

LOVE'S TRIBUTE

IN MEMORY OF

DAVID BENJAMIN DUNNING.

He was born Jan 1, 1873, and died Nov. 2, 1892, being 19 years and 10 months old. From his childhood he enjoyed good health. He passed through the diseases incident to early life without any serious troubles or complications. So that his constitutional strength was vigorous from his youth and this enabled him to endure the more patiently, and to his parents, physicians and friends, the more hopefully the strain of his last, long and fatal sickness.

While of rather quiet and retiring disposition, he possessed a mind of ready perception and prompt action. It seemed comparatively easy for him to perform the duties required of him, whether at home, in school, or in business. He attended both the common and the high schools, graduating from the latter with honor at the age of 17. He was elected treasurer of the High School Alumni association, the duties of which office he faithfully discharged for two years, when he was chosen president, and this honorable position he retained up to time of his death.

When called into business with his father he entered into it with the ardor of youthful ambition to achieve success. Back of and inspiring this ambition was the one controlling desire of his loving heart to please and honor his parents, to whom he was ever the affectionate and devoted son.

In his new and responsible duties in the real estate business he proved himself worthy the confidence and esteem of all. His habits of industry and faithfulness in doing promptly and thoroughly every duty, served him well and helpfully in his higher business relations. It is valuable testimony to the sterling business qualities of this exemplary young man, that he was daily growing in the confidence and regards of those with and for whom he was engaged.

He cultivated a constant and high regard for truth and integrity. His judgment seemed mature for one of his years, and he accustomed himself to speak with due consideration and composure.

The testimony of his father on these points or elements in his son's character is interesting and impressive. As illustrative of the entire reliability of David, his father said to the writer "In whatever was required of him, whether in or about the house, the farm, the nursery, we could depend upon him that each and every thing would be done just right, both in time and in manner."

Another fine and valuable trait in David's character and life was his regularity and promptness. This habit was manifested while upon his sick bed and as long as he retained consciousness.

regard for the winding of his watch. He attended to this himself as long as he was able to hold his watch, and when he could no longer do this, he would remind his attendant that it was the time to take the watch. Even when his strength so failed him that he could not speak he lifted his trembling hand and pointed to his favorite pocket companion as it hung before him on the bracket. The traits of David's character that we have mentioned may be thus summarized—

Love to his parents, faithfulness and promptness in every duty, truthfulness, reliability, regularity in all his habits.

These are valuable traits in anyone and for everyone in all the relations and duties of this life. And they do in some helpful degree prepare and enable the soul—the true, the real, the inner self—to perceive and use those

this, when his so anxious and devoted mother spoke to him about not getting well, he said, "I'm not afraid to die." She said, "We are doing all we can to help you to get well." He replied, "Even if you can't do any more for me, I am not afraid to die, only you will mourn so for me, mama." Just at the beginning of one of his falling spells, he called to his father and directed him to get his best suit of clothes, designating which, and said, "The King's messenger has come for me, and I must go." Then throwing the bed clothes from him, and springing up, he exclaimed, "Be quick!" He spoke these words in a clear and distinct voice, which he had not been able to use for some time before, and which he could not use afterwards. Soon after this he gradually failed until his spirit was borne away from his suffering body. Thus ended the mortal life of David Benjamin Dunning. But his history is embalmed in the hearts of his bereaved parents, sister and brother, and also in the hearts of his aged and affectionate grandparents and the numerous relatives, schoolmates and friends. Each and all remember "Da" with tender emotion and high regard of such a noble and estimable character. It is an interesting fact that he was named for each of his grandfathers.

And these grand old historic names are somewhat emblematic of this young man's character, life, and calling, as we trust, to the higher spheres of usefulness and honor. David, the ruddy shepherd boy, was called and anointed by God's messenger to the Kingdom of Israel. While Benjamin, the most and the best loved of the Patriarch's remaining sons, was the pride and the hope of the family. So our David heard the call of God's messenger to come up higher, even into the presence chamber of the king, there to engage with unflinching promptness and delight in all the duties and honors of the celestial home. Yet our Benjamin was so beloved by us and by all that "we could not give him up," even to obey the summons of the king. But is not our loss his gain? And is it not both wise and well for us who remain to be resigned to the will of him whom we know to be too wise to err, and too good to do us any wrong? And is it not an exceeding honor to have the one best fitted to go, to be called first and to be an attraction and an inspiration to us while we are permitted to tarry here on earth a while longer? Is it not an honor to be represented in and before the high court of heaven? Beloved parents, grandparents and relatives, your neighbors and friends (so many of whom are here this so inclement day) truly sympathize with you in your sad and deep bereavement. And it is the desire of their hearts that this sore affliction may be overruled by our gracious Father in heaven, who dealeth with you not in anger but in love, even as with his own dear children, to lead you and lead us all nearer and nearer to the words of our last sweet song of love

"Nearer my God to thee,
Nearer to thee

Amen.

The music was appropriately and tenderly rendered by two ladies from Oak Park. The remains were interred at Rosehill the Rev. A. M. Thome of Jefferson officiating clergyman.

PARK RIDGE.

CHURCHES

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

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH—The Rev.

Dr. Annette Bennett, homeopathic physician, office and residence Park Ridge, opposite school house.

A Mr. Singledicker of Park Ridge, aged 91 years, cast a good Republican vote on Tuesday.

Insure in the "National" of Hartford. William Zeutell, Edison Park.

At the Haymarket theater, commencing Sunday, Nov. 13, Mr. Robby Gay, for will present "Sport McAlister," one of the 400.

If Harrison and Reid could have seen the enthusiastic torch-light procession in Park Ridge last week, it might have softened what regret they may have, if any, in their defeat.

The many friends of Mrs. Joseph T. Jones will be pleased to learn that she is slowly recovering from a dangerous fit of sickness which necessitated a council of three physicians, last week.

Office seekers after March 4 will be like the sands of the sea.

The next Democratic cry will be turn the rascals out, and they'll probably go out.

We are indebted to Mr. Frank McNally for the nicely gotten up election returns which we are enabled to give in this issue.

Ta-Ra-Ra Boom De-Aye Grover.

There was fought on Tuesday last one of the most wonderful political battles ever waged in this country, and at the same time one of the most peaceable. The campaign from the time that the different conventions made their nominations to its close on Monday night had been one of unusual vigor. Every argument conceivable had been brought to bear on the minds of the people, and when election day was ushered in, voters marched to the polls and cast their ballot unmolested for the party of their choice. While this precinct gave a large Republican majority the returns from the country at large indicated without a doubt at 10 p. m. on Tuesday that the Democrats had swept the entire country, and while we exceedingly regret the fact, there is no other way to do but take defeat in a philosophical manner. We earnestly trust that the affairs of this nation may be conducted by Mr. Cleveland for the next four years as ably as it has been by President Harrison during the term of his office which is about drawing to a close.

The Buttonholing Days Are Over.

The buttonholing days are over,
The liveliest of the year,
When office-seekers ever wore
Expressions of good cheer

They picked the ravelings from your coat,
Asked if your wife was fair,
And if the straying hairs that float
From you, with hers compare

To be agreeable they strove
And so they got so near
That you could smell behind the clove
The whisky and the beer

They'll keep away from you awhile
Till next they want your vote
—Columbus Dispatch

Young Peoples Night at the M. E. Church.

The "Junior League" concert, given by the young people at the M. E. church on Friday evening, was largely attended and the following program, which was rendered, proved a very entertaining one.

PROGRAM		
Overture	Mr. T. A. Ward	
Welcome	Clara Mills	
Quartette	Male Quartette	
Recitation	African Chant	
Recitation	Puzzled	
Duet selected	Bessie Stagg	Mattie Wendt
Recitation	Hymn of the Moravian Nuns	
Recitation	Two Little Girls	Joseph Wells
Recitation	Three Kisses	Mattie Wendt
Tableau	Lillian T. Burn	
	Jack Horner	

BARRINGTON.

CHURCH AND SOCIETY NOTICES.

V.—Meet in Parker's hall, second and third Saturday of each month. W. H. Seligman, Com.; Frank Krahn, S. V. C., J. L. Ryan, J. V. C.

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

St. Paul's CATHOLIC CHURCH—Rev. J. F. Olan. 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. 7 p. m. Sabbath School at 12 m. Children's services 3 p. m. Class-meeting 6:15 p. m. Bible study Tuesday 7:30 p. m. Prayer-meeting Friday, 7 p. m.

First EVANGELICAL CHURCH—Rev. Wm. Schaefer, Pastor. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. Evening service at 7:30 p. m. Sabbath school at 9 a. m.

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

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

BARRINGTON POST, No. 275, G. A. R. Department of Ill.—Meet every second Friday in the month, at Parker's Hall. E. R. Clark, Commander; L. F. Elvidge, S. V. C.; R. Purcell, V. O.; A. Gleason, Q. M.; A. S. Henderson, O. D.; G. G. Senn, O. G.; Henry Reuter, Sec.; F. A. Lageschulte, Chap.

G. C. No. 25.—Meets the second and fourth Wednesday of each month. Mrs. Ada Selleck, Sec.; Miss Bertha Seebert, Sec.

W. A. Camp 309.—Meets first Saturday of each month at Lamey's hall. E. R. Clark, Com.; John Robertson, W. A. Fred Kirsch, S. D.; B. M. T. Lamey, clerk; William Holts, W. P. A. Hawley, E.; H. S. Mer, S.

An effort is being made on the part of some of the members of the Chautauque circle to arrange for a series of lectures on English Literature by Prof. Charles W. Pearson, A. M., Professor of English Literature in Northwestern University at Evanston. It is thought that the first course will possibly consist of three lectures and that the price of tickets, admitting to all three, will be only one dollar. Prof. Pearson is a man of reputation and a writer of considerable prominence. He holds one of the most important positions in the great Methodist university and the Barrington people will be fortunate in having the opportunity of hearing this gifted man. Fifty-five course tickets must be sold in order to pay expenses. Speak to Mr. Walter J. Harrower, at once, president of the circle, and tell him that you will take at least two tickets in the event of the lecture being given. We are proud of the fact that we have one of the best Chautauque circles along the line, but we think that our village ought to have still more of a literary life.

Charles A. Runyan left for Minneapolis Tuesday evening. He will work at his trade.

Mr. H. T. Abbott returned home Saturday after an absence of four weeks. He has been visiting relatives in New York State.

Miss Jennie Crowley of Chicago is visiting here this week.

Village Board Proceedings

Village Board met in regular session in village hall, Wednesday evening, Nov. 2. President Clark in the chair. Full board present with the exception of Trustees Abbott and Lanes.

Minutes of last meeting were read and approved. The following bills were allowed and ordered paid:

H. A. Laudman marshal	\$ 25 00
John C. Meier night watch	40 00
J. Palmer street labor	23 70
Charles Wolf	0 05
John Jahnke	5 50
Edw. Peters	0 37
Aug. John carpenter work	11 00
Total	\$ 111 02

WORD AND VOICE AND HEART.

When word, and voice, and heart are one,
The poet has his work begun
For when these three are not in place,
As well might bard his shadow chase.

Great Homer, Milton, all the train
Forged with these three the golden chain
Of soul-it fancies that have bound
The lofty thought to a sweetest sound.

Fair-haired Europa, on her reef
With these three made up the mead;
And young Columbus long may rest
Content the secret she possessed.

With these three unit parts of song
To left the epic line that long
Shall lead the nations to the light,
And teach the rising bard to write.

A WOMAN OF BUSINESS.



IELDS gave a crouchy chuckle. She had passed young Paxton without returning his bow. There could be no doubt of it, for Fields had seen the whole proceeding, from the moment when she turned the corner, the

stiff river breeze blowing about her face certain stray locks of the soft, short hair under her beaver hat.

She had looked very sweet to Fields, coming in sight against the tall Cumberland cliffs. It seemed to him that she had been smiling, but he surmised this from the change which struck across her face upon passing Paxton's store. Her very coat-collar stood about her ears aggressively, and though Fields was not commonly given to humorous perceptions of things, he saw in his daughter's small human assumption of ignorance a certain incongruity with the bleak hills hedging the town, their tops flat, as if they crouched to keep their bald heads from striking the hard autumnal sky.

"Look like that's something that feller ain't getting, if trade is a whooping his way," considered Fields, staring toward Paxton's store, which occupied the river corner just above the landing, at which Nashville boats stopped on their way to the head of navigation. It was a new building, that store, which in Field's old age had risen to place his own commercial merits in the eye of scorn. Among the weathered cottages of the town its yellow walls rose with great dignity, its clear windows gay with pyramids of tomato cans, festooned in bright prints and cotton laces.

With so many odds in his favor it was natural enough that things should be going Paxton's way. His way indeed meant radicalism and reform, and all the rash ventures of young blood and unlicked ideas. The village at first blushed had fought very shy of Paxton. He was "up No'th," he advertised, he was good-looking, a yellowish mustache barring his face like a streak of sunshine. The town decided against taking stock in so insidious a combination.

Paxton, however, kept right on. It was a good point for country and river trade. Fields had made money, apparently by natural methods and without the vaguest effort. His store included the postoffice and stood a forty paces above Paxton's. Time had breathed long and asthmatically upon the window panes of Fields's store, covering them with a veil of gray which effectually concealed the fact of dust on the commodities behind it. Inside were some boxes and barrels, an odor of tobacco, a pot behind stove, and Fields himself a slow man in his fifties.

With these superannuated attractions Paxton felt he could scarcely fail of successful competing, if only he could hold out long enough to win the town's confidence. But confidence is not an easy thing to win in a Kentucky town in which the war is considered as fairly over and freshly discussable.

It took Paxton several months to down the native conservatism, but on the first wariness of the burgers was overcome, the gate way on a sudden to the delight of getting better things for less money than in Fields had charged, and Paxton for an unexpected victory to his own uses.

Fields took his defeat calmly. He took everything, even his whiskey and water, in that sort of a way. He seemed to lack a capacity for any kind of action, and it was a common wonder as to where that spirit of his, that Louisa M. got her girl.

For her spirit commanded, instant recognition. Fields himself stood in awe of it, and as Louisa M. rushed up the store steps, he drew back with a sense of impending unpleasantness.

"Say, Louisa M.," he broke out in a conciliating tone, "I saw you've Paxton the go-by. You're kind eh hard on him, ain't yeh?"

The girl flung her soft hat on the counter and plunged into a chair. "Oh," she said, "puppy! I've just been down to see the new boat land. They sent an order to him for some thing they I run out of. I can't stand it! I won't—that man coming down here and taking everything and do buy out of your rights and—oh—oh—oh," she gasped a little, tossing her hair with an excited hand, her eyes strayed blue in the darkness of her vivid little face.

Fields' jaw assumed an amiable laxity.

"Don't be on so," he said. "I hain't got nobody but you, and I reckon I got enough laid by to keep you. I'd kindah like to quit business any-pow, and hev a garden and raise things. 'Course I g'esse to see my old friends a-chasing into Paxton's to a but a—"

keeps ez good a grade o' tobacco ez ever I smoked after, and sells it reasonable."

His daughter flashed round a startling glance.

"I am going to stop all this," she said. "Yes, puppy, I am not going to stand it. I won't see you tramped on. He may be 'smart'—that Paxton. So ain't I've got as much natural wit as he any day of the world. I will show him!" She held out a rigid little hand. "Do you know the last mean trick he's been up to? He's had his name painted along all the pike fences and cliffs. 'Come to Paxton's for new goods.' That's what he's put up. It's an insult—it means that our goods are o' d'!"

"Well," he said, "our stuff is pooty 't'abie seneed, Louisa M." She wheeled about.

"We'll get new. We'll paint the store and order a whole stock of everything. I'll go to the city myself and order what is necessary. I won't hev no one get ahead of you, puppy." Field's looked miserable, but it never occurred to him to make head against Louisa M. He would doubtless be the issue of the reckless enterprise, but Fields was helpless.

"I'll show him how to do business," said Louisa M., standing erect, her nostrils dilated. Fields snook his head. He continued to shake it so evenly at intervals in the days that followed, when boxes and bales to his direction began to tumble off the boats which carried the Southern road's freight down the river.

"Gittin' a move on your self, huz, Uncle Jimmy," suggested the village idlers, observing these signs of trade. But Field's jaw only elongated the more, while his brow became a network of conflicting wrinkles.

It was remarked in open council at Paxton's store that Uncle Jimmy Fields wasn't lookin' jest up to the notch."

"Melby he misses that girl o' his'n," suggested some one. She's away somers. He sets everything by that. Her Louisa M. Say, Paxton I like to died that night at Wilson's dance when you ast for a cudrille, and she jest sized you up and says she's engaged for every set. Lord, the look she gave yeh, doubled-barreled and self-lodin! But, say, Paxton, you oughtn't of give her the comfort of seein' you make home-sneak on account of it."

Paxton's cheek reddened. He was slight and tall and his shoulders twitched a little.

"She has a right to pick her friends," he said. The other man strapped on a spur, his foot on his knee.

"Fields is paintin' his house," he said. "They tell that he's fixin' up inside, too. Reckon Louisa M.'s ben stirrin' him up."

After Louisa M.'s return the changes became more marked. Two shades of pea green illuminated the house with out. Inside a new stove and a complete stock of dry goods invited the villagers. Even the window underwent a startling metamorphose from graysness and grime to gaudiness. When it was found that prices were haply in accord with all this enlivening prospect, town sages remarked that "Uncle Jimmy, when it comes to rale tradin', kin whip any young dozen o' Paxton's sort with one hand tied behind him."

Matters began to look dark for Paxton. Public favor is an uncertain thing, impermanent as the sudden rush of bloom on an apple bough in spring. Paxton's hour of blossoming seemed past. He thought often of removing to another town, but he had a certain sense of surrender in departure. He knew well enough that she was at the bottom of his overthrow—that daughter of Field's—that little gipsy-faced creature with her black silk locks. He could see the memory in her odd blue eyes, the scorn of her lips when she should hear that he had given up the battle.

She never spoke to him now. Since he painted advertisements on the houses she had not as much as looked at him in passing. But she could be gentle enough. Paxton remembered how pleasant she had been when he first came to town, the year before, looking for a place to establish himself. When he decided to stay it had been with more thought of Field's daughter than of Fields. He had not thought of competition, but this had been thrust upon him before he considered what it meant. It meant everything adverse, and after Paxton read this in the open diadem of Louisa M., he felt there was nothing for him but to go on and be successful, though success now had bitter dress, and broke in sharp, spiteful spurs at his hips.

One morning in May, Fields surveying from his door the rocky hills, no longer rugged, but rounding with spring greenery to a virginal softness of curve, fetched a big sigh.

"Melby it's on't the time o' year," he speculated, "but some oh I don't feel jest right—spec'ly when I g't to studin' bout young Paxton."

Louisa M. gave the back of his grey head a glance of challenge. She was setting things to rights in the show case, and she thrust a bone puppy rather angrily into a bolt of ribbon.

"Why," she exclaimed, "We run but too hard," said Fields, uncomfortably. "A friend of his named it to me yistiddy that he couldn't hold out much longer. I feel this way. I had my chance and he had ought to hev had his. He hain't no ill will to des me. He was g'ten trade fair an' equar, and he could of kep' it ef I hedn't ondersold him a below cost price. I feel ez mean and or'nry ez a fire dot that sucks eggs. I hain't treated him white."

"Business is business," said Louisa M., shaking back her hair. She was a little thing in a cathered pink frock, but she looked to Fields as invariably as the austere Justice on the coin of the realm. Perhaps, after all, she was right, and he himself was swayed from judgment by a sort of limp tendency to see other folk comfortable. Field designedly modeled his big clay conceptions upon the tiny marble models of Louisa M.'s ideals, but somehow, though his unwieldy notions were grotesquely like the pattern, they were soft and un-

stable and required constant bolstering into shape.

Though Paxton might be, as Louisa M. declared him, the vilest of Adam's brood, it hurt Fields to see the handsome young fellow going about the village with drawn face and downcast eyes.

"I'm a losin' feller!" he complained to his daughter. "The feller has got away with my appetite. I'd rather go ragged ez a picked buzzard than keep this up. I'd feel a heap better, Louisa M., to mark that last lot o' calicoes up a little—but under his daughter's chastising eye he drew a flagging breath.

"You leave things to me," commanded Louisa M. "You don't know anything about business, puppy! We are only turning his own blade against Paxton. He deserves to fail! He came here a year back honeyground and never saving he was looking for a place to locate. I was nice to him. I used to talk to him free as air, never suspicioning he was aming to do my own father up." Her voice choked. She had paled under her coppery skin, and her wet eyes were like violets that tremble open in a smart March blunk.

Finally along toward the summer the end came. Paxton assigned for the good of his creditors. A lawyer from Burkesville came to take charge of things and the steamboat landing was deserted, as men gathered in field's store to discuss the happenings. The river was sinking and traffic was nearly suspended. Cows grazed on the sun-burned pastures of the lower hills. Tan-colored hogs idled about the paveless streets, and children of corresponding tint of complexion played shrilly on the perilous river slope.

"Wa'al, he 'peared a likely young rooster."

"Yaas. Erthoug I'm jest ez willin' he busted. K'ntucky fer K'ntuckians, says I. I'm a pertention's every time," don't keer nothin' 'bout the platform." Fields, listening to this acute philosophy, suddenly cut in, his broad face curiously sunken.

"Confound it, I say, a fair chance fer every one." He stopped to look at his brow with a bunched red handkerchief, his views shortened by two circumstances. He had remembered that Louisa M. was somewhere in the back of the store, and just then, too, a throng of men had opened to admit a young fellow who came across the porch at a run, his hat off.

"Say!" he panted, the exhilaration of bad news in his face, "why say!"—did any of ye hear about Paxton. He's went to work and shot hisself! That feller from Burkesville was talkin' to a rait of us outside Paxton's store and we heered a rifle go off up stairs in Paxton's room, and hetore up thar and busted in the door and—Lord! wait till I get my breath—I got it from Smith then."

There was a little sound behind the huddle of men, a sound like a sheep breath and a clatter of tin and heavier resonance.

In front of the molasses barrel an overturned quart measure and a long nosed funnel rolled on the bare floor in lessening arcs. Nearby in the gloom of the inner apartment something had fallen, something which looked like a limp heap of pink calico, and which Fields lifted it trailed flaccid arms, its little neck letting the head back in a sickening way of lifelessness.

Outside the sunshine lacquered the river with a milky gleam. A delicious blueness misted distant hills, and near by Field's store a bluejay flashed its wings, uttering rasping cries. Two men coming up the road were laughing as they sauntered along—one, an elderly person, mopping his face.

"You scared me out of a year's growth, just the same!" he said. "I knew you were down-in-the-mouth, and when that shot rang out—I—well I naturally thought you had done for yourself. I went up those stairs four steps at a time, shouting to those fellows below to run for a doctor!"

Paxton gave rather a grim smile. "I believe you're disappointed that it was only a chicken hawk I was firing at!" he said. "Mrs Wick had just called to me from the back yard to shoot it. She's been missing pullets lately."

"So you let go. Say, Paxton, something must be the matter down at field's! Look isn't that Fields crossing the road? He's carrying—it looks like a woman!"

Fields lived opposite his store in a white cottage. Paxton, staring ahead, caught a vanishing glimpse of the old man's clumsy figure, his arm's overflowing with the spring like freshness of Louisa M.'s gown.

"Hello!" said a fellow on the skirts of the little group of men at the store steps, as Paxton strode forward. "Yeh ain't hurted then? What's that? Oh, about Fields—why, it's Louisa M. She's a little fainty, I believe. Some of them fool boys kem in and blurted out about you bein'—wa'al, the boy only told what he heered—I don't blame him—but Louisa M. she just swooned again—the merriens bar! and Uncle Jimmy he—"

But Paxton was not listening any longer. He had crossed the road and gone up the path to Field's front door, and he had gone with so vague a premeditation that when Fields himself lumbered toward the threshold, a look of relief on his stolid face, the younger man could only stammer at the reason of his presence.

"They were telling me—of her—of your daughter. I wanted to ask—After all he's opped feebly enough, and let Fields to fill out the sentence as he might."

"She's all right now, thank, Mr. Paxton," said Fields. "Wegot word at they wasn't no truth in them reports." He waved his hand behind him. "She's in thar."

Paxton had already seen her, the stern young foiler of his commercial prowess sitting back in a rocking chair, her lips rather white, her eyelids drooping.

She managed to lift them as Paxton came into the room. She even held her hand out and glanced up at him just once. It was the merest half glance, but Fields, who chanced to be looking, had a queer, unwanted sense of being startled.

He went out, his jaw speculatively let down.

"I wouldn't of believed," he pondered. "She could of looked that sugared at the angel Gabriel! I reckon I ken hev a garden now! They won't need me in the store. She's business, Louisa M. is."

A LITTLE FUN.

What two Newsboys Were Doing to Kill Time.

Two newsboys engaged in a stilted controversy recently in front of the custom house, such a controversy as can only be carried on by newsboys. It had reached the stage of personal reflections and one said "You ain't more 'count 'n'er yaller dorg, no hon. You couldn't sell 'er paper to 'er mar ef you'd give it to him."

"You're a-lyin' and you're knowin' it. I kin sell more papers in an hour'n what you kin in six weeks and lick you besides," said the other and much smaller one.

The next moment they were a mingled mass of legs and arms and heads and mouths and nose, and were riding fast enough to cause a sprinkling wagon to be sent around on the double-quick.

While they were thus engaged a comely looking young woman came tripping along holding her skirts modestly in one hand. Seeing the big boy just then give the little boy a left-hander in the jaw she went into the scrap herself and grabbing that boy she shook him until his bones rattled and his eyes were almost bulging out of his head. Finally, dropping him on the pavement, she said:

"Now I reckon you will let that little boy alone. You ought to be ashamed of yourself, you big cowardly scamp, you."

The boy surveyed himself and as the young woman started up the street said:

"You wanted somebody to look at you mighty bad, didn't you?" She looked at him as if she would have liked to kill him, but she did not—she went on.

"Some wimmen is mighty scrimshus about two kids havin' fun," was his comment to the crowd as he went in quest of the other boy, who had escaped in the melee.—Exchange

THE PRETTY GIRL.

Attractive, But No Use Behind a Counter.

I noticed a gentleman the other day in one of the drygoods stores up town buying some articles from a very plain saleswoman. She had not one good feature. All the arts for making homely people handsome would have failed signally in her case. There was absolutely no help for her. I asked why he had not selected a very handsome girl to serve him.

"I never do," he replied quickly.

"Why is that?" I asked.

"Because," he said, "the homely girl has nothing to depend on but the excellency of her services. Therefore she takes infinite pains with her customers. She pays strict attention to her business. The pretty girl, on the other hand, knows that she is pretty. She trades upon her prettiness. She uses the time and thought she ought to devote to serving you in trying to make you see and understand and appreciate that she is pretty."

"But," said I, "men are such admirers of beauty, one would think they would waive all other considerations for the sake of talking to a pretty girl."

"Oh," said the gentleman naively, "I can talk to the pretty girl who stands at the next counter."

The Trouble With Many Women.

Women are always flying off the handle. This is American slang, but excellent to convey my meaning, says a writer in the Detroit Free Press. If a woman stands on a street corner as passive as if there were no numbing feline instincts in her makeup, and the driver of a passing car does not know by intuition that she wants him to stop, she flies all to pieces. She is going to find out if the public has any rights. She has taken the number of his car and will report him to the office. Did he suppose she was standing on that corner for amusement? By the time another car has come in sight, she waves her hand and an umbrella, or the driver has intuitions and asks her in dumb show if she wants to ride, and she goes on her way and doesn't report the affair or to anything but work herself a p.o. fever heat.

So it happens nearly every day of her life. I bet, stew and worry make hard, unpleasant lines in her face that no cosmetics will remove. And for what? The merest trifles, for in real tragedies women rise to the height of the angels. The woman who will stir up a whole community because her pocketbook has been stolen or misplaced, or her sun umbrella lost will go down to the gates of death without a tremor. It is a lack of self poise in the little things of life which go to make up the hominious whole that makes her nervous and incongruous. All these little personalities give that arrogant animal—a man—a chance to laugh a her.

To Take His Place.

"Have you a parrot that swears?" asked a woman as she entered the bird store.

"I suppose I could get one," replied the dealer, "but I never had such a call before."

"You see, my husband went out West a month ago and I'm sort of lonesome."

KEEPS HIS HORSE DYED.

A Pennsylvania Liveryman Owns a Red White-and-Blue Roadster.

Amrose Jolliffe, the Hestonville, Pa., livery stable keeper, has what is probably the most remarkable horse in the United States and his one sorrow, according to the Philadelphia Record, is that the park commissioners will not permit the animal to be driven through their beautiful domain. The horse is a middle aged, well-proportioned Kentucky gelding, about 8 years old, and once upon a time was as white as a snow-drift at the north pole.

Two years ago a young medical student, who was studying at the University of Pennsylvania, and boarded at Mr. Jolliffe's residence, suggested that, in honor of the Fourth of July, Dashaway (the gelding's name) be decorated in the national colors. He told Mr. Jolliffe that he had two harmless dyes which would soon fade out, and pointed out what a unique and sensational horse Dashaway could be transformed into by an artistic use of the dyes. As Mr. Jolliffe was agreeable, the student boiled his dyes and with a large brush stained the horse's head, neck and forelegs a bright crimsonish red, the "barrel" was left white, and the flanks and hind legs were stained a brilliant blue. The effect was so exquisitely beautiful that Mr. Jolliffe and his family drove about the vicinity of Hestonville every afternoon showing Dashaway to their friends, and save for the fact that many of the horses that they met tried with more or less success to run away when the red-white-and-blue equine met their affrighted gaze the cup of the Jolliffe's family happiness would have been filled to the brim. The excitement in the park was so great that strict orders were given to the guards to keep the patriotic horse out of the great pleasure ground.

Dashaway has been freshly dyed twice since his original decoration, and the Hestonville horses have now grown accustomed to his spectacular appearance. But life is not what it should be for Mr. Jolliffe on account of the park commissioners' rule barring Dashaway from the privileges of their domain.

KING OF THE DOG STEALERS.

Sad Fate of the Former Monarch of Canine Catching.

The last decade of the century has been peculiarly disastrous for "uncrowned kings." Crownless monarchs have been very numerous of late years, but they have all come to grief. Politics, alcohol, fakirs, nitrates, bergara, soap-fits have all had their kings, but where are they now? Echo only answers. The last of the "uncrowned" who has fallen upon evil days is Mr. Wm. Cooke, "King of the Dog Stealers," says a London paper.

Just as in old times, monarchs always had a second fame descriptive of some phase of personal appearance, such as "Edward Longshanks," "Pepin the Short," "Philip the Fair," or "Ivan the Ugly," so Cooke has his picturesque nickname of "William the Chinaman," because he is supposed to bear some resemblance to the gentlemen whose pictures adorn the sides of tea boxes which come from the Celestial empire.

William had eluded dog stealing to a fine art. It must be admitted that he never relaxed his efforts to obtain proficiency in it except during the numerous periods he spent in jail. His chief d'œuvre was the theft of a favorite from a magistrate while that gentleman was on his way to a police court, although it led to a sentence of penal servitude. But no sooner was he liberated on a ticket of leave than he commenced his old practices, and was arrested in Chelsea while calmly leading away a French poodle.

Mr. De Rutzen, at the Westminster police court, ordered him to pay a fine of £20 or go to jail for three months. To "William the Chinaman," this period is a mere bagatelle, but he was particularly anxious to know whether he would have to serve his full term of penal servitude. It is probable he will, but Mr. De Rutzen declined to give him any information on the subject.

A MONSTER BEE.

A Honey-Bag of Twenty Pounds Capacity and Wings Like an Eagle's.

Wouldn't you like to see a honey-bee as large or larger than the average man? There is just such a creature in the specimen room of the University of Pennsylvania at Philadelphia. It is the largest insect of its class ever seen in this or any other country. Its wings are as broad as those of an eagle and its honey-bag of twenty pounds capacity. Its legs are also large and well formed, reminding one of the crooked supporters of a piano stool in yo olden times. The proboscis which is attached to a head the bigness of a sandy brockel, is over a foot in length and as big around as a broomhandle. I know that you are wondering where he ever found clover-heads large enough to work on, and who provided a half a million of similar sized specimens with a hive in which to store their tons of honey but there is no use exciting your curiosity further—he never gathered honey, never improved each shining hour, in fact he never had hours to improve. He is made of papier-mache and is so constructed that every part of his body can be disarticulated for study. This the giant of the honey-bees was the work of an ingenious French artificer, who spends his time making gigantic worms gnats, bees, flies, etc., for the benefit of students who are studying entomology, "wormology" and kindred sciences. The university mentioned has two other specimens of his work, a huge snail and leech, each as large in proportion as the bee.

GOWNS IN PARIS.

Fashion Seems to be Looking Backward a Little.

Felix is making dresses in different styles, but all tend toward the 1830 modes, and show even a leaning in favor of the Empire, but this is as yet undecided. Everyone is exclaiming the long dresses, and yet every woman orders hers made so. Felix recently made an evening dress of soft vert d'eau satin broche with a coral pattern; a large Watteau pleat finishes the back of the low bodice, the front has cross folds ending in a deep corselet of black velvet, embroidered in silver, silk and white glass beads. Another toilet was ivory satin, embroidered with pearl heads, pointed low cuirass bodice, with gauze folds and hanging chains or rows of pearl beads.

For day wear Felix is using some pretty materials shot with silk, or woolen broche with silk. A recent day dress was made of beige crepon flecked over with white like snow.

The Late Mr. Thales.

The originator of the theory that the earth is round was probably Thales of Miletus, about 640 B. C. He not only taught that the earth was globular in form, but of the five zones, some of the principal circles of the sphere, the capacity of the moon and the true course of the lunar eclipses. Pythagoras demonstrated, about 506 B. C., from the varying altitudes of the stars by change of place, that the earth must be round. Aristarchus of Samos maintained that the earth turned on its own axis and revolved about the sun, which doctrine was held by his contemporaries as so absurd that the philosopher nearly lost his life by his theory, 280 B. C.

Area of Hindostan.

Hindooistan is about twenty-five times as large as the State of New York, and the Sahara desert has almost exactly the number of square miles as the whole of the United States. The Mediterranean sea would cut the United States in two across its breadth, making an open sea from New York to Vancouver. Great Britain and Ireland have about the same number of square miles as Arizona. Madagascar, is about as large as New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Vermont, Connecticut, New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Virginia and North Carolina combined. The area of England proper and that of the State of Iowa are almost identical.

A Choice Chinese Dish.

The Chinese have a choice dish made thus Egg shells are filled, through tiny holes at each end, with liquid custard, plugged and steamed until cooked. When opened one is full of rose custard, flavored with rose; another with chocolate—indeed, each one is of different flavor and color. They also prepare gold fish, stuffed with delicious vegetable paste and steamed until quite cooked. They are then served with a sauce resembling a Hollandaise flavor and ornamented with fresh cress. This is a very pretty plat.

Sound Talk.

When the church of Scotland petitioned Lord Palmerston to appoint a day of fasting and prayer so that the cholera might depart from "their midst," he told them instead to get down on their knees and scrub their floors and let in God's light and air, and keep everything clean. They voted, however, to resent his advice as blasphemous and insulting. That was thirty years ago, and such advice takes better now.

The Oldest Pen Patch.

The oldest resident of Pen Patch is in Delaware bay, the government reservation upon which Fort Delaware stands, has just died after having lived forty years at the fort. His name was John Madden, and his wife, who still lived at the dismantled fortress, is remembered with affection by hundreds of Confederate prisoners as the kindly matron of the post hospital during the civil war.

A Convict Inventor.

One Melchior Barker, a convict in the penitentiary at Szeczen, in Hungary has invented a patent shaving machine whereby he can shave a man in twenty-five seconds. With this machine he shaved all the inmates of the prison, 150 in number, to the complete satisfaction of the Governor. What the prisoners said is not stated.

There's Always Was.

General statistics prove that, since the Trojan war, 3,000 years ago—that is, since the beginning of history—not a single year has elapsed in which some war has not killed a large number of men.

A calf in Nazareth, Pa., while drinking from a stream, swallowed a live trout ten inches long. The fish caused so much pain to the calf that the owner had to kill the animal.

Damascus is the most ancient city in the world. It was a place of trade and travel before the days of Abraham and has now a population of 150,000.

DEAR JIM: Please accept thanks for desk you bought for me at the American Desk and Seating Co., 270-272 Wabash Ave., Chicago. It is a beauty, and you bought it at as low a price as John, who is a furniture dealer, could possibly buy a like desk for.

I sent you draft for \$20.00 for a desk 3 1/2 ft. long, and you have sent one 4 ft. long, with roll curtain top, extension slides, closed panel back, two adjustable partitions in each drawer, card rests, secret pen drawers, complete in every particular, and elegantly finished, and yet you say that you only spent just the money that I sent you. I cannot understand it. Their No. 83 catalogue is received, and gives prices on a fine line of very low-priced desks.

Accept my thanks for your kindness. Sincerely yours, JACK.

CONTENTED IF HOMELY.

THE THREE HIPPOS OF CENTRAL PARK.

Domestic Habits of the Monster Trio—Caliph and Baby Zeeoos Attracting More Attention Than Miss Murphy.

I sometimes wish I were a millionaire, says a writer in the New York Herald. For then I could buy me a



"THERE'S THE KEEPER."

hippopotamus and set me down at leisure and discover, perhaps, what in the name of goodness he ever was created for. It would probably take a lifetime to solve the problem which has been mystifying mankind for 6,000 years. But what a boom it would be to suffering mankind if the mystery could be cleared up. In this one respect the hippopotamus and the flea are very much alike. We have never been able to discover why inscrutable Providence has favored us with their picturesque and poignant presence. They are also much alike in the respective size of their mouths and their appetites. But the flea is much the more agile of the two, and I think all will agree that he is the more companionable. He is very fond of good society, and likes to have those whom he favors with his company to keep up to the scratch. But when it comes to philosophic contemplation the hippopotamus is supreme.

There is something ineffably soothing in watching the three children of the Nile who are sojourning in Central park. One cannot wonder that there is always a big crowd standing about



BEING INTERVIEWED.

snuggling close to his campmate and giving vent through his big nostrils, which looks like a tutored end of last year's fire hose, to resounding snorts and sighs of immeasurable satisfaction. In his spare moments Caliph gets sportive and has fun with Miss Murphy. He likes to open his mouth at her and allow her to see day before yesterday's breakfast behind his hippopotamian palate. He loves to jostle her and spatter the yellow water of the tank all over her, which she doesn't mind in the least, being already submerged. The people always laugh and shriek and run away when this happens. They think that Caliph intends to swash for them. But they need not flatter themselves. Caliph is too secure in his own estimation to trouble himself about mere mortals. He never stoops to conquer.

CALIPH KNOWS 4 O'CLOCK.

There is no chronometer in the city which knows when it is 4 o'clock better than Caliph. He is infallible. You might set the sun by him. Four o'clock is dinner time.

If the keeper is not on hand to the minute Caliph rings the dinner bell by swashing around and strewing dirty water all over the adjacent territory outside of his cage. He knows that



"OH DELICIOUS"

down upon their unlovely muzzles, which they sometimes take below the turbid water in order to rest them.

SMILING IN SELF-CONCILIATION.

Self-satisfaction and self-approval were written in every line and every lineament. There was a smirking self-confidence which became positively painful if she were spoken to. Then it was that this married flirt would rest her chin upon the stone at the end of her bath and open her gigantic and expressive mouth in a smile so full of conscious self-esteem that no one could imagine it apologetic. It was the smile of flattered vanity and not-

ing else, and though you might hide it behind a church you could not deny its meaning. I call the attention of the authorities to the fact that Miss Murphy is in danger of getting spoiled. It is well that the baby hip has been put into another cage, for it might fall into that smile some day and be forever lost. Miss Murphy's fondness for admiration is only partially shared in by her lordly spouse, and as for the baby, she does not seem to care a picayune whether the world is looking at her at all. It is fun to watch the varying demeanor of the different members of the family. The lady spends much of her time with her roving eyes fixed—if roving eyes could be said to be fixed—on the hot polloi, with now and then a wandering glance in the direction of the cage of a gay young leopard whom she appears to view with cursory favor.

Old Caliph's attention, on the other hand, seems to be pretty well divided between his love and the main chance. He does not worry himself much to ascertain what people think of him, or whether any pretty girl has fallen victim to his decidedly masculine type of beauty. His busy hours are devoted to repose and slumberous vacuity. He is past master in the art of loafing and inviting his soul. He enjoys this occupation best when he is



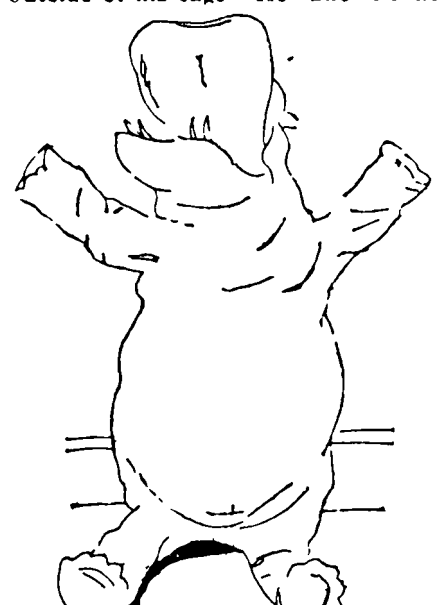
BEING INTERVIEWED.

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"YOU MAKE ME TIRED"

this will engender work on the part of the keeper, and he takes particular pains to enforce on the attention of the latter the fact that he is not pleased. Sometimes he squeals a bit, but as he does not consider this compatible with his dignity he is usually contented with a snort. He prefers the giving of hints to straightforward begging. Begging looks too much like the insect man, were worthy of batrachian notice. It is against the principles of the beast to notice mere men and women—even such superior beings as keepers, the dispensers of the staff of life. When the keeper comes along Caliph elevates his upper lip until his mouth represents the narrows entrance to the Hudson river tunnel at high tide. He seems to think that if he only displays his tonsils with sufficient fervor the supply of loaves and fishes will be large enough to satisfy even his protean appetite. So he shows all that he has in the masticating line and works his laryngeal apparatus in and out as if it were the hopper to a roller mill. It is a hint which a blind man might see. It means bread and plenty of it.

YAWNED A CAVILLOUS YAWN.

The chief ambition of the baby, next to eating and growing up to be as handsome as mamma, is to lie in soak all day and exude oil and river horse smell. I tried to set up a conversation with her the other day, but the infant terrible yawned in my face and remarked that I made her tired. I can take a hint when it is sufficiently plainly expressed, so I bade her a fearful adieu and took my departure.

It was the only thing in the neighborhood that she had left for me to take. I sometimes wonder if there is a hyppopotamus cupid, and if there is he does he get his arrows into the vital spot? There is no hide in all the world quite so thick and hard to penetrate, with the possible exception of that which surrounds the conscience of a practical politician.

The picture book tells us that in his native land the gentle pachyderm is a midnight marauder who loves to get up into somebody else's garden patch and trample down all the garden sages that he does not eat up. The natives are alleged to dig pits for him to fall into and to cushion the bottom thereof with sharp stakes on which the M. M. falls and impales his gizzard in a truly awful manner.

In the morning there is great rejoicing in the camp. The hide of the monster is taken off and used for plated armor on their line of battle ships, the tenderloins and Delmonico steaks are cut out for the barbecue, which follows, amid loud cries of "Shagarrang," while the tusks and teeth and various other paraphernalia, bric-a-brac and ornaments found in the mouth are shipped over to America to be turned into pool balls and poker chips. The ivory of the hippopotamus is the toughest in the world.

RAIL SHOOTING.

Sport That is Very Rapidly Approaching Extinction.

Now, according to the seasons and the signs we would all be going rail shooting. The nights are growing cooler, the corn grass, or wild rice, is heading out; the woods along the marshes are showing the red and yellow tints of autumn, golden rod and aster brighten the roadsides, and cardinal flowers flame in the edge of the marshes.

Over the water and along the distant hill sides hangs, morning and evening, the light haze of early autumn. Along the shore may be heard the mellow whistle of the beach-bird, and from the little pond holes in the wet meadows we may now and then start a black duck or two or a little bunch of bluewinged teal, says a correspondent of Forest and Stream. The time is at hand. The rail should be here. For the last three or four years, however, there have been no birds. On grounds where it was formerly no unusual thing to kill ninety rail in a tide, the gunner may now count himself fortunate if he secures one fourth that number. The season opens early and all the birds bred on those marshes which are most accessible are shot long before any flight birds arrive. When the flight birds arrive they are killed as soon as they reach the ground and so there is no good shooting.

The extermination of the rail may well be viewed with alarm by gunners. There is perhaps no kind of shooting which affords greater attraction or variety than this at so slight a cost in the shape of effort and it is said to see the sport diminishing year by year merely because it is overdone. What remedy—if any—can be suggested which will appeal to shooters generally, it is hard to say.

(One thing, however, is certain, that nothing would be easier than to protect the grounds where rail are shot. And if a general close time extending over several years should be agreed on by a number of adjacent states and enforced during the month of September we might after a few years see something like the old-fashioned fights and the "boats" of twenty years ago.

But this state of things is not likely to come about. We are most of us too anxious to get the last bird that flies too much afraid that if we do not kill it some one else will. There is too much human nature and too little public spirit in each one of us. If it were not so game would be more plenty everywhere.

It is to be feared that at the close of the present rail season it will be found that the marshes have again been bare and that the youngsters of today can shoot rail by getting their fathers and their uncles to tell them of the good old days of twenty years ago.

Not Bancroft's Version.

It was on September 9 that John Smith, of Virginia narrowly escaped death through the presence of mind of Pocahontas Smith had long whiskers and a blonde pompadour, which were novelties in Virginia at that time, and Pocahontas was impressed.

She decided on a coup. Hurdled approaching the spot where Smith was about to be pulverized with a club, she uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"Why, Smithy," she cried, "where have you been all this time?" Turning to her father, who stood near, she smiled pleasantly. "Papa, Mr. Smith—Mr. Smith, papa, she vivaciously remarked, "I met Mr. Smith at the seaside, papa. And now is your dear mother, Mr. Smith?"

The ruse worked successfully. In time Smith married Pocahontas, which was better than being killed—Detroit Tribune.

Ears of Insects and Animals.

It would be quite natural, of course, to look on the side of the head of any living creature (providing he had a head) for the organ of hearing; such investigation, however, no odds how thorough, would be void of results in many instances. In the clam it is found in the base of his "foot" or feeler. In the most of grasshoppers it is in the forelegs while several species of insects have it in the wing. Lobsters and crabs all have the auditory aid at the base of the antennae or feeler.

PERILS OF A HEROINE.

AN OPERATOR FACES DEATH TO SAVE A TRAIN.

Almost Swallowed in the Mad Current of a Stream in the Attempt—A Romantic Culmination to a Brave Deed.

Miss Ransom was the telegraph operator and station agent on a little road called the Columbia and Port Deposit Division of the Pennsylvania Line. This road hugged the banks of the Susquehanna river from end to end, and there wasn't a spot on the entire division of forty miles that it wasn't almost sure death to the train to leave the rails.

Weeks occurred on an average of once a week, and were always followed by several fatalities. The station she was located at was near immense limestone quarries wherein some half a hundred Italians were employed.

About 100 yards above the station was a 100-foot trestle spanning a small stream at ordinary times, but on the day in question greatly swollen and very swift as it emptied into the river at that point. A blast had just been fired of unusual force and an immense rock landed directly on the trestle, tearing it apart in the center, the swift water washing away the debris and leaving a gap in the rails of about twenty-five feet.

The river was very high at that point and the small boats that were handy could not be propelled against the swift current, says the Washington Star. The nearest bridge on the little stream over which the trestle was stretched was some three miles distant.

Miss Ransom saw the mischief done by the rock and immediately rushed out and told the superintendent of the Italian gang to send a man or go himself around the wreck and stop a train that was due from the north in half an hour. The superintendent was an Italian, with a smattering of English, but who failed entirely to see the gravity of the situation. The only wire that ran along the road had been stretched on the trestle for economy's sake and had been broken with the trestle, so that no communication with the North could be had. Miss Ransom tried to tell the Italian the true situation, but he only smiled and with a shrug of the shoulders and a grimace walked back into the quarry and resumed his overseeing.

The railroad was very crooked at this point, many sharp curves obstructing a long view ahead, and matters looked very blue for the train coming south. The employees of the road at the south end had been told over the wire by Miss Ransom the situation, and she had been ordered to stop the train at all hazards, as they could not reach her station in time to help her.

Time for talk was past, and Miss Ransom decided to act. Going down to the river's bank she got into a small boat and pushed off, hoping to work her way around the break in the trestle. In some way the current pushed her boat in among some drift-wood, and in a twinkling her boat was overturned and she was floundering in the deep rushing water.

Miss Ransom had learned to swim, and managed to reach out and grasp a heavy log as it swept by. With one arm around this log, she called for help and at the same time tried to work herself in toward the shore. Soon after several Italians came running to the rescue and in a short time Miss Ransom was safe on shore. But the train was still coming south, and nothing had been gained by the adventure. Miss Ransom was the coolest one in the crowd. It was now too late to send a man around by the other bridge, and she determined to try and cross the smaller stream in some way. Followed by the Italians, they ran up the bank of the little stream but nothing could be found on which to cross could be made.

Miss Ransom hesitated but a minute to ask if anyone could swim, but, receiving a negative answer, she decided with the aid of a plank to try it again. The Italians in their impetuous way tried to persuade her not to tempt the swollen waters again, but with the decision of a true heroine who recognized the danger the oncoming train was in, she cautiously pushed the plank into the water and with a quick movement followed it.

The brave girl had entered the water some distance above the broken trestle in the hope of gaining the opposite shore before that point had been reached, as to be carried out into the river meant almost certain death. The Italians encouraged her with shouts of praise, but endeavor as she would to work her way out of the current in mid-stream but little headway was made.

Down stream the brave girl was carried with a swiftness that told plainer than words that her struggles were fruitless. As she neared the broken trestle inch by inch she worked the plank over toward the northern side and as she was within a few feet of that structure she abandoned the plank and struck out with a forlorn hope of reaching it unaided. Her foresight and strength proved staunch qualifications. As she was being carried by the projecting and splintered trestle Miss Ransom gave one last strong sweep of her arms and was enabled to grasp a heavy piece of timber.

Slowly and laboriously the heroine worked her way out of the water and up through the trestle as her strength commenced to show signs of waning, and finally reached the top. For only a few seconds did she hesitate to gasp for breath and regain strength when she staggered to her feet and hurried down the track.

It was a close calculation. Miss Ransom had hardly turned the curve when the noise of the oncoming train

could be heard and a few seconds later dashed into view. The wild gesticulations of the brave girl caught the attention of the engineer almost instantly, and brakes were applied and the train brought to a standstill right on the curve and in sight of the broken trestle.

Without a quaver in her voice Miss Ransom told the engineer of the mishap and in a matter-of-fact way, without any embellishments, related her experience in trying to prevent the train going through the broken trestle into the river. The dozen or so passengers on the train were dumfounded by the girl's matter-of-fact bravery, and crowded around her and almost hugged her in their enthusiasm and thankfulness.

Did that girl make her mark in the telegraph profession? Not much. She married the engineer whose life she had saved.

HE CAME HOME.

And, of Course, Found the Dear Sister He Yearned For.

Egbert had been away from home eight years. But in all that time his love for his only sister had not grown less. Often his heart had spanned the intervening leagues and in his imagination he held her hand as they wandered over the familiar hills together. She was ever in his thoughts. As he neared home the brightest vision that came to his mind was of Rose, now just budding into womanhood, running to greet him. He had been her companion, playmate and protector from infancy. During their long years of separation no stronger passion had come to drive her from his heart. He was all impatience to see her. She would throw her arms about his neck her kisses would fall upon his face, she would plead with him never to leave her again. Would she search his pockets for bonbons as in the old days? They were there ready for her, according to the Detroit Tribune.

It was dusk when he swung wide the gate of the dear old country place and dashed up the gravel walk. His aged parents were at the door to greet him.

It was a great joy to meet them, but the scene was not as he had pictured it.

"Where was Rosabel?" "In the orchard, Egbert, but—" "Oh, we'll be back in a moment," and he flew down the path, throwing back a kiss to the dear old mother. He was a boy again, full of the joy of early youth.

Out under the trees he ran, looking here and looking there, a glance at the great apple tree where the big swing used to be; through the little grove of plums where the hammock always hung, passed the rustic bench at the foot of the elms. Not there! Ah, she must be under the grape arbor by the hedge. On again. He saw something white glimmer through the vines, she was there. Parting the leaves he rushed forward with a glad cry to embrace her.

"O-h-h-h!" "The dev—!" "Why, Egbert! Is it you? Mr. De Danderly this is my brother."

STORIES OF LINCOLN.

Reminiscences of His Father's Residence at Goose Nest.

Near the graveyard where Lincoln's father and stepmother rest seven miles south of Charleston, Illinois, in a place then known as Goose Nest, the Lincolns made their final settlement on removing from Indiana. Here Abraham Lincoln assisted his father in "getting settled," as they called it. He helped him build a log cabin, and cleared for him a patch of ground, and when he saw him "under headway" in a new country, he bade him good-by and started north aloft. He found employment not far from Springfield, Illinois, where the active part of his early life was spent. Though he did not linger long in the Goose Nest cabin, he was there long enough to stamp his individuality on every heart for miles around, and many are the stories told of his sojourn among these people. It was my lot to be born and reared a few miles from the early home of the Lincolns, and the incidents I relate were picked up in conversation with the old settlers about our neighborhood, all of whom knew Lincoln well. I was shown a bridge he helped to build, and many other relics of his boyhood days.

One very old man told me he once rode up to Thomas Lincoln's cabin and inquired if he could stand the night there. He was informed that the house afforded only two beds, and one of these belonged to a son who was then at home, but if he would get the consent of this boy to take him as a bed fellow, he could stay. The stranger dismounted, and soon found the six-foot boy in the back yard lying on a board reading. "The boy consented, and the man slept with him that night. The boy was Abraham Lincoln, and the other never tires of telling how he spent the night with the future president.—Century

Running no Risks.

Aunt Mary—I know one sign that's never failed yet. If you can slice an apple in two without cutting a seed you will marry the one you wish.

Sweet Girl, ten minutes later—I've done it! I've done it!

Aunt Mary—Did you use a sharp knife?

Sweet Girl—Of course not. I used a paper cutter.—Good News.

Nice and Good.

Little Niece, from Boston—Yes, I easily recognize the fact that the proportions of the ingredients are exact to a nicety. That is why it is good.—Good News

LIFE'S LIGHTS AND SHADES.

An old woman named Fort has been murdered near Bordeaux by a man who thought she had cast an evil eye upon him. She long had the local reputation of being a witch, and a peasant who thought he had some hard substance in his stomach consulted a clairvoyant, and upon the strength of her information he went and killed Madame Fort.

"The life of a minor poet is not always a pleasant one," says one of them. "It is hard enough to get small prices for your poetry (when you get any price at all), but what do you think of this request that has just come to me? I am invited to compose a poem for an 'occasion' out in the country, and my host sends me a subject and says: 'It needn't be poetry if you haven't time—only verses. You can be so witty when you have a mind to.'"

An English woman sued the Midland railway company for compensation for the loss of her husband, who was killed in an accident on that road, and recovered damages. Thereupon the company, which had sold him an accident insurance policy with his ticket, contended that the amount of this insurance should be deducted from the damages awarded since if he had died a natural death the widow would have received nothing on a policy of that nature. The claim of the company was not allowed.

The small natural bridge that was once a feature in the rugged shoreline just above Westport, on Lake Champlain, seems to have disappeared. It was "a card" as a local attraction till a severe storm in winter blew it down. Unwilling to lose such a necessary attraction, the neighbors carefully rebuilt it, which might easily enough have been a harmless and successful deception; but visitors to the bridge the following season were thunderstruck to read this sign: "Natural bridge erected by John and William Simonds."

THE WAY THEY DO.

Japanese immigration is stated to be increasing.

Books are darned free at some furnishing stores.

The new gymnasium at Yale is said to be the finest in the world.

Belgium is now declared to be the most temperate country in Europe.

The costliest dresses in the world are said to be worn by the women of Sumatra.

According to intelligence received at Marseilles from Aden, Arabia, the slave trade on the east coast of Africa is again increasing, owing to the high prices now offered for slaves.

A woman in the West wrote to a New York millinery firm inclosing a check for \$300, and added: "Please don't send a receipt for several weeks, as I don't want to take any chances of getting the cholera."

Swedish women often work as farm laborers. Those that have babies carry them on their backs in a leather bag, as squaws carry their young. This plan permits the mother to use both hands at her farm work.

A small boy in a Brooklyn grammar school has furnished the latest information about girls in a recent composition: "Girls is pretty and afraid of guns. They wear toe rubbers and look at the clouds and say, 'O, how perfectly lovely!'"

Rather more than 69 persons in every 100 in London are living in comfort, while rather more than 30 in every 100 are living in poverty. Of these twenty-two are poor and seven are very poor, while not quite one person in every 100 belongs to the "lowest classes."

CURRENT ITEMS.

Mongolian pheasants are being killed by the hundreds in Lane county, Oregon.

There are 200,000 men employed upon the 23,000 papers published in America.

Le Voleur (the thief) is the name of a new popular weekly paper started in Paris.

About twice as much power is required to stop an express train as to start one.

A doctor in St. Augustine, Fla., owns the oldest house in America and lives in it, too. It was built in 1560 by a Frenchman.

The Pennsylvania union depot in Philadelphia promises to be the most magnificent structure in the world. It will be modern Gothic, granite and brick, ten stories high and a tower 240 feet high.

One of the largest topographical maps of the state of New York ever attempted is under construction at Ward's natural science museum in Rochester, N. Y. The map will be 40 feet long and 30 wide when finished.

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RUDYARD KIPLING is still adrift in the wide world without a settled abiding place but is thinking of settling in New York city. This is a place he described as a pig trough in some of his earlier efforts at black-guarding things American. Perhaps a pig trough is the Anglo-Indian idea of all the modern conveniences.

VENEZUELA is the latest Spanish-American republic to revolutionize itself, and General Crespo, like each of the long line of his predecessors, has 'come to stay' till freed by the next revolutionist. Revolution has become a habit with these turbulent little republics and will probably continue until they are settled by a race of people with less Spanish and more American blood in their veins.

In England farming is considered a business that must be learned, as well as anything else. A man without experience would have difficulty in renting or leasing a good farm there, no matter how much capital he might have and again, no matter what his experience, he could not lease unless he could show capital enough to stock and operate it properly. Here it is sometimes different.

SHARP-SHOOTER medals are now won at the price of many bruises. The heavy charges of powder used in rifles makes a heavy kick despite the solidity of the guns and while this does not hurt for a few rounds it gradually works up a bruise that is very painful, and the beauty of the matter is that one can not stop for that but must go on until the required number of rounds is fired.

The proprietors of a new town site at the mouth of the Columbia, on the Oregon side, offered \$100 for the best name for the future great city that is to eclipse Portland and all other cities on the coast. Two or three hundred names were suggested, out of which the owners finally adopted that of 'Termania.' If the word has any meaning at all it is that of 'Thrice madness,' or 'Three times-mad.'

The movement for annexation seems to be making rapid progress in Canada. Business men over the border are taking the lead. A North American union league has been organized. Annexation of Canada is manifest destiny but manifestly it will not occur for a good many years to come, even though the Canadians unanimously demand it. There are problems to be solved beforehand. For instance, what shall be done with the debt of the dominion?

Those who are wont to become disgruntled at trifles can learn much from the example of a Michigan woman. This woman, sighing from her buggy inadvertently and headwise, had the mischance to turn askew her neck with a snap. Strong men took the woman by the heels and by the hair and improvised a tug of war. Before either side had gained a cleat the neck unbroke itself with a second snap and the woman took up her buggy-robe and walked a wiser and less common course than dying.

Not every child can command at home the dimes that voracious people desire and that school owners unwisely ask, and such poor children in the enthusiasm awakened by a teacher's representation of the great desirability of the contribution feel themselves fearfully delinquent. The child's pride is crushed, its sensibilities are woefully hurt. There ought to be a regulation in public school establishments, and rigidly adhered to, that no demand should be made through school organization upon any child for any amount of money for any purpose under the sun.

The Little Church Around the Corner in New York is famed for the thoughtful consideration of the pastor for the theatrical profession, and now that the church is in need of funds the actors have proposed a benefit in its behalf. To this proposition the pastor says no. He does not understand that he has any claim upon the actors' liberality and whatever he has done for them has been done without a desire, or even a thought, of earthly recompense. The respect and confidence of the theatrical profession is a fact that the pastor deserves in return for what he has done for them.

The Landslide.

HOW THE ELECTORAL VOTE WILL BE DISTRIBUTED

THE BUCKEYE STATE GOES WITH THE REST

And Any Change in the Doubtful List Cannot Change the Result—The Complexion of the House and Senate as Shown by the Latest Returns

CINCINNATI, O., Nov. 10.—The Commercial Gazette, the Republican organ, concedes that Ohio has gone Democratic by 356 plurality. The Enquirer, Dem. claims it by 700.

From the latest returns the electoral college will stand about as follows:

State	Whole No. of votes	Rep.	Dem.	Went to
Alabama	11	11		
Arkansas	11		11	
California	9	8		
Colorado	4		4	
Connecticut	6	6		
Delaware	3	3		
Florida	4		4	
Georgia	13		13	
Idaho	4		4	
Illinois	21	21		
Indiana	15		15	
Iowa	13	13		
Kansas	10		10	
Kentucky	13	13		
Louisiana	8		8	
Maine	6	6		
Maryland	8	8		
Massachusetts	15	15		
Michigan	14	10	4	
Minnesota	9	9		
Mississippi	9		9	
Missouri	17	17		
Montana	3		3	
Nebraska	8		8	
Nevada	3		3	
New Hampshire	4	4		
New Jersey	10	10		
New York	36	36		
North Carolina	11		11	
North Dakota	3		3	
Oregon	4		4	
Pennsylvania	32	32		
Rhode Island	4	4		
South Carolina	9		9	
South Dakota	4		4	
Tennessee	12	12		
Texas	15	15		
Vermont	4	4		
Virginia	12	12		
Washington	4		4	
West Virginia	6		6	
Wisconsin	12	12		
Wyoming	3		3	
Total	444			
Necessary to elect	222			
California and Idaho are still in doubt.				

PLURALITY IN THE SENATE.

The Democrats Will Have 43 Votes in the Fifty-third Congress.

Latest returns indicate that after the meetings of the several legislatures elected this fall the Democrats will have 43 votes in the United States Senate. The strength of the several parties is indicated in the following table:

State	Rep.	Dem.	Pro.
Alabama		2	
Arkansas		2	
California	2		
Colorado		2	
Connecticut	2		
Delaware	2		
Florida		2	
Georgia		2	
Idaho		2	
Illinois	2		
Indiana		2	
Iowa	2		
Kansas		2	
Kentucky		2	
Louisiana		2	
Maine	2		
Maryland	2		
Massachusetts	2		
Michigan	2		
Minnesota	2		
Mississippi		2	
Missouri	2		
Montana		2	
Nebraska		2	
Nevada		2	
New Hampshire	2		
New Jersey	2		
New York	2		
North Carolina		2	
North Dakota		2	
Ohio	2		
Oregon		2	
Pennsylvania	2		
Rhode Island	2		
South Carolina		2	
South Dakota		2	
Tennessee	2		
Texas	2		
Vermont	2		
Virginia	2		
Washington		2	
West Virginia		2	
Wisconsin	2		
Wyoming		2	
Total	40	44	4

The latest returns show that the Populists and Democrats will have to unite in the Senate in order to have the balance of power.

The following is a table of the Electoral vote as the returns indicate it:

How Congress Will Stand

As the situation now stands the Republicans will have 120 votes, the Democrats 215, Peoples' party 10. This gives the Democrats a majority of 44.

IN THE NEXT CONGRESS.

Reports indicate the Democrats Will Have a Good Majority.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 10.—Lawrence Gardiner, secretary of the Democratic Congressional committee and of the National association of Democratic clubs, to-day said:

"We will have a Democratic majority anywhere from 90 to 110 in the next House of Representatives. It does not make much difference as to the exact numbers when the majority is so great. The Third party element is almost wiped out and we will have no further trouble from the irritating wing. From advice I have received there is every probability that there will be a revenue reform majority in the Senate as well as in the House. We will gain several Democratic Senators and the third party Senators will undoubtedly act with the Democrats on the tariff revision. There is every probability that one or two Republican Senators will act with the Democrats in the development of the revenue reform program."

NO CLEW TO THE MURDERER

Anarchist Who Killed the Paris 'Belle' Is Yet at Large.

PARIS, Nov. 10.—The excitement caused by the blowing up of the police station in the Rue Des Bon Enfants shows no sign of abatement. On the contrary it is rather increasing, and notwithstanding the denial of the Carmaux miners that they had anything to do with the affair, there are plenty of people who place the entire blame upon them.

The more the affair is looked into, however, the stronger grows the belief among the unprejudiced that the explosion was not the work of any of the miners themselves, but was due to anarchist sympathizers with them.

Notwithstanding the extraordinary efforts of the police to discover a clew to the perpetrator of the outrage, they have not as yet found the slightest bit of evidence that would lead to his detection.

As stated in these dispatches last night, the street in which the station was located was roped in, and no one but officials and workmen were allowed to pass the barriers. Until after midnight workmen were busy in clearing away debris.

They worked by torchlight, and the scene when the horrible nature of the death that had come to the five victims was borne in mind, was a weird one. It was at first thought that the wrecked building would have to be torn down and that course may be followed after experts pass an opinion upon the structure. In the meantime, however, the bulging walls have been shored up to prevent their falling outward.

Among the crowds of onlookers who gathered in the streets beyond the barriers was a man who declared that the anarchists were right in blowing up the bourgeoisie. He had hardly uttered the words before he found himself in the grasp of a gendarme, who locked him up.

The government has decided to prosecute a number of militant anarchists. It is the general impression that this action should have been taken before they had an opportunity to perpetrate such a cowardly outrage as that of yesterday.

NEW ORLEANS STRIKE.

Newspaper Carriers Assailed—Governor Expected to Take Charge.

NEW ORLEANS, Nov. 10.—The strike continues and both sides remain firm, but so far no violence has been reported. The Governor still continues apprehensive, however, and will probably take charge of the city before nightfall, as the city authorities cannot cope with the lawless element should an outbreak occur at this critical time. His excellency has had long conferences with all the military men and the militia is being got in readiness. The Governor conferred with the mayor and representative merchants this morning, and as a result the money put the militia in the field will probably be subscribed by citizens. Many freight handlers went out this morning, and this has had the effect of still further crippling the commerce of the city. What steps will be taken to fill the places of the strikers have not yet been made known. The Illinois Central, Mississippi Valley, Texas Pacific and Northeastern roads are affected, and the only road on which no strike has yet been reported is the Southern Pacific. The cotton men have not yet gone out. The strikers assailed newspaper carriers throughout the city this morning and tore up their papers. A number of arrests were made.

DWYER WINS \$80,000.

The Well-known Turfman Wagers on the Election in Many Ways.

NEW YORK, Nov. 10.—Probably the largest financial winner on the election is 'Mike' Dwyer, the well-known turfman. It is said on good authority that he will pocket a gain of nearly \$80,000. Dwyer placed his money in every conceivable way. He bet on the general result, the States of New York and New Jersey, the city and county majorities, and Cleveland's majority in Indiana. He has won nearly every bet he made.

Joseph J. O'Donohue is another heavy winner, his figure being placed at \$20,000. He bet a great deal on the result in Indiana.

Thousands Are Now Idle.

MANCHESTER, Nov. 10.—The strike among the cotton operatives here has thrown 44,000 persons out of employment. A proposal has been made on the exchange to put on half time all the mills in North and Northeast Lancashire in order to assist the federation to fight the operatives.

Some of the weaving sheds at Burnley are now working on short time while others are closed. The stock of yarns has become exhausted as a result of the strike.

Said to Be \$40,000 Short.

NEW YORK, Nov. 10.—Simon Posey, passenger agent and confidential clerk in the offices of the Cuban Mail Steamship company, of which James E. Ward & Co. are the agents, was taken to the Tombs Police court this morning and arraigned before Justice Grady, being charged with the defalcation of \$40,000 from Ward & Co.

Russell Harrison's Paper Closed Up.

HELENA, Mont., Nov. 10.—Russell Harrison's paper, the Daily Journal, was closed yesterday morning by the sheriff pending a settlement of indebtedness in dispute. The managers state that the paper will issue again in a day or two with all claims adjusted. They say unfair advantage was taken of the paper on a legal technicality.

The Duke Is Dead.

LONDON, Nov. 10.—The Duke of Marlborough was found dead in bed at Blenheim palace this morning.

GROVER HAS INDIANA.

LATE RETURNS INDICATE A PLURALITY OF 7,500.

The Vote Slow in Coming In, but Enough at Hand to Show the Result—The Legislature Also Democratic—Talk of a Contest.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Nov. 10.—

Indiana has swung into the Democratic column. Complete returns in from seventy counties give Cleveland a plurality of nearly 7,500. It is estimated that the remaining twenty-three counties will increase the plurality to 7,500. The Democrats elect ten, and possibly eleven of the thirteen Congressmen. There is still some doubt about the result of the Tenth district. If the Democrats carry this district they will have just held their own on Congressman. The legislature is Democratic by a majority of about twenty on joint ballot. The Republicans are preparing to contest the election of the entire legislative ticket in this county. They charge that two or three ballots have been illegally thrown out in each precinct in the county on the ground that they were defaced. There are 208 precincts in the county, and on the estimate of the committee 500 votes were thrown out. The entire Democratic ticket in this county (Marion) is elected by pluralities ranging from 1,000 to 400.

CLOSE VOTE IN CALIFORNIA.

Cleveland in the Lead at the Latest Returns from Washington.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Nov. 10.—One thousand two hundred and sixty-six precincts out of 2,159 in California, including the entire San Francisco vote, gave Harrison 87,539, Cleveland, 88,693; Weaver, 15,352.

According to the returns California's representation in the House of Representatives will be four Democrats and three Republicans, with Democrats pushing Republicans closely in districts in which Republicans are slightly in lead.

TACOMA, Wash., Nov. 10.—

The Republican State committee claims McGraw is elected Governor by a plurality of 1,500 to 3,000. The Democratic committee does not concede McGraw's election and claims Carroll is elected Congressman. The Legislature will probably be Republican, but returns are too incomplete to estimate.

Republicans Safe in Iowa.

DES MOINES, Iowa, Nov. 10.—The Democratic State committee admits the Republicans have probably carried ten out of eleven districts for Congress.

DUNQUE, Iowa, Nov. 10.—

The Democrats concede Henderson's election to Congress from the Third district by 500. CEDAR RAPIDS, Iowa, Nov. 10.—Consul, Republican candidate for Congress in the Fifth district, has been elected by 300 or 400. There were Republican gains in this county.

SIoux CITY, Iowa, Nov. 10.—

The Eleventh district returns come in very slowly. So far the figures show substantial Republican gains. Perkins, Republican candidate for Congress, has run slightly ahead of his ticket. All county and township offices are Republican.

MINNESOTA for Harrison.

ST. PAUL, Minn., Nov. 10.—The election returns of Minnesota are sufficiently complete to indicate that five of the Harrison electors have pluralities of 18,000 and four of 7,000. The fusion electors ran nearly 5,000 behind the regular Democratic electors in St. Paul and Minneapolis. Knute Nelson, R., is elected Governor by a plurality of about 7,000.

Legislative returns are still incomplete but indicate a Republican majority of about seven on joint ballot.

Claim Massachusetts for Russell.

BOSTON, Mass., Nov. 10.—Notwithstanding the fact that the last Legislature did away with the 'double count,' which caused so much trouble at the State election last fall as regards the receipt of the returns, never before has there been so much annoyance caused by the delay in securing anything definite and authentic as to the vote of Massachusetts as there was last night.

Harrison Carries Oregon.

PORTLAND, Ore., Nov. 10.—One hundred and seventy-nine precincts complete in Oregon out of a total of 643 give Harrison 17,614, Cleveland 7,270, Weaver, 14,064, Bidwell, 930. The figures embrace over half the entire vote of the State. If the same ratio is maintained Harrison will carry the State by 7,000.

Weaver Ahead in Colorado.

DENVER, Col., Nov. 10.—Returns from about two-thirds of the counties in Colorado give Weaver 22,593, Harrison, 17,131, Weaver's majority, 4,862.

As to the Legislature, it is thought the Senate will be controlled by the fusion element. Bell's election to Congress from the 2nd district over Eddy is conceded.

Washington is Republican.

TACOMA, Wash., Nov. 10.—The result will not be known in this State for at least twenty-four hours. The counting is very slow, owing to the length of the ballot. The indications are that Harrison has carried the State by 5,000 at least and that both the Republican Congressmen are elected.

New Jersey Unchanged.

JERSEY CITY, N. J., Nov. 10.—Cleveland's majority will fall little short of 12,000. Werts, Democratic candidate for Governor, ran close behind the National ticket.

Close Race in Nebraska.

OMAHA, Neb., Nov. 10.—Returns are slow. Indications are that Harrison and Weaver are running close. Both claim the State.

WEST VIRGINIA FOR CLEVELAND.

The Plurality, However, Will Be Small—Queer State of Affairs.

WHEELING, W. Va., Nov. 10.—The State Republican committee concedes the election of McCorkle, Democrat, for Governor, by 1,000 to 1,200 plurality, and that State has gone for Cleveland. Not one-half the State has been heard from. Enough is known to warrant the statement that West Virginia is Democratic by a small majority. The 1st and 3rd congressional districts are in doubt, with the chances favoring Donovan, R. In the 1st district, and Alderson, D., in the 3rd. The 2nd and 4th remain Democratic. Democrats will have 10 majority on joint ballot in the Legislature. The result in West Virginia is a surprise to politicians, Democratic counties showing large Republican gains and Republican counties showing large Democratic gains. The Democratic counties were the first heard from and on these reports were based the first dispatches indicating Republican success. No one seems to be able to account for the remarkable reversal of honors. The opinion is that the Democrats, knowing the State was close, centered all their fight on Republican strongholds at the last and caught their opponents napping.

A DEMOCRATIC SENATOR.

Wisconsin Will Send One to Take the Place of Sawyer.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., Nov. 10.—Wisconsin has gone Democratic in a Presidential year for the first time in thirty years. A Governor has been elected, the Assembly and Senate are Democratic and insure a Democratic United States Senator from Wisconsin. The cup of joy of the Wisconsin Democrat is running over.

It was a landslide. The Republicans did not expect it and the Democrats did not even hope for it.

Chairman Wall Says Cleveland and Peck have a plurality of about 13,000.

The returns are incomplete, but will not make any material difference. Peck certainly ran behind the ticket. This is a surprise to the politicians, for they expected Peck to run at least 5,000 ahead of Cleveland. It is a sweep for the Democrats so far as the State is concerned. They secure the following congressmen: Mitchell, Barwig, Brickner, Lynch, Barnes and Wells. This gives them 6 out of 10. In the next State senate the Democrats will have 25 of the 33 senators and a working majority in the assembly is assured, which makes certain the election of a successor to Senator Sawyer.

QUAY NOT INCLINED TO TALK.

The Pennsylvania Politician Answered a Reporter's Question Sourly.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., Nov. 10.—Senator Quay arrived here yesterday from Pittsburgh. He remained only a few minutes at his rooms, then went out and visited a number of places on personal business, bringing up at the Republican State committee headquarters. Collector Cooper and a reporter found him there. Mr. Quay silently shook hands with his callers and then sitting in a chair said "This is awful." Turning to Collector Cooper, he asked "What have you heard? What have we saved?"

Collector Cooper said that there was still hope of Indiana.

Mr. Quay made no reply, but listened silently as Collector Cooper told him the situation of affairs. To the question "To what do you attribute the Republican defeat?" Senator Quay tersely replied, "Lack of votes."

"Well, then, why do you think the votes were lacking?"

"You will have to ask the voters that question," replied Senator Quay. "Have you nothing to say senator on the result?"

"Nothing," said Mr. Quay and he turned to Collector Cooper and began to question him as to the result in the different legislative districts in the State.

KANSAS BELONGS TO WEAVER.

The Third Party Candidate Ran Well with the Farmers of That State.

TOLUCA, Kan., Nov. 10.—Returns from 35 counties out of 106 give the following Republican majorities: Harrison, 1,344, Smith for Governor, 999, Anthony for congressman at large 161.

The most of the far-western counties, where the Farmers' alliance and the Third party movements flourish, are still to be heard from and there is reason to believe that they will wipe out the small Republican majorities now shown and that the entire fusion ticket will be elected.

Chairman Breidenbach claims that the People's party has carried Kansas.

and that no returns have been received to justify a Republican victory in any but two counties, Shawnee and Reno. Late returns at Republican headquarters show a great falling off in the Republican vote and point to the election of Lewelling, fusionist, for Governor and Weaver electors.

MAJORITY IN ILLINOIS.

The City of Chicago Gives Cleveland a Margin of Almost 40,000.

CHICAGO, Nov. 10.—The Democratic victory in Chicago and Cook county was even more sweeping than was at first anticipated. Cleveland's plurality in the city runs well up toward the fortieth thousand, while the vote for Afteld comes within 4,000 of that given for the head of the ticket. Three of the four Congressional districts have again returned Democratic members by largely increased majorities. From the returns already in it would appear that all the Republicans saved out of the wreck of the county ticket is four of the five county commissioners from the out of town districts.

The State majority is larger than at first reported, though the figures are not obtainable.

Tennyson was often annoyed by strangers calling upon him merely out of curiosity and they occasionally resorted to various ruses to gain admission to his presence. On one occasion the prince of Wales finding himself near the poet's home and wishing to pay his respects to the laureate made a call, unaccompanied and strictly incognito. A page came to the door. "Whom shall I say?" "The prince of Wales," was the reply. Whereupon the page, putting his finger thumb to his nose "tip tilted, like the petal of a flower," playfully observed: "Hal yes; prince of Wales! We know a trick worth two of that," and slammed the porch door in his royal highness' face.

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tried Moxie and am now completely cured."
Respectfully,

NORWOOD PARK SIDEWALK ORDINANCE.

Be It Ordained, By the President and Board of Trustees of the Village of Norwood Park, Illinois, That a sidewalk be constructed and laid in the Village of Norwood Park, upon and along the south side of Grant place from east side of Western avenue, east to alley running north and south through Block 8 in this village.

Said sidewalk to be of five feet in width, and the boards used in its construction shall be not less than one and three-eighths inches thick surfaced dressed, and of the same uniform thickness in the same piece or strip of sidewalk. Where two pieces or strips of sidewalk meet they shall be so joined and united as to cause no impediment to the feet in walking thereon, and as near as may be in the same plane at the point or contact or union.

Said sidewalk shall be laid on four stringers not less in their dimensions than two by six inches. The two outer stringers shall be four inches from the respective edges of said sidewalk, the distance between the two outside stringers to be divided equally by the two remaining stringers, and they all shall be in the same plane and be permanently and firmly blocked or supported in position. The said stringers shall be so laid as to break joints, and no two joints shall be nearer to the same board than four feet (excepting at the end of a sidewalk), and said joints shall be held together by fastening a piece of board securely to the sides of said stringers.

Said sidewalk, unless otherwise ordered by the Board of Trustees, shall be laid with the inner line or edge four feet distant from the front of the lot or lots along which it is built or constructed, and parallel therewith.

The boards, stringers or timbers used in the construction of the said sidewalk shall be good, sound, merchantable lumber of the grade known as first common, and shall not be more than ten nor less than six inches in width and shall be laid transversely on said stringers. Eight twelve-penny wire nails shall be used to fasten said boards to the said stringers, two in each stringer.

The said materials and construction of the foregoing described sidewalk to be under the supervision of and subject to the approval of the Sidewalk Inspector of the Village of Norwood Park.

The owners of the lot, lots or parcels of land touching the line of said sidewalk as proposed, shall construct a sidewalk in front of their respective lots or parcels of land in accordance with the specifications hereinbefore set forth, within thirty days after this ordinance shall have been posted in three public places in said Village of Norwood Park, and in default thereof the sidewalk therefor shall be furnished and said sidewalk be constructed by the Village of Norwood Park. The cost of the construction and laying of said sidewalk as aforesaid, shall be paid for by special taxation of the lot, lots, or parcels of land touching upon the line of the proposed sidewalk by levying the whole of the cost thereof upon such lot, lots or parcels of land in proportion to their frontage on said proposed sidewalk.

A bill of the cost of said sidewalk, showing in separate items the cost of grading materials laying down and supervision, shall be filed in the office of the Clerk of the Village of Norwood Park certified to by the Sidewalk Inspector of said Village, together with a list of the lots or parcels of land touching upon the line of said sidewalk, the names of the owners thereof, and the frontage thereof as well. Whereupon the said Village Clerk shall prepare a special tax list against said lots or parcels of land and the owners thereof, ascertaining by computation the amounts of special tax to be charged against each of said lots or parcels and the owners thereof, on account of the construction of said sidewalk, in proportion to the frontage of each of said lots on said sidewalk, which special tax list the Clerk of the Village of Norwood Park shall place on file in his office and the said Village Clerk shall thereupon issue warrants directed to O. W. Flanders or his successor for the collection of the amount of special tax so ascertained and appearing from said special tax list to be due from the respective owners of the lot, lots or parcels of lands touching upon the line of said sidewalk, and said Flanders or successors shall proceed to collect said warrants in the manner provided for by Section Three (3) of the Act of the General Assembly of the State of Illinois, entitled "An act to provide additional means for the construction of sidewalks in cities, towns and villages," in force July 1, 1875.

In case of the failure to collect said special tax as provided in said act, the Village Clerk shall, within twenty days thereafter, make a report of all such special tax in writing to the County Collector of Cook County of all the lots or parcels of land upon which such special tax shall be so unpaid with the names of the respective owners thereof, so far as the same are known to him, and the amount due and unpaid upon such tract, together with a copy of this ordinance in the manner prescribed by Section Four (4) of the Act of the General Assembly of the State of Illinois, entitled "An act to provide additional means for the construction of sidewalks in cities, towns and villages," in force July 1, 1875.

Passed Oct. 31, 1892.
Approved Oct. 31, 1892.
Published Nov. 5, 1892.

Signed J. B. FOOT,
President of the Board of Trustees.
Attest FRANK L. CLEVELAND,
Village Clerk.

NORWOOD PARK SPECIAL SIDEWALK ORDINANCE

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Said sidewalk to be of feet in width and the board used in its construction shall be not less than 1 1/2 inch thick surfaced dressed and of the same uniform thickness in the same piece or strip of sidewalk. Where two pieces or strips of sidewalk meet they shall be so joined and united as to cause no impediment to the feet in walking thereon, and as near as may be in the same plane at the point or contact or union.

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LOTS LIKE HIM.

Man Who Live on Medicine and Yet Am In Perfect Health.

Although in perfect health, James Maud, of Eastern New York, is always taking medicine. The 10th of last month he brought home two small bottles. "What ails you now?" laughed his wife, who had for years told him he needed no medicine, the physician agreeing with her. "That," he said, pointing to one bottle, "is appetite medicine." And she knew he ate more than any other man in the neighborhood. "That," he said, pointing to the other bottle, "is sleep medicine." And she knew he slept soundly from bedtime until she awoke him in the morning. "I hope you may soon recover," she said.

At night having taken his medicine, he went early to bed. "Now for a good sleep," said he.

About midnight he called to his wife, who was fast asleep. "Micky, O Mary?"

"What is it dear?" she said.

"I've made a mistake," he moaned, "the greatest mistake of my life. Instead of the sleep medicine I took the appetite medicine, and I just can't stand it, I'm hungry as a bear."

She did not scold as she prepared breakfast and coffee.

In the morning after taking his medicine, he sat down at the table to eat breakfast. "I'll eat you out of house and home now, Maria," said he.

When breakfast was ready she asked, "Tea or coffee, James?"

But he did not answer says Youth's Companion. He did not look up. He was sound asleep. She did not awaken him, perceiving that this time he had taken the sleep medicine for the appetite medicine.

With staring eyes he sprang from the chair about noon, and laughing when he saw his wife smiling, he threw both bottles as far as he could into a five-acre field of clover.

Result of a Theory.

Some time ago an eminent Cincinnati physician said: "When I began the practice of medicine a young man whose constitution was even more powerful than my own started in the practice with me. His pet theory was that a man couldn't have too much fresh air, that he wanted to have it circulate inside and outside of his body, and to that end when the rigors of winter came on he spurned thick clothing, which I insisted on wearing. If we rode together the heaviest garment he had on was an ordinary sack coat. I wore mullers and a greatcoat buttoned up to the chin. My young and ambitious partner has occupied a narrow home in the cemetery a great many years, placed there after a long and painful wrestle with consumption. He stuck to his thin clothing and became a martyr to his pet theory. I stuck to my heavy clothing when the weather demanded it, and I think the graveyard is a good many years from me still."

A More Important Person.

On a celebrated occasion in Vienna, when there was much excitement in all the European courts over affairs of international moment, the French ambassador was suddenly recalled by his government. "It is a very grave affair, is it not?" Prince Metternich was asked by a lady at a court ball. "His recall of the ambassador?"

"Not so grave. I assure you, madame," the prince responded, "as it would have been if it had been the French ambassador's cook who was recalled. The ambassador can easily be replaced, but not his cook!"—Argonaut.

Both Seeking Information.

Mrs. Housekeeper—Why isn't dinner ready Bridget?

The New Girl—Well, mum, I was just goin' to ask you when you took the very words off my lips.

USEFUL OR ORNAMENTAL.

The juice of a lemon applied to the roots of the hair will prevent its falling out.

A man in Paris has invented a new kind of snuff made of tan and pounded baked apples.

By dipping the razor-blade in hot water it will be found that the edge improves and remains keen almost twice as long as it does when dipped in cold, or not wet at all.

Something useful as well as pretty is the fern dish, intended solely for the nourishing of that plant. The interior is arranged so that it can be taken out easily. The outer silver work is open and embossed. Silver flower-pots are made in the same style.

A French novelty in the way of a timepiece is a floral clock, the long hands of which sweep above twelve floral beds, each being different from all the others in color and variety of flower. The hands are moved by subterranean mechanism.

A device to be used in signaling along a length of fire hose is a recent invention. Wires are carried in the hose and insulated therefrom, so that by making battery connections a fireman from one end of a line can send signals to the other without leaving his post.

A new fly trap is run by an electric motor and consists of a belt of sweetened paper about fourteen inches long, passing over two pulleys, one of which is covered by a cone containing a brush. The paper moves slowly and as it passes under the brush the flies are swept into the cone, from which they can find no exit.

A hint for street improvement comes from Boston. Tremont street is to be made wider, not by cutting off a slice from the fronts of the buildings from top to bottom, but by taking a portion of the first story of each house to form an arcade extending the length of the block, thus furnishing a footway sheltered from sun and rain and obtaining a fine architectural effect with the least possible encroachment on private property.

A Great Failure.

The London Fine Tailor-made Clothing Parlor of New York City who have for many years been famous for handling the finest line of Tailor-made garments of any house in the East, their stock comprising exclusively the production of the most artistic merchant tailors, were closed by the sheriff and their entire stock was sold at auction to satisfy the claims of the creditors. Among the greatest purchasers at this sale was a representative of the firm of J. S. Mossler & Bro., proprietors of the Misfit Clothing Parlor, 121 Monroe street. They have these goods now on the counters of their parlors and present the grandest fine-made clothing that Chicago has ever witnessed, and are sold by them at one-third of what they were originally made for.

Chinchilla Overcoats and Ulsters, originally made for \$30 and \$35 shall be sold from \$10 to \$15. English Corduroy, Melton and Kersey Overcoats, in light medium and heavy weights, with silk and Italian cloth linings, made originally for \$40 and \$45, will be sold for \$15.00. Also a few extra fine Overcoats, made for \$50 to \$65, we will sell for \$20. Tailor-made Suits of the best imported and domestic fabrics, comprising Clay and Martin Diagonals and Silk Finished Cassimeres, and made in the latest styles of Sacks, Cutaways and Prince Alberts made originally for \$30, \$35, \$40 and upwards, as high as \$65, will be sacrificed during this sale for \$10, \$12, \$15 and upwards to \$22. Pantalones in exquisite styles and patterns from \$3 to \$5, made to order for \$7 to \$12. Don't miss this sale, as you will never again get a similar opportunity. Go early and get first choice at the Mossler's Misfit Clothing Parlor, 121 Monroe. Established ten years.

"Has this railroad paid any dividends lately?" asked the traveler.

"Not in cash," returned the conductor.

"I found a box of Smiler's broken mixed cough drops in the parlor car in August which I understand was divided among the stockholders."

"You got off for fifteen minutes to vote, and yet you were absent a whole day. What excuse have you got?"

"Well, sah, dey was mo' candidates out dan what I lowed dey would be, en ez fas' ez I vote for one, hyer come erunner der-annin'! Dey kinder tuck me by surprise."

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With staring eyes he sprang from the chair about noon, and laughing when he saw his wife smiling, he threw both bottles as far as he could into a five-acre field of clover.

Result of a Theory.

Some time ago an eminent Cincinnati physician said: "When I began the practice of medicine a young man whose constitution was even more powerful than my own started in the practice with me. His pet theory was that a man couldn't have too much fresh air, that he wanted to have it circulate inside and outside of his body, and to that end when the rigors of winter came on he spurned thick clothing, which I insisted on wearing. If we rode together the heaviest garment he had on was an ordinary sack coat. I wore mullers and a greatcoat buttoned up to the chin. My young and ambitious partner has occupied a narrow home in the cemetery a great many years, placed there after a long and painful wrestle with consumption. He stuck to his thin clothing and became a martyr to his pet theory. I stuck to my heavy clothing when the weather demanded it, and I think the graveyard is a good many years from me still."

A More Important Person.

On a celebrated occasion in Vienna, when there was much excitement in all the European courts over affairs of international moment, the French ambassador was suddenly recalled by his government. "It is a very grave affair, is it not?" Prince Metternich was asked by a lady at a court ball. "His recall of the ambassador?"

"Not so grave. I assure you, madame," the prince responded, "as it would have been if it had been the French ambassador's cook who was recalled. The ambassador can easily be replaced, but not his cook!"—Argonaut.

Both Seeking Information.

Mrs. Housekeeper—Why isn't dinner ready Bridget?

The New Girl—Well, mum, I was just goin' to ask you when you took the very words off my lips.

BEYOND THE SEA.

Beyond the sea, beyond the sea,
My heart is gone far, far from me;
And over on its track will flee
My thoughts, my dreams, beyond the sea.

Beyond the sea, beyond the sea,
The swallow wanders fast and free;
Oh, happy bird! were I like thee,
I, too, would fly beyond the sea.

Beyond the sea, beyond the sea,
Are kindly hearts and social glows;
But here for me they may not be,
My heart is gone beyond the sea.

—Novel Review

THE STOLEN LETTER.

Lucy Watson had two lovers—this would be an unfair allowance in these days, but fifteen years ago there were more marrying men in India and fewer maidens. Besides, Lucy was really sweet enough and pretty enough and adorable enough to monopolize the attentions of any number. Of those two swains one was an elderly swain—that is if the collector of a district on two thousand and some odd hundreds of rupees a month and a "fund" of the most liberal nature can properly be termed a swain at all, which is doubtful. He was a good fellow, was John McAllister, but at least 20 years older than Lucy, and which was more to the point very prim and stiff and solemn and serious, and in fact, destitute of not only appearance, but the thoughts and ways of youth.

And so when Colonel Watson cited instances of the happy marriages he had seen between elderly gentlemen and youthful ladies—he used occasionally to draw on his imagination a little—poor Lucy would piteously reply:

"Yes, papa, but it isn't his age, that's nothing, nothing"—oh, Lucy, Lucy—but his so old in his ideas and habits, but his nothing in common with a girl."

And then there would be a little breakdown in the voice, and a tear would fall on the colonel's hand, and he would turn away to smoke a cheroot and make the best of it for he did not want to force his child into a distasteful marriage, he was too fond of her for that, but with six sons ranging from 15 to 24 that his one daughter should marry a well-to-do man was distinctly agreeable.

Pensions were good, those days, but even £1100 a year seemed small with such a troop of boys to educate and put into the world. And then there was a trifle of debt McAllister would—but what was the use of talking about it if it would make little Lucy unhappy? It is almost superfluous to say that the other adorer whom Lucy did like, was a hopeless infelicitous. George Fairleigh was a subaltern in her father's regiment of about five years' service. A fine young fellow, good at sports, but with absolutely no prospects. There was no chance of the adjutancy falling vacant for a long time, and there was no departmental openings, so far at least as he was concerned.

In a small, up country station these two had many opportunities of meeting, and to do them justice they took advantage of all they could get. But Lucy was not without a mixture of sound, common sense, and she would not pledge herself to George until he could show some reasonable ground for believing that his position would soon justify marriage, she would not listen to the idea of an indefinite arrangement.

Matters were thus at a deadlock, and there seemed to be no hope of a solution. Months passed by, weary months to all concerned. Then all of a sudden came a change. The new governor general arrived in the country and it so happened that in former years he had known George's father rather intimately. The natural result followed. For a boy who had passed nothing but the higher standard in Hindustan, it was not possible to do much at once, but still he might be tried. So down came the offer of a semi-political appointment in a native state for six months, the continuance of which was to depend upon George's progress and ability.

Now was a fearful parting. "Now mind, you are not to write to me unless I write to you first. Papa would be very angry if you were to write direct to me, and of course I won't have anything done in a roundabout way. When I write to you, if I do write at all, sir, then you may answer."

So having half-laughing Lucy dismiss him, and both the colonel, and McAllister said good-by with a sigh of relief. The signal was Lucy had a reason for the conduct she imposed. Over and above the difficulties of a correspondence to which her father would object, she wanted to test her lover. Married ladies often prone to demand no had said, and told her of the inconstancy of man, and she had also read about it in novels and poems, so she thought that an experiment should be made. If she began to write to each other, she argued to herself, "he won't have a chance of forgetting me, but if there is no communication between us for so long a time, then that will show whether his affection is sincere."

Left alone in the best good, honest McAllister could make the running at his own pace, but somehow he never seemed to get any nearer the winning post.

But the three months never passed, for one day the colonel, with a white face and broken bones, was brought back in a dhooly from the parade ground (his horse had fallen) and though the bones were soon mended, complications set in and the doctors ordered him home. Internal injuries never get right in this place, voyage and gave him strength," etc. Then the poor man told Lucy that she really had better make up her mind, that he could ill afford the expense of taking her to England, and reminded her that she did not get on too easily with her stepmother, who was looking after the boys. And

Lucy did make up her mind. She wrote straight to George that very afternoon, telling him everything. "I hope it isn't very unmaidenly, dear, but this is no time to stand upon formalities. If you still care for me, if you think your position sufficiently hopeful to justify marrying, come down at once or write. But if—here a tear would fall on the paper—"you find that for any reason it cannot be, then don't answer. I shall understand."

It was three days' post to George's station, and Lucy told her father she would think over the matter and would give him a definite answer in a week. The sixth day came, and the poor girl was trembling with excitement; the seventh, and she could scarcely keep still for a moment. But the post came—and no letter. At first a feeling of numbing despair seized on her, but she immediately rallied.

"How stupid I am! There may not have been time to catch the mail, or George may have been out shooting." So to make sure and leave enough margin she begged her father for three days' grace, for she never doubted George. But three days passed and there was no sign.

Lucy was married to McAllister a fortnight afterward.

"A very short engagement, my dear," said the major's wife to her bosom friend, "but you see the poor dear colonel must be off at once, can't wait any longer, the doctors say and it is everything to have Lucy settled before he goes. I wrote and told George Fairleigh it was coming off—an awful blow for him, poor fellow, unless he has forgotten all about her, which is probable."

But he had not forgotten all about her, and for hours after receiving the good lady's information he sat like one in a dream. Then he shook himself together and in due course read the domestic occurrence in the paper quite calmly. The McAllisters and George Fairleigh never met for he went into the political line, and went from one native state to another without once returning to his former residence. But he now and again heard of them—how they led an apparently happy life in a quiet way, no particular love perhaps on her part, but a sincere attachment to her husband. And presently McAllister retired and settled in England.

It was just fourteen years since George left his regiment. He had got on well, and was now resident at the court of an imbecile prince with an unpronounceable name. It was a hot night, and his solitary dinner was scarcely over when the day's post came in—the English mail with it—so he lighted a cigar and left the table for a long armchair in the veranda. The bearer placed the lamp conveniently and retired to dose. The first letter that caught his eye was from the postmaster general, and wondering what that exalted functionary could want with him, he opened it before looking at the English letters and newspapers. The following is what he said:

Sir, I have the honor to inform you that an old man died recently at the village of Saverny, in the state of Arcachon, who was formerly a stipendiary runner in that state. On his deathbed he confessed to having stolen one of the letter-bags many years ago, under the belief that there was money in it, but that he then became frightened and hid the letters in a box without opening them. This box he buried, and after some trouble it has been found, and the contents are now being distributed so far as the addresses can be traced. The enclosed is apparently for you, as your inquiry has been ascertained that it is a person who was at the time in Arcachon. I have the honor, etc.

George knew the writing on the fly-leaf at once it was Lucy's. The faithful bearer wondered why the sahib was so long in coming to bed, also, he did not seem to be reading, for there was no rustle of paper, so with cat-like tread he crept to the veranda. The sahib was lying back in the chair with his hand over his face. Three or four times the man returned, and always to find his master in the same position.

It was not till the gray dawn made the lamp light pale that George roused himself from a long dream of what might have been and what had been, and even then he did not feel in the least sleepy, so for sheer lack of something to do he took up an English paper that had just arrived, and chanced to open it at the death of a real

April 10th, at 104 Greenfield Gardens, Cheltenham, John McAllister Esq., late of the Indian Civil Service. Indian papers please copy."

Next month George's luck light started for England on urgent private affairs—McAllister.

A Man Who Ate Fire.

From the following account taken from Evans's "City" which appears under date of 10 months ago, it appears that the eating of fire is not altogether a modern innovation. "I took leave of my Lady Sord-Poll, who was going to Paris to meet her now-lamb, and she said: 'She would stay to dinner at her sister's house and afterward set for Richard's, the famous fire-eater.' Before we had devoured bristled on glowing coals, chewing and swallowing the fire, he then molting a bee glass and ate it quite up, then taking a live coal on his tongue he put on a raw oyster, the coal was then blown with a hand bellows until it flamed and snarled in his mouth and so remained until the oyster was done. Then he molting pitch with sulphur and drank it while it flowed. I saw it flaming in his mouth."

A City of Shade Trees.

The city of Paris make much of its shade trees. The transplanting of large trees is done there with perhaps greater success than anywhere else. It is now proposed to make an official inspection of all the trees in the city with the view of removing those that are not healthy and substitute trees that are.

NAMED FOR DOGS.

Legend of an Island Where Lived a Race of Talking Canines.

There are dozens (some say scores) of islands of greater or lesser dimensions known as "Little Dogs," "Dog Islands," "Big Dogs," etc. An island in the Thames, now a part of London, is called "The Isle of Dogs." Carlyle alludes to it when he says "Tell us first whether his voyage has been around the globe or only from Ramsgate to the 'Isle of Dogs.'" Three lofty and rocky islands near St. Thomas (Virgin Islands), are known as "The Great Dog," "George Dog" and "West Dog."

There are "Dog Islands" in the Malay Archipelago; on the west coast of Maine, off the coast of Franklin county, Florida, and another in the cerawati group. On the coast of Kamchatka there is an island known as "The Island of Talking Dogs." The curious story connected with this little spot of land, and the one which gives it the name it bears, is this according to an odd Asiatic legend.

The first inhabitants of the far north did not employ dogs, but drew their walrus-sleds themselves. After ages had elapsed men made an attempt to use the dogs of that region—which, by the way, talked just as men do—as beasts of burden. The talking dogs, however, argued the case with their would-be masters, and were not long in proving that they had enough to do to catch game for themselves and the children of men. But the men soon learned the use of the bow and the spear, thus ruining the occupation of the talking dogs. Again an attempt was made to harness them to sledges, but the talking canines rebelled and swam out to an island, afterwards known by the title given in the opening. Here game was scarce and the dogs soon turned cannibals and by the end of the first winter there were only seven left. Some human Kamchatkans volunteered to row out to the island and bring off the remnant of the dog colony. But these dogs refused to leave their barren island, each earnestly asking "What people are you? We have never seen you before." For this untruth (ham! the dog god, took their voices from them, and until this day they have been the dumb servants of man.

A PICTURE OF LONDON.

The Terrible and Brutal Savagery That Existed in Old London.

There were no masters in River-side London, and there was no authority for the great mass of the people. The sailor ashore had no master, the men who worked on the wharves and on the ships had no master except for the day, the ignoble hordes of those who supplied the coarse pleasures of the sailors had no masters, they were not made to do anything but what they pleased; the church was not for them, their children were not sent to school, their only masters were the fear of the gallows, constantly before their eyes at Execution dock and on the shores of the Isle of Dogs, and their profound respect for the cat of nine tails. They knew no morality, they had no restraint, they altogether slid, ran, fell, leaped, danced and rolled swiftly and easily down the primrose path as they fell into a savagery the like of which has never been known among English folk since the days of their conversion to the Christian faith, writes Walter Besant in Scribner's.

It is only by searching and poking among unknown pamphlets and forgotten books that one finds out the actual depth of the English savagery of the last century. And it is not too much to say that for drunkenness, brutality and ignorance the Englishman of the baser kind touched about the lowest depths ever reached by civilized man during the last century. When he was in River-side London, he was disclosed by Colquhoun, the police magistrate. Here he was not only a drunkard, a brawler, a torturer of dumb beasts, a wife-beater, a profligate—He was also with his fellows, engaged every day, and all day long in a vast, systematic, organized depredation. The people of River-side were all, to a man, river pirates by day and by night they stole from the ships.

Not That Kind of a Beast.

Somebody gave the funny man's boy a dog, and when the father came home in the evening he was considerably interested in the new acquisition. "Where did you get him?" he asked. "A man down at the depot gave him to me."

"What do you call him?" "Hee." "That's a queer name. Haven't you got things mixed a little? Why don't you call him Rooster?" "Cause he's a setter."

"Oh, and the father went inside to commune with himself.

Would Not Ask More of Him.

"I have withdrawn from opan amateur acting club," said Willie Washington.

"Why?" "I couldn't stand it any longer, you know. I was cast for a villain, and Miss Pepperton was the heroine, and she was to say 'Villain do youab worst.'"

Not Exhibited.

For the recent funeral of an old fire reporter in New York the department boys ordered a suitable tribute, and the florist complied by sending an emblem inscribed "Admit within fire lines." It was not exhibited at the funeral.

THE TICKET SCALPER.

A THORN IN THE SIDE OF THE RAILROAD COMPANIES.

The Man Who Knows All About Every Railroad in the Country. A Railroad Pays Full Prices for the Troused Tickets.

Always well dressed and glib of speech, the scalper is a positive genius at his chosen business. The average railroad ticket seller has to know a great deal about his own road and the varieties of tickets, movement of trains and the hundred and one things that the traveler has to learn before deciding to go from one place to another.

An endless multitude of details has to be constantly on tap, and if the information is not immediately forthcoming the impatient traveler is likely to bolt and go elsewhere.

What, then, shall be said of the typical scalper who knows all the railroads in the country, all their connections, advantages and weak points, and can at a glance tell whether a ticket offered for sale is all right.

A scalper who does a rushing business uptown told a New York Morning Journal reporter that he knew the various conductors' punch marks on tickets of every railroad of importance between New York and San Francisco.

Scalpers never handle local or "stiff" tickets. It is in fact very difficult to even sell a ticket to Boston, Albany or Philadelphia. But any coupon ticket will fetch some sort of a price unless it is limited as to time. In that case the scalper has the would-be disposer at his mercy and offers a fourth or a fifth of its value.

If, on the other hand, a would be purchaser wants a time ticket, but don't care to shell out the price asked, the scalper has a man coming in in five minutes to whom the ticket is promised, or some other judicious romance for the oceans on, calculated to induce the customer to bite.

But it is when the customer wants to go by one road, and the scalper has nothing but a ticket on another that the witchery of his speech develops into positive genius. He meets every objection, tosses aside every demand, waves away every statement of facts, and pools-pools every notion.

"Why my dear sir, we all know that the celebrated Beanehob unlimited vestibuled mail and express train the Spotsylvania into Chicago two hours. Besides that you get out at a depot in the heart of town and don't run the risk of getting killed or choked crossing over the Chicago river."

"What's that? Nonsense, my dear sir. The Erie road never did beat a mud turtle to a given point. You take this ticket and you'll think you are riding on angel wings. Finest road in the known world. Oh nonsense! Why that ticket is as good as old gold leather," etc.

And the chances are that the customer will buy a ticket at nearly full rates over a road he didn't wish to use and arrive at his destination a half a day later than the rival road would have landed him.

But whatever else may be said of the ticket scalper, he never sells you a ticket which is "turned down" by a conductor.

The man with the ticket punch may look askance at a scalper's ticket, but it goes. There are several reasons why the dealer in second-hand tickets keeps faith with the purchaser.

A hue and cry over a bogus ticket would be disastrous to the man who sold it especially if he be a member of the American Ticket Brokers' Union, as most of them are. The organization imposes heavy fines upon cases of such a description, and in several instances has blackballed shift or dishonest members.

Then, again, the precautions adopted in the purchase of tickets prevents any imposition in the selling. Often the scalper's "get" stuck on a limited ticket which is purchased from some one and expires before it can be sold. It is amusing to watch the scalper as he sees train-time approaching with no one coming in who might need such a ticket. The business has its losses, the same as any other.

Naturally the big railroad corporations frown upon the men who cheapen their tickets. Thousands of expedients have been tried to crush out the scalpers, but they always bob up smiling.

The New York Central, however, has led off in a new idea originated by the way, by George Daniels, its general passenger agent. When asked if it was really a fact that the New York Central was willing to return full price for unused tickets, no matter whether sent by mail or retained in person, Mr. Daniels said: "I flatter myself that it is the only way to beat the scalper game." We pay full rates for all unused or partially used tickets, and no station can afford to pay over two-thirds of the price.

"I may say in all modesty that I gave the plan its first trial on the New York Central and it has worked so well that it is a very difficult thing to find one of our tickets on sale in New York or Chicago."

Several of the leading roads have adopted the idea, and if they all try it the natural result will be—exit the ticket scalper. It is the first plan which has been successful in keeping tickets out of the scalpers' hands.

It stands to reason that if people can get the full price for tickets they will quit going to brokers who will give much less. It will eventually drive the scalpers out of the business, as they can't sell tickets if nobody sells to them. It's a great scheme."

TREADING WATER.

Something That Anybody Can Do With out Any Previous Practice.

The easiest position that a man, woman or a child can assume in water is to float perpendicularly, says Harper's Young People. Any person without any previous practice, can tread water and so keep afloat for a long time. He should keep his head below the surface of the water, his lungs inflated, and his feet moving up and down as in walking. Let the "run overboard" throw his hands and arms out of the water, let him raise an outcry where, the air is expelled from his lungs, and he will sink to the bottom. The trouble is that nine people out of ten lose their presence of mind when they are in the water out of their depth for the first time. If, instead of struggling and floundering about they would do a little walking there would not be the slightest danger of drowning right away.

Any one can tread water in the first attempt. No preliminary teaching is necessary. Treading water is simply walking into the water out of one's depth, with or without the aid of one's hands. The operation is not unlike running upstairs, and, if anything, easier. Truly any man, any woman, any child who can walk upstairs can walk in the water and remember, on the first attempt, without any previous instructions or practice.

Hence I say that persons really ignorant of the art of swimming are perfectly safe in the water out of their depth. Very often you hear people exclaim: "Oh, if this boat were to upset I'd drown, of course. I can't swim, you know."

Yes, but you can tread water. Most of us attach a wrong significance to the word "swim." Why should we mean one thing when a man swims, and another or different thing when a dog swims? The dog cannot "swim" as a man swims, but any man can swim "dog fashion" instantly and for the first time. The animal has no advantage in any water over man and yet the man drowns while the animal "swims." The dog, the horse, the cow and even the cat all take to the water and are able to walk as they do when out of the water. Throw a dog into the stream and at once he begins to walk, just as he does on dry land. Why should a man, woman, or child act differently under like circumstances?

It seems strange that people have to be told to do what the animals do instinctively and instantly. Man's ignorance of so simple a thing as treading water is remarkable, it is without reason or excuse. There is a popular notion abroad that in some way the dog and animals have an advantage over man in water. Nothing could be further from the truth. The advantage lies with man, who is provided with a paddle-formed hand, and knows enough to float when tried—something the animal rarely or never does. Next to treading water, floating on the back is the easiest thing to do in water. This consists in lying flat on the back, head thrown well back, the lungs inflated, the limbs extended but flexible, the arms held close to the ears, the hands over the head. The majority of people able to sustain themselves in the water prefer to float in a horizontal position rather than a perpendicular manner. Both positions are much better, in fact much safer, than the attitude we assume in swimming. I have found it so. One day in a rough surf I was nearly strangled with a sudden swallow of water, and had I not been able to float the result might have been disastrous.

HOW OBELISKS WERE MOVED.

Methods by Which the Egyptians Handled the Great Stones.

The Rev. J. King's "Cleopatra's Needle," says of the Egyptian obelisk. The obelisks of the Pharaohs are made of red granite called syenite. In the quarries at Syene may yet be seen an unfinished obelisk, still adhering to the native rock, with traces of workman's tools so clearly seen on its surface that one might suppose they had been suddenly called away and intended soon to return and finish their work.

This unfinished obelisk shows the mode in which the ancients separated these immense monoliths from the native rock. In a sharply-cut groove marking the boundary of the stone are holes evidently designed for wooden wedges. After these had been firmly driven in the holes, the groove was filled with water. The wedges gradually absorbing the water, swelled and cracked the granite through out the length of the groove. The block once detached from the rock was pushed forward on rollers made of the stems of palm trees, from the quarries to the edge of the Nile where it was surrounded by a large timber raft.

It lay by the river side until the next inundation of the Nile, when the rising waters floated the raft and conveyed the obelisk down the stream to the city where it was to be set up. Thousands of willing hands pushed it on rollers up an inclined plane to the front of the temple where it was designed to stand. The pedestal had previously been placed in position, and a causeway of sand covered with planks led to the top of it. Then a mass of rollers levers, and ropes made of the date palm, the obelisk was carefully hoisted into an upright position.

It was not until 1870 that a title page was introduced to books, and in England not till shortly before 1880, when W. de Mairé issued one to his little book on the post-office. Cayton never used them, but Wynkyn de Worde employed them in nearly all his books.

No Talk.

She—I do not care to marry you, I do not even care to talk to you.

He—a widower—That is precisely the reason I want you to marry me.

OUR ST. LOUIS LETTER.

Curiosities of the Campaign—Preparations to be Commenced at Once for the Carnival of 1893.

St. Louis, Nov. 4.—The campaign in St. Louis has boomed the lumber business, perhaps, more than it has the sale of badges and torches. In the last Presidential election, the meetings of the clubs and other party organizations were held in halls or theaters. The increase in the registration this fall has been enormous, and the politicians at the outset of the campaign found that they would have to abandon the old plan. Accordingly, one club built a great wigwam of wood, which would accommodate the 3,000 voters in its ward, covering a vacant lot nearly a block in extent with the structure. It was found that it was cheaper to do this than to hire halls, and the idea took. Picturesque wooden shanties, ornamented with campaign devices and the pictures of candidates sprang up all over the city, and now dot every vacant lot in the wards. As a majority campaign will follow this one the wigwams will stay till summer, at least, before they are torn down and sold again.

One of the branches of the wholesale business of St. Louis that is peculiar to this city is occupying the attention of the big merchants just now. The houses here outfit hundreds of stores in the small towns along the rivers of Alabama, Mississippi, Arkansas, Louisiana and Florida. These Southern merchants come to the city during the time of the Fall Festivities, and leave their orders for a year's supplies before they go away. About the beginning of November, the wholesalers here send out a fleet of boats loaded to the guards with goods for these Southern customers. Many of the houses own their steamers, and send out two or three of them; some charter the boats and send only one. This commercial flotilla steams along leisurely through streams of the southern states, leaving the little landings here and there hidden under boxes and bales of merchandise, and gets back to St. Louis about the beginning of Spring, in time for the boats to enter the regular summer river trade. A great saving in freight rates is effected in this way by the St. Louis merchants, and it is to be presumed the customers get the benefit of the economy.

Scores of men have been busy this week stripping the exposition building of its exhibits, and taking down the colored lamps and fixed electric pieces that delighted the eyes of a million people last month. In a few days there will little remain in sight of the festivities' splendor except the illuminated signs and mottoes of the merchants, which they will keep blazing at night as an attraction to the passer-by. The festivities committees are already at work on their plans for next year's celebration, and will shortly put designers to making the sketches for the many brilliant street pictures it is intended to have. The spectacles to be so much more elaborate and costly in 1893 than it was this fall that the work must be begun much earlier.

About twenty years ago Washington university was located on Washington avenue, over a mile from the Merchants' Exchange, and six separate buildings were erected for the several branches of the school. Business then had not got within half a mile of the site, and there were only a few dwellings in the neighborhood. Now, electric cars run by the lecture rooms, and the roar of a dozen factories disturb the students. The city has grown miles past the university, and has made the value of its property ten times what it was when its doors were first opened. So, the university will move, and it will almost be able to pay for its land and its new buildings by the sale of its present property for manufacturing purposes.

Two-ball billiards is a game fast coming into favor with the experts. To count, a player must hit the object ball twice with the cue ball at each shot.

Literary Notes.

The gradually lengthening evenings induce the literary to seek their favorite book-shelves again, and a word to the wise may now be in order. For interesting and attractively bright novels it would be difficult to select any more suitable to the general reader than those well-known and favorite novels of Marah Ellis Ryan, "A Pagan of the Alleghenies," which the Chicago Tribune terms "a genuine art work." "Told in the Hills," which, according to the Chicago Times, is "beautifully pictured." "The Lotus," "Domains," of which the New York Sun says, "There are imagination and poetical expression in the stories, and readers will find them interesting." "Merze, The Story of an Actress," concerning which the Chicago Herald says the author has the following high (but not unmerited) compliment: "We can not doubt that the author is one of the best living orators of her sex. The book will possess a strong attraction for women." The latest product of the authoress's pen, "Squaw Elouise," will be, it is thought, if possible, a warmer favor with the readers of any of the above. It is one of the most pathetic and pleasing of American stories. Issued in the Rialto Series, 60 cents each. Rand, McNally & Company, Chicago.

The drummer in Serbian regiments never carries the drum. It is placed on a two-wheeled cart, which is drawn by a big dog just in advance of the drummer.

OFFICIAL.

It is our earnest desire to impress upon the minds of the public the superiority of the service offered by the Wisconsin Central Lines to Milwaukee, Chicago and all points East and South. The fast trains leave St. Paul, Minneapolis and Duluth daily equipped with Pullman Vestibuled Drawing Room Sleepers, Dining Cars and Coaches of the latest design. Its Dining Car Service is unsurpassed, which accounts, to a great degree, for the popularity of this line. The Wisconsin Central Lines, in connection with Northern Pacific R.R., is the only line from Pacific Coast points over which both Pullman Vestibuled, first-class, and Pullman Tourist Cars are operated by St. Paul without change to Chicago.

Pamphlets giving valuable information can be obtained free upon application to your nearest ticket agent, or to J. C. Ford, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

In a thunderstorm it is unsafe to take refuge under a white poplar tree, as that tree seems to attract lightning.

CHICAGO AMUSEMENTS

A List of Chicago's Most Popular Theaters.

AUDITORIUM.

Gilmore's famous band, enlarged to the number of 100 musicians and greatly improved by the addition of several able instrumental soloists, has been secured for five popular concerts at the Auditorium Monday evening and Tuesday and Wednesday evenings and matinees, Nov. 14, 15 and 16.

Each successive appearance of this band in the past has increased its popularity with the public, and the fact that it is doubled in size and has proportionately gained in efficiency will surely arouse unusual interest among all lovers of popular music.

The present leader is Mr. D. W. Reeves, an Eastern musician of note, who was unanimously elected by the members of the band to fill the place of the lamented Gilmore.

The vocal soloists who will appear at the concerts are Miss Ida Klein, soprano; William Stephens, tenor, and George H. Wiseman, baritone.

The schedule of prices for the concerts will be 50c, 75c and \$1 for matinees, and 50c, 75c, \$1 and \$1.50 for evenings.

AUDITORIUM.

An unsurpassable program will be presented at the second popular concert of the Chicago Orchestra at the Auditorium Friday afternoon and Saturday evening of this week. It is a model of good state in every feature and should attract an appreciative audience. Prominent among the selections is a new concert overture by Hamish MacCunn, a Scotch composer of high reputation, called "Land of the Mountains and the Flood." This work, first produced in England a few months ago, is described as a striking musical description of Highland life and characteristics, charmingly quaint and melodious. Another delightful bit in the program is Liszt's "Sermon to the Birds," which has not been heard for many seasons.

Joseph Schreurs, the clarinet virtuoso of the orchestra will be the soloist at these concerts.

CHICAGO OPERA-HOUSE.

On Saturday night the curtain of the Chicago opera-house fell on the two hundred and sixth and last performance of "All Baba's" remarkable run in Chicago. This is a record that has never been equaled by any organization playing west of New York City. The final performance was a gala night. The house, as has been the case throughout the run, was packed to the doors, and the demonstrations of the audience were in the measure of a most enthusiastic farewell. The occasion was further signified by the first appearance of a new drop curtain by Frederick Dangerfield, the scenic artist of the house. Immediately after the performance the company, numbering 115 people, and all the cumbersome accessories of "All Baba's" spectacle were loaded the on a special train and started for St. Louis, where the piece will be given for one week, when it will continue its tour west. On Sunday night a large audience witnessed the opening performance of Primrose & West's minstrels, and the indications are that the attendance will be large throughout the engagement. The company is the biggest and strongest that these popular purveyors of minstrelsy have ever taken upon the road. A most acceptable feature of the performance is its first part consisting of a burlesque of the popular opera, "Mikado." New songs and plenty of side-splitting gags not nearly so shop-worn as one usually expects in a minstrel show, add to the attractiveness of this performance. On Thursday, Nov. 10, the sale of seats will be opened for the Potter-Bellew performances of Zola's realistic drama "Therese Raquin."

McVICKER'S

Charles Mathew's company will continue another week at McVicker's theater in the brilliant comedy "By Proxy." The engagement will close on Saturday evening, Nov. 19.

"By Proxy" is an amusing fancy in three acts.

The company that is presenting it is clever in every respect.

Harry Brown, an old time favorite in broad comedy roles, is to be credited with having made a distinct hit. He is irresistibly funny from first to last.

The five young ladies in the company are exceedingly handsome and captivating.

The next attraction to appear at McVicker's theater will be Miss Lillie Overstrom in her own comedy entitled "Miss Rooster." She will commence her engagement on Sunday evening, Nov. 20.

Mr. Joseph Jefferson will soon appear in Chicago at McVicker's theater. He will present his famous comedy "Rip Van Winkle." Orders addressed to H. G. Sommers, treasurer, accompanied by a certified check or money will be filled immediately when the sale of seats opens. Prices will be from \$1.50 down.

HAVERLY'S CASINO—EDEN MUSEE.

The political excitement had but little effect upon the patronage and attendance at Haverly's Casino—Eden Musee—for very large audiences were present at every performance of Haverly's Home Minstrels. A splendid bill was given the past week introducing two new candidates for favor in the persons of John Blackford and Neil O'Brien, comedians of high repute, who were seen in a musical sketch entitled "Mirth and Music with New Ideas." They play on a number of well known instruments, interspersed with comical sayings and doings. Press Eldredge and Tom Lewis appear to splendid advantage in their respective specialties, and the balance of the company acquit themselves in a pleasing manner. Mr. Percy Denton now officiates as interlocutor and presents new features in his talk with the end men which is highly entertaining. For the coming week many changes are promised and Kissell the "Black Zouave" champion musket and savor manipulator will make his first appearance. "Sons of a Sardine Band" and "S-nator Apple-Jack" still continues to give much pleasure, and all desiring hearty enjoyment should visit the minstrels, which by the way is the best organized company ever seen here. More wax figures have been added to the Musee department.

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 E. Gross of Chicago, and the services of many of the most eminent artists in this kind of work were secured. Among them Salvador Mery Paris, Edward J. Auster of London, Paul Wilhelm of Düsseldorf, Richard Lorenz of Munich and Oliver Dennett Grover. After over two years of work by a score or more of men and the expenditure of nearly a quarter million dollars, the great cyclorama has been completed and is pronounced by the press and the public generally, as a most remarkable, faithful and realistic reproduction of the burning of Chicago. All the buildings and ruins shown upon the great canvas (which comprises over twenty thousand square feet of surface) are historically correct.

MADISON STREET THEATER.

Saint Jack's famous Creoles follow the "Forty Thieves" at the Madison Street opera-house, commencing with the matinee Sunday, Nov. 13. The scenes of tropical revelry participated in by the dreamy daughters of the Sunny South are among the most gorgeously voluptuous ever presented to the eye, while the sensuous strains of Southern music lull and delight the ear. Manager Jack has spared neither expense nor trouble in perfecting this superb organization, and he announces that he has succeeded in bringing together fifty of the most beautiful Creoles to be found in the Western Hemisphere. The engagement is for one week only, after which the dusky beauties will visit the principal Eastern cities.

WINDSOR THEATER.

Sunday matinee, Nov. 13. Matinees, Wednesday and Saturday. Special engagements of Tony Farrell, the comedian, the singer, in the beautiful Irish comedy-drama, "My Colleen," presented by a grand company, with magnificent scenery and effects.

THE PEOPLE'S

Beginning Sunday matinee, Nov. 13, 1892, the new musical farce comedy, "Bill's Boat," a host of well known stars in the cast, new songs, exquisite dances, and a wealth of scenic splendor.

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, Duluth and all points in the North west. Two fast trains leave Chicago daily for 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 JAS. C. POND, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

Physic is usually but a substitute for temperance.

Successful treachery is worse than honest defeat.

The failure of one man is the opportunity of another.

A handful of common sense is worth a bushel of learning.

No man is pure in his heart who is not pure in his politics.

The only truly brave people are those who are not afraid of the truth.

No man can ever be free who will not sign a personal declaration of independence.

Idleness and poverty is a dangerous mixture, the compound is almost sure to produce dishonest cunning and rank rascality.

How much easier it is for us to sit in the shade and tell our friends what we intend to do, than it is to go out in the sun and do it.

Every one we meet knows something which we do not, and may improve and instruct us, if we are only humble and sincere enough to learn of him.

RAM'S HORN WRINKLES.

If you are paying for a revive, don't do it on a back seat.

If you are leading a child, it may be that you are commanding an army.

"Know thyself" is good advice, but "know about your neighbors" is the general practice.

If head religion could take people to heaven, somebody would find out how to get there in a balloon.

There is something wrong with the father who will tie up his dog at night and let his boy run the streets.

When the people find out that a man is mean at home they don't care how good he professes to be at church.

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