

# BARRINGTON REVIEW.

VOL. 7. NO. 27.

SATURDAY, NOV. 5, 1892.

\$1.50 A YEAR.

## DESPLAINES.

**METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.**—The Rev. James M. Kelley, pastor, D. F. Kinder, Superintendent Sunday school, Sunday services, 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 6:30.

**CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.**—The Rev. Edward Huelster, pastor, Mrs. H. H. Tulott, Superintendent Sunday school, Preaching Sunday morning at 10:30 and in the evening at 7 o'clock. Sunday school at noon. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening.

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

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

Be sure and vote early in the morning on Tuesday, Nov. 8. Don't put it off until the last moment and then be crowded out and lose your franchise. Polls will be open at 6 o'clock a. m. and close at 4 o'clock p. m. Remember this and to cast your ballot for the Republican candidates.

The Ladies Aid Society of the Congregational church gave a New England supper at their hall last Tuesday evening. There was a good attendance considering the weather.

John Behmiller has been quite sick with his old enemy, the asthma, but is now getting better.

On Halloween the boys were up to their usual foolish pranks. A four barrel and an old bench were hoisted on top of the railroad tracks. F. H. Escher had a lot of beer kegs piled in front of his store, and Dr. Dornbusch found a large assortment of milk cans at his front door. When Charles Murdoch started out to his daily work in the morning he saw a beer keg on the tower of his building. Mr. Murdoch does not use the beverage, but it made no difference for the keg was empty.

The old village jail was sold at public auction a few days ago to Aaron Minnick for the sum of \$21.75. It will probably be converted into a smoke-house or something of that sort.

Vote early. Don't wait till the afternoon. Lots of others will do that and lose their vote. Take your neighbor to the polls with you.

The Desplaines News came out last week with a portion of its head upside down. It is supposed that the pressman stood on his head while making up the form.

Mrs. J. T. Norton has returned from her visit to England and is back again at her old home.

On Saturday evening, October 29, pie, pot pie, and other kinds of pie to suit the taste. Pie is king.

Gus Jones was one of the sopranos at the dedicatory exercises of the Columbian exposition at least, that was the kind of ticket that he had to gain admission. With practice Gus may become a popular soubrette in some famous troupe.

There are about 10 names on the registry list in the first precinct. There will probably be a larger vote polled this fall than ever before.

Mrs. Belle Webster will build another new house on Grandland avenue.

Watts, the Miller says that pancake material is likely to be high this year. With potatoes at high figures, meat at drug store prices and apples almost beyond reach what shall we have to eat is a serious problem. True, flour is cheap enough, but it is not good for man to live on bread alone. But that is about what it comes to this year.

The Board of Lady Managers of the Columbian exposition have taken a refreshing departure in the way of adjourning their meetings. Religious bodies usually close with prayer, while political gatherings sometimes break up in a row but at the last session of the lady managers we are informed that the meeting broke up with a fusillade of kisses. The reporter did not say whether he had a hand in it or not but probably not, or he would have kept still about it. This would be a good plan to adopt in the meetings of the Board of Trustees after a stormy session. The tap of the president's gavel might be the signal for the members to fall on each other's necks and embrace. Should the ladies sewing societies of the place adopt this felicitous style of bringing their meetings to a close the doors would have to be bolted and barred to keep out the crowd.

The Willing Workers of the Methodist church will give a "Mother Goose" concert in costume at the new town hall on Friday evening, Nov. 11. The programs will soon be ready for distribution.

A big Democratic rally was advertised to come off on Monday evening last, but a drizzling rain in the afternoon put a damper on the proceedings as far as the torchlight parade was concerned. There were speeches and music in the hall, however, and the meeting went off with a vim. While the crowd was marching into the hall, Sol Garland stood on the steps in front and inquired, "What's the matter with Cleveland?" The question was repeated several times, but no one seemed to understand the nature of Mr. Cleveland's ailment. Whether he was suffering from general debility or "innocuous desuetude" The Desplaines band discoursed lively music and the Columbian quartet, composed of male voices, sang so well that they were vigorously cheered and repeatedly encouraged. The speakers were Seymour Stedman, L. Deutch, and William J. Major. Mr. Stedman defined Judge Ayotte's position on the labor question and the tariff. He was in favor of

adjusting the labor difficulties by a Board of Arbitration. Mr. Deutch spoke in German and explained the manner of voting by the Australian system. Mr. Major is a speaker of considerable ability and kept the house in a roar by his humorous illustrations. He was out short in his remarks on account of being obliged to take the 10 o'clock train. Henry Kraft presided at the meeting and at the close announced that another meeting would be held Saturday evening, Nov. 5. Wm. J. Major, Charles Koerner and Prof. L. Pieper have been engaged as speakers for the occasion.

## BARRINGTON.

**CHURCH AND SOCIETY NOTICES.**  
A. V. V. Meet in Parker's hall, second and fourth Saturdays of each month. W. H. Sellock, Com. Frank Kraskin, S. V. O. J. L. Ryan, J. V. O.

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

**ST. ANNE'S CATHOLIC CHURCH.**—Rev. J. F. Clancy, Pastor, Services every other Sunday at 8 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 2 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. Schubert, Pastor, Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. Evening service at 7:30 p. m. Sabbath school at 9 a. m.

**GERMAN EVANGELICAL ST. PAUL'S CHURCH.**—Rev. E. Kann, Pastor, Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. Sabbath school at 9 a. m.

**LOUNGBURY LODGE No. 351.**—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. Williams, Sec. W. F. Hanover, J. D. Wm. McCredie, J. D. A. Gleason, S. D.

**BARRINGTON POST No. 375.** G. A. R. Department of Ill. Meets every second Friday in the month at Parker's Hall. E. R. Clark, Com. L. F. Elvidge, S. V. G. R. Purcell, J. V. O. C. Gleason, C. M. A. S. Henderson, O. D. C. G. Senn, C. H. Henry Reuter, S. D. P. A. Lageschulte, Chap.

**W. R. C. No. 35.**—Meets the second and fourth Saturdays of each month. Mrs. Ada Sellock, Pres. Miss Bertha Seebert, Sec.

**M. W. A. Camp No. 35.**—Meets first Saturday of each month at Lamey's hall. E. R. Clark, V. G. John Robertson, W. A. Fred Kirschner, B. M. T. Lamey, clerk, William Ashland, W. P. A. Hawley, E. H. S. Meier, S.

Be sure and vote early in the morning on Tuesday, Nov. 8. Don't put it off until the last moment and then be crowded out and lose your franchise. Polls will be open at 6 o'clock a. m. and close at 4 o'clock p. m. Remember this and to cast your ballot for the

last Saturday William Mandchenko was arrested for assault and battery and brought before Justice Kingsley, who found him guilty and fined him \$13.33 and costs.

Mr. John Dobler opened a saloon in the Brun's building Tuesday, Nov. 1.

Several extra carpenters are at work on the Meyer building this week.

Edward Heimerding of Chicago was here Sunday.

Pat Callahan's team ran away Saturday. Fortunately no damage was done.

The Barrington bank will close on election day, Tuesday, Nov. 8.

Miss Agnes Ryan, formerly a teacher in District No. 1, died at her home in Chicago, Tuesday, Oct. 25, after a short illness of four days. She has many friends in this vicinity, especially among her scholars.

Mr. F. A. Lageschulte has erected a new Aeromotor vehicle.

A sad accident occurred Saturday. William Giske's youngest boy, age 10 years, was thrown from a wagon loaded with gravel and was run over, killing him instantly.

A Japanese minister attracted a large number of people to the M. E. church Sunday evening. He delivered a very interesting address on the customs of the people of his native country and the effect of a religion upon them.

A notable wedding took place in our village Wednesday, Oct. 26, 1892. Miss Jennie Comstock and Mortimore Miller of Rockford were the contracting parties. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. E. W. Ward in the M. E. church at high noon, after which an elegant supper was served in the church parlors. The following is a list of some of the presents received: Bride's father, note, \$2,000. Groom's father, deed of lot, \$1,700. One-half dozen solid silver teaspoons and sugar spoons, Mrs. Powell. Parlor lamp, Dr. and Mrs. Filkins. Two pastels, L. P. Salenand wife, A. L. Goetzman, F. P. Kengar, F. W. Sale. Groom, gold ring with pearl set. Metallic clock, M. and C. Luce, H. E. Fox, E. W. Shipman. Silver fruit stand, Horenath. Silver and glass berry dish, Mr. and Mrs. J. Robertson. Silver, gold lined cake basket, by J. H. Hawley, P. A. Hawley, F. J. Hawley. One-half dozen silver dessert spoons, E. R. Clark. Silver and gold berry spoons, Mr. and Mrs. George Harley. Silver pickle castor and fork, Laura A. Wilson. Carving set, Carrie Kingsley. Silver cream ladle, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hawley of Dundee. Silver butter dish, A. L. Robertson. Silver syrup pitcher, Emma Robertson. Solid silver gold bowl, sugar spoon, Mr. and Mrs. Otis and Maad. Two silver napkin rings, Dr. D. H. Rich. Elegant satin pin-cushion and two large bottles of perfume, Rose Sudt

Bread, cake and paring knife, Lillie Haven. Silver pudding dish, F. J. Kerriek, E. Carpenter, L. A. Williams, C. L. Williams, R. G. Root, Mrs. E. G. Root. Gold pen and pearl-handle, Netta and Mrs. H. A. Lombard. Large soup ladle, D. F. Lamey. Manicure set, Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Hawley. Brown china cake plate, L. D. Castle. Silver pickle castor and fork, Mrs. Lyman Ponne, Mrs. Dr. Kendal. Beautiful cut silver jewelry stand, Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Smith. One-half dozen silver fruit knives, William Steolt. One-half dozen silver nut picks, two nut cracker sizes. Silver salt and peppers, Mrs. E. S. Jaynes. One-half dozen silver fruit knives, S. G. Seebert. Two silver napkin rings, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Hande. One-half dozen silver teaspoons, Luella and Belle. Brass alarm clock, Mr. and Mrs. S. F. Parker. Two silver salt sets, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Taylor. One-half dozen silver fruit knives, Edith Krahm. Five dollar gold piece, Mr. Duol. Silver sugar spoon, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Spear. Silver toothpick holder, Bertha Seebert. One handsome book, entitled "Near My God to Thee," Mrs. Alice St. Clair. Elegant card basket, Nellie Gray. Pair vases, Mr. and Mrs. Purcell. Silver syrup pitcher, H. G. Vermilya. Silver frame with picture from Master Dudley A. Smith. Silver hairpin receiver, Mrs. Emma Comstock. Two silver napkin rings, Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Morehouse. Bottle white rose, C. A. Ryan. Carpet sweeper, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Meyer. Nice rug, Misses Laura and Ada Church. Mirror, comb case and towel rack combined, Mr. T. Freeman. Glass jewelry box and tidy, Ellis Lamey. One-half dozen nut picks, Alice Church. One-half dozen silver teaspoons, C. B. Hawley. Decorated china berry set, Laura Cowden. Decorated china tea set, Jennie Townsend. One-half dozen silver forks, Mr. L. H. Bute. Beauties of Tennyson, Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Gillett. Longfellow's poems, L. R. Easton. Ben Hur, two volumes, silk bound, from Little, Brown and Co. of Boston. 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## IN A LIGHTNING FLASH.

### THE BOLT REVEALED THE TERRIBLE DANGER.

The Ship Was Bearing Down Upon Them Before the Hurricane and Not for the Lightning Would Have Sent All Souls to Davy Jones.

In the month of June, 1884, business called me to Martinique. The Corsica, a staunch, full-rigged brig, owned by Bartel, of Baltimore, was the only vessel which offered me means of transit at the time, and in her I took passage. She was not meant for passenger traffic, and had no accommodations therefor; but I had known her commander, Captain Paine, in other years, and he welcomed me cordially and made me comfortable.

Toward the night of the fourth of July we had got into the region of storms, and shortly after a clock on the evening of that day the wind came out from the northeast, and very soon great drops of rain came pattering upon the deck.

"There's thunder in this," said Paine who had donned his storm-gear.

It was now as dark as dark could be. The blackness was so utter that there was relief in closing one's eyes.

Not a trace of our tall spars could I detect, and the men who stood only a few feet off were hidden as by an opaque barrier. And the rain now came down in torrents.

The brig was heading upon her course, very near south, with the wind upon the larboard quarter. By and by a blinding flash a vivid gleam, shot out from the ebony vault, and a broad blaze swept through the heavens.

It must have been very near another half hour before the gloom was again broken by the lightning. I had gone forward and was leaning over the bows, watching the phosphorescent sparkle of the broken water, when a sharply-uttered "H—st!" from the lookout aroused me, and as I raised my head I distinctly heard a strange sound in the distance—a sound as of rushing waters.

Captain Paine was in a moment by my side. I did not know how long he had been there. We stood by the weather night-head.

"Is this you, captain?" I asked.

"Yes," he answered. He spoke in a whisper and his attention was elsewhere.

"Do you hear that strange sound?" said I.

He listened an instant longer and I heard him gasp.

"Sound!" he cried; "it's a ship!—something!—coming down upon us!"

The lookout was on the point of crying out, but the captain stopped him.

"We must get the men to their stations without alarming them, if we can," he said, and then he leaped ash, shouting, as he went:

"All hands—all hands for tacking! To the braces, every man!"

Captain Paine was again by my side, and we peered off into the darkness. The dull roar was plainly heard, but we could see nothing, we could not even see the head of our own bowsprit. The old sailor groaned in agony.

"If I could only see," he muttered.

At that moment, while yet the words quivered upon his lips the lightning blazed forth in the heavens and the sea was illumined far and

entered more willingly and gratefully upon the work of repairing damages at sea than did those who were set to splice our broken backstay.

### THE ORCHESTRA STOPPED.

Only the Wickedly Worldly People Were Disappointed.

The poetic-looking man with long hair and the woman with pale blue eyes were especially interested in the last passages of the play. They sighed deeply and exchanged soulful glances every time the heroine and her best fellow had any trouble.

Worldly people in the immediate vicinity were convinced that the man with long hair and the woman with pale blue eyes were recently married.

The curtain descended upon a thrilling scene wherein several pairs of devoted hearts, rudely held apart by dire and ~~distressing~~ necessity, were reunited.

"Tat-tat-tat-tat-tat-tat."

The leader of the orchestra had waved his baton and the drum responded with vigor. The man with the long hair and the woman with the pale blue eyes were conversing earnestly. With ineffable tenderness they gazed into each other's faces.

Worldly people in the vicinity felt sure the man and the woman were speaking in violent terms of endearment.

"Tat-tat-tat-tat-tat-tat."

The trombone had suddenly discovered clear sailing ahead and was snorting boisterously.

"Tant-a-ra-rum."

The cornet had started late, but was making a notable spurt.

The long-haired man leaned closer to the blue-eyed woman.

Worldly people in the vicinity were fully assured that he was talking very loud, and hoped in their hearts the orchestra would stop without warning.

"Tat—"

"Root—"

"Tant—"

The leader had thrown both arms frantically into the air. The drum, the trombone and the cornet knew what it meant. Clamor was instantly succeeded by silence.

The worldly people held their breaths.

"I tell you, cockroaches can't—"

The man with long hair paused, lowered his voice, and proceeded with his conversation.

The Detroit Tribune says that only the worldly people were disappointed.

### LOST LANDS.

The Submersion of Bangir and of Expedition Island.

The whole crust of the globe is probably in motion, changing its relative level as it gradually adjusts itself to the contractions of the interior, on which it rests. In the north the circumpolar regions are rising. If we had records to guide us we should probably find that Grant Land, Grinnell Land and Franz Josef's Land are several inches higher than they were when they were first discovered. And simultaneously the coast of Greenland, in the neighborhood of Disco, is sinking, so that stakes which were driven into the beach to moor boats to are now under water. It is easy to understand that, without any volcanic agency, the surface of the earth, resting as it does on a foundation which must be incandescent, must rise and fall as the action of fire expands and contracts its subterranean support.

This process has gone on throughout all time. In the Arabian Sea, not far from the mouth of the Indus, the navigator, in the Bombay steam

## THE BREATH OF A GIANT.

### AN INDIAN LEGEND ABOUT CALIFORNIA CAVERNS.

How the Savages Explain the Cause of the Natural Ice Found in the Caverns—Scientists Fail to Give the Cause.

Up in some of the northern parts of the state they have an argument by which ice cream and other cooling things are possible, even in midsummer, declares the San Francisco Examiner, and there is no such a thing as an artificial ice plant within 500 miles.

There are holes in the ground—crevices and cracks in the lava beds—where ice forms the year round. No one knows how or why the ice forms there. There is no water to be seen, and if there is anything better than a lava bed in July it must be the same place in June.

There are a good many of these natural ice factories in the remote corners of Shasta, Modoc and Siskiyou counties.

The one that is the most patronized is about fifty miles east of Astoria, fifteen miles from Little Hot Spring valley.

Anybody that wants to can go there and study the mystery, notwithstanding the man with the rifle who appears to be standing guard of the stern, threatening partner who stands with a menacing block of ice in his hand.

These are not the guardians of the mysterious ice caves protecting the frozen fairy queen, who has been imprisoned there by the ogre of the snow. They are simply natives who guided your correspondent to this cavern and who waited to have their picture taken.

Once upon a time this country was a trembling bubbling sea—not a sea of water, but of boiling, seething, molten rock. And the waves, as they rose and broke, became solid and fell back as blocks of lava. And when the surface was all cool the liquid fire inside burst through and tore it apart, and now for twenty miles and more the country is covered with these tall, irregular blocks piled in fantastic shape on every side, and among them are strange gorges and corridors out of which come vague uncanny sounds.

The blocks ring like metal when your horse's hoofs strike them. It is a country of unexplained noises. From the bowels of mountains comes the noise of escaping steam. Out of the seemingly bottomless pits and gorges rises the rumble of what may be rivers, but peer into the depths until your head swims and you cannot see the water.

The ringing ground sounds below to your steps. It is hot walking over the lava beds, for, of course, you cannot traverse much of it on horseback.

It is rather weird to toil over them under the blazing sun until you are almost ready to drop from heat exhaustion, and then step down into a break and find yourself standing on ice, no man knows how thick. It is cool in the caverns—cool, though the sun that has caused you so much trouble and fatigue outside shines right in upon the glass floor.

There is a lava cliff thirty feet high, and at the base of it is an opening right into the rock. It is arched, and generally bears a resemblance to a prospector's tunnel. The floor of the tunnel inside the cliff is hardly four feet below the level of the entrance.

solider, and one night to sleep in a cavern he around her, and she Her breath went on fre ice was thick above he died, because she is no she is there yet, and h on freezing, and that is out by the ice hunters.

This is a good explanation should be that the I shores the mysterious also be accounted for.

### CAN'T ALL THING

The Orator of the Corner fully sat on the

I was the other day about a member of the press, whom I will call by one of his colleagues cannot identify says a Pittsburg Dispatch. T one of the border states the line. "Enlistment member," were secretl our neighborhood for Jim was an orator r soldier. He never tire ing public meetings. E ellable, and apt to be w at the moment. One for the old flag and union, and the next d hang John Brown and emmy. One morning w in town he was called o a hundred or two men sembled in front of the listening to the later climbed into a wagon th and called in. "I have age for you," he shoute front. Many of your in the line of battle an unto you. Why stand Freedom, which shrie losko fell, is in peril as Fly to her rescue. I peace, peace, [but the Freedom's battle, on queathed from bleedin though baffled off is eve and organize a company this day, this hour." V broke in the only ma didn't know him, "whic we join—nawth or so either!" shouted Jim. alike." It made som time," said Mr. M. C. confederate army after be hanged if I wasn't about it the other day that he was just right.

### A Queer Ste

Mr. Dennett, of Can Maine, who supplies milk, eggs and garden that attracts a good de It consists of a two-year a ring in his nose, bear yoke on his neck, barn bottomed cart which w water. The animal is c Dennett like a horse, are attached to the ring nose; they pass up o through rings attached this queer team Mr. I the trip to the beach times a week in summer Sperwink river at hi bull swims the river li the cart will float like sustain the weight of and his load of produce Mr. Dennett and his un seen approaching th through the banks of the him make the passage.

### The Weight of

In 1774 Maskelyne, royal of England, first



## GREEN DRAGON TAVERN.

### HEADQUARTERS AND BIRTH-PLACE OF FREEDOM.

Where Revolutionary Patriots Met to Confer or Plan—Interesting Scraps of History in This Connection.

The good old Green Dragon Tavern long ago was the way of good old things. But if you can't revive a good thing, you can at least commemorate it properly.

That is what the Massachusetts Society of Sons of the Revolution has done in putting a tablet in the front of St. Andrew's Masonic lodge building, recently erected on the site of the Green Dragon on Union street, not far from Hanover, says the Boston Herald.

The inscription, which tells the story with admirable conciseness and comprehensiveness, is as follows:

On this spot stood the GREEN DRAGON TAVERN. The secret meeting place of the SONS OF LIBERTY and in the words of Webster, the Headquarters of the Revolution. To mark a site forever memorable as the Birthplace of American Freedom, this tablet is placed by the Massachusetts Society of Sons of the Revolution.

August 19, 1893. Webster's designation of the Green Dragon as the headquarters of the revolution was historically accurate. Adams, Hancock, Revere, Otis, Warren and the rest of the patriots came here to plan or to confer. How much treason was hatched under this roof will never be known, but much was unquestionably concocted within the walls of the famous old tavern.

Paul Revere says: "In the fall of 1774 and winter of 1775 I was one of upward of thirty who formed ourselves into a committee for the purpose of watching the movements of the British soldiers and gaining every intelligence of the movements of the Tories. We held our meetings at the Green Dragon tavern. This committee were astonished to find all their secrets known to Gen. Gage, for every time they met every member swore upon the bible not to reveal any of their transactions except to Hancock, Adams, Warren, Otis, Church and one or two more."

In early times the Green Dragon was the property of Lieutenant-Governor Stoughton, and was used as a hospital during the revolution.

It was also known as the Freemasons' Arms and is especially noted in the annals of Masonry in Boston. It was purchased by St. Andrew's lodge before the revolution, and remained in their possession more than a century. This lodge was organized under a charter from the grand lodge of Scotland in 1766, and was chiefly composed of residents of the North end. There were several lodges in the British regiments that landed in Boston in 1768 and 1774, and St. Andrew's lodge united with them in organizing a grand lodge. The first lodge of Freemasons by the way, met in Boston July 30, 1773. It was the first in the colonies, receiving authority from Lord Montague, grand master of England.

Some time ago a tablet bearing a green dragon in relief, was inserted in the front wall of the building adjoining St. Andrew's lodge, for the same commemorative purpose, but without inscription. Drake remarks that many think this tablet incorrectly placed. As to the exact site, the tavern, including its court yard, probably covered the land now occupied by both buildings, but it is believed by the Society of the Sons of the Revolution that the tavern itself stood where St. Andrew's lodge has put up its new building, and the new tablet has accordingly been placed there. At any rate, neither tablet can reproach the other and the new one is especially appropriate because of its inscription.

**The Eyes.** The "Eyesologist" is the newest fad of man, and succeeds the "palmist." He tells character from the color of eyes. The theory is that brown eyes, which are plentiful seldom mirror the heart feelings, but are free to look at. Grey eyes are the most common, there are a hundred different kinds of grey eyes. People have not become advanced enough to have more than four or five colors to apply to eyes so many that are not blue, or black, or brown, or hazel, are called grey. You seldom see a really stupid person with grey eyes, but the genuine grey is always found among highly intelligent people. Steel grey eyes with large pupils denote intense feeling. Blue grey eyes are general among people with kindly hearts. Mauve eyes denote meekness of thought and generally fine physical development when they are large and bright. Very few blue-eyed people are color blind or near-sighted. Hazel eyes denote musical ability and grace of person. The ideal eye is however a perfect violet or a velvet brown, as soft and gentle as a dove's. Violet eyes are very rare they denote gentleness, intelligence, devotion, and boundless faith. Brown eyes denote intense feeling and loveableness.

**A Good Reason.** First Boy—Why do they call all goats Billy goats and Nanny goats? Why don't they call 'em Georgie goats and Johnny goats, and Jimmy goats, an' so on? Second Boy—Why goats look so much alike you can't tell 'em apart so wot's the use of havin' different names?—Good News.

**Snapped Up.** She—Just think, girls, I came over in the steamer with three live lords, and they were all single.

The Girls in chorus—Oh, how lovely! And wasn't one of them even engaged?

She—Not until the third day out.—New York Herald.

## LITERATURE AND LIGHTS.

The Young Lady Had Difficulty in Doing Business With the Butcher.

The young lady was evidently more accustomed to visit book stores than meat markets and she was excessively absent minded.

"I've really forgotten what mamma told me to get," she said with a confused little laugh and a helpless glance about the shop where the various kinds of meat were exposed.

"Your mamma lamb some Tuesday," said the butcher, by way of suggestion.

"There!" exclaimed the young lady. "I've been trying all morning to recall the name of the editor of a certain magazine, and you've mentioned it. It's funny I couldn't think of Mrs. Lamb. I knew the name as well as I know my own. I'm ever so much obliged to you."

She was going out, but she stopped when the butcher shammed in his throat and asked if it was a lamb she wanted.

"Yes," she said. "Mrs.—Oh! You mean did mamma want lamb. N-no. I don't think she did. Dear! I'm so forgetful. What are those things that your boy is doing up?"

"Those! Them are lights. Some people like 'em, but I guess your mother wouldn't want 'em, hardly."

"I suppose not," said the fair customer in a voice that indicated a far-away mind. "I do just think," she continued, speaking more to herself than to the butcher, "that Barrie's stories of the Auld Lichts are the sweetest things!"

"Lights ain't so terrible sweet," said the butcher. "Mebbe it's sweet breads your ma wants—or a nice soup bone, perhaps."

The young lady looked up.

"I don't suppose you have time to read many books," she said thoughtfully.

"Well, no'm to tell the truth, I don't."

"What you said reminded me of Allen's 'What's Bred in the Bone.' It's very good I think. Are those spring chickens hanging in the window?"

"No'm; those are Philadelphia capons."

"Here!" cried the young lady, with an expression of delight, "that's what mamma wanted. You may send six of them. She called them Philadelphia squabs but I suppose they are the same thing."

It was too much. A Cass Avenue man has a thirteen-year-old boy who hasn't had wings for the past ten or a dozen years, his father says, and the unanimous opinion of the neighbors is with the father. The other day he approached his sire.

"Pop," he said, "will you get me a bicycle?"

"Yes and be glad to. If you'll be a good boy," was the prompt response.

The youngster seemed to be overcome by the paternal generosity, and was silent for a moment, but that wasn't it.

"Thanks, pop," he said, "but I guess bicycles come too high for a boy like me."

"They're Easy Now, 500."

Watts—That telephone girl must be really good looking.

Potts—What makes you think so? Watts—Her voice. It has such a satisfied tone.

### SCRAPPY INTELLIGENCE.

Canada whacks a duty of five cents a dozen on eggs imported from the United States.

There are 390 mountains in the United States, each exceeding 10,000 feet in height.

The New Orleans messenger boys struck because they were ordered to wash their faces.

Connecticut, spelled in an Indian dialect, Quin-neh-tuk-gut, signified "land on a long tidal river."

"What do we get from planting potatoes?" asked a speaker at a Sunday school mass meeting in Nobleboro, Me., the other day, and a small boy piped out, "Potatoes, bugs."

A delicate point in patent law was illuminated recently by Justice Cave in London, in a suit brought by a manufacturer of souvenir spoons against a rival. Each maker had ornamented his spoons with a representation of Westminster Abbey and the learned justice decided that there could be no infringement of patent if the abbey was represented or seen from different points of vision.

### NOTES OF ANIMALS.

There are 400 bison at the Yellowstone park, in Wyoming.

The slaughtering of cattle by electricity is practiced in Scotland.

An eel that is ordinary in all respects except that it has a skin of a beautiful golden color has been added to the collection in the London zoological garden.

In London a rat cleverly opened a blackbird's cage, presumably to feast on the bird seed. The bird flew away, and the door closed. This time the rat was unable to open it.

An English violinist has concluded a series of experiments designed to test the influence of musical sounds on the wild beasts in the zoological garden of London. He reports that both the bears and the lions gave evidence of pleasure when he played for them.

Only one person in three in this country is a church member, and that one doesn't go to church half so often as the other two think he ought.

Foggs says he was never baptized, but he went to church where there was a sprinkling of shiners in the congregation, and he was one of them.

Gentleman—Cabby, I'll give you a sovereign if you catch the 4.30 train. Cabby, excitedly—Jump in, gov'nor, an' I'll do it or break yer neck in the attempt.

## COPETA, WIFE OF OURAY.

### THE WONDERFUL INFLUENCE SHE HAD OVER HIM.

In His Life the Only Being Who Could Manage Him—Her Kindness and Generosity—A Beautiful Woman in Her Youth.

Always the bravest, strongest and most feared, consequently the most beloved chief among the Utes was Old Ouray. No one had power to change his mind but Copeta. She was the dearest of all his possessions, and secure in the love of his great heart, she was not afraid of him.

Twice in Ute history she persuaded him from leading his men on a raid. Once all remained quietly at home, the other time a few went but Ouray was not their leader.

Such a pretty woman she was! When Ouray first knew her—she was twenty years younger then—she was slender and graceful, with beautiful hair, hands and feet, and such eyes! Like a doe, with their soft, black, immeasurable depth.

She dresses now as do the other women—in a short calico dress in one piece, moccasins, belt and native ornaments. Her hair, which was worn loose over her shoulders and back, was cut at Ouray's death as a badge of mourning and loneliness.

She has her beautifully beaded dancing dresses of buckskin, and she still uses them in the spring bear dance and summer sun dance. Her wraps are the costliest and prettiest Navajo blankets that money or ponies can buy and she has many of them.

Though having a sweet kind disposition, as have all these childish-hearted women, she is very proud. Proud, because she was Ouray's squaw, and proud she was in Washington.

She carried back to the Indian settlement many gifts from friends in Washington, last impressions and recollections that made many hours around the wick-up fire pass delightfully to the Indian hearers.

Ouray's death occurred so soon after this trip that being "in mourning," she made no use of her clothes, dishes or trinkets given her, and when she wished to show them to us about a year ago, preparatory to their disposal, she found they had decreased in number. Many dishes had been stolen or borrowed, and so she wisely concluded to sell the remainder or give them away before her stock entirely disappeared.

The day of her exhibition she drove down to the agency, stopped at the house where we were visiting, and said: "Your three squaws-katoohum hat. Piqua nina wickup" (go my house).

As she had a comfortable buckboard, two well-cared-for horses, and we knew she was a good, clean cook, we accepted the invitation. After a drive of seven miles, nearly all the time in sight of the beautiful Green River, we reached her home. Several one-room log houses, three canvas wickups varying in age, color and size, two brush houses, on which the brush is renewed every week, thus keeping it always cool and shady, and many corals comprised Copeta's residence.

She did not live here alone, for the rich Indians always have many "brothers" and friends who help them spend the extra they have. To-day Copeta alone entertained us. We were first seated alone in one of the log huts. It was carpeted, and contained a set of red-plush furniture that Ouray had purchased from some officer when he changed posts. Copeta brought us water in a willow bottle made by herself, and we passed it from mouth to mouth.

In another house there was a rude, home-constructed table, covered with a slightly worn damask cloth, which by its color, must have been purchased before the war. The table was set with her Washington dishes, the lack filled up by her own home-bought wares. A bouquet of flowers in an elegant cut-glass celery dish and an early primrose at each plate testified to her love for flowers. At my place was a card dish of solid silver.

I drank from a gold-lined goblet, but my friend across the table used a tea-cup. Beside my plate was a knife with a dainty pearl handle, a fork to match and a spoon of tin. She had a silver fruit dish, sugar bowl and cream jug, but spoonholder "lost." She once possessed a set of delicate china that any woman would have envied, but only a few dishes remain.

Copeta is very generous. One day last winter she did something that few people in the world would have done.

It was an early Sunday morning in January, snow on the ground and nine degrees below zero. Many Indians had stayed all night at the agency, as day before had been issue day, and Copeta was among them. They were just moving about when they saw the house of an employe on fire, but of course the log straw-covered house was in flames before they could reach it.

Copeta came up the back way and saw standing barefoot in the snow, with only a thin night dress on, a young woman who had been visiting at this house. Quicker than a thought she had dropped on a log and removed her overshoes and stockings, then unpinned her blanket and going to the girl pinned the blanket round her waist and then helped her don the shoes and hose. Moreover, she called a squaw to her, removed her blanket and pinned it round the girl's shoulders. She laughed all the time and thought it a joke to go cold herself that she might help some one else.

Copeta is an inveterate gambler. She rushed into an employe's house one day and held up a beautifully embroidered buckskin dress. "You give me \$5 for my dance dress?" She got

immediately, as a short time before she had been offered \$20, for it and refused to sell. When asked why she wanted with money she replied with "ker-chuck," the name of the card game.

She also gambles by holding in one of her closed hands a piece of money, and changes it often to the other hand, constantly averting her body to the music of meaningless Indian words; then the opposite party guesses which hand. This or "ker-chuck" she will keep up as long as she is caught to bet, and will often leave her Navajo blankets, beads, leggings and all her money when she goes, yet just as often she carries away that which was another's.

**SHE ASKED FOR NOTHING.** The Sympathetic Observer felt that she needed a Great Deal.

Occasionally in the gamut of familarity which is sounded on the harp of humanity in New York there comes one that is new—some marked variation on an old theme. Beggars are a familiar object and the direct appeals which are made to sympathy are such palpable attempts to play on feeling that one becomes hardened to them.

A novelty of this kind occurred the other night as a gentleman was passing through West Twenty-fourth street. The clock was striking midnight. He saw sitting on the steps of a brown-stone house a woman. She was dressed poorly, she was about 60, and there was a droop of weariness in her spare, bowed figure. A small paper box and a few papers were resting on the steps in front of her.

The gentleman stopped and asked "Way don't you go home?"

"Oh I just set down to rest myself," she replied simply.

"Have you got a bed to go to? Do you want any money?" inquired the gentleman.

"Oh, no! I don't want anything, except to rest a few minutes," she started in the same weary tone, but with no air of courting sympathy.

A poor old woman who declined the offer of money is a rather surprising object, especially when her appearance speaks of poverty and age and weariness. But if she were independent enough to wish to avoid alms it seemed as though she had a right to her few minutes' rest on the hard, hot steps. So the gentleman passed on.

But her looks, her tone, the hour of night all worked on the gentleman. He felt that he ought to give the woman something. He went back. She was still drooping on the steps.

"I think you had better take this," he said, putting some money in her hand.

"Why, what is this?" she exclaimed, frowning it. "A dollar! You can afford this. I never can repay you."

But the man was on his way again. And as he passed along his way he thought "I wonder if that could have been a new bluff."

But it probably wasn't. There are no hardships sitting around on doorsteps at midnight, and the thing was beautifully done if it were acting to be anything short of the highest art.

**Knights of Pythias.** The Knights of Pythias order was founded by Justus H. Rathbone in Washington, in 1864, his system having been previously prepared while he was teaching school in the Northwest. The order was founded on the well known story of Damon and Pythias six of the fellow-clerks of the founder in one of the government departments being initiated. The order immediately began to increase and spread, the grand lodge of the District of Columbia was organized on April 8, 1864, and four years afterward, on August 11, 1868, the supreme lodge of the world was instituted by representatives from the grand lodges of the District of Columbia, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Maryland and Delaware.

**Experiments With Gun Cotton.** In the report of her majesty's inspector of explosives for the past year, two samples of gun cotton were referred to one of which had been under water for sixteen years while the other had been buried under ground for twenty years. Both these samples were in fine condition, and as ready for their work as on the day of their manufacture.

**NO ACCOUNTING FOR TASTES.** A West Chester, Pa., woman has a curious collection in the shape of a number of teeth of relations.

A Holyoke confectioner is putting in a cough drop machine that will cough out one ton of drops a day.

Grated clams steved in cream with truffle chips and herbs, masquerade at Narragansett as "Neptune salad."

They tell of a Chicago man rescued from raft in mid-ocean who when brandy was given to revive him faintly gasped, "I prefer pie."

A promising lad was taken to the Cardiff infirmary, London, not long ago to be relieved of fifty-three marbles which he had swallowed for "keeps."

The English who used to sneer at American tomatoes, can not now get enough of the vegetable which is a "luxury of the season" on London tables.

A New York doctor recently returned from a New Hampshire village says that he discovered a unique hotel-keeper there who by means of his expertness as a ventriloquist conveyed the notion to his guests that he had a regular staff of servants and a chef besides. When the host took the doctor's order for eggs on toast he called it out in a deep bass voice, then stepping out into the hall he sent it on in a voice of moderate pitch and evoked a response from the supposititious chef in falsetto.

## FUTURE OF ELECTRICITY.

It Is to Displace the Steam Engine and Revolutionize Cooking.

Since in obtaining power from fuel by means of steam engines, upward of 90 per cent is wasted in unused heat, while the power obtainable for use represents scarcely more than 10 per cent of the real value of the fuel, under the very best conditions, the question arises whether there may not be discovered a plan whereby a much larger percentage of the real value of the fuel may be turned to account as electricity, and through the latter as heat, light or power.

This question has at present no answer, according to electricity. The subject has been alive in the minds of our most able engineers and inventors for years, and some have striven hard to find a solution to the problem.

Records of scientific discovery have been earnestly ransacked to find some clue, or, as it were, a guiding point to point the way for the uncertain explorer. It now appears that we may be compelled to await some new discovery, some new adaptation or some new generalization before the way to the much-desired solution may be found.

The effect on the general industrial and economic development in electricity which would follow the discovery of some not too complex means for realizing an economy of even 40 or 50 per cent of the energy value of fuel is indeed almost incalculable.

Then truly would electricity become the almost universal agent in the production as well as the transmission of power. The steam engine would go out of use almost entirely. We should burn our coal, not in steam boilers; it would be consumed in electric generators. Our steamships would have their machinery replaced by such generators, and their propellers would be turned by gigantic electric motors connected with the generators. The speed would be increased so as to still further shorten the time of an ocean voyage. The uses of electricity as a heating agent would be vastly extended, and it goes without saying that our lighting would be accomplished at much less cost.

**A COLLECTION OF RELICS.** Many Rare Old Specimens Promised for the World's Fair.

The objects of historical value and interest which will be shown at the world's fair will be legion. One of the best contributions will be shown by Pennsylvania, the collection being furnished mainly from Philadelphia under the auspices of a committee of its city council.

Among the objects of this collection are the chair occupied by Thomas Jefferson when writing the declaration of independence; the table on which it was signed; the silver inkstand used on that occasion; Thomas Jefferson's sword; chair of memorial woods, including parts of Columbus' house in Spain; bell rung at Valley Forge when Washington occupied that place with his army; sofa belonging to George Washington and used by him when he lived in Philadelphia; bench from pew in old Christ church occupied by Washington and Lafayette; punch bowl used by General Washington and other officers of the Revolutionary army; baby clothes made by Mrs. John Adams for her son John Quincy Adams, also mug that belonged to John Paul Jones, Peale's portrait of General Washington, the first ever painted; first lightning rod invented by Benjamin Franklin; electrical machine invented by Franklin; original model of John Fitch's steam-boat, which ran between Philadelphia and Burlington from 1787 to 1790; unsigned copy of the Declaration of Independence; fans used by Franklin at the court of France when he was minister there; cast of Washington's face taken during life from original mold used for Hodon's statue, clocks of Benjamin Franklin, William Penn and Oliver Cromwell, running and keeping good time; Gilbert Stuart's portrait of Washington; Thomas Jefferson's hair; Pocahontas' necklace; surveying instrument used by William Penn in laying out the city of Philadelphia, and the famous liberty bell.

**Photography and Forgery.** Photography is being applied with great success in the direction of falsification of handwriting. The picture can always be enlarged, and erasures and alterations can be seen more plainly than in the original. A remarkable fact is that the photographic light is infinitely keener than human eyesight, and brings out distinctly difference in inks which cannot be perceived by the eye. The difference can be considerably intensified by the use of suitably colored light and color sensitive plates. In this manner marked differences in the various inks can be clearly demonstrated. Captain Abney the chairman of the Photographic Society of Great Britain states that he once examined an engraving which was reputed to be of value, and by means of photography he was able to bring out the original signature under a spurious one which had been added. The picture turned out to be worthless.

**Bound to Succeed.** St. Peter—What can I do for you? New York Reporter—I want to get an interview with Christopher Columbus.

St. Peter—But how do you expect to get it back to your paper? Reporter—That's all right; I took the precaution to write it before I came away.

**The Candid Waiter.** Guest—Tell me candidly, waiter, why do you recommend lobster so enthusiastically? Candid Waiter—Well, you see, if there is any lobster left over to-day we waiters will get to-morrow for dinner, and we have had 'em on hand about a week already.—Texas Siftings.

## BOOTH'S LAST DRINK.

Story of the Man Who Claims to Have Supplied It.

One of the witnesses for the prosecution in the trial of the persons who conspired to assassinate President Lincoln was James P. Ferguson, the proprietor of the restaurant and saloon adjoining Ford's theater. Mr. Ferguson had heard that General Grant, of whom he was an enthusiastic admirer, was to be in the theater on that eventful April 14, 1865.

He therefore purchased seats next to the box directly opposite the one in which sat President Lincoln and Mrs. Lincoln, Major Rathbone and his affianced, Miss Harris. From his position Ferguson was, of course, enabled to see everything that occurred. He is now a resident of Cincinnati.

Ferguson claims that he sold Wilkes Booth the last drink of liquor he took before he shot the president. Ferguson was just about to start to the theater when Booth, who was well known to him, entered. Ferguson delayed long enough to give him the drink he called for, and it is believed that this was the brace which the assassin took to nerve him for the crime he was about to commit.

Mr. Ferguson said: "The District of Columbia offered \$17,000 for the first information, and I was the first man who gave it. I carried the information to the police headquarters and also to Colonel John W. Forney and Major Richardson, at the Chronicle office, that night of the assassination. They made affidavit to this. I put my claim in the hands of General Slough. He was appointed Minister to Mexico, where he was assassinated in some quarrel. My claim was left with a younger fellow I got nothing. Colonel Baker got a big pile of money, and so did Major Doherty, who commanded the troop and cavalry that captured Booth, while Boston Corbett, who shot him, got \$1,500 for his share."

**A DREAM OF MURDER.** Verified Very Quickly by the Death of the Dreamer's Husband.

A farmer's wife dreamed that she was walking near the house of a rejected lover, one O'Flanagan, attended by a beautiful hound, of which she was very fond, when a raven dashed at him, killed him, and tearing out his heart flew away with it. She next imagined that she was returning home and met a funeral, and from the coffin blood flowed upon the ground. The bearers placed it at her feet, opened the lid, and exhibited her husband, murdered, and his heart torn out. She awoke, as might be expected, in great terror. But here follows the most incomprehensible part of the narrative. Her husband entertained an idiot cousin in the house, and he is doggerel rhymes repeated the very same dream, to a gossip to whom the farmer's wife had related hers.

That very night the farmer was murdered, and the next morning the poor idiot, to the horror of all, exclaimed as he rose from his bed, "Ulek—Ulek Maguire was the farmer's name—is it! Shamus dhú Moreó kíl him"—Shamus dhú Moreó O'Flanagan—big black James—"and buried him under the new ditch at the back of the garden. I dreamed it last night—every word of it." Search was made at the spot indicated by the dream, and the body was found with the skull nearly cleft in two. In the meanwhile O'Flanagan absconded and eluded, but was subsequently arrested, confessed his crime and was executed.

**TOO LATE FOR HIS FUNERAL.** A Young Man Reaches Home Just After He Was Buried.

While resting on the string-piece of an uptown wharf John Becher, Jr., of Pittsburgh, discovered a card in the morning paper announcing that he would be buried from his father's house, North Second street, at 3 o'clock the same day. Not having been home for over two weeks he concluded to walk around and see his own funeral pass by. He reached home too late for the procession, however, and proceeded to make himself comfortable on the doorstep.

In due time the mourners came—his father, mother, sister and two brothers. The women promptly fainted, and his father who has not been well for some time, fell into the arms of his son who had positively identified the body just buried at Greenmount as that of his brother John.

Mrs. Becher recovered in a little while and took a second look at her boy, and it was not until John asked where they had secured the corpse that she believed her eyes. The body was found floating in the Delaware river opposite Gloucester. The authorities published a description which tallied exactly with that of John Becher, Jr., whose family went to Gloucester and identified the body as his. It was so badly decomposed that immediate burial was necessary.

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## BARRINGTON REVIEW.

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E. T. GOVEN, Managing Editor.  
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### OUR TICKET.

For Congress—Fourth District—William Voeck.  
For Representatives—Seventh Senatorial District—William Tiemann, Robert H. Muir.  
For Member of State Board of Equalization—Fourth District—O. W. Nash.  
State Attorney—Charles G. Neeley.  
Coroner—Henry Esdohr.  
Superior Court Clerk—William Lortimer.  
Circuit Court Clerk—Henry Spears.  
Recorder—John Stephens.  
Sanitary Trustee—David Ward Wood.  
County Surveyor—J. T. Foster.  
President County Board—George Strickman.  
County Towns—Nelson A. Cool, George Strickman, O. D. Allen, John M. Green, F. N. Hoffman.  
Circuit Court Judges (To fill vacancies)—Elbridge Haney, Edmund Buxley.  
Superior Court Judges—L. D. Condee, A. H. Chetlain, R. F. Richardson, F. Q. Ball, Kirk Hawes, Elliott Anthony.

### HENRY ESDOHR.



The features of the gentleman represented in the above cut are familiar to almost every reader of this paper, for throughout the Fifteenth and Twenty-seventh wards and the country towns, particularly in the northwestern part of the county, in which this journal so widely circulates not only the name but the face of Mr. Henry Esdohr, Republican candidate for Coroner, is well known, and the number of his friends in that section of Cook county could scarcely be estimated.

Mr. Esdohr's life as a public official, both as deputy circuit court clerk and chief clerk of the county court, has been alike creditable to himself and those who honored him with those appointments, and his straightforward, practical system of transacting public business and fulfilling the onerous and responsible official duties, has won for him the admiration and respect of those with whom he has in his capacity come in closest contact, a fact which in itself alone speaks volumes, for it has most truthfully said that to rightly know a man one must have business transactions with him. It is then one finds him out.

The late Republican County convention recognizing this fact and well aware that a better representative German-American of its political belief could not be found in the county, did itself honor and awarded to him the credit which he so richly deserves, when it selected Henry Esdohr as its candidate for the important office of Coroner, a nomination which added great strength to the ticket.

It now remains for the members of the grand old party to support and vote for him, and elect him on Tuesday, the 8th of next November, by a majority of which the citizens and taxpayers may well feel proud.

### "Draw on Me."

One of the richest men in New York some time ago gave the rector of the church which he attends authority to draw on him for all the money that he could use in relieving actual distress. "I do not wish to be known in any case," said this rich man, "but I will gladly supply the money to worthy people in need."

The clergyman, as many persons well know, distributes thousands of dollars each year and he receives a great deal of distress. One day he suggested to his rich parishioner an elaborate scheme for relief, which would enable him to do more good than he could do in any other way. The house was built at a cost of over \$1,000,000 and has become a powerful missionary agency.

## AVONDALE.

AVONDALE MEETING HOUSE—Sunday at 10:30 a. m. Breaking of Bread. Sunday-school at 8 a. m. Gospel preaching at 7 p. m. Wednesday evening at 7:45 p. m. Friday at 7:45 p. m. Prayer meeting.

AVONDALE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.—The Rev. John Nates, pastor. Sunday-school 10 a. m. Preaching service 11 a. m. Class meeting 5:30 p. m. Preaching 6:30 p. m. Epworth League, Wednesday, 8 p. m. Ladies Aid Society—Meets alternate Fridays at the church classroom. Mrs. T. A. FOSTER, President. Mrs. F. E. THOMPSON, Secretary. Mrs. J. H. STEWART, Treasurer.

AVONDALE GERMAN CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.—The Rev. William Boetker, pastor. Sunday-school 9 a. m. Preaching 10 a. m. Services held at 208 Belmont avenue.

ST. JAMES CHURCH.—Father Goldschmidt, pastor. Sunday services at 8:30 and 10:15 a. m. Wednesday evening at 7:45 p. m. Friday at 7:45 p. m.

AVONDALE HALL ASSOCIATION.—Meeting of Board of Directors last Tuesday in each month at residence of Secretary.

J. J. LACEY, President.  
R. J. BICKMEYER, Secretary.  
H. L. LUTKE, Treasurer.

AVONDALE IMPROVEMENT CLUB.—Fifth precinct, Twenty-seventh ward. Regular meetings at 8:30 p. m. at Belmont hall, northwest corner Belmont and Wallace street.

ANGEL ARK, President.  
R. J. BICKMEYER, Secretary.

AVONDALE IMPROVEMENT CLUB.—Fifteenth ward. Regular meetings alternate Fridays at Belmont hall, northwest corner Belmont and Hammond avenues.

MR. BERTMAN, President.  
MR. EYDAM, Secretary.

SOCIETY OF GERMAN-AMERICAN CITIZENS OF AVONDALE.—Regular meeting held at Stock-hoff's hall, second and third Wednesdays of each month.

CHRISTIAN MATTHEW, President.  
ANGEL ARK, Vice-President.  
HUGO RASPER, Secretary.

AVONDALE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—The Rev. Stone, pastor. Sunday school 9:30 a. m. Preaching 7:30 p. m. Young People's meeting, Wednesday, 8 p. m.

Be sure and vote early in the morning on Tuesday, Nov. 8. Don't put it off until the last moment and then be crowded out and lose your franchise. Polls will be open at 6 o'clock a. m. and close at 4 o'clock p. m. Remember this and to cast your ballot for the Republican candidates.

Contractor Chute is building a house on Hammond avenue near Roscoe street for a Mr. Huddell.

The Presbyterian Sunday-school has recently purchased a fine library.

Officer Junap lost another child of diphtheria last week—this time his little boy Webb. The parents have the heartfelt sympathy of their many friends.

Some unknown persons are making a practice of breaking street lamps along Elston, Milwaukee and Belmont avenues, where the houses are few and far between. We are informed that about half a dozen of the residents of said streets have determined to put a stop to such proceedings, and are now watching for the miscreants with shotguns loaded with buckshot, saltpeter, etc.

Mr. and Mrs. L. Cramer were agreeably surprised one evening last week by a large number of their young friends, who made the long evening hour pass but too quickly. Mr. and Mrs. Cramer was each the recipient of a lovely parlor easy chair, which will ever remind them of the occasion.

The Misses Bindhammer gave a party Halloween evening in celebration of the event. A large number were present, and the evening was spent in a most enjoyable manner, and all are looking forward to a year hence.

The Rev. Robert Witt, pastor of the St. Nicolai Evangelical Lutheran church, and Miss Lillie Haussen, daughter of Alderman Haussen, were married Thursday, 27th ult. The ceremony was performed in the church. It was a grand and elaborate affair, and the happy couple have the best wishes of all who know them.

The Belmont avenue church's fast nearing completion.

The river has been dredged to the Belmont avenue bridge and the old bridge partly removed, when some one interested in staying all improvement north of Belmont avenue secured an injunction on the work and everything is now at a standstill. But injunctions of that kind are only temporary affairs and the work will go on in spite of all opposition that can be brought to bear.

George Inwood has sold his property on Humboldt avenue at a good price and intends buying again in the same locality and building a larger and better house.

Mr. Andrew Buysee and Miss Barbara Meyers were united in the holy bonds of matrimony, Monday, 31st ult. at the home of the bride's parents on Kedzie avenue near Diversey street. The wedding was private, only a few of the immediate relations and intimate friends being invited. It was one of the most stylish weddings that Avondale has had. The bride was dressed in cream-colored silk and decked with diamonds, the gift of the groom. The presents were many and very choice, a most elaborate dinner was spread. All present enjoyed themselves in tripping the light fantastic till the wee sma' hours.

FOR SALE.—The greatest bargain going 2-story and basement brick house and six 7-foot lots, east front on Byrne avenue, between Diversey and Franklin streets, for \$3,500. Easy terms. Worth \$5,000. Address R. J. BICKMEYER, Avondale.

A monster mass meeting of the colored citizens and voters will be held at Conroy's hall, formerly Railroad chapel, on Saturday evening, Nov. 5, under the auspices of the united colored political clubs and organizations of Chicago and Cook county. It is to be a grand affair, and it is to be held at 8 o'clock p. m. The speakers will be: J. H. B. Ruter, new building at the corner of St. Charles and Monmouth boulevard, is about completed and will soon be occupied by him as a grocery and market. There are five flats on the second floor all completed.

will demonstrate that the voters of the city of Chicago and vicinity of Cook will not be directed in their duty on election day in their hearty support of the entire Republican ticket.

Vote early. Don't wait till the afternoon. Lots of others will do that and lose their vote. Take your neighbor to the polls with you.

### IRVING PARK.

"Be sure and vote early" in the morning on Tuesday, Nov. 8. Don't put it off until the last moment and then be crowded out and lose your franchise. Polls will be open at 6 o'clock a. m. and close at 4 o'clock p. m. Remember this and to cast your ballot for the Republican candidates.

A new industry is now blooming in the Park—a long felt want. Mr. T. H. has started up his bakery on Everett street, and his wagons will soon be calling at our homes, taking orders for bread and all kinds of pastry.

Mrs. D. W. Blair left on Sunday last for Providence, R. I., to visit her mother and to escort Mrs. Bishop, her mother, to Minneapolis, Minn., before returning.

The sewer is completed to Crawford avenue and now the catch basins should be put in and opened before we get a deluge. Look after this, Mr. Street Commissioner.

A pleasant sight for our people is the new line of gasoline lamps now on Elston road, something that has long been needed. We also see the lamps are being put in through the street in the park thus doing away with the old smoky kerosene lamps which has so long disgraced our lovely village. Thanks to our improvement club and our City Lighting department.

Irving Park Lodge, No. 190, L. O. O. F., will give a reception and ball at the club house, on Thanksgiving eve. This is to be the opening of their series of winter entertainments. We shall notice them as fast as promulgated.

Court Irving, No. 145, I. O. O. F., celebrated their ninth anniversary on Friday evening last week. The hall was well filled and two candidates initiated. Under the good of the order some interesting remarks were made by Brothers Cramsey, McCarthy, Smith, Blair and others, after which the brothers were treated to a box of Harry's best.

Miss Mamie Blair is spending the winter at Minneapolis with her sister, Mrs. C. F. Brown.

C. V. Lovels and Race Thomas are off for a week hunting and fishing in the north part of the State. Fine weather for ducks.

Dr. Tanner's new house is about completed and will be occupied by him about the middle of the month.

J. H. B. Ruter's new building at the corner of St. Charles and Monmouth boulevard, is about completed and will soon be occupied by him as a grocery and market. There are five flats on the second floor all completed.

Vote early. Don't wait till the afternoon. Lots of others will do that and lose their vote. Take your neighbor to the polls with you.

### MILLIONS OF SQUIRREL TAILS.

Dyed Rabbit Skins Are Still Largely Used in the Fur Trade.

A good deal of uncertainty seems to prevail as to the likely supply of seal skins, but a recent feature in the fur trade is the liberal resort to the use of tails of animals which at one time were regarded as being of second rate importance. The most urgent demand for tails would appear to be in the instance of ermine. But the point only, being jet black, is inserted, after the well known fact of their introduction, at intervals—in reality, the ermine trimmings of the sovereign and royal family not actually consisting of the tail of the ermine, but of the paws of the black Astrakhan lamb or other suitable black fur.

Squirrel tails are however, largely used and one or two millions of these find their way annually into the market, as well as marten tails, which really make a beautiful fur. The musquash tail is also a large article of commerce, the musquash skin itself being perhaps, the best low-priced fur that finds its way into our market, and far superior in point of wear to the dyed rabbit skins that are sold in black and brown lustered goods familiar to the trade.

Be sure and vote early in the morning on Tuesday, Nov. 8. Don't put it off until the last moment and then be crowded out and lose your franchise. Polls will be open at 6 o'clock a. m. and close at 4 o'clock p. m. Remember this and to cast your ballot for the Republican candidates.

Vote early. Don't wait till the afternoon. Lots of others will do that and lose their votes. Take your neighbor to the polls with you.

### Sounds, Color and Taste.

The peculiar association of a color with a sound by which a certain sound will at once vividly arouse a definite color is a physical phenomena quite frequently mentioned in medical works. The association of color with smell and taste is however, of much rarer occurrence. Dr. Here gives an account of a woman who after taking a spoonful of vinegar saw everything red for a few minutes when there was a sudden change everything appearing of a bright green for the next hour. Drs. Mas and Kneiss say that this is due to a similarity in the subsidiary emotional effects accompanying the sensations of hearing, sight and taste simultaneously.

## A TURKISH BATH AS IT IS.

Sensational Descriptions Not True to Life.

To the sensible woman who has found out the benefits and delights of the Turkish baths they have become as much a matter of course as going to her manicure or her hair dresser. She believes they will preserve her good looks and prolong her life, and she knows that they secure for her that condition akin to godliness—perfect cleanliness, and so what was at first a luxury after a little becomes a necessity.

The first bath is an ordeal not soon forgotten. It is astonishing how helpless a very strong-minded woman can feel as Lord Tennyson graphically says of Lady Godiva, "clothed only in chastity" and a large linen sheet when she enters the bath and is confronted by the stalwart attendant.

The temperature of the first hot room of the bath is maintained at 150 deg. Fahrenheit. This heat is generated in a sort of old-fashioned brick oven, the heat passing through many feet of clay pipe before coming in contact with metal, to prevent the deoxidizing of the air.

It is surprising how quickly one becomes accustomed to this extreme heat and soon, assisted by a few glasses of cold water, the perspiration begins to run from every pore of the body.

As one reclines upon her couch in the perfectly ventilated room through which sweep unimpeded currents of hot dry, oxygenated air, there is no sense of oppression, but enveloped in this dew of perspiration, one feels one's cares illa, troubles bodily aches and mental pains ceasing to be things even of memory, and one drifts off into forgetfulness until aroused by an attendant with the request to move on into the second hot room, where the temperature is at 180 or 190 degrees. A few moments will suffice in this room, and many omit it altogether, and then comes the shampooing room.

Here one is stretched on a marble slab a foot or two from the floor, and the "rubber" gets in her work. She is a staunch young Irish girl, strong as a young giantess and clean as if made yesterday out of porcelain clay.

Her big, firm hands glide over the body, and she proceeds to knead, rub, roll, knock, thump and perouse one's anatomy in a way that brings into action every muscle and gives needed exercise to every tissue and that, too, without a particle of fatigue or nervous exhaustion.

This process over, comes the soaping and one is soon enveloped in a perfect meringue of soapsuds, and dexterously placed upon one's feet by the attendant, who proceeds to spray the bather with water, warm at first, but gradually cooler, until the surface of the body becomes reduced to its normal temperature. Then comes the shower and the final plunge in a large tank of running water.

In the drying room one is enveloped in soft towels big as the sails of a cat boat and speedily dried, again enveloped in a linen sheet one is conducted to paradise—the cooling room—and there lies upon a comfortable lounge and takes a little nap with a light blanket for a covering. Peace seems to be breathing from every pore of the revitalized and glowing skin.

Then a dreamy languor takes possession of every faculty and one drifts off into the mysterious realm of sleep, to rise refreshed and "another woman" as the phrase is.

### Thunder and Cannon.

During a thunderstorm the air is of such varying density that thunder-peals are never heard at a distance corresponding to their violence. For the same reason the roar of cannon on a field of battle is not noticeable, and the day has often been lost with in a short distance of the reserves of the defeated army, which were waiting for the sound of artillery to call them to the scene of action. The air at night is more homogeneous and hence sounds are heard more clearly and farther than in the daytime. In foggy weather sounds suffer innumerable deflections from the mist, and are soon destroyed.

### 1,000 Volumes on Electricity.

Park Benjamin, the scientific expert of New York, has a library of over 1,000 volumes on the subject of electricity. These books are all treatises and every one of them bears upon electricity and magnetism. The science has only been in existence about 300 years, and for 200 years of that time it was merely experimental. Electricity came into practical use with the telegraph and the books that have been published within the last fifty years are probably two or three times as numerous as all that were printed in the two and a half centuries preceding.

### Waterpumps and Tornadoes.

Peltier observed that waterpumps were generally accompanied by electrical conditions, might there not be like conditions attending the formation of these terrible tornadoes that are continually doing so much damage in the West? They are practically the same. On water moisture and spray are the revolving material, while on land it is but whirling air. This rapid whirling must produce considerable friction as it rushes through the atmosphere hence it seems that electricity must be generated.

### Two Trees With But a Single Root.

A singular freak of nature may be observed east of Asaburnham, Mass. Persons have dug down under a tree and found but one root underneath, but it has two trunks, one of a pine and the other of an oak which may be distinctly seen from a distance. In both cases the trunk of the fall on one side and the oak on the other.

## THE CHINESE MUST GO.

How the Yankee Got Mid of His Tail-Wearing Rival.

"Yes," said an old-timer, "these steam laundries are a great convenience. They have revolutionized the washing business and in doing so have thrown many a poor old negro woman out of a job."

"In a little town in North Alabama, not many years ago," he continued, "a couple of Chinamen came along and opened up a laundry. They did a thriving business for some time and until an enterprising Yankee blew into town and conceived the idea of establishing a steam laundry. The competition between the two became great and the price of washing was reduced to almost nothing. The Yankee had money, and gave it out that he would keep the price low until the almond-eyed sons of China threw up the sponge."

"The Chinamen were finally forced to live on rats. In the rear of their shop they had scattered all around the yard lots of cheese and other dainties to entice the rodents. One day there appeared an advertisement in the local paper for 1,000 rats to be delivered to the steam laundry. The next day the air around that village was alive with meows and caterwauls. They discovered the Chinamen's back yard and the game was soon up with them. The next day, with pipes and pack, they were seen for the last time walking up the railroad track. The Yankee was the conqueror, and his laundry is now without competition in that neighborhood."

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Vote early. Don't wait till the afternoon. Lots of others will do that and lose their vote. Take your neighbor to the polls with you.

### THE LATEST TRIUMPH OF MEDICAL KNOWLEDGE AND SKILL.

THE MOST PERFECT AND ELEGANT PREPARATION AND SCIENTIFIC COMBINATION EVER OFFERED TO THE PUBLIC.

In the largest hospitals in the world, prescribed by the most able physicians, these tablets are prescribed more than twice as often as all others put together.



**RIPANS TABLETS**  
A RELIABLE REMEDY FOR  
DYSPEPSIA, BILIOUSNESS,  
CONSTIPATION, HEADACHE,  
And every other Symptom or Disease that results from any Disorder of the

**Stomach, Liver or Bowels.**

Ripans Tablets banish pain and prolong life. Ripans Tablets contain nothing that can be injurious to the most delicate. Ripans Tablets are pleasant to take, safe and always effective. One dose gives relief. The best general family medicine ever offered to the public. Circulars sent on application. Experience and thoroughly qualified physicians, connected with the Ripans Chemical Company, and patients are invited to write for special instructions in peculiar cases. Their letters will receive such attention as they require, free of cost. Always keep Ripans Tablets in the house and when you travel take some with you. They are put up in small vials, which may be conveniently carried in the vest pocket or portmanteau.

Sold by Druggists, or sent by mail in the following quantities upon receipt of price:  
1 Bottle, - 15 cents. 12 Bottles, - \$1.25  
6 Bottles, - 75 cents. 24 Bottles, - 2.00

THE RIPANS CHEMICAL CO.,  
10 SPRUCE ST., NEW YORK.

## F. W. Deyoe & Co.

(ESTABLISHED 1854)

176 Randolph St., Chicago.

Cor. Fulton and Williams Sts., New York City

## Ready Mixed Paints

Guaranteed pure, free from water and benzine. HOMESTEAD FLOOR PAINTS, VARNISH STAINS. Staining and Varnishing in one operation.—To imitate Rosewood, Walnut, Mahogany, Cherry, Oak.  
GLOSS CARTRIDGE PAINTS prepared for immediate use.

### ARTIST MATERIALS.

Brushes, etc. Sample Cards and Catalogue Mailed on Application.



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Office at Residence—4 Miles South of Barrington. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

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PRACTICAL

## HORSE-SHOER,

No. 26 Elston Road, Near Milwaukee Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Horses entrusted to my care shod with put abuse. Particular attention paid to shoeing and lame horses.

ALL WORK WARRANTED.  
Goodenough Horse Shoe always on hand.



## Na 1

1800 MILWAUKEE AVE., Cor. California Ave.

# "August Flower"

"What is August Flower for?" As easily answered as asked. It is for Dyspepsia. It is a special remedy for the Stomach and Liver.—Nothing more than this. We believe August Flower cures Dyspepsia. We know it will. We have reasons for knowing it. To-day it has an honored place in every town and country store, possesses one of the largest manufacturing plants in the country, and sells everywhere. The reason is simple. It does one thing, and does it right. It cures dyspepsia.



## Kidney, Liver and Bladder Cure. Rheumatism,

Lumbago, pain in joints or back, brick dust in urine, frequent calls, irritation, inflammation, gravel, ulceration or catarrh of bladder.

**Disordered Liver,**  
Impaired digestion, gout, bilious headache. SWAMP-ROOT cures kidney difficulties, La Grippe, urinary trouble, bright's disease.

## Impure Blood,

Scurfula, malaria, gen'l weakness or debility.

Guarantee—Use contents of One Bottle, if not cured, Druggists will refund to you the price paid.

At Drug-stores, 50c. Size, \$1.00 Size.

Invalids' Guide to Health" free—(consultation free).

DR. KILMER & CO., BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

"How Old I Look, and not yet Thirty."

Many women fade early, simply because they do not take proper care of themselves. Whirled along in the excitements of a fast-living age, they overlook

those minor ailments that, if not checked in time, will rob them of health and beauty. At the first symptom of vital weakness, use Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. The roses will return to your cheeks, sallow looks depart, spirits brighten, your step become firm, and back and headache will be known no more. Your appetite will gain, and the food nourish you.



All Druggists sell it, or sent by mail, in boxes of Pills or Compound, on receipt of \$1.00. Liver Pills, 50c. Corrosive Salts, 50c. Sold by all Druggists. L. E. PINKHAM MED. CO., LINCOLN, MASS.

We pay the printer to give you good advice about health and to lead you to careful living.

Our reason is that Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil is so often a part of careful living.



### A Life's Romance.

She was but 7 I was 9:  
I loved her madly and she knew it;  
I knelt and begged her to be mine.  
She said she really couldn't do it

At 38 her hair is gray,  
Her roses brighter bloom than ever;  
To-morrow is my wedding day.  
'Tis late, but better late than never.

### Newspaper Printing by Electricity.

The proprietors of the Birmingham Daily Gazette have just introduced electricity to a new sphere of usefulness by employing it as a motive power for driving their large printing machines. The Gazette is absolutely the first daily paper in the world that has been produced by that form of power, which bids fair to revolutionize the whole system of machines, and leave steam, and even gas far behind as motive forces. The motors (two in number) are connected with the mains of the Birmingham Electric Supply company in High street, the currents from which maintain a constant pressure of 110 volts. The motors are exceedingly neat and compact, and they are controlled with perfect ease by a few conveniently placed switches. The smoke and heat of engine furnaces are done away with and one great advantage is that the power is available by day and night, and the two machines, each capable of producing 20,000 copies of the Gazette, folded, per hour, can be set in motion at any moment. This is an important consideration, more particularly in the facilities it affords for immediate work, as there is no pecuniary expenditure except when power is actually being used. Other advantages are the uniform power of speed of the machines, the entire absence of dirt and heat, and the saving of space, which is an important consideration.

### A Weed that Eats Fish.

Commander Alfred Carpenter, writing from Suakin, Red Sea country, contributes the following remarkable instance of a plant preying upon one of the vertebræ. The instance noted was observed by him when surveying the Paracel islands in the South China sea: "As I neared a pool cut off by the tide from the sea I noticed among other submarine plants a very ordinary-looking flesh colored weed. Bending to inspect it closer I noticed numbers of small fish lying helpless in its fronds, apparently with little or no life in them. Putting my hand down to pick one of them up I found my hand caught by suckers on the weed, the fronds of which had closed tightly upon them. The fish had been caught in every conceivable way, by the head, the tail, sides, etc., and some of them had been held until the skin was completely macerated. Those of the fish that were still living had evidently been caught at different times, they appearing in all stages of exhaustion.

named Jackers quarreled, and stabbed a workman. He then fled to flight pursued by a large crowd, whose object was to lynch him. Saved from the crowd by the police Jackers took refuge in a lion's cage in the circus. The tent was immediately surrounded by an exasperated multitude, who had a regular fight with the police and a number of soldiers. The authorities succeeded with great difficulty in preventing the rioters from cutting the ropes holding the scaffolding of the circus together. After several hours order was restored, and Jackers, who had been calmly awaiting the end of the disturbance under guard of his lion Sultan, came out of his cage and gave himself up to the police.—London Exchange.

### Apologized for the Parson.

There is a story of a clergyman who had taken temporary duty for a friend and who had the ill-luck to injure his false teeth during the week. The plate was sent to the dentist's for repairs, a faithful assurance being given that it should be returned by Sunday's post; but the dentist or the post proved faithless. With the assistance of the clerk the clergyman managed to stumble through the prayers, but felt it would be useless to attempt to preach. He therefore instructed the clerk to "make some excuse for him and dismiss the congregation." But his feelings may be better imagined than described when, in the seclusion of the vestry, he overheard the clerk, in impressive tones, thus deliver the "excuse." "Parson's very sorry, but it is his misfortune to be obligated to wear a set of artful teeth. They busted last Wednesday, and he ain't got them back from London to-day, as he was promised. I've helped him all I could through the service, but I can't do no more for him; 'tisn't any use him going up into the pulpit, for you wouldn't understand a word he said, so he thinks you all may as well go home."

### Carriage Hire.

A stablekeeper had overcharged me, as I thought, and I was expostulating vigorously, when he coolly remarked:

"But my dear sir, you had an open carriage."

"Well, what if I did. Does it take any more horses to draw an open carriage? Does it take any more men to drive one?"

"Well, perhaps not," said he; "but then you get the air and the better view."

"And do you mean to tell me," said I, "that you are charging me for the air?"

"Well, we don't put it just that way," said he, "but that is about the size of it."

So I had paid for the carriage, for the horses and for the man as well as for the air I breathed while hiring them, but I thought at the time that if this man could get a corner on the moon's rays he would make sentimental lovers live there by the hour. They wanted to do their love-making in the most approved and picturesque style.—Boston Home Journal.

### A Princess Turns Hospital Nurse.

Amid the horrors of the outbreak of cholera at Nijni Novgorod and the complete breakdown of commercial prosperity there it is refreshing to hear of a few noble spirits who have kept their courage in the general panic and are doing what they can to alleviate the widespread distress. Gen. Baranoff has sent away his family and cleared the rooms allotted to him for his use at his official residence, to turn them into a vast hospital for the sick. Princess Schekowaky and the devoted sisters of the community of St. Mary's, Nijni Novgorod, have

## TO HELP THE

SOME PRACTICAL HINTS MAY BE USED

A Profitable Experiment in Seed Corn--To Plant in Rows--Harvesting--Curing Onions--Pointers.

### A Profitable Experiment.

Last year after having been told about the neighborhood manure piles which were not appreciated by those who owned them. I found three or four places which had been keeping the wood, at each got more than ten loads of compost or as fertilizer as any one could use each owner a dollar for though I am sure I could either for hauling them or owner seemed to think a dance to get clear of them. Besides these, I bought of manure from a number of men who had on but kept one or two cows. This manure cost me but yet I paid every cent for it and they were pleased. I hauled all this at a time when there was else to do and while hauling two young horses to town this I was killing two birds with one stone and either bird was as much as the "ston" actual outlay was but the labor cost nothing than nothing for if I had been busy at this I might have tempted to loaf at corner grocery, and so my hard earned cash. I am a writer in National is a twenty-five-acre averaging twenty-eight per acre. This, I consider just as good cultivation made more than fifteen acres. The grass crop is better than I ever saw in season has not been the first crop either. A man sowed grass on his wheat field which was as natural as mine but not manure a total failure. I expect annual benefit during years for what I did I have already my money than a hundred fold. This thing up as long as fertilizers within reach or pocketbook. It has more than anything I have for the amount of expense involved.

### Selecting Seed.

Now that the season when the crop of corn is reaped, says a writer in Practical Farmer, it might offer a few suggestions the selection of seed. Good farmers select the year's corn crop in the fall. They should do so but thoughtful or perhaps concerning this matter and when time comes they go to their seed corn.

This season, owing to the weather, much corn was late and the probability should there be severe early in the winter, it was



## OUR ST. LOUIS LETTER.

The New Union Depot—Effective Clearing Up of the Down-Town Pool Rooms.

St. Louis, Oct. 27.—The birth of a suspicion in the minds of the Board of Public Improvements that the terminal roads which are building the new Union depot intended to gobble up a part of a street has led to a very full explanation of the plans of the company. It was known that the building was to occupy the greater part of a block, and that it was to be the largest affair of the sort in the country, but the full scope of the plans was not understood. It develops now, the structure being half-finished, that its cost will be close to a million dollars, with ornamentation as elaborate as an art museum. Four or five hundred trains a day will pass in and out of the depot when it is finished. The first cars will discharge their passengers in it before the lights blaze in the streets of the city next fall.

There is a far greater demand in St. Louis for expert electricians than can be filled, and good men of this sort are almost naming their own salaries. Gas for lighting, steam for engines, and horses and cables for street cars are being abandoned generally, and electric plants are being put in everywhere. There are two interesting signs of this situation. One is the establishment of a night school for mechanical engineers, where they are taught to apply their knowledge to electric machinery, and the other is the organization of an electrical society, composed of electrical inventors and scientists. This opened its first meeting the other night with a banquet at which there were 105 guests.

The passage of the law by the Missouri Legislature, forbidding betting in the State on races in other States, has had a curious result here. St. Louis has always had one first-class race-track, the one at the fair grounds, which is under the control of the Jockey club. Under the old conditions, too, there was one other out in Forest Park, where amateur trials of speed were had. The new law has brought into existence three more tracks, one in the southern part of the city, where the racing by electric light was done at night last summer; another in East St. Louis, just across the river; and the third across the river, too, near Madison. The company at the back of this last enterprise have built a passenger depot at the foot of Olive street, and run trains over the river every afternoon, while the racing is going on, at intervals of half-an-hour. The great races of the city out at the fair ground's track take place in the spring and fall, and as soon as they stop these other tracks begin their winter racing. On the two tracks across the river, of course, the Missouri law doesn't apply, and the book-makers swarm there to get bets on the Eastern races. The tracks are patronized principally by the St. Louis people, and so the law accomplishes nothing but the breaking up of the pool-rooms in the business alleys down town. This, by the way, was the primary object of the legislators who had it passed.

### Cold Wave Coming.

The weather reports from all extreme stations announce the early advent of severe cold waves which will, for a protracted period, give our region a taste of the frigid zone.

This is not unusual in this latitude and at this time of the year. In anticipation of this fact, thousands of people are completing arrangements to spend the winter in the South. For all such persons, the question of choosing a route is of great moment.

Of all south-bound roads, the Chicago and Eastern Illinois Railroad offers the best ad-

## FOR BRIGHT YOUNG PEOPLE

### INTERESTING READING FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Paper Money--A Fish-Catching Dog  
--For Soldiers to Ride--A Hydraulic Racing Match--  
An Umbrella Story.

#### Paper Money.

A Government engaged in the manufacture of money takes particular pains to prevent counterfeiting. Especially is this the case with bank-notes, or paper money." The processes that the paper undergoes in its manufacture render it very difficult for an outsider to produce a good imitation. The Bank of England indicates the amount of the note by a watermark, which requires much time and trouble to perfect, and when a note once issued is returned to the bank, it is immediately destroyed. In this way a certain account can be kept of the numbers of the notes outstanding and counterfeiters are puzzled.

One government has a different method of baffling dishonest people. The paper has a particular fibre, and in addition silken threads of different colors adhere to the surface of the paper, which only receive the particular kind of ink that the government uses. There is but one man who knows how to mix this ink, and he received the secret from his father, who invented it. The manufacturer employs six men to prepare parts of the ingredients that go to make the ink, but the mixing is done private. The manufacturer locks himself in his room for a fortnight once a year, and perfects in that time enough ink to last the government a year. For this he receives \$50,000.

The paper is manufactured in Massachusetts, and the silk mill that makes the silk threads is close at hand. The threads are three-eighths of an inch in length, and distributed differently on each issue of notes. The paper is cut into sheets 8½ inches wide by 13½ inches in length, which is just the size of four notes. It takes 1000 sheets of this paper to make 12 pounds, which means 4000 notes. It is said that the average number of pounds used by the government is 175,000 a year, and as every twelve pounds may be anything from 4,000 \$4,000,000, the government must be kept rather busy making money.

After the paper is received from one place, the ink from another, and the engraved plate from still a third source, the Government Printer has his hands full perfecting the notes, which go through several more hands before they get into the people's pockets. Of course the notes are only certificates for so much silver or gold deposited in the Treasury, and "payable on demand," but the general faith in the honesty of the government is so great that most people prefer the notes to the heavy gold or silver, as being more convenient and just as good for all purposes.—Harper's Young People.

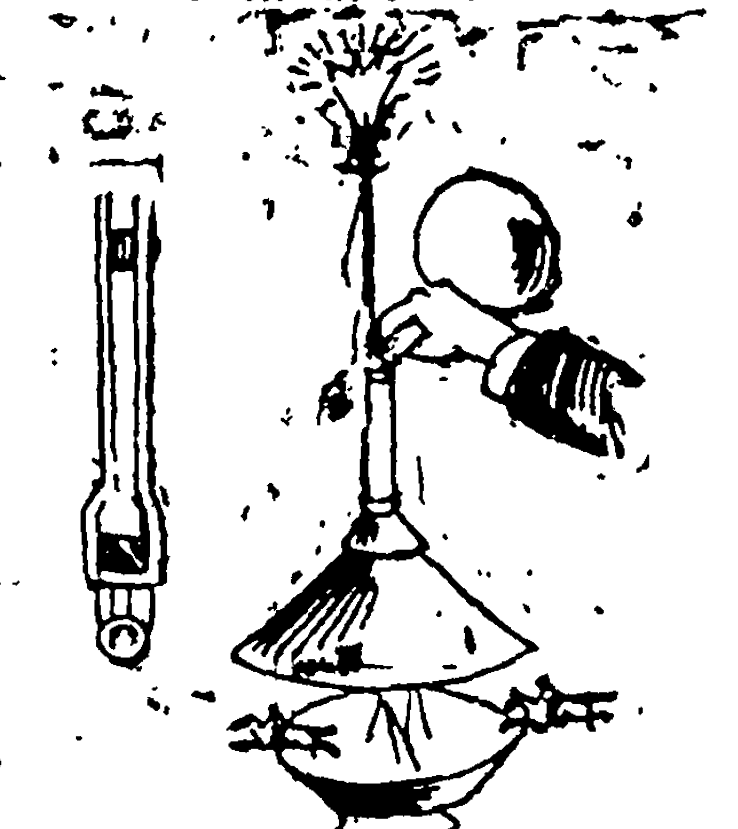
#### A Fish-Catching Dog.

It was a pleasant drive of two miles over the hills that a Lewiston Me. Journal correspondent enjoyed with two companions a few days ago. At the end of that distance in the prosperous farm of James Rideout. We found Mr. Rideout, a large, genial man, at his home. After a while he said "Why don't you go down to the brook and see my dog catch alewives?"

Of course we went. It was but a short distance from the house that

At the top of the lamp chimney fit on another potato cylinder, or a cork pierced with cylindrical holes like those below, but this time each hole must have each axis vertical and not oblique. Then, through a vertical hole in the center, pass a string to suspend the apparatus. Catch this string below the cork by passing a match through it. Attach the upper end of the string to a nail in the ceiling, or to the chandelier which hangs above your center table. Meantime put a lamp shade over the glass chimney and force it down to the largest part; then suspend all around the shade little horses and riders out of paper.

Place a bowl on the table, directly under the lamp chimney, and pour water into it through the chimney's upper end. This will set the apparatus in motion at once. The water



passes through the holes in the cork at the upper end, fills the tube and runs out at the oblique orifices in the potato. The whole thing begins to turn with great rapidity, and you have a hydraulic racing match before you. The little horses and riders will move around merrily.

#### An Umbrella Story.

"What a queer picture" said Charlie. "Look, mamma! a man holding an umbrella over a horse; in the barn, too!"

"The story is true, though," answered mamma. "A gentleman owned a pretty horse, gentle and spirited, good in every way except that she was afraid of an umbrella. He was not willing to whip the horse; besides, he had sense enough to know that it would only make her more afraid and unruly.

"He tried very hard to contrive some way to get her over her fear. She was very fond of potatoes. He went into her stall one morning, carrying an umbrella closed, with a potato on the top. At first she shied away from it, but with waiting and coaxing, she came nearer, looked wistfully at the potato, and finally snatched it off.

"The next day he did the same thing, and she took the potato with less fear.

"So he kept on, and in a few days he opened the umbrella a little way; then more and more, as she grew used to it, till she would stand still with it open over her head.

"But he was not yet sure what she would do out-doors. The first rainy day he tried driving on the road. Of course, he had not gone far before she met a young man with an open umbrella.

"Instead of shying, she crossed the road toward it, expecting to get a potato. She had one when she came home, and never afterwards showed any fear of an umbrella.

"Kindness and patience are wisest always."—Mrs. Johnson, in Our Little Ones.

## YOUNG ARMY

Vested With Authority  
Early When Little  
Born.

The youngest officer in the army who ever wore t was Gen. Pennypacker, who was colonel of the 9th regiment of but a little over 20 years. He was major-general months past his 22d birthday. He was terrible Fort Fisher, and has n though he had the best in Europe as well as in youngest full colonel in William E. Hobson the former General Scho Col. Hobson was not years old when he com ran regiment of infant army corps during S southern campaign, time the boy was the in the brigade, "and," field, "a more intrepid had under me." The tenant-colonel there is was Lieut.-Col. William —Kentucky infantry, month beyond his when he was commiss either killed in action or in the last year of the

Kentucky seems t number of very you among the union sold young full colonel v Boone of Louisville, a famous pioneer, who when he took comman Kentucky infantry, then an old re Boone's father took th and being disabled fr son succeeded him in and in 1865 brought John M. Bacon, late man's staff, was the m Kentucky cavalry man fore he was 21. Gen E same state, afterwar Utah, was a brigadier-g 22. Gen. McKenzie o died seven years ago, when he was but 28. rank of brigadier-gen and Merritt of the 5t only ten years older, v ed the same grade. L Mansfield of the Corpe son of the old inspect army, was a little bey commanded the 24 Co try, a crack regiment me state, in the arm mac.—Washington He

#### Helping the

That man or woman a happy temperament an apparent slight in that the offender is l of his shortcoming, w time their own dignity. An incident in early A will illustrate our me. It was during the w lution, and while the British armies were Pennsylvania, that G ton was in the neighb etta, Lancaster Count with two or three ad in advance, and, stop side inn, informed the General Washington cers would quarter at the night.

This news, of course confusion among the establishment. The



CHICAGO AMUSEMENTS

A List of Chicago's Most Popular Theaters.

**AUDITORIUM.**  
The audiences which attended the first symphony concert of the Chicago orchestra at the Auditorium last Friday afternoon and Saturday evening were surprisingly large and demonstrative, and all doubts regarding the triumphant success of the season are banished under hope of resurrection.  
The orchestra showed remarkable improvement, particularly in the strings which were called into prominent service, especially in the interpretation of the chief numbers of the program. The exquisite seventh symphony of Beethoven was never played with greater intelligence or lucidity of expression, and Liszt's "Tasso," a work of great force and grandeur, produced an indelible impression.  
If music lovers knew how much intellectual and sensuous enjoyment is afforded by a hearing of the symphonic creations of the great masters, when given by so faultless an organization as the Chicago orchestra, their patronage of these concerts, generous as it is, would be greatly increased.  
The second symphony concert is announced for Friday matinee and Saturday evening of this week, when Furtwengler B. Busoni, a new pianist who has achieved great success in Europe and the East, will make his Chicago debut.  
Gilmore's celebrated band is announced for five concerts at the Auditorium, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, and Tuesday and Wednesday matinees, Nov. 14, 15, and 16. The band now numbers 100 musicians and is the largest organization of the kind in Europe or America. Miss Ida Klein, soprano, Signor Tagliapietra, baritone, and Mr. A. L. Guille, (late of the Patti concert troupe), tenor, will appear in vocal selections at the concert. The sale of seats will begin Thursday, Nov. 10. Popular prices will be charged.

**MICKER'S THEATRE.**  
Sunday evening, Nov. 6, Charles Mathew's company in the brilliantly successful comedy, "By Proxy." This play is said to have made a distinct success in the East, and judging from the reports received, it seems to have met with favor everywhere it has been presented. The Albany Express, speaking in the following high terms of "By Proxy": "There is more genuine fun in 'By Proxy' than in anything else in the comedy line that has been here this season, or that is likely to come for some time. 'Lord (Luncheon)' of London and 'John Bennett' of New York, have arranged that the former's son shall marry the latter's daughter. But the son has fallen in love and secretly married on his own hook, and his wife is of a class that does not find favor in the eyes of Clannorgan. The time comes when the supposedly unmarried son, 'Percy Medwyn,' is to go to New York to claim his bride, Josephine Bennett. Naturally he cannot go to woo her. Equally impossible it seems to him to confess his marriage to his father, as that would result in his being deprived of his allowance which is absolutely necessary for his subsistence. He has a friend 'Redfield Winter,' whom an accident has placed under the shadow of what he charged against him as a crime, and who on that account is exiled from New York; but who has a yearning to return thither. Medwyn Winter agrees to change names, and then the trouble and fun begin. The theme of mistaken identity is an old one in comedy, but never has it been used more cleverly, and never have more ludicrous situations been evolved from it than in 'By Proxy.'

**CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.**  
On Sunday night, Oct. 30, "Alf Baba" began the 23d and last week of its remarkably successful engagement at the Chicago opera house. As is customary at the conclusion of its engagements, the American Extravaganza company will on Saturday night bid farewell to Chicago by singing "Auld Lang Syne." Several new dancers have been added to the ballet this week and an important change in the cast will take place when the company leaves. Bertina Ricci resigning the title role to Louise Essing of "Sindbad" fame. It appears that Miss Ricci was only engaged for the summer, having an objection to traveling.  
**GRAND OLEOP HOUSE.**  
Last week the comedian Charles Dickens and his merry company in "Incog" preceded by the one act farce "The Salt Cellar" Matinee Wednesday and Saturday. Next week Roland Reed in "The Woman Hater."  
**HOOKEY'S THEATRE.**  
Positive and emphatic success. The comedy success of the age, "Friends." This week only. Next Sunday, the latest and most successful of war plays, "Across the Potomac."

**MADISON STREET THEATRE.**  
Sam T. Jacks' famous "Forty Thieves" company opened a fortnight's engagement at the Madison Street opera house Monday night after their successful Eastern tour. Beautiful Maude King has been added to an already excellent organization, and it is safe to say that this company has no superior in the burlesque business. The specialties, of course, are a great feature, but the display in the feminine department is the catchy point of the "Forty Captivating Crooks" to quote the press agent. Pretty costumes, tuneful music and uproarious fun make up an evening of rare enjoyment.  
**HAVERLY'S CASINO-EDEN MUSE.**  
Haverly's Home minstrel. The world in wax, 1,000 art curios. Minstrel performances at 2:30 and 8:15 p. m. To-day and every day. "Tell It to Him." "Senator Apple-Jack." New acts and new specialties. Admission to all, 35 cents. Seats, 25 and 50 cents extra.

**JOHN BROWN'S FORT.**  
See the original John Brown Fort and relics, 1341 Wabash avenue. Open daily 9 a. m. to 10 p. m.  
**WINDSOR.**  
A week of solid fun, commencing Sunday matinee Nov. 6, matinees, Wednesday and Saturday. The original and greatest of all Swedish dialect comedy successes, "Ole Olson" with America's representative dialectician, Mr. Ben Hendricks in the title role. The talk of every city. Positively the best comedy company ever seen with a similar organization including the

National Swedish Lady quartet from Stockholm. Special notice. Provision has been made for complete election returns next Tuesday evening. (election night), so do not stay away onh a count.

**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 B. Gross of Chicago, and the services of many of the most eminent artists in this kind of work were secured. Among them Salvador Mego 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.

**Desired Information.**  
We desire to impress upon the minds of the public the superiority of the service offered by the Wisconsin Central lines between Chicago and Milwaukee and St. Paul, Minneapolis and Duluth, with Pullman vestibuled drawing room sleepers and coaches of latest design. Its dining car service is unsurpassed. This the public is invited to judge for itself. It is the only route to the Pacific coast over which both Pullman vestibuled, first-class, and Pullman tourist cars are operated from Chicago via St. Paul without change.  
Pamphlets giving valuable information can be obtained free upon application to your nearest ticket agent, or to J. A. C. Pond, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

**SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.**  
It is a dubious compliment to refer to a young woman as having been "a belle for several years." There is a limitation to "bellehood."

There are New York society people whose success in securing subscription money for various charities has induced them to ask for a percentage.

At Liege about 40,000 persons are employed in the manufacture of arms. During recent years it is said that the productions of Liege have diminished in prestige.

A rapidly revolving brush which gets its motive power through a flexible tube attached to a small electric motor has been found to operate practically in the grooming of a horse.

The cost of raw material in a watch is infinitesimal, 99.99 per cent of the cost of production is paid to labor. Five cents worth of steel wrought into hairsprings would be worth \$150,000.

"Ekernomerkal" parties are the latest at Muncie, Ind. Each maiden and man attire themselves in the most "ekernomerkal" costumes their ingenuity can invent and a prize is awarded to the most meritorious.

The sea water originally put in the great aquariums of the Crystal Palace, Sydenham, in 1854, is still used there having been used over and over since that time a record without a parallel in the history of such institutions.

In an investigation of the decay of rubber, Mr. W. Thompson has found that copper salts, which are sometimes even used for drying rubber goods black, have a very injurious effect. Metallic copper causes oxidation and hardening of rubber in contact with it. Oils containing traces of copper quickly destroy rubber, and linseed oil contains acid that rots rubber cloth. Only castor oil in fact is harmless.

**FRESH AND FUNNY.**

The Association of Married Women for the Control of Husbands, is the title of a society in Berlin, Germany.

The last census shows that while 33,198 lawyers received \$35,000,000 every year in fees, 37,000 ministers get only \$6,000,000.

The silky little King Charles spaniel is an expensive luxury, because puppies a month old easily fetch \$50 apiece, and when half grown \$100.

It is said that Massachusetts is the only state in the union which provides, by act of legislature, that banks may pay checks for a certain time after the death of the drawer.

In Ashantee, and around the woods near Kabba, grows a tree resembling in appearance the English oak, which furnishes excellent butter. This vegetable butter keeps in perfect condition all the year round in spite of the heat, and in its natural condition

The only Englishmen that are known to the French people generally, it has been said in a jocular way are Robinson Crusoe and the Prince of Wales. Cafe Robinsons, restaurants built in trees, are among the latest Parisian fads. They take their name, of course, from Robinson Crusoe.

LANE'S BRAVE DEED

Dashed into a Crowd of Lynches, and Rescued the Doomed Man.  
The heroic action of Deputy Sheriff Meredith, of Green county, Alabama, in rescuing a prisoner from mob violence and his laudation by the press, brings to mind an occurrence of the same character that has never been rivalled in the history of Alabama for coolness and intrepidity in the presence of danger, according to the Birmingham News, that was performed several years ago in Limestone county by Hector Lane.  
John Bailey, a wife murderer, was arraigned before the circuit court, Judge William B. Wood presiding. A special term of court had been ordered on account of the intense excitement and exasperation of the people against this man, who had killed his young wife in the presence of her mother by shooting her with a pistol several times because she had refused to live with him on account of his improvidence. Colonel E. T. Talferro was the defendant's attorney, and raised the plea of insanity.  
When court adjourned the first morning pending the preliminaries of the trial, the judge was informed that a mob had been organized to hang the defendant upon adjournment of the court. The judge, appreciating the situation, and seeing that something had to be done at once to save the man's life, ordered the sheriff of the county and Dud Minges to summon a posse to protect him. The "crowd" had then commenced to gather in the court-room, and showing their intentions by violent language and menace.  
The sheriff having to leave the prisoner, the question arose as to who would have the hardihood to guard Hector Lane, and knowing the courage that had characterized his family for years, ordered him to take charge of the prisoner and protect him with his life if necessary.  
Lane stepped forward, and taking a double-barreled breech-loading gun from the hands of an officer, and a belt with cartridges loaded with buckshot, cleared the court room in about five minutes, and before the mob knew what his intentions were rushed the prisoner up into the cupola of the court-house, single-handed and alone. The sheriff not being able to reach him through the infuriated mob, he defied 2,000 men, infuriated by liquor and savage with anger, for two mortal hours. They reformed under three repeated leaderships three times and armed with all sorts of weapons. Lane stood like a Trojan, and three times did they surge back baffled and defeated by one man when they finally gave up the attack and seemingly, dispersed with ominous threats as to what they would do in the future, and they kept their promise, but Lane was on hand, and for the second time rescued this man from the mob's fury.  
A few days after the court adjourned a crowd estimated at 5,000 poured into the town of Athens with the avowed intention of taking the man from jail and dealing summary punishment that the law's delay had cost. The jail was soon torn open and the prisoner dragged from his cell, and the mob, wild with excitement placed him in a one-horse cart and conveyed him one mile from town, placed a rope around his neck and over a limb of a tree. A Christian man, Dr. Mac Williams, asked to be allowed to pray one prayer for the man's soul. A great many acceded to the saving of his life at this time to this prayer.  
Lane, sitting upon a powerful horse, was a witness to it all. All at once, as if inspired with the courage of a demon, striking his horse deep with his spurs and pistol in hand, he dashed among the maddened crowd, cut the rope from the prisoner's neck, and by the assistance of three other brave fellows who becoming inspired by his dauntless courage, threw the driver from the wagon, and Lane and these other brave fellows victoriously bore him through this seething mass of humanity and replaced him safely within the confines of the county jail.  
This exploit is well known in North Alabama as being unparalleled for daring and cool determination.

**PLENTY OF GULLIBILITY.**

An Article of Trade in Which the Country Is Rich.

This little scheme is novel and ingenious. It is set forth in a circular letter which dwells upon the great success of the syndicate plan in furnishing "literary material" to newspapers and intimates that "most of the syndicates obtain very large prices, none of which profit, however, goes to the writer." To remedy this evil a new syndicate has been formed for the express purpose of giving writers "a fair interest in the entire amount received from the sale of their productions." This disinterested "press bureau" still needs "the services of a few more writers," and if you wish "to avail yourself of this opportunity," you will begin by paying a "membership fee" of \$10. This "entitles you to enter upon our lists, at any time during the year following, not to exceed twenty articles."

These are to be "syndicated to the newspaper press as rapidly as the demands of our business may require," and you are to get the full price received, less 20 per cent only. It is added, "for your own information," though in small capitals that "during the past year we received more than \$1,000." This bare-faced attempt at cheating is in part shrewdly conceived to appeal to that large class of unsuccessful writers who believe that they lack only an "entree" to win that recognition from which they are now debarred by the exclusiveness of the "literary gang," but as a whole, it could have no hope of success except on the theory that there is an unlimited amount of gullibility in the land only waiting to be exploited.

Investigation Is All That Is Necessary to Prove That Catarrh, Bronchitis, and Consumption Can Be Cured.



The following interview with A. G. Fogglstrom of No. 104 Evergreen Ave., will attest:  
"For four years I suffered with nasal catarrh and chronic bronchitis, which settled on my lungs with alarming symptoms. I became very anxious about my condition. I consulted and received treatment from several physicians, with but little benefit. When I first consulted Dr. Cox I had almost despaired of ever being cured, as I had been under treatment for two years previous. His treatment was entirely different. By the application of medicated vapor direct to the diseased surface the result was soon perceptible. I gradually improved, and in about three months I considered myself cured. My cough left me, my nasal passages became free, the discharge stopped, my hearing restored, appetite and sleep natural. I have gained in flesh and strength and feel like myself again. I most heartily recommend Dr. Cox and his method of treatment to all who may be afflicted with catarrh, bronchitis, or all diseases of the air passages, for I could not have survived long the condition I was in when I began his treatment."  
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.  
The special diseases treated by Dr. Cox are Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, Consumption and all Diseases of the Nose, Throat and Lungs, Skin and Nervous Diseases. DR. COX, Specialist, 233 W. Chicago Ave.  
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A very important feature of this school is the Employment Bureau, which aids all graduates to situations as soon as they are through the course. It is now pretty well understood that if a young man or woman attends the METROPOLITAN, and completes the course, they are sure of a situation when through. Our young people should write to the Principal of the College, MR. O. M. POWERS, and an Illustrated Prospectus with full information will be sent FREE OF CHARGE.

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