is about 17 years old. A year ago, while walking on the beach near her home with her mother, she suddenly exclaimed that something had entered her eye. She pressed her hands over her eyes and a moment later fell in a fit.

The young woman was carried home in a partially unconscious condition. When finally she was restored to consciousness it was discovered that her eyes had a strained look as though some inward pressure was forcing them out of their sockets. She complained of no pain, but her eyes continued to protrude more and more until it would seem they must fall out. The eyes are now so much protruded that the lids cannot close down over them, so that the sufferer sleeps at night with her eyes wide open. Her sense of sight is gone while she sleeps, this having been demonstrated by experiments.

The peculiar trouble which has attacked her eyes also appears to be sapping the young woman's health. She has become pale and emaciated, and has the appearance of a person suffering from consumption. Her condition has thus far defied the skill of the local doctors, who admit that they are unable to explain the cause.

RHODE ISLAND'S NAME.

Various Theories That Have Been Advanced for Its Origin.

Several explanations are given of the manner in which Rhode Island acquired a name. One supposition is that from the abundance of cranberries found in the marshes of this province it was called by the Dutch Rhode Eylan. Others suppose that the original name was Ruel de Eglant (the red island), from the fact that some clay banks at certain points along the coast gave it a reddish tinge. It is most likely, however, that it was named from the island of Rhodes in the Mediterranean and this supposition is strengthened by the discovery of the fact that on January 13, 1644, the general court of elections passed an ordinance reading as follows: "It is ordained by this court that the island commonly called Aquethneck shall be from henceforth called the Island of Rhodes or Rhode Island." Aquethneck was the Indian name and it is probable that some odds and ends of learning among the colonists induced them to select this classical name.

VALUE OF DOCUMENTS.

The Good to Be Derived From Them Not Yet Quite Understood.

The value of many documents issued from our government members is but little understood by the people of this country. It is a fact, however, that some of the most valuable contributions to the knowledge of this country are made in the form of public documents.

Every consul is required to transmit to the government whatever is of interest in the city where he is stationed and a volume of consular reports is often as interesting as a book of travels.

In addition the bureau of education sends out every year an immense mass of literary matter pertaining to the educational system of this and other countries.

While the reports of the government agricultural stations ought to be in the hands of every farmer and if properly used would increase the aggregate production of our land a percentage in a single year, yet neither teachers nor farmers seem to take care for these documents, although they are to be had for the asking. Thousands of them every year it is said are left undistributed because no one calls for them.

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UPRIGHT FOLDING BEDS	\$11.50	BRISSLES CARPETS, PER YARD	44c
COMBINATION FOLDING BEDS	\$31.75	INGRAIN CARPETS, PER YARD	16c
Finely finished Chairs upholstered in all colors, best silk plush	\$2.15	OIL CLOTH	20c
LARGE SOLID OAK CHIFFONIER	\$6.85	GOOD FACE CURTAINS	\$1.08
ONE GOOD MATTRESS FOR ...	\$1.65	GOOD DRAPERY PORTIERES	\$2.50
SPRINGS FOR ...	99c	SMYRNA RUGS	\$1.31
BEADSTEADS, ANY FINISH	\$1.10	HANDED LAMPS	\$1.85
KITCHEN TABLES	90c	STAND LAMPS	25c

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P. Paulsen, Geneva, Ill.—Nasal catarrh and chronic bronchitis. Duration of disease, three years. Length of time treated, ten weeks. Catarrh completely cured, bronchitis under control; weight and strength returned.

Alfred Johnson, 31 Otis St., has been a great sufferer from chronic eczema for three years. The itching at times was intense. Treated with several physicians and specialists. Dr. Cox cured me in eight weeks.

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