

BARRINGTON REVIEW.

VOL. 9, NO. 24.

BARRINGTON, ILL., SATURDAY, JANUARY 5, 1895.

\$1.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

BARRINGTON.

CHURCH NOTICES.

ST. ANN'S CATHOLIC—Rev. J. F. Caney, Pastor. Services every alternate Sunday at 9 o'clock a. m.
GERMAN EVANGELICAL ST. PAUL'S—Rev. E. Rahn, pastor. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. Sabbath school at 9:30 a. m.
BAPTIST—Rev. Robert Bailey, pastor. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath school at 12.
GERMAN EVANGELICAL—Rev. J. B. Elfrink, pastor. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sabbath school at 9 a. m.
THE EVANGELICAL SALEM—Rev. T. Subr, pastor. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sabbath school at 9:15 a. m.
METHODIST EPISCOPAL—Rev. T. E. Bram, pastor. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath school at 12 m. Children's services at 3 p. m. Bible study Thursday at 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

SOCIETY NOTICES.

K. O. T. M. TEST NO. 79—Meets at their hall the second and fourth Tuesday of each month. W. H. Snyder, P. C.; H. H. Crest, Com.; C. H. Kendall, J. C. L. A. Powers, Sr., Rev. B. Bailey, Chap.; J. M. Thrasher, R. K. Frank Plagge, F. K. Arthur Jayne, M. A. S. M. Jayne, 1st M. G.; E. W. Macher, 2d M. G.; C. H. Kendall, P. H. Roloff, Sec.; Dan Cahill, P.
LOUISIANA LODGE NO. 251—Meets at their hall the second and fourth Saturdays of each month. L. A. Powers, W. M.; H. A. Sandman, S. W.; C. H. Kendall, J. W.; C. B. Olla, Treas.; A. T. Ullrich, Sec.; F. B. Bennett, S. D.; J. P. Brown, J. D.; A. Gleason, Tyler.
BARRINGTON POST NO. 275, G. A. R.—Department of Ill.—Meets every second Friday of the month at Abbott's Hall. L. E. Runyan, Com.; G. W. Johnson, S. V. C. W.; W. Humphrey, J. V. O.; A. Gleason, Q. M.; A. S. Henderson, O. D.; L. H. Butz, O. G.; Henry Reuter, Sergt.; Chas. Senn, Chap.
M. W. A. CAMP NO. 589—Meets first and third Tuesdays of each month at Meyer's Hall. F. E. Hawley, V. C.; P. A. Hawley, W. A.; John Robertson, B.; M. T. Lamey, Clerk; Wm. Anthonis, W.; J. M. Thrasher, E.; H. P. Asker, S.

VILLAGE OFFICERS.

F. E. Hawley, President
H. C. P. Sandman, John Robertson, H. T. Abbott, John Colten, Wm. Grunau, John Hatje, Trustees
Miles T. Lamey, Village Clerk
A. L. Robertson, Treasurer
C. D. Cutting, Village Attorney
A. A. Sandman, Street Commissioner

SCHOOL DIRECTORS.

F. E. Hawley, President
A. W. Meyer, Clerk
L. A. Powers.

BARRINGTON.

A SHORT SKETCH OF ITS PROMINENT BUSINESS MEN.

In the succeeding columns, the aim is to present in brief, concise form a description of the business facilities of our village and sketches of some of our business establishments.

Barrington is one of the most flourishing and prosperous villages of this section of the state. The writing up and representation of such a large number of our business places can not fail to be of substantial benefit to the place. Pleasantly situated on the border line between Cook and Lake counties at the intersection of the Chicago & Northwestern with the Elgin, Joliet & Eastern railways, thirty-two miles from Chicago. The village has many natural and acquired advantages which destine it to become a place of considerable importance. It is situated in the midst of a rich agricultural country, whose dairy interests are extensively developed, in connection with which we would mention the flourishing creamery located in the village owned by William McCradie & Co., and operated by Mr. J. E. Heise.

As an evidence of the thrift and prosperity of the village we would point to the large number of buildings erected during the past two years, both resident and business blocks, many of which would do credit to larger places. All lines of mercantile business are represented by enterprising business men. In the manufacturing line we would mention our first class rolling mill, machine shop and wood turning establishment, marble works, cheese box factory, creamery and others.

The number and character of our church edifices indicate the religious zeal of the people, the following denominations having church edifices of their own: Baptist, Methodist, German Evangelical, Salem Evangelical and Catholic. The educational facilities of the village excel, having one of the best graded schools of this section under the efficient charge of Prof. E. E. Smith. We ask of our readers a careful perusal of the following sketches:

A. W. MEYER & CO.

Department Store.

Among the well-known established houses of Barrington that have always enjoyed a prosperous existence and been popular with the community, that conducted by A. W. Meyer & Co. is one of the most important and reliable. The business was established in 1856 by Mr. A. W. Meyer who was a former clerk for Messrs. Wm. Howarth and S. Reck previous to this date. The first store occupied by him was in the old Hochkirch building, which was remodeled and fitted up for him. Finding this place too small for the large increasing trade, it was found advantageous to move into Mr. William Howarth's store, and accordingly in 1887 the change was made, taking into co-partnership with him Mr. D. F. Lamey, who had been connected for a number of years with the Chicago & Northwestern Railway company previous to this time. In 1892 Mr. Meyer bought the corner lot on the northeast corner of Main and Walnut streets, and was the first to erect a solid brick business block in Barrington, which does credit to him and the village, and which is to day their present place of business.

The store is one of the neatest and most attractive establishments in this section of the country. It is spacious and admirably arranged, and good taste is evinced in the arrangement of everything in the different departments, and no provisions have been neglected for the convenience of the patrons and the public in examining the large and well selected stock of dry goods, groceries, boots, shoes, etc. The trade of the establishment extends to the village and the country for many miles around, and is drawn from the best class of citizens. Promptness and reliability in the filling of all orders is one of the features, and the courteous, liberal treatment of customers has won for this house an enviable reputation.

Messrs. A. W. Meyer & Co. are active, energetic business men whose affairs are conducted upon a sound, well balanced basis. They are well known in mercantile circles and are highly esteemed for their strict integrity and sterling personal worth. Their business is divided into several departments, the first of which we will mention is the

Grocery Department.

In this branch of the business, they carry an immense stock of the finest imported and domestic products in fancy and staple groceries, provisions and in fact everything handled by the trade.

Dry Goods Department.

In this department the public will find dry goods embracing all the various textile fabrics in silk, woolen, and other dress goods, also clothing cloths, white goods, trimmings, notions, etc., as well as cloaks, dolmans, shawls, etc. The stock of goods is one of the most select to be found in this city, and this stock is very far above the average.

Boot and Shoe Department.

Their boot and shoe emporium is the pride of their business, and contains as fine and well selected a stock of ladies' and gentlemen's boots and shoes as can be found anywhere. In quality as well as stylish appearance, the shoes are highly satisfactory. They wear well and are beautiful to look at, at the same time being comfortable and easy to the foot of the wearer.

Crockery Department.

Here will be found a wide variety of all kinds of imported and domestic crockery, china and glassware, varying in price and quality from the most expensive down to the most common kinds. It would be impossible for us to give an adequate idea of the exquisite and delicate goods that are to be seen here. A personal visit would be necessary for our readers to obtain a correct impression of this department.

Wall Paper Department.

In this department they carry a complete stock of the finest and most artistic wall papers and window shades, embracing all the latest and most fashionable designs manufactured.

Gen's Furnishing Department.

This department contains a large and well selected stock, embracing all the latest and most popular styles in hats, caps, etc., and a complete assortment of fine gen's furnishings. They make a specialty of boys' clothing.

In the early part of the present year Messrs. A. W. Meyer & Co. drifted from the old credit system and adopted a cash system thereby placing them in a position to mark their goods at close figures. The house enjoys a deservedly large trade and may be heartily commended to those desiring really first class goods. The young men who are at the head of the concern are well and favorably known to a large circle of friends and acquaintances, in both the business and social world, and as representative merchants and estimable gentlemen they are well deserving of the success which has attended their career.

Messrs. A. W. Meyer & Co. believe in the maxim, "This better to have a swift sixpence than a slow shilling," and their prices, therefore, are very reasonable.

H. D. A. GREBE.

Hardware, Stoves, Ranges, Etc.

A good hardware establishment where the public can obtain its requirements of every thing needed in this branch of mercantile industry, is an important business in a town. In this respect Barrington is in advance of places of its size. In the establishment herein referred to, our citizens and the public of the surrounding country have all the advantages to be had in the larger places. Mr. Grebe is an enterprising business man and competent hardware merchant. He buys to advantage from the leading wholesale houses and his store is filled with an extensive stock of all kinds of general and sheet hardware, miscellaneous lines, stoves of the best makes, ranges, etc. In connection is a first class job work department in which special attention is given to roofing, eavtroughing, etc.

AUGUST JAHN.

Wagon Maker.

This gentleman has been established in business for himself some six years. He is a first class workman and does in the best manner all kinds of work in his line, wagons, buggies, sleighs, cutters, etc., are made to order and a specialty is made of repairing.

B. H. SODT & SON.

General Merchandise, Clothing, Etc.

No name is better known in connection with the mercantile trade of our town than that of B. H. Sodt, who has been in business here for a quarter of a century. The present firm of B. H. Sodt & Son was formed about two years ago. The establishment is widely and favorably known, and through the advantages it offers to the people, has always invited a marked influence in drawing trade to the town. The firm are of highly commercial standing and buy for cash from the leading wholesale houses. They carry a large and well selected stock of dry goods, groceries, boots, shoes, hats, caps, furnishings and make a specialty of clothing.

A. L. WALLER.

Druggist.

We come next in our review to our popular and first class drug establishment successfully carried on by Mr. A. L. Waller. This business is held in the highest regard by the people. Mr. Waller is a competent and experienced chemist and druggist and keeps the store to a high standard of excellence. He buys from the leading wholesale houses and the neatly appointed store is filled with a superior stock of all kinds of pure drugs, druggists sundries, the leading patent medicines, books, stationery, fancy goods, etc.

H. BUTZOW.

Bakery.

We wish to refer next in our review to our popular and first-class bakery establishment, successfully carried on by the enterprising gentleman named above. It is now about six months ago since Mr. Butzow located here. The success he has met with has been very gratifying. He has built up a splendid trade and acquired for his business a great popularity with the people for a capable, enterprising management in the first place.

Mr. Butzow thoroughly understands the business, and the bakery is noted for bringing out a superior quality of bread. Constantly on hand is a choice stock of bakery sundries, confectionery, fruits, cigars, etc. The business deserves its success.

MISS DENA BAUMAN.

Millinery.

It is exceedingly gratifying to the ladies of Barrington and vicinity to be able to note the existence in the

town of such an excellent millinery store as we herein describe. Miss Bauman has built up a large trade. She is a competent, first-class milliner and a capable buyer and the ladies find every advantage in dealing here. The newly appointed store always displays a beautiful stock of stylish and fashionable millinery, etc.

To close out balance of winter stock, she is making prices lower than ever before.

W. W. BENEDICT.

Photographer.

Our town possesses the advantages of one of the best photographic studios of this section of the country, which deserves special mention in our review. The enterprising proprietor, Mr. W. W. Benedict, has been established here a number of years, and has built up a large patronage. Enjoying the advantages of long, successful experience, he is a photographer of more than ordinary ability, and is noted for turning out a superior class of work; all kinds of which are executed from a cabinet to the most elegant life-sized portrait. A specialty is made of enlarging photographs. The studio is equipped with all the latest accessories, fine scenery, etc., and to see the display of photographic work is to appreciate it.

E. F. SCHAEDE.

Harness Maker.

Mr. E. F. Schaede, proprietor of our first class harness manufacturing establishment has been established here a number of years. He has always had a good trade in the first place. Mr. Schaede is a competent workman and any work which leaves his hands may be relied upon. He manufactures all kinds of harness, light and heavy, double and single, collars, etc., and keeps on hand a good stock of horse goods, whips, combs, robes, blankets, etc. Mr. Schaede is making prices lower than ever before, and any contemplating buyer will do well to call on him.

E. M. BLOCK.

Undertaker and Dealer in Furniture.

In the purchase of household furniture our citizens and the people of the surrounding country have superior advantages in the well equipped warehouses of the enterprising gentleman named above. This, we have no hesitation in saying, is one of the best places to buy furniture in this section of the country. Mr. Block has been established a number of years and thoroughly understands the furniture business. He buys to advantage and a visit to his store and an inspection of his stock will show the bargains that are offered. The store is filled with a large and well selected stock of all kinds for the parlor, dining room, bedroom and kitchen. Mr. Block is a successful undertaker, a competent funeral director and a skilled embalmer, and keeps on hand a full line of caskets and all kinds of funeral supplies.

M. B. M'INTOSH.

Postmaster, Insurance Agent.

Having reviewed the various business establishments of the town, it may not be inappropriate to refer to the very excellent manner in which our postal facilities are conducted under the charge of our worthy and efficient postmaster, Mr. McIntosh. This gentleman has been a resident of this village a great many years, and is highly respected by everybody. Mr. McIntosh has had large experience in the insurance business. He represents a large number of leading companies and can place your insurance in the most reliable companies at the smallest possible cost.

H. J. LAGESCHULTE.

Meat Market.

We come next in our review of the town to our popular and first class meat market, successfully carried on by the enterprising gentleman named above. Mr. H. J. Lageschulte has been established some two years, and has since had a large patronage. He knows how to conduct a first class business in his line, and the public find here the choicest and best meats of all kinds in season that can be obtained, and fair, upright dealing. He ranks among our most substantial business men.

TOOK HIM FOR A REPORTER.

The Awful Mistake Made by a Boston Hostess as to Josiah Quincy.

A good story is told in connection with Josiah Quincy that will be appreciated by all who know him. Some time ago he was at an evening party given in one of the most exclusive Boston houses, and, according to his wont, he stood aloof, preserving a mien of cold indifference to his surroundings, speaking to no one and no one addressing him. Finally the hostess, one of the grand dames of society, saw the lonesome figure, and not being able to recall who he was, went in haste to her husband and questioned him. The husband looked and looked again, but he did not know him either, then the hostess in great alarm whispered she must go at once and find out, for she believed him to be a reporter! Approaching the unknown guest she said, with an air of much severity:

"This is a very quiet house; we are very quiet people and we do not care to have any notice made of our reception for the newspapers."
"Madame," thundered this distinguished citizen, "I am Josiah Quincy!"
Tableau.

A. W. MEYER & CO.'S

GREAT

January Clearing Sale

—OF—

DRESS GOODS.

Prices the Lowest in the History of Dress Fabrics.

We desire to close out as nearly as possible during the remainder of this month, ALL DRESS GOODS now on the shelves of our dress goods department.

We therefore offer nearly the entire great assortment in dress pattern lengths at 15 per cent discount from regular prices, which must necessarily quickly clear out the entire lot.

We will give the same discount on

Boys' Clothing, Men's Overcoats,
Ladies and Misses' Cloaks
and Jackets.

It is a matter of fact that you can save 20 to 30 per cent on anything you want.

Come where you can select from the greatest varieties, and where you are sure of finding what you want.

Respectfully yours,

A. W. MEYER & CO.

DOCTORS.

Die of the Disease of Which They Make a Specialty.

"In one of your stories in 'Round the Red Lamp,' doctor," said the reporter to Conan Doyle, "you say through the medium of Surgeon Walker that a doctor generally dies with the disease that he is especially interested in and has investigated thoroughly. Were you quite in earnest when you made that statement?"

"I am glad you asked that question," rejoined Mr. Doyle. "The story you mention, though it has been called horrible and other startling names by the critics, is the result of a large number of years of medical practice. I am thoroughly of the opinion that imagination as regards the existence of a disease can affect a doctor as well as the most susceptible of his patients. The story in question relates the life of Surgeon Walker, one of the greatest specialists in nervous diseases in the United Kingdom. He addresses the students in the clinic on a horrible form of nervous disease and concludes his lecture by saying that the only method to determine the evidence of the disease is to close the eyes and endeavor to bring the heels together."

"Surgeon Walker suits the action to the word, but he finds it impossible, and the terrible truth is flashed to his mind that he is afflicted with the very disease he is explaining and which is a lingering one, and in the way of exquisite torture could discount seven times any form of torture germinating in the agile brain of the Apache or Sioux Indians. The story is dramatic in way of climax, for such a position could not be otherwise than horrible. The critics have said that I was stretching my imagination too far and all that, but the story is founded on something more substantial than mere fancy. It has been the result of my observation that a great per cent of physicians and surgeons die of the very disease which they have so sedulously studied and investigated. I am glad that you asked that question, as I wanted the statement emphasized."

QUIZ AND QUERY.

Lady Pray, sir, keep your seat. I—Stranger—I'd like to, miss, just to please you, but I'll have to walk back a block if I don't get off at this street.

"What did the critics think of your play?" inquired one author of another. "Think about it! They did not think about it at all. They merely wrote about it."

Doctor—The pellets I left were to produce sleep. Did they have that effect? Patient—Yes, indeed; the nurse never awakened once during the night.

Professor, returning home at night, hears noise—is some one there? Burglar, under the bed—No, Professor—That's strange! I was positive some one was under my bed.

Neighbor—You have a large family to support, Mr. Finnigan. Mr. Finnigan—I love that, mum; an' if I didn't all learn their own livin' I couldn't do it at all, at all.

First Student—How did it happen that you failed again? Second Student—Why, that wretched examiner asked me the same questions I couldn't answer last year.

Father, impressively—Suppose I should be taken away suddenly, what would become of you, my boy? Irreverent Son—I'd stay here. The question is, what would become of you?

Mrs. Sweet—I hear your son is engaged. Mrs. Sharp—Well, he has brought back the engagement ring. Mrs. Sweet—What was the matter? Didn't it suit? Mrs. Sharp—Yes; but he didn't.

"What do you think of this portrait of me, my dear?" asked Witherup. "It is very smiling and pleasant," said Mrs. Witherup. Then she added, wistfully, "I wish you'd look like it once in a while, John."

"I make it an invariable practice to advise people to sleep with their bedroom window open all the year round." "Ha, ha," laughed the other; "I perceive that you are a doctor!" "Not at all," was the confidential reply. "To tell you the truth, strictly between ourselves, I am—a burglar!"

THE BARRINGTON BANK

OF SANDMAN & CO.,
Barrington, Illinois.

A general banking business transacted interest allowed on time deposits. First-class commercial paper for sale.
JOHN ROBERTSON, Prest.
A. L. ROBERTSON, Cashier.
JOHN C. PLAGGE, Vice-Prest.
L. C. P. SANDMAN.

MILES T. LAMEY,

Notary Public and
Fire Insurance Agent.

Collections Given Prompt Attention.

BARRINGTON, ILL.

M. C. MCINTOSH,
Estate and Commercial Lawyer
Residence, BARRINGTON, ILL.

CHICAGO.

HENRY BUTZOW,

BAKERY

—AND—
CONFECTIONERY.
Fruits, Cigars, Tobacco, Etc

Ice Cream and Oyster Parlors in Connection.

H. BUTZOW,
Barrington, Ill.

THEODOR H. SCHUTT,

Manufacturer and Dealer in
BOOTS AND SHOES.

REPAIRING NEATLY DONE.

I also carry a large stock of Rubbers, Felt and Rubber Boots.

Call and see my stock and get prices before buying elsewhere.

THEODOR H. SCHUTT,
Barrington, Ill.

EXPERIENCED Advertising Solicitor, a No. 1 printer and good local reporter whose position on paper in city of 50,000 or less, is surely a safe and reliable. Address: "BARRINGTON, Ill., care Western Newspaper Union, Chicago."

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

HOW A BISHOP CHOPPED DOWN A FOREST.

A Grand Wood-Cutting Expedition—The Humming Bird—A Little Brown Stranger and Its Travels—One of Sheridan's Rides.

How a Bishop Cut Wood.

Have you ever heard of the great Walkin who built the cathedral at Winchester, and how he got the timber which is still in the roof of the cathedral? It is rather an odd story and I will tell it to you as it was told to me by the verger when I was at Winchester—and told, indeed, while we walked in the loft among the very beams and rafters in question.

William the Conqueror was a king who loved his trees, and would hardly part with any of his timber. When the bishop was building the cathedral he came to the king and asked leave to cut wood from the forest of Hemptage, to finish the noble work he had carried on for many years.

"Wood from my forest of Hemptage! Nay, that you cannot have," said King William.

"But, sire, how can I make a roof for my cathedral without timber? Will your majesty grudge the trees of the forest to the house of God?" said the bishop fearlessly.

The king did not want to yield, but bishops in those days were formidable enemies, before whom many a king had trembled. The bishop urged his claims, and may have even used threats, until at length King William said: "Go, then, my lord bishop, and take as many trees as you can fell in a day—but no more." The bishop went gladly, and coming to his domain, which was like a little kingdom, over which he had absolute power, he mustered his liegemen and retainers for a grand wood-cutting expedition. At the bishop's palace hundreds of men were daily fed, and he could bring thousands in the field in time of war, for every one in his see was subject to him—"in mind, body and estate." He must have summoned all his subjects that day, for never was such a wood-cutting known in England. To the forest they went in an army and chopped from the rising of the sun till night descended, and at the end of the day not a tree was left standing in the wood. Not a tree? Yes, one was kept sacred from the marauding ax because under its boughs St. Augustine had preached to the Britons in days long gone by even then. The Gospel Oak, as it was called, still stands, protected by an iron railing, the sole relic of the ancient forest which the bishop of Winchester laid low "for the house of God." Truly the bishop was a "manuscular Christian." For all I know he laid aside his robes and miter and wielded the ax that day himself. He was a firm believer in exercise, as another tale will prove.

The cathedral is not the only monument to this great man. With his enormous revenues he founded and built a college at Oxford, called the "New College." It was built before America was discovered. He also endowed the famous boys' school at Winchester, and made many rules whereby the safety and health of the scholars were to be secured. One of these was that the boys should walk to the top of a high hill, some distance from the school, three times every day. There is a worthy pastry cook living near the foot of this hill, who until recently, when the rule was abolished, used to go up the steep path with trays of his wares, and no doubt found a good market among the tired little fellows. How they put the walk in three times I cannot imagine—think of it, girls and boys, sometimes when you are disposed to grumble at errands around the block.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

A Few Words on Manners.

Manner is a little hard to define. It is something to be felt, the expression of a person's life and thought. One girl has a bright and vivacious manner, and another is calm and dignified. One reminds you of the stars, another of fireworks. Grandmamma's manner is gentle and tranquil, Cousin Rob's is impulsive and hurried; little Miss Finch has a manner both fussy and fidgety, and Laura Belle has the manner of a queen. The rude and brusque young person makes her companions uncomfortable. The well-bred person makes those about her happy. No well-bred person has bad manners, though such a person may have a shy or awkward reserved manner. The latter may be one's misfortune, the former is one's fault. I am glad that the girls are returning to the beautiful courtesy of bending the knee and the body as well as the head; it is a much prettier and more graceful reverence than a mere bow. Nothing about manner in a young girl is so bewitching as deference, the paying attention to older people, and showing kindness to young ones, and setting everybody at ease.

If you are in doubt how to behave on any occasion, look at the people about you, and see what most of them do. The majority are generally right. There are one or two rules always to be observed. You speak to your hostess when you go to a reception or a party, and you wish her good-night when you leave. At the table you wait until the lady of the house is seated before you seat yourself. You thank everyone who does you a service. You are careful not to interrupt conversation; you do not set older people right, even if you know that they are mistaken; you do not try to get the best place yourself, you endeavor to give that to your friend. In the street you do not attract observation by loud talking or laughter. If

you are in a public conveyance, as a car or a ferry-boat, for instance, you yield your seat to the elderly lady or the old gentleman, or the tired mother with a child in her arms.—Harper's Young People.

Sheridan's Ride.

There is a tendency on the part of young people, especially if they be of a romantic temperament, to paint a mental picture of their military heroes in much the same colors as those in which Scott painted the participants in the tournament in "Ivanhoe"—as tremendously stalwart, graceful, dashing and ornamental men.

As a matter of fact, generals are much like other men, and if they happen to be elderly, are subject to the ordinary infirmities of elderly men.

At a dinner party in an Eastern city not long ago the host, who was a close personal friend of General Philip H. Sheridan, told an amusing story, which General Sheridan had himself related to him.

The general was visiting a friend on the Massachusetts coast. His host had some young daughters who had never seen Sheridan, and whose idea of him was gained chiefly from the poem of "Sheridan's Ride."

They pictured to themselves the dashing cavalry general, who was of course an accomplished horseman; and they took pains to provide for his riding, while he was their father's guest, a particularly mettlesome young horse. They were all curious to meet the hero.

When they arrived from the train an elderly, gray-haired, red-faced, very short and decidedly thick-waisted old gentleman, their disappointment amounted almost to a shock. However the girls insisted that the general should ride the horse; and he, being a gallant man, did not decline. When he was mounted on the dashing steed, they were in mortal terror lest he should be thrown off.

He stood the test, however, in some fashion. The next day the friend who relates the story met him, and found him limping painfully.

"What's the matter, general?" he asked.

"Oh," said Sheridan, "I was over at—s yesterday, and those girls of his asked me to ride with them. There was no getting out of it, but as I hadn't been on horseback for more than a year, I'm sore all over!"

It may have needed more actual heroism on the general's part to accept the challenge of these equestrian young ladies than to ride into the thick of the fight at Winchester.—Youth's Companion.

A Traveler.

Far away in Holland a man was digging in the rich, black soil. The fields were broad and flat; on one side of them was a canal, and on the other a great bank of earth to keep out the sea.

The man dug up something brown and hard and round. It was not a lump of earth; it was not a stone; it looked a little like an onion. He cleaned it carefully and wrapped it in paper. On the paper was printed its name, but this was a hard Dutch word which you and I could not pronounce.

Then the little brown stranger began its travels. It was carried on board a large ship; but through its paper coat it could not see the neat little villages along the way, with their steep gables and tall windmills, nor the queerly dressed boatmen at the piers, nor a great many other strange things.

All the way across the ocean the little brown traveler was tossed and thumped about inside a great mail bag, but at last it landed safely. It was taken to a store where seeds and bulbs were sold; here somebody bought it and carried it home, and put it in a tall blue glass full of water. Then it was left in a dark cellar for several weeks. Last of all it ended its travels on the window sill of grandma's cozy room, where it could look in at the children playing on the floor, or out at the snowflakes dancing in the air.

"See, grandma!" cried the children, "it has a green cap."

"See, grandma," they said the next day, "the green cap has turned into two green leaves."

So every day grandma was called to admire the little stranger.

"Oh, see!" they cried one day, "it has opened its flowers! How blue they are and how sweet! Did you ever see such a lovely yacynth?"

"Why, grandma"—Youth's Companion.

The Humming Bird.

Oh, dainty "living sunbeam,"
With gorgeous colors bright,
Show me your ruby necklace
And gauzy wings so light.
Just pause one little moment
Before the open door,
And whisper low the secret
You found within that flower.

Oh, happy, loving children,
I'll tell you while I fly.
Those cups are full of nectar,
You'll find it if you try.
The world's all light and sweetness,
And gladness everywhere;
So I go humming, humming
My praises for God's care.

—Child Garden.

The Wasp Bit.

Little Ben had been duly instructed that he must not meddle with wasps because they would bite him. Nevertheless he came in one day with tearful eyes and swollen finger.

"Why didn't you let it alone? Didn't I tell you it would bite?" said his mother.

"Yes, I know you said it would bite, but I held its mouth shut and just pinched its tail," sobbed the bitten boy.

Two Brave Girls.

Here is the record of two brave girls: A 14-year-old girl at Beecher Bay, B. C., killed with a Winchester the other day a big panther, which her dog had treed; and another girl, 17 years old, of Benton, Ore., killed a cougar which was making off with a young pig.

JAPAN IS BENDING.

PROSTRATE BEFORE THE TRUTHS OF CHRISTIANITY.

Shintoism and Buddhism Losing Their Charms to the Progressive Little Nation—America Can Take Some Credit for the Change.

(Japan Correspondence.)



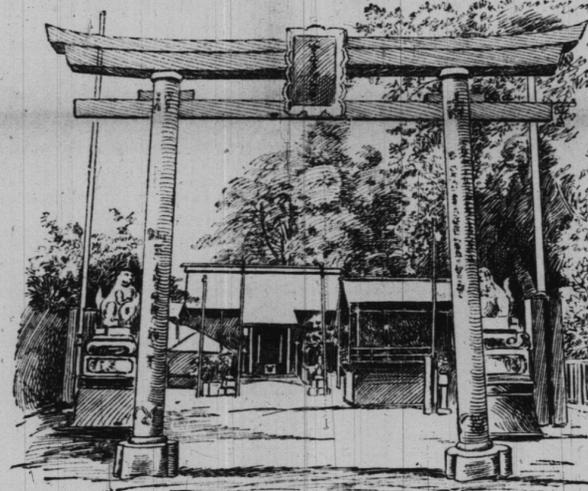
SOMEWHERE about the year 1548 three natives of Japan visited Francis Xavier, the Jesuit missionary, at the Portuguese settlement of Goa, in India. These men had been brought to Goa by Portuguese mariners, who were first to bring the existence of Japan to the knowledge of the western world. These men of Japan assured Xavier that their countrymen were liberal in their religious opinions and would readily listen to the message of any Christian missionary who might visit the country. Xavier landed in Japan in the autumn of 1549, about the time that the reformers of England began to use the English book of common prayer. At that time Japan was a terra incognita to the western world, and Xavier's accounts of the island, given in his letters to Ignatius Loyola, are deeply interesting. He seems to have been especially interested in the intellectual character of the Japanese, and says that in order to meet with success among the people it was necessary to become intimate acquainted with Shintoism and Buddhism, the old religions of the country. Xavier labored there for two years, and although he was very cautious in admitting converts, he reports that in the city of Amaguchi alone the Christians numbered as many as 5,000 souls. The intellectual life of Japan, as compared with the rustic simplicity of the Paravas in south India, had an immense attraction for Xavier, and he declared his intention to pass the rest of his days in either China or Japan. He had scarcely reached the island of San Chan on the coast of China when he was attacked with Asiatic fever, and died on Dec. 3, 1552. The work of Christian missions prospered in Japan, and after thirty

years of missionary labor the converts of the Jesuits numbered 150,000 souls. For a considerable time the Jesuit missionaries were permitted to prosecute their work without molestation, and there seemed every prospect of the islands being converted to Christianity. Unfortunately, differences arose among the Christians themselves. The Jesuits were opposed by the Dominicans and Franciscans, and the whole priesthood of the church, elated by success, adopted a high handed intolerance and interference with the political affairs of the country. Then began the sectarian strife among the missionaries which resulted in the exclusion of all western people from Japan. Seventy-five thousand Christians were slain.

It was in the year 1808 that a revolution took place which completely changed the order of things. The great mikado, like a butterfly emerging from its chrysalis, left his sacred retirement at Kioto to live among his people at Yedo, and changed the name of that city to Tokio. In 1869 a constitutional form of government was adopted, and Shintoism became the national religion of the country. When it was found that no opposition would be raised to the introduction of Christianity, the Protestant Episcopal church of America sent out Rev. C. M. Williams, who afterward became bishop of Japan. Bishop Williams established himself at Tokio and proceeded to translate parts of the Bible and the book of common prayer. Bishop Williams has since retired, and his successor is Bishop McKim, who has the superintendence of twenty-two clergy, of whom eight are natives, with the oversight of about 2,000 native Christians. The Church of England commenced its work in Japan soon afterward, and has three bishops, with some 4,000 native converts. The Greek or orthodox Russian church has also a mission in Tokio, where its bishop resides and where an imposing cathedral has been recently erected. It is esti-

imated that the Roman church has about 20,000 native converts. The Roman Catholic native Christians on the islands number somewhere about 50,000. A prominent feature in the methods of their missionaries is an adaptation to the habits and prejudices of the Japanese people, as well as a consideration for the authority of the mikado. This greatly facilitates their progress. Among the most remarkable results of the last ten years of church work in Japan has been the organization of a native church. It is called "the Holy Church of Japan." It is in full communion with the Church of England and with our American church, but it has its own canons and constitution, and is about to form its own liturgy. According to the constitution of this native church, the whole of Japan is divided into four dioceses. The Japanese Christians are determined to infuse the same spirit into the Christian life of the nation as they have already done in its political, civil and military life, and to be as far as possible independent of western control. The watchword of Japan is adaptation rather than adoption. They are willing to adapt the requirements of their nation anything introduced from the enlightened west, but these brave Japanese are equally as determined not to adopt the western habits and customs to the complete destruction of their national peculiarities. The aim of this national native church is not to Europeanize or to Americanize, but to Christianize the Japanese people. The success of this movement will largely depend upon the earnest catholicity, the sanctified prudence and the apostolic charity of the bishops and missionaries of the Anglican communion. The adherents of this independent Episcopal church number about 5,000.

There is a similar movement among the denominations, guided chiefly by the Presbyterian missionaries, its object being the amalgamation of religious bodies. It numbers about twenty thousand native Christians. There is another organization of the kind in connection with the American Congregationalists, and which owes its foundation to a Japanese gentleman, a Mr. Neesima, who was converted to Christianity while on a visit to the United States. It numbers about eleven thousand adherents. The American Methodists have also strongly entrenched themselves in the country and have about twenty missionaries and some thirty native evangelists.



ENTRANCE TO A SHINTO TEMPLE.

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A NOBLE FIGHT.

AN EMINENT SOUTHERN LAWYER'S LONG CONFLICT WITH DISEASE.

Twenty-five Years of Prosperity, Adversity and Suffering.—The Great Victory Won by Science Over a Stubborn Disease.

(From the Atlanta, Ga., Constitution.)

Foremost among the best known lawyers and farmers of North Carolina stands Col. Isaac A. Sugg of Greenville. Mr. Sugg has resided in Greenville twenty-two years. While nearly every one in Pitt county knows Mr. S.'s history, perhaps all do not know of his return to business again after an illness of sixteen years. No man has gone through more than he and lived. It was a case of the entire breaking down of the nervous system, attended by excruciating, agonizing, unendurable pain. Opiates and stimulants only quieted temporarily, and all treatments failed him. Only his love to family and friends prevented suicide. He told a reporter the following interesting story:

"I kept at my work as long as I could, but nature gave way at last and I succumbed to the inevitable. My entire nervous system had been shattered by the attacks and opiates I had taken, my blood had actually turned to water, my weight had dropped from 173 pounds to 123 and it seemed to everybody that the end was in sight. Why, I could not bear the gentle hand of my wife to bathe my limbs with tepid water. I was simply living from hour to hour. I had made up my mind to give up business and waited for the last strand of life to snap.

"It was at this time that a somewhat similar case as my own was brought to my notice. This man had suffered very much as I had, his life had been despaired of as mine had, and yet he had been cured. I think that that little word meant CURED. The report stated that the work had been accomplished by a medicine known as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I investigated the report thoroughly and found that it was true in detail. I procured some of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and began taking them and began to get better. I began to sleep like a healthy child, sound, calm and peaceful. My appetite came back and my nerves were soothed and restored to their normal condition and I felt like a new man. But this greatest blessing was the mental improvement. I began to read and digest and formulate new plans, to take an interest in my law practice, which began to come back to me as soon as my clients realized that I was again myself. After a lapse of ten years I ride horseback every day without fatigue.

"That Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saved my life is beyond doubt, and I am spreading their praises far and wide."

Inquiry about the town of Greenville substantiated the above facts of Col. Sugg's case, and that many others are being benefited by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are for sale by all druggists, or may be had by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., for 50 cents per box, or six boxes for \$2.50.

Killed While Playing Indian.

The 11-year-old son of Joe Smith of Columbus Grove, Ohio, while playing Indian with a shotgun, shot and blew the entire head off his little 5-year-old sister. The girl, while nursing her 5-months-old brother, noticed her elder brother advancing toward her with gun cocked, and exclaimed: "Charley, drop that gun," whereupon the boy dropped the gun, the trigger striking a chair and discharging the load, tearing the girl's head horribly. Some of the shot grazed the little baby's head, which will recover, but the girl died instantly. The mother was near by when the horrible act occurred.

\$100 Reward \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, etc.
Hall's Family Pills 25c.

Paying Her Back.

Teacher—Johnny, have you your knife with you?

Johnny—Yes'm.

"Then I wish you would sharpen my pencil for me."

"Please, I'd rather not."

"Why?"

"Cause while I was sharpenin' it I might drop the knife on the floor and then you'd give me a bad mark for makin' a noise."

Going to California?

The Burlington route is the only railway running "personally conducted" excursions via Denver to Colorado Springs, Salt Lake, Ogden, Sacramento, San Francisco, Stockton, Merced, Fresno, Bakersfield and Los Angeles at the lowest rates. Pullman tourist sleeping car through without charge.

Leave Chicago every Wednesday. Write or call on T. A. Grady, excursion manager, 211 Clark street, Chicago.

Likely to Remember.

Friend—I notice you have a string around your finger and a knot in your handkerchief, too.

Old Lady—Yes, the string around my finger is to remind me that I have a knot in my handkerchief, and the knot in the handkerchief is to remind me that the things I want to remember are written on a piece of paper in my purse.

Likely to Last.

He (after the acceptance)—Have you never loved any one so much as you do me?

She (thoughtfully)—Not in the winter.

Meat Not Good for Painters.

Raphael lived principally on dried fruits, such as figs and raisins, eating them with bread. He had a theory that a meat diet was not good for a painter.

Every able bodied male in Norway has to serve in the army. The first year he serves fifty-four days, the second twenty-four, and the third year twenty-four. He gets only his board.

GOOD NEWSPAPERS.

Tribute to the Press from a Great and Good Divine.

Rev. Robert A. Holland of St. Louis who used to be the rector of Trinity Episcopal church in Chicago, recently delivered an address in Boston before the Episcopal church congress, in which he paid a glowing tribute to the modern press. "Some newspapers," he said, "are scandal mongers; some make scandal to publish it; some are blackmailing newspapers, and some are Midway Plaisances in print. The newspaper I would speak about tonight is the newspaper of modern times. Already the arm of the newspapers is lifting that inward opening door from its hinges. The liberal compass of man's warm embrace closes about the misery that leans right against his heart. Caste ere long will be impossible. No house, no spirit, can shut out the light of humanity, high and low, rich and poor, that with the newspaper enters every door and leaves it open. No matter what the reader likes, the headlines run so close together that he has to see sorrow at the elbow of gaiety and birth upon the breast of death, while sob and laugh, shout and wail, blessing and prayer all blend into an undertone, which his busiest thought and purpose can not hush. He is what he reads, and his character is richer and more, harmonic, because with life's higher tones the lower too are heard, as the alto of their soprano, the bass of their tenor, in a full choired humanity. In all this, perhaps, the newspaper has no ethical intention. Profit may be its chief and only aim, but profits require sale. Unsold, its news would be the puff checked winding of a cracked and silent horn; and in order to sell it must supply the intelligence which men want and man's wants, because they are human, are necessarily ethical and meet in ethical scales whenever brought to knowledge that can not avoid comparison and judgment. In the daily newspaper man lives the whole world's life, throbbing throbs. The newspaper gives him a world consciousness. During the day he buys and sells by an almost constant appraisal of the world's markets; he watches the stages of an international regatta while it sails; he sees cholera spread from house to house along the back streets of a transoceanic town; he attends the debate of a reichstag whose vote may precipitate a continental war; and all the while he feels his private values and schemes flicker like a pulse through which flows the blood of the whole world's market. Day by day, each day between two nights, a distinct life between a birth and a death; the day that has no newspaper losing that much of the world's life from consciousness; to-day's newspaper a back number to-morrow, an obituary, an order of death and the sepulcher.

Wives of Great Men.

Like the famous wives of the English statesmen, Charles James Fox and Benjamin Disraeli, the lamented Princess Bismarck was a true helpmeet, and was a bulwark of strength to her spouse throughout their long and eventful career. The wife of Fox brought to the aid of her husband all the resources of a brilliant mind and rare personal beauty. Disraeli, after his first failure, was encouraged by the devotion of a mate whose vast fortune was not an inconsiderable factor in his subsequent successes. The uplifting stimulus of the ideal home life she made for for the iron chancellor was the Princess Bismarck's unflinching solace to her husband's carking cares of state. She was of that noble type of womanhood who lay all considerations of self and all worldly ambitions upon the sacred altar of home. What a monument of these attributes is Bismarck's eulogium to his departed mate: "She it is who has made me what I am."

A Good Mother.

Humming birds are very shy and fleet of wing. It is difficult to make their acquaintance. A gentleman who had a rare opportunity to watch a mother bird and the tiny nest, which she had built near his room says that one day, when there was a heavy shower coming up, just as the first drops fell the mother came fluttering home, seized a large leaf which grew on a tree near by, drew it over her nest in a way to completely cover it, then went back to whatever work she had been about when the coming storm disturbed her. The watchers at the window wondered why the leaf did not blow away. They found it hooked to a tiny stick just inside the nest. When the storm was over the mother came home, unhooked the green curtain she had so perfectly put up and found her babies all dry.

The Women Vote of Colorado.

More women than men voted at the recent election in Colorado, and they cast a larger per centage of their registered vote than the men. They led the men in Denver by 8,000 votes, besides inducing 6,000 men to vote who usually neglected their duty. Only a few of the 70,000 women who voted took part in the street processions. A large majority voted the republican ticket and a few supported the prohibitionists. Throughout the whole state not the slightest affront was offered a woman voter. Such are the silent facts of the first general election in Colorado in which women had an equal share.

A Queer Custom.

One of the queer customs of Russia is shown in the recent death of the czar. When the death of Alexander at Livadia was announced the people made merry over the accession of the new ruler, and after the festivities were concluded they began mourning for the dead monarch.

RESIGNATION.

The sun sinks low; in his farewell gleams
To busy beating pulse of care;
Noisily down the solitudes of air
He draws his fading wheels; and old earth
dreams.
Too, when the wintry shadow, moving,
deems
But fit that the bright world should, buried
there,
Beneath the chilly shroud and threatening
"dare"
Of the keen blast, arise under sunny
beams.
So to us must come the hour, the dread
last hour
When our tiny day shall pass into dream-
less rest.
So full of quiet calm and sweet repose.
Forever more we yield the power
Of life's witchery to life's new guest;
Be comforted! for He alone best knows.

ALMA ALDEN.

LOVE IN A LOG CABIN.

"ND this is home!"
Ruth Delano gazed about her with a mingled feeling of wonder, joy and disappointment. Three thousand miles had she traveled across the continent to reach

the home her husband had prepared for her, and this is what she found:

A lonely ranch among the foothills in Southern California, with a plain log cabin for a home. Not a vestige of a plant or flower around it, hills stretching brown and bare under the July sun, and not a shade tree in sight.

"One might know these never had been a woman near this place," said Ruth, her eyes slowly filling with tears. It seemed so comfortless and barren after leaving her mother's old-fashioned farm-house in Maine, full of overflowing with inviting, comfortable things, and surrounded with flower gardens and orchards, and where every nook and corner suggested the soft hands of a woman. She felt her very heart sinking within her.

Then seeing the eyes of her husband fixed upon her she forced back the tears.

Had she not said, like the Ruth of old, "Whither thou goest, I will go; and whither thou lodgest I will lodge?"

Would any place, no matter how full of comfort it might be, ever be home without him? Had she and her baby Ruth not wept tears of joy when the letter came telling them that papa was coming from California to take them home? And had not every foot of the way been a joy to think he was once more with them and that they were to have a home?

She stroked the hand of her husband, who held their little Ruthie in his arms, smiling through her tears.

"I know, dear, it is a new country," she said cheerfully, "and you have done the best you could."
"It was the truly wisest spirit, and in his heart he blessed the true woman who said it."

"All the ranches look kind of desolate," he said, "where there's no one but men about; but now we've got a little woman here, things will soon be looking different."

Inside of the house she found everything neat, at least, and that was a great comfort to her, and if the parlor was barren-looking with no carpet upon it, the kitchen was full of contrivances which women like, and she knew that John had thought of them for her.

After supper they sat down on the little porch in front of the cabin to talk of plans for future work. It was just at sunset, and as Ruth sat placidly looking at the view in front of her, which, after all, was a fine one, taking in a glimpse of the blue Pacific and a background of purple mountains—she began to lose her undertone of home-sickness which led to her husband's home-coming. She thought how beautiful a home might really be under the shadow of the lifted pines, and she resolved with John's help she could make hers one to be proud of. As if in answer to her thought, John went into the house and returned in a moment laden with two parcels, which he dropped into her lap.

"There, Ruth," he said, "you can't guess what these are, can you?"
"I am afraid not," Ruth said, eyeing the mysterious looking packages wonderingly.

"Well, you know the house isn't very beautiful yet," John said, his good face fairly shining with the little secret he had in store for her. "But I guess you'll find something in each of those parcels that will help you beautify it."
"What could he mean?" Ruth took up the lighter but larger one first. To her surprise it was full of garden seeds, small packages of every kind, almost, she could think of.

"Well, how lovely!" she said. "Now I shall raise all the vegetables we need, and our garden will rival dear mother's at home."

"Yes," John replied, "and go ahead of it; for California beats the world for flowers, and your garden will be just as lovely in winter as in summer. There are twenty varieties of roses alone among that collection of seeds."
"Isn't it wonderful to think of?" cried Ruth, as delighted as a child over her treasures. "And what can be in here?" she continued as she opened the second parcel. "Wonders will never cease!" she exclaimed the next moment, as he poured a whole bag of silver into her lap. "And what is this for?"

"To buy your parlor furniture," he replied, laughing at her amazement.

"Honest?" she looked at him, her brown eyes sparkling.

"It is for Mrs. Delano to do with as she pleases," he said. "I have saved the money to furnish the cabin with, and thought to have it fixed up before you came, but concluded on second thought that you could do better than I; so there's the money. Buy

what you please and fix up the place to suit yourself."

"Well, if you aint the best John in the whole country," Ruth said, almost laughing and crying in the same breath. How could she ever be homesick again?"

And that night, instead of trying herself to sleep, as she had thought that afternoon to do, she lay awake from very joy, thinking of the pretty things she could buy and make for the cabin, and imagining how picturesque it would look covered with Lady Banks roses, and how sweet the violet beds would be in the spring time.

And so the very next day she set the hired man to work laying off a garden, and all that week and the next she spent her spare time in digging and hoeing and spading. The following week John took her to the nearest town, and she selected the various articles she desired for the house. She managed to furnish it quite comfortably, and under her deft fingers all things began to bear a homelike look. The place lost its barren and shabby look, and even the dog Harold seemed to feel the change. He no longer wandered aimlessly about as though seeking a comfortable spot, but went to sleep a picture of contentment on one of the soft rugs in the sitting room, keeping one zealous eye always half open upon his playmate, Ruthie.

The months sped by in spite of all the hardships she had to endure—for life is hard for a woman in a new country—on light wings for Ruth. She made the best of all her trials, and was as sweet and contented as if she had been in the fair home they had owned and lost. Though often her limbs ached and her head was weary with the weight of work which fell to her share, she never complained. Not once did she grow fretful or reproach her husband for taking her so far from all that she loved.

"He is doing the best he can," she always said to herself, "and what would a palace be without his love? Besides, how much I have to be grateful for." And somehow the remembrance of their first evening in the log-cabin would always bring tears to her eyes. It was such a real proof of his love and thoughtfulness for her.

When the next spring lengthened into the summer, and her sweet face began to wear a tired look that he did not like to see, he came to her one evening, saying gravely:

"Ruth pack your trunk to-night; tomorrow I want to take you with me to San Diego. Important business calls me there, and you and Ruthie both need a change."

"But how can you leave the ranch?" Ruth asked, "just now when you are most needed?"

"Oh, Redly will take charge of the place, and the men will work for him as well as for me."

If Ruth had noticed him just then very carefully she might have seen a twinkle in his eye that would have made her suspicious as to this "business trip" to San Diego; but like a dutiful wife she packed up and asked no foolish questions.

When they reached San Diego, much to her surprise her husband did not go to a hotel. He gave the coachman some directions, and they were driven to an elegant-looking house in the suburbs.

"Why, I didn't know you had friends here," exclaimed Ruth, in surprise.

"Oh, yes," said John, "I have a number of them. This is the home of the best friend I have in the world."

"Why?" John hearily took her breath away. She thought of her shabby traveling dress and Ruthie's shabby cloak with dismay, but she made up her mind to make the best of it for John's sake, anyway. A lady could always be a lady, no matter how she was dressed.

A neat servant opened the door and ushered them into a handsome reception-room. The house was beautiful inside, and everything was new and of the latest fashion. Ruth sank into a lovely upholstered easy chair with a feeling of momentary content. For a moment she almost wished she might be the possessor of such a home, and then she put aside the evanescent wish.

"Make yourself at home, dear," John said, "while I see the master of the house. He is probably in his study. I will return when I have spoken to him privately. I know he will be delighted to know you are here and will welcome you."

"How strange John never told me of this friend of his," Ruth said to herself, looking at the handsome engravings on the table near her.

Presently he returned, but not as she expected with the master of the house, whom she was feeling a little in awe of.

"Where is he?" she asked.

"Here." "Here? Why John, have you lost your mind? There is no one with you. You and I are alone." She began to look frightened. What if John had really lost his senses? He had certainly acted queer about this San Diego trip.

To her further amazement he burst into a loud laugh, and taking a stand in the middle of the room, said with a polite bow:

"Dear Mrs. Delano, allow me to introduce to you the master of this house, John Delano, Esq., your humble servant. I am monarch of all I survey."

"John, you are surely going mad and I with you. For heaven's sake," she entreated, "tell me what you mean."

"I'll tell you what I mean, little wife," he said. "I mean that I came to San Diego last year during the land boom, went into real estate business and cleared a small fortune. This is your home, and all that is in it belongs to Ruth and John Delano. The ranch and the log cabin were simply a trial of your love. I wanted to find out what kind of stuff my wife was made of."

"And did you find out?" she asked of him, woman-like, not knowing whether to laugh or cry over this great joy.

"Indeed I did. She was weighed in

the balance and not found wanting. I know now that her love for me was strong enough to brave all trials for me. Henceforth she shall be queen of my prosperity."

"It was a very pretty little drama you chose to make me take the principal part in," she said, "but I forgive you and I am satisfied if you are."

"Completely," he answered with a lover's kiss.

"Do you know, dear John," she whispered that night as she held Ruthie up for her papa's good-night kiss, "that I doubt if I can ever be as happy anywhere as I was in that little log cabin of ours, in spite of all the hard work I did. Love never seemed before such a sweet compensation for all of life's trials."

"Well, if that isn't just like a woman," laughed her husband. "Like Lot's wife, forever looking back. Give her heaven, and two to one she'll be sorry she ever left earth."

Ruth only smiled and held her peace. She knew that he would ever hold their log cabin days in sweet and sacred remembrance.—Omaha World.

HYPNOTIZED BALL GUESTS.

And How They Told Some Unvarnished Truths to Each Other.

Here is an extract from Linkman's column of sarcasms in London Truth: "Mrs. Chenevix, dear Lady Betty, is a curious, eccentric little woman, whose favorite doctrine it is that all our 'set' en masse is predestined to eternal damnation."

"Having secured the services of Prof. Pilling, the American hypnotizer, and having, moreover, admitted me into her confidence, Mrs. Chenevix proceeded on last Friday night to give a small dance to a few judiciously selected friends. The professor, stationing himself on the landing, surreptitiously hypnotized the guests as they came, and willed that, while observing all the outward rules of decorum, they should frankly reveal whatever secret thoughts each had in his mind. The result baffles description, but I forward you a combination which happened particularly to amuse me:

"For instance, Bounderby, skipping up to the Duchess of Killybegs, exclaimed: 'My dear duchess—emphasis on the dear,—how are you? And how is that insufferable imbecile, the duke? I really am delighted—this with unfeigned sincerity—to be seen addressing you in public, and I earnestly trust that every single individual in this room is attentively observing the incident. By the way, how comes it that a person of your undoubted aristocratic descent should look so ridiculously like a supernatural housekeeper? Between your natural appearance and that shockingly décolleté dress of yours you are, I think, quite one of the most revolting spectacles I have ever yet beheld.'

"The Duchess, genially: 'Ah! Mr. Bounderby, how singularly like you all that is! Your innate vulgarity is only redeemed by the ingenious manner in which you betray it upon the very slightest provocation. Such people as you, of course, invariably judge of things merely by their external appearance, and import into the drawing-room the native atmosphere of the pantry.'

CURE FOR SLEEPLESSNESS.

Victims of Insomnia Can Hypnotize Themselves into Slumber.

I have a way of putting myself to sleep that has never failed. But, of course, you won't pay any attention to it because it's so simple. However, here it is:

I close my eyes lightly, and then gently and gradually direct them upward, as if I wanted to look into the interior of my own skull. The movement must be gentle and gradual or the sudden strain on the nerves will give you a headache, and sometimes there may be some slight discomfort on the first two or three trials, but it wears off rapidly.

After you have retained your eyes in that position for a few moments you feel yourself losing consciousness of time and place and slowly slipping, with delightful smoothness and a kind of dreamy softness, out of the present. I invariably have the one sensation, that of floating in a boat on gently rocking billows that are moving easily away, says a writer in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The process is really a kind of self-hypnotism, and while you are performing it your mind is unable to take up any thread of thought or memory or present to itself any picture other than the one the process itself supplies. It is a very singular thing, and I find that nearly all my acquaintances can repeat after me the self-hypnotic movement.

The Milkman in the English Courts.

Lord Chief Justice Coleridge, of England, and Mr. Justice Wright have just given a decision of almost equal interest to the sellers and the consumers of milk. A certain milkman was arrested for selling milk which did not contain its legal proportion of cream.

He said that it was no fault of his. The milk complained of happened to be taken from the bottom of a can, and was, of course, inferior to that which had been taken from the top, because the natural tendency of cream was to rise. To ask him to interfere with the natural action of milk was preposterous. The Magistrate took this view of the case and discharged the prisoner. An appeal was taken, and Justice Coleridge holds that the Magistrate was wrong. It did not matter, he said, whether the defendant had doctored his milk or not. The important point was that he had taken money for something which was not what it pretended to be, or what the law required should be. If the milk deteriorated from natural or other causes, he had no right to sell it as the perfect article. This lesson in common honesty and common sense will be impressed upon the memory of the offender by a fine, to say nothing of legal costs.

MATRONS AND MAIDS.

THE LATEST DIVERSION IS A PORTRAIT PARTY.

What One Woman Is Doing to Help Women in the South—It Is the Men's Turn Now—Lovers Still—Broiling in a Frying Pan.

Something New.

At a portrait party the guests, in costume, stand one by one behind a large frame and make pictures of themselves for the benefit of their friends. As when the pictures are shown only the upper part of the body is visible, the head, or to the waist, according to the size of the frame, the guests may prefer to wear their ordinary clothes to your house and to put on there whatever they need for the representation. This will be the best way if you wish to make the preparations for your evening's amusement easy for all concerned. If you follow the other plan and ask each participant to assume a complete costume, after the pictures have been shown, you have a fancy dress party, and so the enjoyment is lengthened. Whichever course you decide upon it is not necessary for anybody to go to the costumers for dresses. Charming effects can be produced with very simple materials. Hold yourself ready to give advice as to the characters to be chosen and as to the manner in which they are to be represented. Your friends may personate historical figures, characters from poems or novels, copy well-known pictures, or even, if they can think of nothing better, contrive a picturesque and becoming attire, and call themselves what they will. Don't attempt anything very elaborate. A simple thing artistically done is much more effective than an ambitious failure. You, or whoever is made adviser in chief for the occasion, will know before hand nearly all the costumes which are to appear. But it is better that the different performers should not know what the others are to represent. Then they can enjoy seeing as well as being seen.

To show the picture properly you need a large room and a large empty picture frame. Your own taste and arrangement of your rooms will decide the position of the frame. Do not place it too near the spectators. There should be space for a small dressing room behind, and heavy curtains should be hung on each side and one in front which can be swung back and forth. As screens can be used at the sides and in front you would better arrange some richly colored material behind the frame as a background for the figures. It may be well to have several such backgrounds on hand, for different costumes will require different colors to bring them out.

When the evening comes ask some artistic person of experience to superintend the exhibition. He or she will give the last touches to the costumes and make suggestions as to the pose of the figures. It is not a bad plan to have a pile of bright colored fabrics in the dressing-room. With these your quick-witted helper can improvise stunning effects for those who have prepared nothing themselves.

If the frame is wide enough to allow it some tableaux with two figures may be introduced.

Then, if the lights are properly arranged and the seats for the spectators are placed so that they can see all ought to enjoy themselves.

A Southern Lady Aberdeen.

Miss Taylor is doing substantially for the Southern states of the union what the countess di Brazza and Lady Aberdeen are achieving for two foreign countries. But she is unknown to newspaper fame or general interest, except in a wide circle of women toilers.

A life work may go on unassumingly under our eyes for years and attract no attention, but when a foreigner takes up the same idea it is extensively advertised. Lady Aberdeen and the countess di Brazza have done much for the interest of women breadwinners in Ireland and Italy, but this philanthropic American antedated them.

She is a Southern woman brought up to know the cunning art of her neighbors and companions with the needle, says the Chicago Times.

When Miss Taylor came to New York to live she was on intimate terms of friendship with many wealthy women, month after month paying small fortunes for imported articles that require fine needlework, such as costly trousseaux, baby's layettes, satiny napery, even fine bed linen. The output of money was enormous in all instances. Miss Taylor saw that there was a demand that the South could supply and she made herself the connecting link.

Whenever fine sewing was needed the order was put into Miss Taylor's hands; she wrote to her Southern friends, selected and sent the materials and the garments were forthcoming at half the expense of an imported outfit.

To the Southern woman living cheaply in her home, probably out of the country, the work was easy—for these women of the old South use "the points of fine cambric needles" with the proficiency of French nuns—and comfortable incomes were derived therefrom.

Miss Taylor used discretion and sent only to the best seamstresses and those who put intelligence and graceful refinement into the work.

Orders come rapidly and the good needle worker who is in need is sure of finding a bit to do sooner or later. Centerpieces, doilies, handkerchiefs—all go down to Dixie to be returned to grace the fancy of fastidious Northerners.

When a Southern girl shows un-

usual aptitude but no training for such employment Miss Taylor raises money to perfect her as a needlewoman.

Miss Taylor is a sweet faced woman, still young, but with soft, gray hair, who would be very much surprised if you told her she had done great work in providing a genteel, beautiful employment for hundreds of women.

She flies about among her friends, happy and busy with her work, and her rooms—which are called "The Distaff"—are piled with letters, linen, and silks, that are to go into the Southern country, to come back covering for millionaire's babies or some millionaire's dinner table.

It Is the Men's Turn Now.

Women are always being told how they should behave when the man of the house comes home; they are advised to be cheerful and well dressed, no matter how tired they feel, and in all ways to make the home-coming bright and pleasing, putting annoyances out of sight and presenting to the view of the lord and master only the best side, when in reality there has been much to vex and worry, and which if told to a sympathizing husband or father would not seem half so burdensome.

This advice is hackneyed, and seldom, if ever, is there a word said about the behavior of the self-same men, whom women are supposed to please even at the expense of their own feelings. How many men, even though they find their wives looking sweet and pretty to welcome them, ever tell them so? They take the good looks, the pleasant smile, and the womanly courtesy as their right and never think that it would please their life partners to have some pleasant little complimentary speech made to them, as in the olden days before my lord, the head of the house, was quite so sure of them.

Then again, woman is told to keep herself well informed so that she may be able to enter into mental companionship with her husband. Some men, perhaps, do sit up and talk or keep awake long enough to read aloud a few chapters of some widely discussed novel, but too many find it impossible for them to keep awake when once the comfortable slippers and lounging jackets are donned. In many families the representative evening is the one during which the husband dozes on the couch and the wife reads or sews in undisturbed and maddening silence.

A man will argue in refutation of these estimates that the wage earner is tired and needs rest. Granted that he does, then let him be just and not expect too much from the wife, whose day is far more wearing and vexatious than his own. If he likes to see his wife dressed up let him pay particular attention to the niceties of his own toilet. If he expects her to be well informed let him prove himself to be a companion who can talk and help her by a pleasant interchange of thought. It isn't fair to demand so much in a woman and pass over such glaring defects in a man.

Lovers Still.

His hair as wintry snow is white:
Her trembling steps are slow:
His eyes have lost their merry light:
Her cheeks, their rosy glow.
Her hair has not its tints of gold,
His voice, no joyous thrill:
And yet, though feeble, gray and old,
They're faithful lovers still.

Since they were wed, on lawn and lea,
Oft did the daisies blow,
And oft across the trackless sea
Did swallows come and go:
Oft were the forest branches bare,
And oft, in cold arrayed,
Oft did the lilies scent the air,
The roses bloom and fade.

They've had their share of hopes and fears
Their share of bliss and bale,
Since first he wiped the dust from her ears
A lover's tender tale:
Full many a thorn amid the flowers
Has lain upon their way
They've had their dull November hours,
As well as days of May.

But firm and true, through weal and woe,
Through change of time and scene,
Through winter's gloom, through summer
glow.

Their faith and love have been:
Together hand in hand they pass,
Serenely down life's hill,
In hopes one grave in churchyard grass
May hold them lovers still.

—Chambers' Journal.

Poached Eggs With Cream Sauce.

One pint of water, one tablespoonful of vinegar, one saltspoonful of salt, as many eggs as are required. Put the water, vinegar and salt into a very clean frying pan, and when boiling, slip the eggs carefully into it, without breaking the yolks. When set, remove from the water with a skimmer and drain thoroughly before placing on a warm dish. Pour the water out of the pan, and put in a teaspoonful of cream; rub a teaspoonful of flour and a tablespoonful of butter smoothly together, and add to the cream; add a little minced parsley, salt and a dash of cayenne. Boil three minutes, pour over the eggs, and serve at once.

Broiling in a Frying Pan.

When one has no means of broiling over coals or under heat, the next best thing is a broiling pan. For example, have a steak cut about an inch thick; after making the frying pan very hot, sprinkle in some fine salt and lay the steak in the pan. Cook for two minutes, lift the steak up and sprinkle the pan with salt; turn the steak and cook for two minutes; cook the piece of meat ten minutes in all, turning it every two minutes; then put the meat on a hot dish and season with salt and a pepper.

Bread Griddle Cakes.

One quart of boiling milk, two quarts of bread crumbs, three eggs, one teaspoonful of melted butter, one teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a little hot water. Soak the bread in the milk ten minutes in a covered bowl, beat it to a smooth paste, add the beaten yolks, butter, salt, soda and finally the whites beaten stiff.

A TYPICAL AMERICAN.

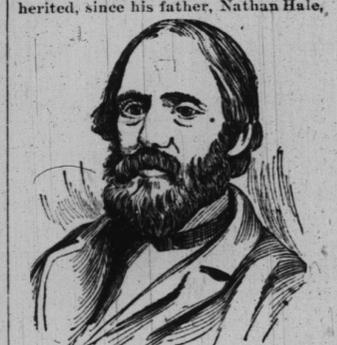
SUCH IS REV. EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

When He Goes the Last of a Famous Line of Scholars and Philanthropists Will Have Passed Away—His Literary Works.

A FEW WEEKS AGO

Rev. Edward Everett Hale read the burial service over Oliver Wendell Holmes, and for the last time two of the most famous and representative men of letters were brought together. The former now remains almost the sole survivor of the old school of American orators, writers and thinkers. He, the survivor, remains laboring on as ever, with tongue and pen, for all worthy causes, as keenly alive to the issues and duties of the hour, as tireless, as energetic, as ready to do and to give of time and strength as he was half a century ago. Dr. Hale is a Bostonian by birth and training and education, and an American in the broadest and highest sense of the term. His seventieth birthday came around on April 3, 1892. Dr. Hale's literary ability may be considered inherited, since his father, Nathan Hale,

edited the Advertiser, the oldest daily in America from 1834 to 1846. His mother was a woman of marked literary gifts. At various periods of his life he has filled at one and the same time the positions of pastor of a large city church, editor of a monthly magazine, a regular contributor to several papers and periodicals, a popular lecturer, an officer in various philanthropic and educational societies and a writer of novels and histories. Dr. Hale's published works number more than a score, some of the best known of them being as follows: "The Rosary" (1848); "Kansas and Nebraska" (1854); "The Man Without a Country" (1865); "The Ingham Papers" (1869); "Ten Times One Is Ten" (1870); "Our New Crusade" (1875); "Stories of War Told by Soldiers" (1879); "Stories of the Sea" (1880); "Seven Spanish Cities" and "Christmas in a Palace" (1884); "Franklin in France" (1887); "The Story of Spain" (1890). His most popular story, and the one by which he will be longest remembered is "The Man Without a Country."



REV. EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

Untried by Human Foot.

The Devil's Tower is a geological wonder on the Belle Fourche river in the Black Hills region, of which a geologist of international reputation said: "It is a remarkable freak of nature and appears not to have been repeated elsewhere on the earth's surface, but stands alone, unique and mysterious." It is believed to be the cone of a cooled down volcano. At a distance it looks like a huge cask or barrel made of gigantic timbers, the sides being roughly furrowed with crystals of trachyte. Its height is 625 feet and the walls on all sides are so nearly smooth and perpendicular that no human being has ever been able to climb to the top. Its diameter at the base is 796 feet, and at the summit (estimated) 356 feet.

Why Red Infuriates Cattle.

The reason why red infuriates members of the ox family is because red is the complementary color of green, and the eyes of cattle being long fixed on herbage while feeding, when they espy anything red it impresses their sight with greatly increased intensity.

One Was Killed.

Railroad thieves were surprised at Fairfield, Iowa, by James Harrison, the railroad detective. Several shots were fired, two of which lodged in Harrison's leg and one struck a robber and killed him. The affair caused great excitement in that section.

Where Apples are Cheap.

Apples are plentiful and cheap on the Pacific coast. In Oregon, as in Maine, the crop is so large the farmers are not gathering the fruit, but allowing it to drop and rot. It is worth too little to make picking and packing profitable.

Coon Cats.

There is a breed of cats little known outside of Maine, and designated in that state as "coon" cats. Animals of this species are tortoise shell in color, and the fur is remarkably thick and long, the tail being bushy as to suggest that of a young fox.

Had Doubts About It.

The trial at Owosso, Mich., of Mrs. Ursula Burpee, charged with boiling the feet of her foster son so that amputation became necessary, ended in a disagreement of the jury.

An Octogenarian Bicyclist.

Perhaps Dr. Morrill Wyman, aged 83, of Cambridge, Mass., isn't the oldest bicyclist, but he is among the oldest.

IN SESSION AGAIN.

STATESMEN RECONVENE AT WASHINGTON.

The Currency Bill the Topic of Discussion in the House—Senator Quay Moves for a Repeal of the Income Tax—Notes from the Capital.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 4.—The house presented an animated scene when it was called to order by Speaker Crisp yesterday after the holiday recess. The galleries were crowded and over half the members were in their seats. In the diplomatic gallery were the Japanese minister and his secretary, and many prominent personages looked down from the reserved gallery. After the call of committees for reports, Mr. Quigg of New York attempted to offer a resolution relating to the salaries in the New York postoffice, but Mr. Springer, in charge of the currency bill, cut him off with a motion to go into committee of the whole for the further consideration of that bill. Accordingly the house went into committee, Mr. Richardson of Tennessee in the chair, and Mr. Black of Georgia, a member of the banking and currency committee took the floor in favor of the bill.

The debate started sluggishly. Mr. Black denied at the outset the banking and currency committee had heard only national bankers while considering the pending measures and had turned a deaf ear to all others. He said legislation had not caused all the misfortunes under which the people were at present suffering. It might have contributed to their misfortune, and he believed the passage of the present bill would contribute to their relief, but he deprecated the feeling abroad in the land that for all the ills and misfortunes of the people they should turn to congress.

Mr. Haugen (rep., Wis.) who followed, opposed the measure as crude, ill-considered and dangerous to the best interests of the country. Mr. McCreary (dem., Ky.), who was a member of the Brussels monetary conference, spoke in favor of the measure. He was opposed, he said, to funding the greenbacks with interest bearing bonds; he believed the banking business should be divorced from the government; the greenbacks should be retired by the surplus revenues as rapidly as possible and a safe and elastic currency should be provided. Mr. McCreary expressed the opinion in the event of the failure of some currency legislation at this session, \$100,000,000 or \$150,000,000 of bonds would have to be issued.

Mr. McCreary yielded a few minutes of his time to his colleague, Mr. Buckner, the new democratic member from Kentucky, who spoke briefly in favor of the bill.

Mr. Adams (rep., Pa.) opposed the bill, attacking some of its provisions rigorously, especially the revival of state banks.

Mr. Simpson (pop., Kan.) seized on his statements, and Mr. Adams and he had an interesting colloquy. When Mr. Adams concluded the committee rose, and at 4:45 the house adjourned.

Sending Out Blanks for Income Tax.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 4.—Commissioner Miller of the internal revenue bureau to-day will begin sending out taxpayers return blanks for assessment of the internal revenue income tax. These blanks will be sent to the collectors of internal revenue throughout the country and by them will be distributed to the taxpayers. The records of the treasury department show the aggregate of all receipts from income taxes levied between the years 1863 and 1871, when the last act was repealed, was \$33,231,293, which is divided as follows: Personal, \$264,190,863; corporations, \$68,250,504; non-resident U. S., \$437,375; special, \$452,550.

OWEN B. NICARAGUA.

Secretary Gresham Summarizes Story of Bluefields Affair.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 4.—The President has sent to the senate about three hundred pages of correspondence relative to Bluefields, which is summarized in a letter from the secretary of state, of which the following is an extract: "In December, 1893, war broke out between Nicaragua and Honduras. In January a detachment of Honduran troops seized Cape Gracias a Dios, in Nicaragua, about sixty miles above the Mosquito strip. The Rear-Admiral was ordered to Bluefields to protect the interests of American citizens, but was wrecked on the way on Roncador Reef. Early in February the government of Nicaragua sent a military force to the strip to repel the threatened invasion. On Feb. 21 the Nicaraguans occupied the bluff, and on the 15th they took possession of Bluefields and proclaimed martial law in the reservation. Against this action Clarence, the so-called Mosquito chief, protested. "It will be observed that from the beginning of the conflicts, which at times were serious, this government has steadily recognized the paramount sovereignty of Nicaragua, over the entire reservation, yielding to no pretension inconsistent with that sovereignty. At no time during the last forty or fifty years has the so-called native Indian government in the strip been real. On the contrary, it has been an alien municipal government, administered according to alien methods. Although Americans and American interests have some time dominated in the strip, this government, while intervening in proper cases for their protection, has constantly disavowed any right of its own or of its citizens to govern the reservation or participate in the political affairs. Whatever right of self government the Indians enjoyed under the

treaty concluded between Great Britain and Nicaragua was to be exercised by themselves and not by aliens in their name. That treaty contemplated the eventual surrender by the Indians of their strip and their incorporation into the republic of Nicaragua on the same footing as other citizens of the republic. The President concludes his report as follows: "Great Britain, it is proper to say, has given this government the most positive assurance that she asserts no right of sovereignty or protection over the territory, but, on the contrary, respects the full and paramount sovereignty of the government of Nicaragua."

INCOME TAX IN PERIL.

Senator Quay Moves That the Act be Repealed.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 4.—The attack on the income tax law was begun in the senate yesterday when Senator Quay introduced a proposed amendment to the urgent deficiency bill amending the tariff law by striking out all provision for an income tax and substituting a new woolen schedule, including a duty on raw wool.

The senate passed the resolution calling on the President for correspondence and other papers relative to the delivery by the United States consul at Shanghai of two Japanese citizens to the Chinese authorities; also asking for information as to whether the two Japanese were put to death after being tortured; further, whether there was any understanding with the Chinese government that United States officers should aid, assist and give safe conduct to any Japanese citizens desiring to leave China, etc.

The senate at 2 o'clock proceeded to the consideration of the Nicaraguan canal bill. Mr. Morgan had the floor to make a speech, in which he defended the constitutionality of the present bill. The senator consumed a great portion of his speech in controverting the statements made by the senator from Indiana (Mr. Turpie) in his three days' speech against the bill before the holiday recess. He argued against the proposition of Mr. Turpie the canal should be built by sections, and asserted the cost would be three times greater to build it than if constructed in the ordinary manner. If the company had gone to London instead of coming to Washington for a charter the canal would now be completed or nearly so, and it would, like the Suez canal, be under the civil and military control of Great Britain.

He continued: "The senator from Indiana said after a long search he had failed to find any legislative precedent for the bill. The action of the government in taking \$7,000,000 in the Bank of the United States and the law of 1874 providing for the indorsement of \$30,000,000 of the bonds of the District of Columbia controvert this. Nothing exists or can exist beyond our territorial limits to abridge the power of congress to regulate commerce with foreign countries."

Before Mr. Morgan finished his remarks the senate, at 5 o'clock adjourned.

Ricks Case Before the Committee.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 4.—There is a probability that the full committee on judiciary of the house will consider the case of Judge Ricks of Cleveland, Ohio, and make a report to the house without the intervention of the subcommittee which investigated the charges. If the committee should recommend Judge Ricks be impeached, it is hardly probable impeachment proceedings could be begun during this session.

Bounty for Sugar Producers.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 4.—Senator Caffery introduced a bill "for the relief of the sugar producers," providing for the payment of a bounty on the present year's crop of one cent a pound on sugar testing 90 degrees by polariscope and of nine tenths of a cent on sugar testing below that figure. The bill also provides for the payment of a bounty on the last year's crop to those who failed to collect before the present tariff law went into effect.

War Against Knights of Labor.

COLEMBUS, Ohio, Jan. 4.—The war between the United Mine Workers and the Knights of Labor is on. Secretary McBryde, for the Mine Workers, issued a lengthy manifesto yesterday. He gives a detailed statement of the causes leading up to the trouble at New Orleans and the stormy scenes there. He places the entire blame on Secretary-Treasurer Hayes and says it is due to his malevolence.

Rick's Second Inaugural Message.

LANSING, Mich., Jan. 4.—The feature of yesterday's legislative session was the message of Gov. Rick. The governor, talking on the recent strikes, deprecated compulsory arbitration and advised the incorporation of labor organizations on the same plan as those of capitalists. The two houses have adjourned until Tuesday in order to give the presiding officers a chance to make up their committees.

Whitaker Comes Out a Candidate.

WHEELING, W. Va., Jan. 4.—Nelson Whitaker, the millionaire iron manufacturer, yesterday issued a public letter announcing his candidacy for the United States senate. Whitaker's friends assert he is certain of not less than 15 votes. The friends of Elkins here claim that they have enough votes pledged to defeat Whitaker.

Senator Frye Renominated.

AUGUSTA, Maine, Jan. 4.—At the joint caucus of the legislature last evening United States Senator William P. Frye was unanimously renominated.

Gov. Busiel of New Hampshire.

CONCORD, N. H., Jan. 4.—Charles A. Busiel was inaugurated governor of New Hampshire yesterday in the hall of the house of representatives.

PATIENTS IN PERIL.

ILLINOIS SOUTHERN INSANE ASYLUM BURNS.

Five Hundred Inmates in the Greatest Danger—No Lives Thought to Have Been Lost—Loss \$300,000—Other Conflagrations Reported Yesterday.

CHICAGO, Jan. 4.—A report from Anna, Ill., at 2:30 a. m. says: The main building of the Illinois southern hospital for the insane is burning. The fire originated at 11:30 in the roof of the center section, where the officers are quartered. The hospital fire department is fighting manfully. The Cairo fire department has been telegraphed for and will be sent up on a special train.

Five hundred patients were quartered in the building. They are being removed to the adjoining building. No lives have been lost so far as known. The center section and the south wing will undoubtedly be destroyed. There is hope of saving the north wing and the engine and boiler rooms. The certain loss will be over \$300,000.

SEVEN BUILDINGS BURN.

Serious Fire at Coffeyville, Kan., Yesterday Morning.

COFFEYVILLE, Kan., Jan. 4.—Seven three-story brick buildings, including the new Masonic block, were destroyed by fire yesterday morning. The loss aggregates \$105,000, \$60,000 of which is on buildings and \$45,000 on stocks. The aggregate insurance is about one half. A man named Easley, from the Indian Territory, was dangerously hurt by falling walls. There are no water works nor fire companies here and the flames had full sway for several hours until help came from surrounding towns. The losses are divided among the following firms, who lose everything: L. A. Packer, F. M. Kane, drugs; the Bonanza drug store; Richards & Lewis, merchant tailors; William Brist, shoe store; Diamond barber shop; Joseph Hayden's gun store. Half a dozen offices and the lodges of several secret societies on the upper floor were also gutted.

Small Fire at Cleveland.

CLEVELAND, Ohio, Jan. 4.—A new four story brick block in Lake street owned by the Cleveland Gaslight and Coke company was destroyed by fire last night. It was occupied by Bardon & Oliver, machine shop; W. E. Facer & Co., ice machines; the C. F. Hunger company; George Mittinger, metal spinning works and sanitary specialties; Burke & Co., small tools; and the Eastern Electrical Equipment company. The building was worth \$60,000 and the occupants probably suffered a loss of \$10,000 or more.

Indiana Factory Goes Up.

MUNCIE, Ind., Jan. 4.—Fire destroyed the Muncie butter dish factory yesterday morning. Loss, \$10,000. The factory was owned by C. E. Gorham and insured for \$3,000. Cause, natural gas in a dry kiln.

Club House Destroyed.

MASCOUTAH, Ill., Jan. 4.—The Queen's Lake club house, owned by Peterson & Helfert, burned yesterday. Loss, \$3,000; no insurance.

ARRESTS IN THE SCOTT CASE

Three in Custody Believed to Be Members of the Abducting Party.

O'NEILL, Neb., Jan. 4.—Mose Elliott, supposed to be one of the gang that abducted Barrett Scott and who was released upon \$500 bail Wednesday night, was rearrested yesterday and brought before Justice Wager of this city. Elliott took a change of venue to Justice Wilcox, who released him on \$500 bail to appear before him next Tuesday for preliminary hearing. In the afternoon C. M. Roy of Scottville and James Pinkerman, a brother-in-law of Roy of this city, were arrested for being implicated in the crime. Pinkerman is a personal friend of Elliott and a bitter enemy of Scott. Two more suspected parties will be placed under arrest to-day. No trace of the missing man has been found.

Hayward's Defense to Be Insanity.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., Jan. 4.—It is learned the fight to clear Harry Hayward, implicated in the murder of Miss Gigg, will be made on insanity lines entirely. The story of Claus Blixt, who confessed to firing the fatal shot, will be admitted as evidence, and to make the insanity plea more plausible additional evidence will be produced to show the conditions surrounding the tragedy were really worse than Blixt pictures them.

Heavy Fall of Snow in Oregon.

PORTLAND, Ore., Jan. 4.—The heavy snowfall of Wednesday, together with the sleet of last night, has prostrated the telegraph wires in every direction. The storm was more severe in this city than at any other point in the north-west. The total snowfall here was fifteen inches, while south and north of here the fall was much less. Traffic is greatly hampered.

Col. Shelby Comes Editor Moore.

LEXINGTON, Ky., Jan. 4.—John T. Shelby, law partner of Col. Breckinridge, yesterday assaulted Editor Charles G. Moore of the Blue Grass Blade with a cane, breaking it over his head. The assault grew out of an attack by Moore's paper on Col. Breckinridge. Further trouble is feared.

Knute Nelson a Candidate.

ST. PAUL, Minn., Jan. 4.—Gov. Knute Nelson yesterday gave the senatorial contest the strongest element of spice it has yet enjoyed by announcing himself as a candidate to succeed Washburn in the United States senate.

FILLEYITES IN CONTROL.

Missouri House Organized by the Election of Officers.

JEFFERSON CITY, Mo., Jan. 4.—At the assembling of the house of representatives, yesterday election of officers was proceeded with without nominating speeches or other delays. The republican caucus nominees were chosen, the vote being strictly upon party lines. The officers chosen are: Speaker, R. F. Russell of Crawford county; chief clerk, Albert Griffin of Brunswick; assistant clerk, A. W. G. Ketcham of Stoddard; engrossing clerk, Henry L. Leeds of Jamesport. These and minor positions were filled by the element of the party known as the followers of Chauncey I. Filley.

CHRISTIAN SCIENTISTS.

Gathering at Boston to Help Dedicate the Mother Church Next Sunday.

BOSTON, Mass., Jan. 4.—Prominent believers in Christian science from all parts of the east and west are arriving daily to take part in the ceremonies attending the dedication of the new "Mother church" on Sunday. This is the parent church of the Christian science denomination, and the approaching dedication of the magnificent structure has excited universal interest. Numbers of congratulatory letters from Christian science denominations and churches in all parts of the civilized world are being received daily by the trustees, and preparations have been made for the entertainment of 3,000 visitors.

ORANGES AT \$2.50 PER BOX.

That is the Price Demanded by California Growers.

SAN BERNARDINO, Cal., Jan. 4.—The rise in the price of oranges of 50 cents a box, which was registered by the Redlands Growers' association Monday, has been followed by all the other associations in the valley and now oranges cannot be bought in quantities for less than \$2.50 per box, and from later reports growers and shippers are inclined to think that the quotation is too low. There is every indication that the bulk of the crop will bring \$3 in the orchard.

Chicago Board of Trade.

CHICAGO, Jan. 4.—The following table shows the range of quotations on the Chicago board of trade to-day:

ARTICLES	High	Low	Jan. 3	Jan. 2
Wheat—2				
Jan.	53 1/2	53	53 1/2	53 1/2
May	57 1/2	57 1/2	57 1/2	57 1/2
July	58 1/2	57 1/2	58 1/2	58 1/2
Corn—2				
Jan.	44 1/2	44 1/2	44 1/2	44 1/2
May	47 1/2	47 1/2	47 1/2	47 1/2
July	47 1/2	47 1/2	47 1/2	47 1/2
Oats—2				
Dec.	28 1/2	28 1/2	28 1/2	28 1/2
Jan.	29 1/2	29 1/2	29 1/2	29 1/2
May	31 1/2	31 1/2	31 1/2	31 1/2
Pork				
Jan.	11 40	11 40	11 32 1/2	11 32 1/2
May	11 72 1/2	11 60	11 72 1/2	11 60
Lard				
Jan.	6 77 1/2	6 72 1/2	6 77 1/2	6 75
May	6 95	6 80	6 95	6 82 1/2
S. Ribs				
Jan.	5 72 1/2	5 70	5 72 1/2	5 67 1/2
May	5 97 1/2	5 90	5 97 1/2	5 92 1/2

Mikado Decorates the Kaiser.

YOKOHAMA, Jan. 4.—It is said that the mikado has conferred upon Emperor William the grand order of the Imperial Chrysanthemum in recognition of the services rendered by German officers to the Japanese officers who have been under their instruction in military and naval science. The wounded and sick officers of the army will be kept in the field hospitals until spring. Only the invalid soldiers of the first army will be sent to Japan.

Mast's Mansion Is Burned.

SPRINGFIELD, Ohio, Jan. 4.—The palatial home of P. P. Mast, the widely known millionaire manufacturer, was almost completely destroyed by fire at 8 o'clock yesterday. The loss is \$80,000, partially covered by insurance. The fire started in the elevator shaft but how is not known. The family escaped in their night robes. A large part of the furniture was saved.

Scanlan Is Not Dying.

NEW YORK, Jan. 4.—The rumor that Actor William J. Scanlan was dying is untrue. Inquiry at the Bloomingdale asylum elicited the information that Scanlan is confined to his bed, but is no worse than he has been for two or three weeks, and is in no immediate danger.

Move Against Crisp.

ROME, Jan. 4.—At a meeting of followers of the Marquis di Rudini, premier, it was decided to commence a vigorous campaign with the purpose to force the Crispi government to resign and to bring about the formation of a cabinet composed entirely of senators.

Accident to Gladstone.

LONDON, Jan. 4.—It was learned to-day that Mr. Gladstone had a serious accident last week. He stumbled over an open drawer, cut his forehead, broke his spectacles and was unable to see for several hours.

Duchess of Marlborough to Wed.

LONDON, Jan. 4.—It is again asserted that the marriage of Lillian, Duchess of Marlborough, to Lord William Beresford is to take place early in February. It is added that Lord William will keep a big stable of race-horses.

Bickford Surrenders.

CHEYENNE, Wyo., Jan. 4.—Surveyor General Bickford has turned his office over to General John Charles Thompson, having received notice from Washington to do so.

Earthquake Causes a Panic.

MESSINA, Jan. 4.—A violent earthquake shock was felt here this morning. The inhabitants are panic-stricken.

WAS HIS OWN ROBBER.

CINCINNATI POSTOFFICE CLERK CONFESSES.

To Cover a Deficiency in His Accounts He Makes Up a Story of a Robbery—Arrested and Makes a Confession—General Northwest News.

CINCINNATI, Ohio, Jan. 4.—Assistant Cashier Frank H. Sparks of the Cincinnati postoffice took \$583 from the cash drawer while alone in the lunch hour yesterday to make up a shortage of \$283. He then struck himself on the head so as to cause an abrasion, lay on the floor to be found apparently unconscious by the janitor, and then asserted he had been attacked and robbed by two men. His story was so faulty as to arouse the suspicion of the police, and when closely pressed Sparks admitted his guilt. He had at first claimed that while he was alone in the office at 1:30 p. m. two men entered and asked for small change for a \$5 bill. While he was unlocking the money drawer, he said, one of them rushed through the small screen door, which happened to be open, and soon both of them attacked him. He said he felt one of them a blow, but was himself struck by a pair of iron knuckles, and knew nothing that transpired from that time until he was aroused by Janitor Wiehe. His story was not believed and as a result Sparks was arrested and shortly afterward confessed he got away with the money himself. After his confession he told where this money was and it was recovered.

Vanhook's Trial for Murder Begun.

JEFFERSONVILLE, Ind., Jan. 4.—James Vanhook, a wealthy real estate dealer of Florida, was arraigned yesterday on the charge of killing Antoine Schaefer, an aged German at Charlestown, Ind., July 4 last. The killing was the result of jealousy, but is thought to have been in self defense. The trial will occupy several days.

Clew to Murder of Mrs. Matson.

TOPEKA, Kan., Jan. 4.—A. L. Curtis, a colored waiter at the Copeland hotel, has been arrested for pawing a watch which is positively identified as having been the property of Mrs. A. D. Matson, who was murdered here two weeks ago. He was arrested and has implicated two other colored men in the affair.

Paul G. Suckey to Be Tried Jan. 18.

ANN ARBOR, Mich., Jan. 4.—Yesterday the ex-county treasurer, Paul G. Suckey, was before Justice Pond charged with embezzling \$1,300 of the county funds. His examination will take place Jan. 18. His bondsmen propose fighting the county's claim.

School Principal Resigns.

THREE HAVES, Ind., Jan. 4.—Principal Wyeth of the high school resigned after an investigation. Complaint was made by the parents of some of the scholars.

SENIATOR BURROWS.

Michigan Republicans Choose Their Representative at Washington.

LANSING, Mich., Jan. 4.—It took only two ballots in the republican legislative caucus for United States senator last evening to demonstrate that the claims of Julius C. Burrows' managers had been well founded. Mr. Burrows was nominated on a second ballot by a clean majority of 9 and a plurality over Schuyler S. Olds of 28. The ballot which elected stood as follows: Burrows, 70; Olds, 22; Patton, 25; Hubbell, 4. The nomination of Mr. Burrows was made unanimous amid great enthusiasm. When presented to the caucus just before midnight Mr. Burrows received a great greeting and made an eloquent speech.

Destination in North Dakota.

FARGO, N. D., Jan. 4.—A citizen of Fargo is in receipt of a letter from Hon. W. S. Hampton, county judge of Perkins county, Nebraska, which shows a terrible state of affairs in that county. The resources of the people are exhausted. The banks have closed up. There is starvation staring them in the face unless outside relief is made. Women and little children are suffering for the bare necessities and dying by inches for want of food.

Funeral of John Fitzgerald.

LIXCOLN, Neb., Jan. 4.—The largest funeral ever held in this city took place yesterday at St. Theresa cathedral over the remains of John Fitzgerald, late president of the Irish National league in America, and one of the wealthiest and best known Irish-Americans in the west. The procession from the residence to the cathedral was nearly two miles in length and thousands failed to gain admission.

No Suffering in Cherokee Strip.

PERRY, Okla., Jan. 4.—The report sent out from Boston that there is great suffering in the Cherokee strip is false. It is declared there has not been a time since the opening of the strip that property has sold so high or such universal comfort prevailing. Not a single case of destitution has been reported here, it is declared, this winter.

Chinese Peace Envoys Ready.

LONDON, Jan. 4.—A dispatch from Tien Tsin says the Chinese envoys to negotiate a peace with Japan will proceed to Japan ten days hence. They will meet at Kobe John W. Foster, ex-American secretary of state, who has been appointed to act with them in an advisory capacity.

NEBRASKA'S GOVERNORS.

Both Crouse and Holcomb Deliver Messages to the House.

LINCOLN, Neb., Jan. 4.—At 3 p. m. yesterday in the presence of a multitude that packed Representative Hall Lorenzo Crouse delivered his final message, and Silas Holcomb delivered his inaugural as Nebraska's governor for the ensuing two years. Referring to the loss of \$250,000 of state funds through the failure of the Capital National bank the governor dwelt in detail upon the legal steps taken to recover the loss from ex-Gov. Hill, and in a vigorous way urged the continued prosecution of the case.

Gov. Holcomb's inaugural was short and concise. He called attention to the urgent need of assistance for the drought sufferers, asking that this matter receive first attention and as speedily as possible. Gov. Holcomb also took strong grounds in favor of the abolition by law of passes to officials and in favor of a penalty for any public official accepting the same. Arbitration between capital and labor was advocated and strict economy in the administration of state affairs.

BANK BURGLARS FOILED.

Exchanged Shots With the Men Who Interrupted Them and Escaped.

CHARDON, Ohio, Jan. 4.—A daring attempt was made early yesterday to rob the First National bank. At 2 o'clock two men, named Phillips and Taintor, sleeping upstairs in the bank building, were awakened by hearing crackmen at work in the bank. They secured revolver, and started down stairs. The burglars opened fire on them. Fortunately, the bullets went wild. Taintor and Phillips responded with a rapid discharge of their weapons and the crackmen ran to a sleigh near by and drove away. The vault, although somewhat damaged, was not opened.

Japs Suffer From Cold.

LONDON, Jan. 4.—A dispatch to the Times from Tien Tsin says letters received there from Newchwang says the fighting Dec. 22 about the Village of Kang Wan Thai lasted six hours. The Chinese say the Japanese are suffering greatly from the cold and that Gen. Sung's force, profiting by experience, is improving in military tactics and seems to be regaining confidence. The General's troops have made some creditable marches during the last two months.

Big Judgment Against Marker.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Jan. 4.—In the United States District court yesterday Judge Baker gave judgment against D. J. Mackey of Evansville for \$908,110. The judgment was given in default. The principal of the judgment represented money advanced to Mr. Mackey by the bankers before they failed last year.

Severe Earthquake Shocks in Italy.

ROME, Jan. 4.—Severe earthquake shocks were felt at 2 o'clock this morning at Milazzo. Two earthquake shocks were felt in the province of Reggio di Calabria. The population is in a state of terror, anticipating a repetition of the disasters which have so recently occurred in that part of Italy.

Carnegie Works' Employees Still Out.

HOMESTEAD, Pa., Jan. 4.—The employees of the 119 inch mill, who struck Wednesday night, are still out. The No. 33, No. 35, No. 37, and several other mills are also idle. The strike may spread at any time and stop the entire plant, including the armor plate mills.

Meet and Accomplish Nothing.

MASSILON, Ohio, Jan. 4.—Committees representing the striking miners and the operators met yesterday and adjourned without accomplishing anything. The operators refused to consider any proposition which did not include the absolute acceptance of the entire award.

India Will Not Coin Silver.

CALCUTTA, Jan. 4.—At a meeting of the legislative council James Westland, minister of finance, replying to a question declared that the government had not the slightest intention of coining rupees on its own account or of opening the mints for the coinage of silver.

Many Coal Miners Idle.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Jan. 4.—Twenty-one coal mines are idle and it is probable that many more will have closed down soon. The miners refuse to work at the rates offered, asserting they can not make a bare living. The situation is serious.

Mikado Wants an American Heiress.

LONDON, Jan. 4.—A dispatch from Vienna says a newspaper there says the Mikado seeks a European princess or an American heiress as a wife for the crown prince of Japan.

Populist Speaker Elected.

CHICAGO'S THEATERS.

AMUSEMENT ATTRACTIONS FOR COMING WEEK.

What the Managers of the Various City Play-Houses Offer Their Patrons—Drama, Vaudeville and Operatic Engagements.

McVICKER'S THEATRE.

Next Sunday evening at McVicker's theater a grand revival of Eugene Tompkins' ballet spectacle, "The Black Crook," will take place, under the personal direction of Mr. Lawrence McCarthy, who was the instigator of the present production of the spectacle three years ago. It is hardly necessary to recite the eventful history of this remarkable play, not that it is in itself so very remarkable, but in the many epochs it has marked. The present revival on Sunday evening will, it is thought, mark another epoch in spectacular performance in Chicago, all the specialties, the ballet, songs and dancing being new, and among them being some wonderfully striking features. The Athos family of acrobats, whose marvelous feats have astonished all Europe, will be seen here for the first time; the musical doll ballet has created a sensation, as has also the Tommy Atkins ballet, led by Allie Gilbert, the "Carline," and Sam Collins, the "Greppo" of the play. Mario, the marvel, will be about the only feature which Chicagoans have seen, and he is so clever that his welcome is assured. All the faces in the company will be new. The "Stalacta" will be Miss Letta Meredith, the premieres are Mlle. Jole Toragnani and Mlle. Staccioni, and Sig. Alfredo Bianchi. The scenery and costumes are all new. In short, the production may be called "The New Black Crook."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.

On Sunday, Jan. 6, Primrose and West's mammoth minstrels will begin a week's engagement at the Chicago opera house. It has been a long time since the Chicago public has been afforded the opportunity of seeing a first class minstrel performance, and that given by Primrose and West is said to be the best of its kind. These two impresarios of black face entertainment have always kept pace with the times and in their present season they eclipse all their best efforts of former seasons with the greatest and most imposing array of minstrelsy of their careers. With their company of forty white singers, dancers and specialty artists and thirty colored performers they present a new form of minstrelsy. Spectacular minstrelsy they call it, in as much as every feature is produced with elaborate and costly scenic effects, and the costumes are all of the most elaborate and sumptuous character. In the company are all of the best known artists in the line of black face entertainment, and the specialty olio will introduce a number of European artists who have never yet been seen in Chicago. A sensational act is that of Sheikh Hadji Ta Har's troop of Arabs, which consists of tumbling, gun spinning, human pyramids, etc. George Wilson, the acknowledged peer of all monologue artists, is included in the company. George Primrose is one of the principal members, of course, and William West fills the position of interlocutor with all his old time dignity and urbanity. Two complete first parts will be given, one will be the old style minstrelsy, and the other the minstrelsy of modern days. The engagement of Primrose and West is for one week only, matinees being given on Wednesday and Saturday.

SCHILLER THEATRE.

Those distinguished actors and welcome public favorites, Frederick Warde and Louis James, supported by a splendid company of dramatic artists, are making a great popular run at the Schiller theatre. The repertory for next week is arranged as follows: Sunday, Jan. 6, and Thursday and Friday evenings, "Othello," Mr. Warde as Othello, Mr. James as Iago. Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday matinee, "Henry IV," Mr. Warde as Prince Hal, Mr. James as Falstaff. Wednesday evening and Saturday matinee, "Julius Caesar," Mr. Warde as Brutus, Mr. James as Cassius, and Saturday evening, the last of the engagement, only performance of "Richard III," with Mr. Warde as Richard and Mr. James as Richmond. Messrs. Warde and James bring all their scenic accessories and stage equipments. There are fully two car loads of scenery for "Othello," "Henry IV" and "Julius Caesar."

Theater Bulletin for Next Week.

Alhambra	Steve Brody	"On the Boarder"	
Academy	"The Coast Guard"	Auditorium	Chicago Orchestra
Columbia	"Shenandoah"	Chicago Opera House	
Frank Hall's Casino	Variety	Grand Opera House	"A Temperance Town"
Gaiety	Variety	Haymarket	E. H. Southern
Hooley's	"The Nominee"	Havlin's	"The Kid"
Lincoln	No repertory	Lyonette	Vaudeville
McVicker's	"The New Black Crook"	Schiller	James Ward Combs
Royal Water Circus	Wabash Avenue	Sam T. Jack's Opera House	Variety
Sam T. Jack's Empire	Variety	Standard Theatre	Variety
Globe Theatre	Curio and Vaudeville	Kohl and Madison	Curio and Vaudeville

Nuggets.

There is a Spanish proverb which says that "an ounce of mother is worth a pound of clergy." Acute madness and suicide most frequently follow in cases where people are deprived of all food. One hundred years ago yellow fever was more common in northern cities than it is now in tropical towns.

GREAT PEARLS.

Some of the Famous Gems That Are Worth Fortunes.

The man of Muscat possesses a pearl weighing twelve and one-half carats, through which you can see daylight. It is worth about £33,000. The one owned by Princess Youssouff is unique for its beauty. It was sold by Georgibus, of Calais in 1020, to Philip IV. of Spain for 80,000 ducats. Its present value is about £36,000. The pope, on his accession, became the owner for the time being of a pearl left by one of his predecessors upon the throne of the Vatican, which cannot be of less value than £20,000.

The Empress Frederick has a necklace composed of thirty-two pearls, the total value of which has been estimated at £35,000. Her mother, Queen Victoria, has a necklace of pink pearls worth £16,000. That of the Baroness Gustave de Rothschild, made up of five rows of these precious stones, is valued at £10,000, while those of the Baroness Adolphe de Rothschild is even more costly still. Both these ladies have given orders to their jewelers to bring them any "pearls of great price" which may come into their hands in the way of business; the gems are usually purchased by one or the other of these ladies and added to her necklace.

Good judges are doubtful whether to award the palm to either of the above or that of the empress of Russia, which has seven rows of pure white pearls, valued at something like 80,000 rubles, but the stones of which are perhaps less beautiful to the eye. The one belonging to the Grand Duchess Marie has six rows, and is said to have cost £36,000.

Mlle. Dosne, a sister of M. Thiers, has a necklace of several rows, which has taken her thirty years to collect, and has cost her upward of £15,000. The empress of Austria possesses some of the most beautiful black pearls it is possible to find, says the Gentleman's Magazine; her casket and that of the czarina of Russia are, in fact the most famous in the world for pearls of this color.

Mme. Leonide Leblanc sold her necklace of pearls a year or two ago for nearly £80,000 but in consequence of certain matters which were whispered about at the time, she bought it back. The stones in it graduate in size, and are exceedingly beautiful in shape and luster.

A Most Vile Marlborough.

When the duke of Marlborough visited America he stopped at one of New York's swell hotels. On entering the dining-room one evening, he was seated at a table opposite one occupied by half a dozen Harvard students. Calling the waiter the duke, asked for a menu-card, and exclaimed on looking it over: "Is that all? Vile—simply vile! Wine-list, waiter." After scanning the wine-list, he made the same remark in louder tones, attracting the attention of the students, one of whom immediately cried, "Waiter, menu," and on glancing at the card remarked: "Is that all? Vile—simply vile!" Another called for the wine-list, looked it over, and, with disgust in every word mimicked: "Is that all? Vile—simply vile!" The duke turned angrily in his chair, and addressing the students in haughty tones, said: "Are you aware gentlemen, that you are mocking the duke of Marlborough?" The six Harvard students looked at each other with undisguised disappointment, exclaiming in chorus: "Is that all? Vile—simply vile!" while the room rang with laughter—Argonaut.

Heavy Work and Heavy Eaters.

Scientific research shows that meats, fish, milk and other animal foods cost three times more than flour, meal and other staple vegetable foods to get the same nutritious result. It is also shown that the heavy work of the world is not done by the meat eaters. The Russian soldiers, who built such wonderful roads and carried a weight of armor and luggage that would crush the average farm hand, lived on coarse brown bread and sour milk. The Spanish peasant works all day and dances all night, and eats only his black bread, onion and watermelon. The Snyrna porters eat only a little fruit and some olives, and yet they walk off with a load of 100 pounds. The coolies, fed on rice, are more active than the negroes fed on meat, and European farm laborers rarely get meat oftener than twice a week, yet they are strong and endure great hardships.

The Impudent Weasel.

Impudence seems to be the leading characteristic with the weasel in his relations with man. Perhaps the creature has confidence that his long, slender body can always be snatched away into safety before the ordinary human being can do him harm. At any rate, the weasel will coolly sit in the chink of a stone wall and watch the doings of men within a stone's throw of his asylum, and after nightfall the beast will crawl about fearlessly within a yard or two of any human being that may approach its haunts.

Knew How to Get a Good Thing.

First Boy—Wot's the rush? Second Boy—I heard ya invite an old friend to dinner and I'm hurryin' home to tell mamma. "Did y'r father send ye?" "No." "Then wot you rumain' y'rself to death for?" "Cause if mamma knows company is comin' we'll have a better dinner."—Good News.

Equal Terms.

Miss Manycorner—Yes, I have consented to marry Mr. Goldbugg. I do not love him, but I respect him. Miss BudC—Oh, I wouldn't worry about that. Most likely his feeling for you is chiefly veneration.

A WOMAN'S MERCY.



GRACE DENISON was an extraordinary woman,—people had always said that of her, and yet not even her dearest friends knew the full extent of her curious nature. They began to understand her better the day they told her of her husband's sin; that he had, unknown to her, been keeping up another establishment in a distant city, and was deliberately wronging, not only her, but another woman and a nameless babe.

She resented it at first, as any sensible, strong-minded woman would, and called for proof, but when they crowded letters, pictures, bills and papers into her hands she went from their presence like one dazed in brain and almost beside herself with sorrow.

When she was alone she went over and over the horrible statements of these simple-minded, tattling neighbors, and gradually, through the confusion of agonizing pain, the light of calmer reason penetrated.

He had deceived her, then, all these years, these long, happy years that she had tended the house and basked in the sunshine of his divided affection. She had trusted him implicitly, and his frequent journeys from home had been satisfactorily explained by the necessities of a growing business.

But he had deceived her all the time, he had lied in her ears and smiled, oh, how tenderly, in her eyes during all that period of ignoble action.

Now he was safe in jail—they told her that, these gossips—and the other woman he had so cruelly wronged was lying, gold and silent, in her casket, with her infant folded closely to her breast. He had killed her, they said, but no one knew the circumstances, as the whole case rested on the simple fact that he had been with her the evening before and was the last person seen in her living presence.

When this came to her mind Grace started almost involuntarily, to get her hat and shawl. She must go to him, of course; she was his wife, her place was at his side, and it was her duty to effect his release from this terrible position of disgrace and misery.

Half way across the room she suddenly recollected herself. He was her husband, yes, the ring on her finger, the certificate in the bible told her that; but why should she go to him now when he had wronged her to the extent that was past all human forgiveness?

She looked at one of the pictures in her hall. It was a beautiful picture, the likeness of a fair young girl, and as she looked her eyes filled with tears and her heart seemed paining her worse than ever.

"I suppose I ought to hate you," she murmured sorrowfully, but the face of the young girl only smiled back at her in a merry way, and the tears rolled faster down her cheeks as she laid it carefully among her treasures.

"She was my sister in shame," she said bitterly. "If I have been wronged, so has she. If she has suffered, so shall I, but some day, when we meet in heaven, a bond of love and tender sympathy will make us understand each other."

Then she raised the infant's picture to her lips, and a storm of heavy, bitter sobs swept suddenly from her aching bosom.

"DIE," SHE MUTTERED HOARSELY. "Poor child, poor little one!" she murmured softly. "So you are Charlie's boy, my husband's child, but not mine."

There was a pause for a few moments while a tender memory swept her soul, a pause that came from an overfilled heart and spoke of almost unbearable misery.

The child's picture was laid away with its mother's, and after a brief moment of repugnance, which she conquered with heroic will, she put on her hat and wrap and went forth alone to what she had decided was her solemn duty.

"She has gone to plead for him, to secure his release," some said when she had left the village, and others answered resentfully, "you do not understand the girl; she has gone to see his victim and prove to her own satisfaction the facts which we have told her."

But again the gossips were mistaken in the woman's nature. There was nothing in her face as she went her way to give the lie to any of their theories or conjectures, and whether her errand was for mercy or vengeance, only the developments of the next few days could possibly determine.

Grace Denison stood at last beside the dead, and her anguish of soul was something frightful. To think that this beautiful girl had been so foully wronged—this innocent babe so cru-

elly deprived of even its sacred birthright, and now both were lying, stricken by the self-same hand, in the sleep that knew no earthly waking.

And that hand was the hand of her own dear husband! The mockery, the cruelty of it came very near overpowering her altogether. But she was a strong woman, we have said; strong in that moral courage which most men lack so deplorably, and which the majority of women possess in only a moderate degree.

She had proven her husband's guilt and treachery. Now it remained to prove his crime. The one was no worse than the other in her eyes. In fact, to kill her might have been a mercy, and so the first great sin seemed overshadowing the other.

She started at last to leave the house and was confronted by the victim's mother. She was an aged woman, very gray, and now so sad that her very soul seemed bowed with horror.

The mother did not know, it seemed. She thought her daughter was the lawful wife and this a wicked interloper. In the very height of agony and scorn she shook her finger in Grace's livid face.

"Be gone!" she said hoarsely. "How dare you profane the presence of the dead?" and Grace Denison, her face flushing hotly, only stood still and thought a second and then went meekly from her presence.

But in that momentary hesitation her plan of mercy was conceived. With the dead girl's face still vividly before her eyes, she hurried to where they were keeping her husband. At first when she saw him he was still the man she loved, the man whose name she bore and whose slightest wish it was her only joy to pamper.

There were tears in her eyes, tears in her voice and tears in her heart when she asked of him the fatal question. "Charlie," she whispered fondly, "swear to me it is not true, this hideous story that they tell about you. Tell me that I am still your wife, that you love me and that this other fiendish thing is but the wild conception of our tattling neighbors. Tell me—"

she began again, but stopped as she saw his guilty features.

There was fear in his eyes and guilt in his soul as he rose at last and tried to face her.

"It is all quite true," he said cautiously. "She was my mistress and I killed her in a fit of passion. I have wronged you and I have got to die, unless—"

and he paused for a moment's breath, "unless you forgive me and will try to save me."

With a mighty scorn singing in her heart Grace Denison turned upon her heel and left him there.

"Die," she muttered hoarsely as she walked away. "Death is too good for such a man, and it is what you have given your innocent victim."

Then when she was alone once more she began to think about the future. What was there left when love was gone, what happiness could soothe her sorrow? To die was peace and blessed rest, to live meant fierce, perpetual anguish.

Why should she be the one to live—she the most innocent of the three, so far as the opinion of the world was concerned. It was almost more than she could bear, this looking forward to the future.

She hurried back to her home, shunning her neighbors on the way and half afraid of harmless strangers. Once inside the door she pulled the ring from her finger and threw it in a distant corner, then jerking the bible from its place she tore to shreds that precious page that proved her sacred, legal marriage.

It had occurred to her that in that distant city no one would know the truth and she might save the dead girl's name even at the price of her own sweet honor.

Was it not her place to undo her husband's evil deeds, and make good his theft of a woman's reputation? It was the victim's mother that had put it into her head, the fact of her having been taken for the guilty mistress.

To decide was to act, and still silent, still sorrowful, but brave in heart, she left her happy home forever.

Two days later her husband was set free. Grace Denison had sworn that through jealousy she did the wicked deed and then sat meekly in her cell, waiting with some impatience for the fatal day which should bring oblivion to her and condemn the man to perpetual memory.

The Location of Memory.

The memory remains intact and in perfect working order in cases where the left side of the brain is badly diseased, or even if portions of it have been removed. From this the natural inference is that the right side of the brain is the seat of that most remarkable faculty. Lieutenant Brady, who lost a portion of the right side of the brain from a gunshot wound while in Assam, where two-thirds of the officials are negroes, suffered a remarkable lapse of memory. After he had fully recovered he knew and could call by name all his white associates, but the negroes, whom he formerly knew as well as the whites, were perfect strangers to him.

One Woman Member.

Russia's Cross of St. George is given only for bravery on the field of battle, but the order has one woman member, the ex-queen of Naples, who won it by her gallant defense of Gaeta, the last stronghold of the Bourbons in Italy.

Old Bronze Trampets.

A Copenhagen paper reports an interesting archaeological find on the island Falster—two bronze trumpets, such as were used as sacrifices 2,500 years ago. They are two yards long, and highly adorned.

NAPOLEON'S PARENTS.

HIS FATHER A PATRICIAN, HIS MOTHER A PEASANT.

Letitia di Buonaparte Was Cast in a Heroic Mold, and From Her Little Corporeal Got His Tremendous Physical Endurance.

Of the father and mother of Napoleon, Professor Slogne writes in the Century as follows:

Certain undisputed facts throw a strong light on Napoleon's father. His people were proud and poor; he endured the hardships of poverty with equanimity. Strengthening what little influence he could muster, he at first appears ambitious, and has himself described in his diploma as a patrician of Florence, San Miniato and Ajaccio. On the other hand, with no apparent regard for his personal advancement by marriage, he followed his own inclination, and in 1764, at the age of 18, rashly, perhaps, but gallantly wedded a lowly and beautiful child of 15, Letitia Ramolino.

Her descent was the reverse of her husband's, although her fortune was quite equal, if not superior, to his. She was of peasant nature to the end of her long life—hardy, unsentimental, frugal, and sometimes unscrupulous. Yet the hospitality of her little home in Ajaccio was lavish, after the manner of her kind, and consequently famous. Among the many guests who availed themselves of it was Marbeuf, commander in Corsica of the first army of occupation. There was long afterward a malicious tradition that the French general was Napoleon's father. The morals of Letitia di Buonaparte, like those of her conspicuous children, have been bitterly assailed, but her own good name, at least, has always been vindicated. The evident motive of the story sufficiently refutes such an aspersion as it contains. Of the bride's extraordinary beauty, there never has been a doubt. She was a woman of heroic mold, like Juno in her majesty, unmoved in prosperity, undaunted in adversity. It was probably to his mother, whom he strongly resembled in childhood, that the famous son owed his tremendous, even gigantic, physical endurance. If in his mother was reproduced the type of a Roman matron, in the son would be recalled the virtues and vigor of an emperor.

After their marriage the youthful pair resided in Corte waiting until events should permit their return to Ajaccio. Naturally of an indolent temperament, the husband was at first drawn into the daring enterprises of Paoli, and displayed a temporary enthusiasm, but for more than a year before the end he wearied of them. At the head of a body of men of his own rank he finally withdrew to Monte Rotondo, and on May 23, 1769, a few weeks before Paoli's flight, the band made formal submission to the two French generals Marbeuf and Vaux, explaining through Buonaparte that the national leader had misled them by promises of aid which never came, and that, recognizing the impossibility of further resistance, they were anxious to accept the new government, to return to their homes, and to resume the peaceful conduct of their affairs. It was this precipitate naturalization of the father as a French citizen which made his great son a Frenchman.

Less than three months afterward, on August 15, his fourth child, Napoleone di Buonaparte was born in Ajaccio. The resources of the Buonapartes, as they still wrote themselves, were small, although their family and expectations were large. An only child, Letitia, had inherited her father's little home and his vineyards in the suburbs, for her mother had married a second time. Her stepfather had been a Swiss mercenary in the pay of Genoa. In order to secure the woman of his choice he became a Roman Catholic, and was the father of Mme. di Buonaparte's half-brother, Joseph Fesch. Charles himself was the owner of lands in the interior, but they were heavily mortgaged, and he could contribute little to the support of his family. His uncle, a wealthy landlord, had died childless, leaving his domains to the Jesuits, and they had promptly entered into possession. According to the terms of his grandfather's will, the bequest was void, for the fortune was to fall in such a case to Charles' mother, and on her death to Charles himself. Joseph, his father, had wasted many years and most of his fortune in weary litigation to recover the property. Nothing daunted, Charles settled down to pursue the same phantom, virtually depending for a livelihood on his wife's small patrimony. He became an officer of the highest court as assessor, and was made in 1772 a member, and later, a deputy of the council of Corsican nobles.

The peasant mother was most prolific. Her eldest child born in 1765, was a son, who died in infancy; in 1767 was born a daughter, Marie-Anne, destined to the same fate; in 1768 a son, known later as Joseph, but baptized as Napolione; in 1769 the great son, Napoleon. Nine other children were the fruit of the same wedlock, and six of them—three sons, Lucien, Louis and Jerome, and three daughters, Elsie, Pauline and Caroline—survived to share their brother's greatness. Charles himself, like his short-lived ancestors—of whom five had died within a century—reached only middle age, dying in his thirty-ninth year. Letitia, like the stout Corsican that she was, lived to the ripe age of eighty-six in the full enjoyment of her faculties, known to the world by the sobriquet of Madame Mere.

Negroes flocking to England. The Westminster Gazette calls attention to the fact, upon the authority of Consul General Patrick Collins, that negroes are flocking to England in great numbers. The steamship companies confirm Mr. Collins' statements, and add that nearly all the wealthy colored folks are sending their sons to study law, medicine or art in London. Most of these people are West Indian negroes and not Afro-Americans. The wealthy Afro-Americans send their sons to be educated at Harvard, Yale and Oberlin, and only in isolated cases do they send them to Europe.

MELTING PRECIOUS METALS.

How Gold and Silver Are Treated in the Making of Coins.

For every bar which is in the vaults of the mints at Philadelphia there is a record in the books of the superintendent. That record shows the weight and fineness of the bar. Many of the bars on storage were bought in 1890, when the Sherman law first went into effect. They have remained untouched from the time when the stamp of the assayer was put on them. Now they will be taken out and melted with copper to form an alloy, says a correspondent of the Houston Post.

The exact proportion of silver to copper should be nine to one, but in melting a little less than the measure of copper is used, so that, by adding copper later in small quantities, the alloy can be made as nearly as possible of the exact standard. It is easier to work the alloy down by adding copper than it is to work it up by adding silver.

The copper and the bar silver are put in the crucible together. The crucible used for melting silver is of wrought iron. These pots cost \$45 each. Each of them will hold about 1,600 ounces at a time. Each pot is good for 250 melts. It will cost the mint about \$1,500 for crucibles to melt the 42,000,000 ounces of silver.

Gold is melted in a black lead pot, which costs about one-tenth as much as the iron pot, but the black lead pot is good for only about thirteen melts. No silver passes through the iron crucible. A little is absorbed by it and this is recovered when the crucible is melted after it has seen the last of its usefulness. Nothing that could yield any of the waste silver is allowed to get away from the mint without chemical treatment to extract the precious metal. The melting pots, the slags, the ashes from the furnaces, and even the outside pickings from the black linings of the furnaces are ground and sifted to obtain metallic grains, and these grains are refined.

The residue from the sieves is put into a sweep machine, which extracts the smaller particles. And the very minute particles of metal pass in the water of the sweep machine to settling vats and wells. These wells are cleaned out at very long intervals and they always yield a little gold and silver.

One of Lincoln's Stories.

President Lincoln, who loved to hear stories of the soldiers and their humorous pranks, told me of a soldier who was being carried to the rear in a great engagement seriously wounded, and likely to die. He espied a sutler-woman with leathery-looking pies, driving her trade on "the devious verge of battle fought." The bleeding soldier grinned at the woman and said: "Say, old lady, are those pies sewed or pegged?"—The Century.

End of the War.

The war was over. The victorious Japanese troops marched proudly through the streets of Peking. Li Hung Chang, "the Bismarck of the East," sat alone in his palace wrapped in thought. Just simply wrapped in thought. That was all.—Indianapolis Journal.

Hopeless.

"She never will get on in society," said the chaperon, disconsolately. "Never. I discovered yesterday that she hasn't read the latest novel." "Well, you can't expect her to read everything." "Oh, I know that. But she confessed it."

DON'TS OF DRESS.

Don't hold up silks and display rags. Don't wear a sailor hat with a silk dress. Don't use pins where stitches would do. Don't wear striped material if you are tall. Don't wear tan shoes if you have big feet. Don't wear a white petticoat unless it is white. Don't dress more fashionably than becomingly. Don't imagine that beauty will atone for untidiness. Don't buy common boots—they are not economical. Don't trim good material with common trimmings. Don't wear big sleeves and big hats if you are short. Don't expect great bargains to turn out great savings. Don't jump into your clothes and expect to look dressed. Don't dress your head at the expense of your hands and feet. Don't wear feathers in your hat and patches on your boots. Don't achieve the grotesque while attempting the original. Don't pinch your waist. Fat, like murder, will out—somewhere. Don't put powder on your cheeks without looking in the glass afterward. Don't forget that although veils are becoming to most faces, feet veiled in lace stockings do not look well in the street. Don't emulate the ostrich; the new flower in your hat does not divert attention from the ragged condition of your skirt lining.

SWEET PATIENCE.

Oh, trifling tasks so often done,
Yet ever to be done again!
Oh, ev'ning hours with every sun,
Morn after morn the long, weary years
through!

We shrink beneath their paltry sway—
The irksome calls of every day.

The restless sense of wasted power,
The tiresome round of little things,
As hard to bear, as hour by hour
Its tedious iteration brings.
Who shall evade or who delay
The small demands of every day?

The boulder in the torrent's course,
By tide and tempest lashed in vain,
Obeys the wave-whirled pebbles' force:
And y'et its substance grain by grain
So crumbles strongest liv'g away
Beneath the wear of every day.

We rise to meet a heavy blow—
Our soul a sudden bravery fills—
But we endure not always so
The drop by drop of little ills!
We still deplore an ill to-day
The hardest behests of every day.

The heart which boldly faces death
Upon the battlement, and dares
Cannon and bayonets, faint beneath
The needle points of frets and cares;
The stoutest spirits they dismay—
The tiny things of every day.

And even saints of holy fame,
Whose souls by faith have overgrown,
Who wore amid the cruel flame
The molten crown of martyrdom,
Bore not without complaint always
The petty pains of every day.

Ah, more than martyr's aureole,
And more than hero's heart of steel,
We need the humble strength of soul,
Which daily toils and ills require;
Sweet Patience, grant us, if you may,
An added grace for every day.

—Elizabeth Akers Allen.

A FOUNTAIN PEN.

BY ROBERT WAGNER.

I am not the possessor of a fountain pen. I never had, but one, which was given me as a present years ago when I was a young man and fountain pens were a novelty. Mine was made of tin, with a rubber bag to hold the ink. When you squeezed the pebbleholder the ink ran out of the bag and flooded the pen—or anything else that happened to be within convenient range. The diabolical contrivance looked like a tin whistle and acted like a cuttle-fish, but no one else had one, and so I was proud of it. Vanitas vanitatum! Short was my triumph. I can still remember, as painfully as though it was an affair of yesterday, how the tragedy occurred. It was at the Sturdevant-Hamilton's ball—quite the swell event of the season. I had been looking forward to this ball with interest for a good while, because I intended to find an opportunity there to effect a reconciliation with Alice. Such opportunities were not frequent, and I knew that if I missed this one it might be a long time before I found another, and that odiously handsome Dick Hamilton was paying her a great more attention than I liked. Alice and I had been close friends ever since we were children, and I had come to feel that I had a sort of proprietorship in her. We had even been engaged for just twenty-four hours, at the end of which time we had quarreled, for reasons too complicated and too absurd to be introduced here. I speedily repented, however, and was only waiting for an opportunity to induce her to do likewise.

With this weighty resolution on my mind, it is no wonder that I felt a little tremor as I started to go downstairs, and that I scanned myself with unusual attention in the great pier-glass, to make sure that my attire was perfect. Nothing embarrasses one more under trying circumstances than the consciousness of being badly dressed, I was, I think I may say, well dressed. My trousers were impeccable, my gloves ditto, my coat fitted to perfection, my white waistcoat was as spotless—to employ a figure which is popular among my brother barristers—as spotless as the driven snow; my hair was at that precise point when it has lost the formality given to it by the hair-dresser, without assuming the wild and umbrageous appearance to be noticed among musicians and other doubtful characters. My complexion had never been better. On the whole, I was very well satisfied with the general effect.

When I entered the ballroom Alice was away at the further end, talking. I grieved to note, with that odious young Hamilton. I did not care to make my approach under such trying circumstances, and bided my chance with what patience I could muster. Finally my opportunity came, and I lost no time in reaching her side. She greeted me very kindly, as she always did, in something the same style that she might have received a very old friend of her father's. This cheerful, unembarrassed greeting always provoked me beyond measure; but I did my best to stifle my ill-temper, which was also somewhat assuaged by the pleasing discovery that through some misunderstanding she was not engaged for the next dance. I had never seen her more radiantly beautiful, and I could feel the eyes of many envious observers turned upon me as we took our places. The next dance and the next were taken, but at the third she promised to me. At the end of this dance, which was a waltz, and taken at the numerically fast tempo then prevalent, I remarked that she was somewhat flushed with the heat, and proposed that we should take a turn in the conservatory.

Whether she guessed what was in my mind or not, I cannot say. It seemed to me that the color grew a shade deeper in her lovely cheeks, but that may have been due to the heat, or was perhaps the effect of my own imagination. At any rate she assented in the most charming manner in the world, and we strolled out into the large and handsome conservatory, which was now quite deserted. It was in this same conservatory that we had stood and talked the evening after we were engaged, and I hoped that memories of this would affect her as they did me. But alas! she was evidently in a very far from sympathetic state of mind.

"I suppose you must be very much engaged with your profession," she remarked, sweetly; "we see so little of you nowadays." This had all the effect of premeditated satire. It had not been a month since we had laughed merrily together at my briefless condition, and had agreed that we could be very happy together without riches.

"Not so deeply engaged, but that I find time to call on all who care to have me," I answered, bitterly.

"Indeed you are very unkind and unjust to speak so," she replied, with unfeigned tranquility. "It was only last Thursday I heard Uncle Jack say—"

"Something very flattering, no doubt," I broke in, angrily. "A very fine division of affection, indeed. I enjoy your Uncle Jack's, and yours goes to that—"

"I think we had better go back, now, Mr. Lang. I had supposed that I might trust you as an old friend not to try to annoy and vex me."

"Mr. Lang! I see I am getting to be a very old friend, indeed! So old that I soon shall be quite forgotten. You are right. We had better go back; your new friends will be expecting you."

"Why will you be so perverse and so cruel, Robert?"

"At least I am not cruel enough to forget you. But that you would account a kindness, I suppose."

"Indeed, I would rather have you forget me than think so unkindly of me. I had hoped that we might always be good friends."

"I think," I replied, with unparadonable brutality, "that you had better invest in a lap-dog. They are much more manageable."

"You are right," she said, with icy sweetness; "and they are at least grateful to their friends."

"Forgive me, Alice!" I stammered; "I did not mean to be such a brute."

"Let us forget everything but that we are very good friends," she answered, after a moment's pause. "And I want to put your friendship to a selfish use this very minute."

"You know very well that I would gladly die for you."

"Oh, my wants are not so exorbitant as that," she answered, lightly. "I merely want your advice, as my oldest and best friend, in a case where I can't trust my family to judge impartially. I think you know Mr. Hamilton—Mr. Richard Hamilton, I mean." And I fancied that she blushed a trifle as she mentioned the name. I answered with a very bad grace that I had the great honor of a distant acquaintance with the young gentleman in question.

"I fancied so. Now, the long and short of the matter is, that my people are very anxious to have me—marry him; and Aunt Mary in particular has her heart set on it."

"He seems to me a very desirable parti, indeed," I said, coldly. "I suppose you hardly need my congratulations."

"He too, is so silly as to want to marry me," she went on, without seeming to notice my rude speech, "and I have promised to give him an answer this evening. And what"—here she seemed strangely embarrassed, and became deeply absorbed in the figures on her fan—"what answer shall I give him?"

"What answer?" I cried, as her meaning flashed over my dull comprehension, "why, tell him that you are engaged, of course!"

Just what happened next is rather hazy in my mind—almost obliterated by the direful catastrophe which so soon followed. I dimly remember kissing her upturned face as we stood in the shadow of a great South American cactus, that screened us from all observation, and drawing her unresisting form toward a divan that we had occupied on the memorable evening when we had been engaged before. We knew all the strongholds of her aunt's house perfectly.

"How horribly improper!" she exclaimed, apropos of something or other. "Suppose that any one should see us this way."

"That would be improper, I admit," I replied, serenely; "but then, you see, nobody can." The argument was unshakable, and she let her head rest against my shoulder with a little sigh of satisfaction.

"How absurd to think that we ever quarreled," I observed, presently.

"Oh, don't talk of that horrid time any more! I have nearly cried my eyes out over it. Let's just remember that we have loved each other all the while."

For a moment there was silence.

"Alice!" I said, severely, as a sudden thought came to me; "what were you intending to answer—"

"That," replied Mistress Alice, serenely, "you will never know."

"There, that dance is finished," I said; "the rabble will be out here in a moment."

"There is no hurry," she answered, with the delightful sang froid of womanhood under circumstances that are trying to masculine nerves. "We can see any one who passes the turn of the staircase."

"Ah, now it is time," she said, laughingly; "one more kiss, and I

will see if I can fix myself up a little. You have put my hair in a shocking state of disorder. Ugh! What's that?"

I sprang to my feet, aghast. On her delicate pink corsage was a large and gruesome stain of black, that was slowly but surely spreading over the entire front.

"—I—I'm afraid it's ink!" I said, in quavering accents of despair.

Ink! Where in the world should any ink come from?" Her voice had a hard, sharp quality, that I heard once in a while before. Evidently her ladyship's mood was fast losing its amiability, and I felt some tremors of fear.

I knew altogether too well where the ink came from. With an awful certainty I looked at my once immaculate white waistcoat; it was now a gruesome, sopping mass of Smith's Blue-Black Commercial Writing Fluid. The emergency was frightful! Was there an outside exit? And then the dress—horrible! I have known affection to outlast the crash of fortunes, and to vanish like frost-work at a dish of gravy spilled over a new gown. Since that day I have refused to believe all stories of hair growing gray from fright and anguish. It is absolutely impossible that any one should be scared as I was.

Alice looked up from her own ruined finery and caught the woe-begone expression on my face, and, overcome with the ludicrousness of the situation she burst into a little ripple of laughter, in which I was obliged to join.

"Oh, here she is," said a familiar voice, and Mr. Stardevant Hamilton, accompanied by the handsome Dick, turned in from the long staircase. I saw the young gentleman's jaw drop suddenly, and the sight comforted me amazingly, and gave me courage to meet stormy weather.

"Why, Alice!" cried the aunt, and her stern glances wandered from Alice's luckless gown to my lamentable waistcoat in a manner that showed that two was rapidly being added to two with the customary result. "What in the world, Alice, have you been doing?"

"I rather think, aunt," she mischievously replied—"I rather think that we have been getting engaged."

"Dick's face still wore a gloomy and sardonic expression, but he managed to pluck up enough spirit to make one of his abominable puns.

"It strikes me," he said, sadly, "that that is a melancholy waist of ink."

It was probably about five years before people got through teasing us about our unlucky adventure. I do not expect ever to hear the last of it, exactly, but we never hear it mentioned now except incidentally, and neither my wife nor I seem to care at all any more. But I can still remember the horrid sensation of that dreadful moment. As I said before, it seems as though it had all happened yesterday. But I never desired another fountain pen.—Home and Country.

How Emin Pasha Was Killed.

Lieutenant Monun, the United States Consul on the Congo, has forwarded the first reliable account of the murder of Emin Pasha. He says that Emin, on his last expedition, had intended to go to the Congo State, and had crossed the Congo for the purpose. He announced his arrival to Kibouge, the Sultan of Kirundu, and asked his permission to proceed through his territory. Kibouge sent a letter to Emin granting his request, but at the same time forwarded a letter to Said, one of his vassals, commanding him to kill Emin. Said detailed four men to carry out the sentence, and they hurried to the explorer's camp and found him sitting in his tent. They coolly read to him the letter sealing his fate. Emin replied that his death would be terribly avenged by the white men, and warned them not to kill him, but they paid no attention to him. One of them seized his arms, another his head and a third his legs, while the fourth bent out his brains. Emin's people were scattered about the village at the time and knew nothing of the murder, so the murderers escaped. They were afterward arrested, tried by court martial, convicted and hanged: It is said that Emin had been warned of the malevolence of the Arabs, and expected sooner or later that they would kill him, but he paid no attention to the warnings, and went on, perhaps, intentionally and willingly to his death.—Picayune.

An Old Indian Fighter's Nerve.

Frank Grouard, chief of Government scouts and an Indian fighter, underwent a difficult surgical operation at St. Joseph, Mo., in having removed from his right side an Indian arrow-head, which has been embedded there for nearly twenty years. Grouard could not be induced to take an anesthetic. When the instruments were placed in position he calmly lighted a cigar and stretched his powerful frame upon the operating table. Cocaine was applied locally and the cutting began. Grouard never twitched nor moved a muscle, but puffed away at his cigar and chafed the surgeon. The arrow lay directly beneath a large vein in the right groin, and an incision of the vein would have meant almost certain death, so the operation was a very delicate one, and the surgeon was compelled to use his finger to break the tissues under the vein. Still Grouard smiled and talked, and when the doctor became provoked at his audacity, the scout significantly remarked that it was nothing to a man who had had "burning splinters thrust into his flesh. Grouard refused to take a carriage to his house. He says he was shot by a Sioux Indian while fighting with General Crook. The arrowhead is of steel, two inches long and one inch wide.—Atlanta Constitution.

TELL QUEER STORIES.

THESE TOMBS FOR MEN LIVING AND DEAD.

Vast Sums of Money Being Paid to Preserve the Ashes of C. P. Huntington and Others—Will the Future Generation Appreciate It?

HERE HAS BEEN a remarkable increase in the number of costly and handsome tombs in Woodlawn cemetery in the past few years, says the New York Sun. Some of those erected lately have cost enormous sums. Among them is that of Collis P. Huntington, the railroad magnate, which is now nearly completed. The cost of this tomb, said by its builder, Robert Caterson, to be \$250,000. Mr. Caterson explains the enormous expenditure by the fine quality of Quincy granite which was used in its construction, and the fact that unusually large stones were required for parts of the tomb and its elaborate approaches. Several of the stones weigh upward of fifteen tons each.

The Huntington mausoleum stands on a lot 100 feet square, which faces east from Chapel hill, near the railroad entrance to the cemetery. Part of this ground was bought many years ago by Mr. Huntington, and the rest was secured when the new tomb was started. This plot is said by the cemetery people to have cost altogether \$50,000. The tomb stands on the side of a bank twenty-five feet above the level of Magnolia avenue, which passes in front of it. The approaches are particularly impressive. Three short flights of broad granite steps lead to a platform, from either side of which another short flight of steps rises at right angles to the main platform. The approach is wide and very gradual and has at each side a plain rail, ornamented only by two or three simple laurel wreaths at the turns. The novel posts are very simple in design. The approaches and tomb is built of Westerly granite and is said to have cost nearly \$20,000. The circular lot upon which it stands added about \$5,000 more to its expense. The tomb was completed none too soon for its owner, for the workmen had been out of it less than two months when he died. On the day of Mr. Wright's funeral the entire interior was lined with 8,000 roses, which completely hid the character of the place from those who went inside.

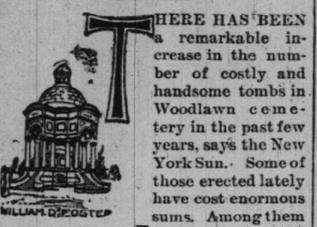
MRS. CLEVELAND'S PORTRAIT. She Has Become Round Faced, Plump, and Matronly.

The new portrait of Mrs. Cleveland shows that lady to have become a matron of plump proportions. Her pretty coloring remains, but her face in losing its girlish contour has lost much of its charm. But the expression is gentle and kind as ever.

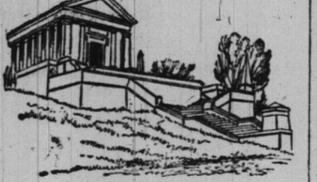
Mrs. Cleveland is much absorbed in caring for her little girls, who are healthy and merry youngsters. Both of them are said to look like her. The portrait of the young mother herewith presented is from a copyright photograph by Bell of Washington.

Selecting a Hat.

Attention to a few simple rules will assist any one to select from the various hats of the season one distinctly suited to her peculiar needs. People with thin, delicately modeled faces, whose chins are inclined to be pointed, should avoid the bonnets with broad frontal trimmings or hats with wide, straight brims, as they have a tendency to emphasize the "pointedness" of the face, giving it the look of a flat-iron or a wedge. Such faces should be surmounted by hats with rolling brims and bonnets of high oval shape or trimming.



FOR C. P. HUNTINGTON.



FOR C. P. HUNTINGTON.

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MRS. CLEVELAND'S LATEST PORTRAIT.

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Ticks Like a Watch. A ticking tombstone has been found in a cemetery at London, Pa. It ticks regularly, like a watch.

Pains in the Back

"I had been afflicted for several years with what the doctors called Diabetes, and suffered terribly. The pain in my back was agonizing in the extreme. Hood's Sarsaparilla and Hood's Pills cured me. Now I can go to church and attend other meetings with pleasure. I always keep Hood's Pills by me. In my whole life I never met anything that did me so much good as Hood's Sarsaparilla. Experience teaches a dear school, but fools will learn by no other." I was once foolish enough to listen to a druggist who claimed to have something superior to Hood's, and took another medicine. If I had thrown my dollar in the street I would have been a gainer." JOHN BRANSTON, care of John Greenham, Wellington, Ohio. Get Hood's because

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Hood's Pills cure Constipation by restoring the peristaltic action of the alimentary canal.

DR. KILMER'S SWAMP ROOT

THE GREAT KIDNEY, LIVER AND BLADDER CURE.

Rheumatism
Lumbago, pain in joints or back, brick dust in urine, frequent urination, inflammation, gravel, ulceration or catarrh of the bladder.

Disordered Liver
Biliousness, headache, indigestion or gout. SWAMP-ROOT invigorates, cures kidney difficulties, Bright's disease, urinary troubles.

Impure Blood
Scrofula, malaria, general weakness or debility. Swamp-root builds up a weakly run-down constitution and makes the weak strong. At Druggists 50 cents and \$1.00 Size. "Druggist's Guide to Health," free. Consultation free. DR. KILMER & CO., BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

THE \$1,000,000 CURE

NEVER FAILS

SGHRAGE'S RHEUMATIC CURE.

101,000 people say it is pleasant to take. 79 doctors call it the best. 10,000 wise men couldn't make it in 100 years. Took 1 man 18 years, and he got \$1,000,000 for the discovery. Highest endorsement from doctors. Cures great and small of GOUT, RHEUMATISM and NEURALGIA. Free testimonials. Write today: AGENTS WANTED. SWANSON RHEUMATIC CURE CO., 167 Dearborn St., Chicago.

W. L. DOUGLAS \$3 SHOE IS THE BEST FIT FOR A KING.

\$5. CORDOVAN, FRENCH & ENAMELED CALF.

\$4.35 FINE CALF & KANGAROO.

\$3.50 POLICE, 3 SOLES.

\$2.50 \$2. WORKINGMEN'S, EXTRA FINE.

\$2.17 75 BOYS' SCHOOL SHOES.

LADIES' \$3.25 \$2.40.

BEST GONGOLA.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

W. L. DOUGLAS, BROOKTON, MASS.

Over One Million People wear the W. L. Douglas \$3 & \$4 Shoes

All our shoes are equally satisfactory. They give the best value for the money. They equal custom shoes in style and fit. Their wearing qualities are unsurpassed. The prices are uniform—stamped on sole. From \$1 to \$3 saved over other makes. If your dealer cannot supply you we can.

"COLCHESTER" SPADING BOOT.

BEST IN MARKET. BEST IN WEARING QUALITY.

The outer or tap sole extends the whole length down to the heel, protecting the boot in digging and in other hard work.

ASK YOUR DEALER and don't be put off with inferior goods.

COLCHESTER RUBBER CO.

WE WILL TAKE YOU TO CALIFORNIA

Cheaply, Quickly and Comfortably on the Phillips-Rock Island Tourist Excursions. **ORCA**, because the rate in Sleeping Car is but \$6.00. **QUICK**, because you travel on the fastest trains that run. **COMFORT**, because you have a through Sleeper.

Fourteen years' record. Over 100,000 already carried, and all in the service. Car leaves Chicago every Tuesday, via the beautiful Indian Territory and the Sunny South Line, and every Thursday through Colorado over the famous Bessemer Route. A special manager goes each trip to care for the many wants of patrons en route. We can't tell you half the benefits in this ad, but for your California trip you should **test** yourself.

Address: JNO. SEBASTIAN, G. P. A., C. H. L. & P. R. Y., Chicago.

TREES OF GOLD plumb, SPLENDOR prime. Van Deman's 20 Million "new creations." STARK TREES PREPARED everywhere. SAFE ARRIVAL guaranteed. The "great business" save you over HALF MILLIONS of the best trees 70 years' experience can grow; they "live longer and bear better."—See Morton, STARK, B. S., Louisiana, Mo., Rockport, Ill.

Patents, Trade-Marks.

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

PISO'S CURE FOR GOUTS WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

CONSUMPTION

BARRINGTON REVIEW

ESTABLISHED IN 1885.
Published Every Saturday at

BARRINGTON, ILLINOIS.

—BY—
T. LAMEY, Editor and Publisher.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE: \$1.00
per Year in Advance.

Entered at the postoffice at Barrington, Ill., as second-class matter.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL

E. J. & E. RY. TIME TABLE.

GOING NORTH. STATIONS. GOING SOUTH.	
4:30 pm ar. Waukegan. dep. 7:00 am	
4:00 pm. Rondout. 8:30 am	
3:55 pm. Lehigh. 8:50 am	
2:45 pm. Diamond Lake. 8:57 am	
2:35 pm. Gilmer. 9:15 am	
2:30 pm. Lake Zurich. 10:05 am	
1:40 pm. Barrington. 10:30 am	
1:10 pm. Clarks. 10:55 am	
12:45 pm. Spaulding. 12:15 pm	
11:37 am. Wayne. 12:35 pm	
11:15 am. Ingallton. 12:45 pm	
11:00 am. Turner. 1:25 pm	
10:00 am. Warrenhurst. 2:00 pm	
9:15 am. Frontenac. 2:30 pm	
8:50 am. Mornantown. 2:45 pm	
8:15 am. Walker. 3:10 pm	
7:50 am. Plainfield. 3:35 pm	
7:28 am. Coynes. 3:55 pm	
7:00 am. Bridge Junction. 4:05 pm	
5:50 am dep. East Joliet. ar. 4:15 pm	

C. & N. W. R. R. TIME TABLE.

GOING SOUTH.	
6:10 a. m., except Sunday.	
6:45 a. m., except Sunday.	
6:55 a. m., Sunday only.	
7:00 a. m., except Sunday.	
7:56 a. m., daily.	
9:00 a. m., except Sunday.	
10:03 a. m., except Sunday.	
12:35 p. m., daily.	
3:08 p. m., except Sunday.	
4:25 p. m., Sunday only.	
5:02 p. m., daily.	
8:50 p. m., Sunday only.	
8:55 p. m., Sunday only.	

GOING NORTH.	
8:20 a. m., except Sunday.	
9:13 a. m., except Sunday.	
10:30 a. m., daily.	
12:10 p. m., except Sunday.	
3:00 p. m., Saturday and Sunday only.	
5:02 p. m., except Sunday.	
6:09 p. m., except Sunday.	
6:12 p. m., Sunday only.	
7:25 p. m., except Sunday.	
7:55 p. m., daily.	
8:00 p. m., except Saturday.	
12:50 a. m., daily.	

The Discoverer Saved His Life.

Mr. G. Caillouette, Druggist, Beaverville, Ill., says: "To Dr. King's New Discovery I owe my life. Was taken with La Grippe and tried all the physicians for miles about, but of no avail and was given up and told I could not live. Having Dr. King's New Discovery in my store I sent for a bottle and began its use and from the first dose began to get better, and after using three bottles was up and about again. It is worth its weight in gold. We won't keep store or house without it." Get a free trial at A. L. Waller's Drug Store.

HOW TO GET RICH—My success is owing to my liberality in advertising.

Honner. Frequent and constant advertising brought me all I own. A. T. Stewart. Success depends upon a liberal patronage of printing offices. Astor. How can the world know a man has a good thing unless he advertises the possession of it? Vanderbilt. My son, deal only with men who advertise. You will never lose by it.—Franklin.

"Don't Tobacco Spit or Smoke Your Life Away."

The truthful, startling title of a book about No-to-be, the only harmless, guaranteed tobacco-habit cure. If you want to quit and can't, use "No-to-be." Braces up nicotineized nerves, eliminates nicotine poisons, makes weak men gain strength, weight and vigor. Positive cure or money refunded. Book at druggists, or mailed free. Address: The Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago, 45 Randolph street; New York, 39 Spruce street.

Cord Wood for Sale.

For Sale—Fifty cords No. 1 dry, second growth cord wood. Will deliver to any place in the village of Barrington for \$1.50 per cord, or \$3.50 per cord in the woods.

Address: U. Fricke, Barrington, Ill., or please orders with J. D. Lamey & Co.

Cure for Headache.

As a remedy for all forms of Headache Electric Bitters has proved to be the very best. It effects a permanent cure and the most dreaded habitual sick headaches yield to its influence. We urge all who are afflicted to procure a bottle, and give this remedy a fair trial. In cases of habitual constipation Electric Bitters cures by giving the needed tone to the bowels, and few cases long resist the use of this medicine. Try it once. Large bottles only 60 cents at A. L. Waller's Drug Store.

Where to Buy Glass.

We have just received another large consignment of No. 1 window glass and are prepared to supply the trade with glass in any size.

We are also agents for American and French plate glass, embossed, ground, cut and colored leaded glass in designs.

As we buy direct from the manufacturers, we are prepared to fill orders on short notice and make prices that can not be beat.

We cut glass to any size.

J. D. LAMEY & CO.

We Want the News.

Don't forget to tell us when your friends come to see you. If it is too much trouble to come to our office, drop us a line on a postal card; or, better still, just put your items in our news box attached to William Howarth's store.

Do You Want to Rent?

We have the renting of dwellings in different localities of Barrington. If you wish to rent call at the Review office and see what we have for you.

Messrs. Charles Heinhoff, George Heimerding, D. F. Lamey, M. T. Lamey and Miss Martha Hennings attended the ball given by the Little Cyclone band at Woodstock, Monday evening, and were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Renich.

Mr. Charles Wool is on the sick list. Miss Minnie Newman spent Tuesday visiting friends in Chicago.

Try a pair of the celebrated Douglas shoe, sold only by A. W. Meyer & Co.

The Barrington Social club gave another of their popular dances Friday evening. Veralla Brothers of Chicago furnished music for the occasion and supper was served at the Veralla house. There were nearly fifty couples in attendance. Among those present from out of town were: Mr. W. H. Seileck, Miss Ida Kiehl and Miss Jennie Kitson of Chicago; Mr. George Lytle of Palatine; Mr. and Mrs. Charles Renich, Miss Lotta and Miss Addie Church of Barrington Center.

Mr. Carl Cret and wife, of Chicago, spent New Year's with his mother.

The Barrington Social Club is making preparations to give a masquerade ball, Friday evening, January 18.

WANTED—Girl for general housework. Small family; wages \$3 a week. Address Box 18, Barrington, Ill. If

Mr. Fred Bennett spent New Year's day with his mother at Woodstock.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Heise returned home Tuesday after a visit with relatives in Canada.

Miss Tillie Krahn of Jansville, is visiting with her parents this week.

Mrs. L. Golden, of Englewood, is visiting with her daughter, Mrs. Earnest Riecke.

Mrs. Rogers is the guest of her daughter, Mrs. E. W. Shipman.

Among those who have joined the Diamond Garment Cutter company's class the past week are Mrs. T. Suh, Misses Bertha Langenheim, Mahala Dankie, Katie Beck and Tillie Hobein. The people here are just beginning to appreciate this system. Call at their rooms and investigate the work that is being done yourself.

Dr. Chas. W. Coltrin and wife of Austin, Ill., visited at the home of Mr. L. D. Castle this week.

Miss Ida Dodge of Elgin is visiting friends here this week.

Rev. T. E. Ream entertained a brother from Hampshire this week.

Installation of officers of the W. R. C. will take place next week. Mrs. Rhoda Lombard has been chosen to act as installing officer.

Mrs. Jenks' mother returned to her home in Ohio after a short visit here.

A large assortment of men's gloves and mittens at reduced prices at A. W. Meyer & Co's.

Miss Ethel Harrower is visiting with her sister, Miss Lillie Harrower.

The supper given at the M. E. church Monday evening was well attended, and a pleasant evening was spent by those present. Fifteen dollars was realized and will be used for missionary purposes.

For all wool underwear go to A. W. Meyer & Co.

We are in receipt of a letter from M. J. Rath who was formerly with the Barrington News. He is now at Benton Harbor, Mich.

A. W. Meyer is able to be around again.

Rev. T. E. Ream will speak to the "Fathers" at the M. E. church next Sunday evening. Everybody is welcome.

Buy your flour now at A. W. Meyer & Co's, while price is low.

The Loveland Register, Vol. 1, No. 1, reached us last week. It is a very neat and newsy paper. Mr. J. B. Cocke, formerly editor of the Barrington News, has the management of the paper. We wish him and the paper success.

Mr. William Donlea's home was visited by burglars last week. A small amount of money was secured.

Pure buckwheat at A. W. Meyer & Co's.

William K. Brockway has returned to his home in Albany, Wis.

Mr. O. E. Maynard moved in E. Lamey's brick building, Wednesday. He occupies the rooms recently vacated by Mr. E. Reuter.

The new year was greeted with a considerable amount of noise.

A 28 cent Peaberry coffee for 25 cents per pound, at A. W. Meyer & Co.

Miss Lizzie Spear and Miss Jennie Jayne are taking up the study of stenography in Chicago.

Mrs. Kingsley and daughter, Miss Carrie, of Elgin, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Jerome Kingsley this week.

The collection taken at the Evangelical Salem church last Sunday morning for the benefit of the sufferers in the drought stricken sections of Nebraska amounted to \$12.72.

Miss Fannie Stott of Desplaines visited with her cousins, Fred and Maggie Stott, during the holidays.

Prof. A. O. Coddington and Prof. Walter Harrower are taking a vacation. They are spending a few days on the Fox river hunting.

A party was given at the home of Mr. George Bauman Tuesday evening. A very pleasant evening was had by those attending.

Got time to carry a trunk? If so go to B. H. Sodd & Son and buy one cheap.

BOYS—To Mr. and Mrs. Fred Wagner, Wednesday, Jan. 2, a girl.

A great number of the boys and girls have taken advantage of the good skating and Randall's lake has been rather lively during the past week.

B. H. Sodd & Son sell two pound package of self-raising buckwheat for 10 cents.

Miss Alice Downs is spending her vacation at Hampshire.

The Sunday school election at the Salem Evangelical church Sunday, resulted as follows: President, John L. Meiners; vice-president, Fred Kampert; secretary, John C. Plagge; treasurer, B. H. Sodd; librarians, Henry Schafer and Sam Gieske; organists, Misses Lydia Suhrand, Amanda Schroeder; J. C. Plagge and John L. Meiners were chosen as leaders of the choir; and Misses Mary Frye and Emma Landwer, organists for the choir.

Prof. Smith spent the holidays visiting with his parents at Elgin, Ill.

Mr. J. H. S. Lee of Waukegan was here Wednesday evening with profiles of the streets in village showing elevation. Street and sidewalk grades will be established by the village board.

Miss Delia Seit of Lake Zurich spent a few days last week with Miss Ida Diekmann.

A pound can of baking powder for 18 cents at B. H. Sodd & Son.

BOYS—To Mr. and Mrs. John Nagatz, a boy.

Henry Schroeder was tendered a surprise party Tuesday, by a number of his friends, the occasion being the anniversary of his twenty-first birthday. A very enjoyable evening was spent by those present.

Genuine buckskin gloves and mitts, 75 cents a pair at B. H. Sodd & Son.

The Northwestern are cutting down their force of employes wherever it is possible. Mr. R. A. Webb is now night operator and A. T. Witsch day operator at this place.

About two inches of snow fell Thursday and the thermometer crowded the zero mark that night.

As Dr. Zahn has given up the practice of medicine at this place, he will be succeeded by Dr. M. F. Clausins of Chicago, who was late assistant superintendent of the Northern State hospital of Wisconsin, and will locate here permanently. Dr. Clausins comes here highly recommended by Dr. Zahn, who has known him for several years. The doctor will locate here Monday, Jan. 7, and will have his office at A. L. Waller's drug store from 8 to 10 a. m.

Messrs. L. F. Schroeder and H. T. Abbott were out on a hunting expedition New Year's day but failed to kill any thing—not even a crow.

Our subscription list is steadily increasing. We are sending out a large number of extra copies this week and expect to place 100 new names on our list during the present month. Now is the time to advertise.

Messrs. George G. Gentler and George Gesell of Monroe, Mich., visited with Mr. L. F. Schroeder during the past week.

James Jones of Chicago was in town Thursday.

Mr. Fred Meister is working in Chicago doing carpenter work.

Don't forget the masquerade ball Jan. 18.

Mr. L. F. Schroeder was in Cary on business Saturday.

Persons wishing to aid drought stricken Nebraska people by contributions of money, food or clothing, may leave same with B. H. Sodd or L. F. Schroeder on or before Jan. 8.

Modern Woodmen Install Officers.

There were 150 people present at the public installation of officers of the Modern Woodmen of America Thursday evening. The officers installed were:

F. M. Smith—Venerable Counsel.
J. M. Thrasher—Worthy Adviser.
John Robertson—Banker.
M. T. Lamey—Clerk.
E. H. Sodd—Escort.
Wm. Anhaltz—Watchman.
H. P. Askew—Sentry.
Mr. L. Bennett was the installing officer.

After the installation an excellent program was rendered as follows:

Quartet, D. r. C. H. Kendall, E. J. Hawley, L. H. Bennett and P. A. Hawley.
Recitation. Miss Jennie Kitson Solo. Miss Annie Krahn Duet. Mrs. Thos. Fitzsimmons and F. B. Bennett.

Recitation. Mrs. M. A. Bennett Solo. F. B. Bennett Recitation. Mr. A. J. Redmond Solo. Miss Edna Hawley Recitation. Miss Jennie Kitson Solo. Miss Annie Krahn Solo. Mr. L. H. Bennett

Each selection was enthusiastically received and there were a number of encores.

The balance of the evening was concluded with cards.

Village Board Meeting.

The village board met in regular session, at the village hall Wednesday evening, Jan. 2, 1894. Full board present.

Minutes of the last meeting read and approved.

The following bills were allowed:

Fred Weseman, gravel. 7 12
Barrington Review Pub. Ord. 5 30
John C. Plagge, oil, etc. 12 80
Plagge & Co., lumber, etc. 2 66
L. F. Schroeder, hardware. 33 99
H. A. Sandma, marshal. 7 15
John C. Meier, night watchman. 40 00
Will Wolf, hauling gravel. 3 09
Henry Pingel, hauling gravel. 3 09
L. E. Runyan, hauling gravel. 4 50
S. J. Palmer, hauling gravel. 6 00
E. Riske, hauling gravel. 11 25
James Sizer, hauling gravel. 12 00
Fred Jahnholz, hauling gravel. 28 50

Total. \$177 27

A motion was made and carried that Leroy Powers' offer to furnish the village with kerosene oil for 8 cents per gallon, and retain the oil barrels be accepted.

A petition asking for the extension of Washington street west to Walnut street, and for the extension of Liberty street west to the E. J. and E. right of way was read, and a motion was made and carried that a survey of the proposed extension be made and that the village attorney be instructed to draw the necessary ordinance. On motion board adjourned.

M. T. LAMEY,
Village Clerk.

BISHOP J. J. ESHER

Will Preach at the Evangelical Zion Church, Sunday Morning, Jan. 6.

The senior bishop of the Evangelical Association of North America, J. J. Esher, will preach in the Evangelical Zion church at Barrington, Sunday morning, Jan. 6, at 10:30 a. m. All are cordially invited.

Bucklen's Arnica Salva.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by A. L. Waller.

Sugar trust? No, we don't trust, but sell 25 pounds for \$1.00 cash.
B. H. SODT & SON.

Get Your Auction Bills, Etc., Printed at the Review Office.

We have recently added a large amount of new type to our job assortment, making it one of the best equipped offices generally found in towns of this size. When in want of auction bills, statements, bill heads, envelopes, cards, etc., bring your work to the REVIEW office and get it done neatly and at reasonable prices.

M. T. LAMEY.

STRUCK THE WRONG CROWD.

A Faker's Appetite Encourager Not Wanted by Hungry Strikers.

The dapper little man in the check suit, with a bulky cane and a large yellow valise, saw a good-sized crowd on the street corner and immediately dived into the center of it. He didn't take time to stop to find out what was the reason of the crowd's gathering, but began business at once. The thick cane was given a dexterous twist that developed it into a tripod and the large yellow valise was placed on top of it.

"Gentlemen," began the dapper man. The crowd concentrated its collective eyes on him. "I have here," continued the orator, with the easy confidence of a man whose life has been passed in public speaking, "I have here for sale at 25 cents a bottle Old Mother Solnso's Home-made Root Bitters. These bitters, gentlemen, are warranted to cure any case of loss of appetite that ever existed. Ten drops taken as a dose before meal time will make the most dyspeptic man want porterhouse, steaks, fried chicken, ice cream, a whole half of a pie."

He said no more. The crowd of hungry strikers, who had been living for two weeks on half a meal every forty-eight hours, jumped on him, jammed his yellow valise, bottles and all, down over his head and chased him up the street at wondrous speed.

FEWER HOT BOXES NOW.

Improvements Have About Done Away With This Railway Annoyance.

Those who have traveled much by rail are more or less acquainted with the hot box. A hot box, as it is commonly called, really means a hot journal bearing or a hot journal, or both. It arises sometimes from the use of poor material in the bearing, sometimes on account of imperfect casting, and sometimes from too great weight upon the bearing, producing friction and heat.

There are now far fewer hot boxes than formerly. Some of the heaviest cars are now carried upon six-wheeled trucks, thus distributing the weight of each end of the car upon six journal bearings instead of four, and reducing the danger of excessive friction. Better materials are used and the workmanship upon them is better, weights to be carried are calculated more nicely, and greater care is exercised in operation, so that the hot box is not what it once was. A man thoroughly familiar with railroading who made not long ago a trip of 10,000 miles which included points as far apart as the City of Mexico, San Francisco and Chicago, said that he did not encounter a hot box until he was within twenty miles of New York on his return.

AND HE DIED.

The Old Man Met His Fate in That Small Still Voice.

She was a typewriter. Of course she was pretty. A typewriter that isn't pretty is as rare as a hen that isn't a chicken or a circle that isn't round. Nobody ever saw one—at least, who lived to write about it.

He was the senior member of the firm, but susceptible, for all that. He was smitten. He wanted to ask her a few tender questions. He dared not commit them to paper, oh no! He dared not speak aloud for fear some of the weasel-eared clerks or junior partners would catch on and squeal.

For three days he thought, then hit upon a plan. He would inveigle her into the soundproof telephone closet.

He did so. "Little dear," he pleaded there, "will you go to the opera to-night with me and for a little supper afterward? Don't refuse me, I will promise you a glorious time."

The sweet girl blushed. Oh, it was indeed a temptation. She tried to speak. What her answer was no one shall ever know; for just at that instant there was a buzz at the telephone. With pallid face and trembling hands the senior drew the phone to his ear and heard a familiar voice from afar: "Yes, dear, thank you. Come home early. I will be ready on time!"

The doctors called it heart failure.

But the wife and the little blond typewriter knew more than these wise men.

In the whole range of the Alps there are but two peaks which measure more than 15,000 feet in height, and only six or seven that go above 14,000. In the Himalaya range, however, there are thousands of titanic cloud-piercing peaks—ranging from 29,000 feet downward.

"Hard Times" Bargains!

As we are now selling on a cash basis, we have decided to offer (among others) the following bargains:

Children's School Shoes,
Child's Pebble Goat Shoes (8 to 11 1-2) 50c

Besides the above we have a full line of "SELZ" Boots and Shoes. Also Felt Boots and Shoes and Rubber Boots and Shoes in all sizes.

Clothing

Marked down 10 to 30 per cent. Men's Suits, \$4 to \$18. Overcoats, \$4 to \$10. Also large line of Canvas and Rubber Coats, Overall, Jackets, etc., at greatly reduced prices.

Men's Furnishing Goods,

Underwear, Dress and Necktie Shirts, Hats, Caps, Neckwear, Handkerchiefs, Suspenders, Hose, Gloves, etc.
A full line of Ladies' and Children's

Underwear and Hosiery.

A Complete Stock of Staple and Fancy Groceries Always on Hand.

Trunks! Valises! Trunks!

We are sole agents for the celebrated "NEW HOME," "CLIMAX" and "FAVORITE" Sewing Machines.

Agency for Steamship Tickets and Foreign Remittances.

B. H. SODT & SON.

Come and See

Our large and varied assortment of . . .

Ready-Made Clothing,

Custom-Made Fur Coats,
Jackets, Gloves, Mittens, Etc.

Suits Made to Order in the Latest Styles.

A complete line of samples to select from.

H. WALTER, Barrington, Ill.

Opposite the Depot.

Webster's Dictionary

Is a very useful publication, and contains a vast amount of valuable information which can be found in no other book; but, notwithstanding the enormous expense and years of toil necessary to produce this mastodonic piece of work, it

Is a Flat Failure,

Either as a work of fiction or compendium of general news. Still it answers the purpose for which it was published better than any other book we know of, and covers the entire field—as a dictionary.

As a Newspaper

We are trying to do the same thing for the community—to cover the entire local news field to the entire satisfaction of our patrons. Its our business to watch over the best interests of this town and county—to nurture its industries and foster its enterprises.

F. L. WATERMAN,

Dealer in
Fancy Groceries,
Fruits, Vegetables and Bakery Goods,
Tobacco, Cigars, Nuts and Confectionery.

ICE CREAM AND OYSTERS IN SEASON.

Barrington, ILL.

BUSINESS MEN WHO DESIRE TO DO BUSINESS IN A BUSINESS WAY SHOULD REMEMBER THAT HOME FOLKS ARE CONSUMERS, AND THAT THIS PAPER REACHES 'EM