

# BARRINGTON REVIEW.

VOL. 9. NO. 43.

BARRINGTON, ILL., SATURDAY, MARCH 9 1895.

\$1.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

## BARRINGTON.

### CHURCH NOTICES.

**St. Ann's Catholic**—Rev. J. F. Conroy, 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 SALER**—Rev. T. Suber, 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. Ream, pastor. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath school at 12 m. Children's services at 8 p. m. (one day Friday at 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Thursday at 7:30 p. m.)

### SOCIETY NOTICES.

**LOANSBURY LODGE No. 751, A. F. and A. M.**—Meets at their hall the second and fourth Saturdays of each month. L. A. Powers, W. M.; C. H. Kendall, S. W.; A. L. Roberts, J. W.; A. T. Uitsch, Sec.; C. H. Otis, Treas.; J. M. Thrasher, S. D.; J. P. Brown, J. D.; A. Glenson, Tyler; J. W. Dacy, S. S.; Wm. Young, J. S.; Robert Bailey, Chaplain; E. W. Ripman, Marshal.  
**BARRINGTON CAMP No. 809, Modern Woodmen of America**, meets at their hall the first and third Tuesday evenings of each month. F. E. Smith, V. C.; J. M. Thrasher, E. B.; John Robertson, B.; M. T. Lamey, J. D.; A. E. Sodi, Escort; Wm. Ansholtz, Watchman; H. P. Askew, Secretary; L. A. Pow; John Hatje and Fred Benhoff, Managers; C. H. Kendall, Physician.  
**BARRINGTON TENT, No. 71, K. O. T. M.**—Meets in their hall the second and fourth Tuesdays of each month. T. H. Cret, P. C.; E. H. Sodi, C.; Elias Robertson, L. C.; F. E. Smith, S.; J. M. Thrasher, R. K.; Rev. Robert Bailey, Chap.; C. P. Hawley, F. K.; Arthur Jayne, M. A.; A. Bennett, 1st M. G.; Fred Koelling, 2d M. G.; H. Roloff, S.; John Sbroch, P.  
**BARRINGTON POST No. 275, G. A. R.** Department of Ill.—Meets every second Friday of the month at their hall. Charles Senn, Com.; G. W. Johnson, S. V. C.; Wm. Humphrey, J. V. C.; A. C. Gleason, Q. M.; C. Bogart, Chaplain; A. S. Henderson, O. D.; L. Krahn, O. G.; H. Reuter, Sergt.  
**W. R. C. No. 85**, Meets at G. A. R. Hall the second and fourth Wednesdays of each month. Mrs. Emily Hawley, Pres.; Mrs. Lucy Townsend, 2d V. P.; Mrs. Arletta Sizer, J. V. C.; Miss Robt. Brokaw, Treas.; Mrs. Kate Runyan, Chaplain; Mrs. Emma Wood, Conductor; Mrs. Julia Robertson, Guard.

### VILLAGE OFFICERS.

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H. C. P. Sandman, John Robertson, H. T. Abbott, John Collea, Wm. Grunan, John Hatje, Trustees  
Miles T. Lamey, Village Clerk  
A. L. Robertson, Treasurer  
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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.

## BEAT THE SPANIARDS

### CUBAN INSURGENTS WIN A VICTORY.

Spanish Troops Said to Have Been Defeated Near Santa Clara—Our Consul-General Talks of His Return to Recall.

Key West, Fla., March 8.—The report is received here of the engagement Tuesday near Santa Clara, Cuba, between a band of insurgents and a battalion of Spanish soldiers. The government forces, says the advice, were defeated with the loss of several men. A corporal was wounded. The Cuban loss is not stated.  
Madrid, March 8.—An official dispatch received here from Cuba says Gen. Garrido has captured the town of Baire. Forty-three of the insurgents surrendered to the Spanish troops. The remainder fled and are pursued by the government forces.

### OUR CONSUL-GENERAL TALKS.

Mr. Williams is Determined to Do What is Right.

Havana, Cuba, March 8.—When Consul-General Williams heard the news that Capt.-Gen. Calleja had asked the Spanish government to demand his recall, and that the Spanish cabinet had supported the demand, he said: "I would have resigned long ago but for my family. The latest trouble arises from the prisoners of war, Sanquillo, Aquirre, Canillo, and Perazo. They all hold citizenship in the United States. The captain-general insisted that they should be tried by court-martial, while I demanded that their cases be determined by the civil courts and be allowed to have lawyers to defend them. These four prisoners were captured in pursuit of their ordinary avocations. They cannot bully me. These men got their citizenship papers in New York, and they cannot be questioned. I am ready to leave at any time, but I will protect American citizens as far as possible while I am here. If I had not been defending these men I would have resigned a week ago."

### Spain Says Uncle Sam is Friendly.

Madrid, March 8.—In the chamber of deputies yesterday Senor Lema questioned the government as to the attitude of the United States toward Spain in regard to Cuba. The minister of the colonies, Senor Abarazueza, said the relations between the United States and Spain were cordial, as the reception of the Spanish cruiser *Niueva Espana* at Tampa demonstrated. The chamber of deputies has adopted a resolution giving the government an unlimited credit for the suppression of the revolt in Cuba. The Cuban treasurer will be compelled to reimburse the government for whatever sum may be expended in putting down the insurrection.

### INCOME TAX ARGUMENTS.

Case for the Appellants Opened—Unconstitutionality Contended.  
Washington, March 8.—The Supreme court reached income tax cases yesterday. W. D. Guthrie was recognized to open the case for the appellants. He said that they would depend principally upon showing that the present income tax law is unconstitutional because of its want of uniformity, and quoted at length from the provision of the law to show that the tax is not uniform, contending that congress had no right under the constitution to levy a tax, duty, excise, or import which was variable or lacking in uniformity as to individuals or corporations, because it was the fundamental rule that burdens in these respects should be equally upon all alike.  
Mr. Guthrie dwelt upon the exemption in the interest of the Building and Loan associations, which were, he said, relieved of the annual payment of \$600,000 and whose assets, it had been asserted, were greater than the combination of capital of all the national banks. All that men would have to do to evade the operations of the law would be to organize building and loan associations.  
Mr. Guthrie resumes his argument at 12 o'clock to-day.

### McAniff Wants to Fight.

New York, March 8.—Jack McAniff has issued a sweeping challenge asserting his readiness to defend the lightweight championship in a finish fight with any other claimant. He says that he will meet the man determined to be the best in his class in the same week and at the same place that Corbett meets Fitzsimmons.

### Da Gama on the Warpath.

Montevideo, March 8.—It is reported here that Admiral da Gama, leader of the recent rebellion in Brazil, has reentered Brazil and taken up arms against the government in the Province of Rio Grande, with a force of 3,200 men, comprising a naval battalion, with twenty-two naval officers.

### To Keep Fire From the Powder.

Boston, Mass., March 8.—Fire broke out on board the United States transport *Forn* during its trip from Philadelphia and Boston navy yard, where it arrived last night. It was only by hours of hard fighting on the part of the officers and crew that the flames were kept from the magazine where 500 pounds of powder was stored.

### Minister Admits a Big Shortage.

New York, March 8.—The Rev. William A. Newbold, pastor of the Episcopal church of Montclair, N. J., is \$19,000 short in his accounts with the American Church Missionary Society, according to statements made by George C. White, chairman of the society's investigating committee.

## A CHICAGO MEASURE.

### Civil Federation's Civil Service Bill Passed by the House.

Springfield, Ill., March 8.—The civil service bill passed the house yesterday with an emergency clause attached by a vote of 110 to 26, after a smart battle. The query, "What has become of the \$5,000 limit bill?" has been made with much frequency in both branches of the legislature of late. Six weeks ago bills to repeal the law which limits damages in case of death to \$5,000 were introduced in the house and senate and referred to committees, and there they have languished ever since. Representative Walleck introduced the bill in the house.

The bill to prevent public officials, including members of the legislature, from accepting railroad passes was killed in the house.

Among the more important bills introduced in the house were these: Mr. Bailey—To provide that when a prisoner is in the custody of an officer and is taken from such officer by mob violence he may recover damages from the county not exceeding \$5,000. Mr. Boyd—To amend the election law by providing that any person who takes a bribe for his vote may bring suit against the bribe giver for the recovery of any sum not exceeding \$300 and attorney's fees and exempting the bribe taker from any criminal prosecution. Mr. Ferns—Providing for the punishment of pools, trusts, and conspiracies to control prices and as to evidence and prosecution in such cases. The house adjourned to 9 o'clock this morning.

The senate refused to concur in the house amendments to the bill making the emergency appropriation for the militia and the question is, Shall the house recede from the amendments it made, reducing the appropriation from \$254,000 to \$253,000? The chances are the house will not recede, but later in the session there is little question the appropriations asked by the adjutant-general for uniforming the troops and equipments will be made.

Senator Harding's bill abolishing the three days grace on promissory notes, etc., came up in the senate as a special order on second reading. Senator Leeper's amendment that all promissory notes falling due Sundays or legal holidays be payable the day following was adopted and the bill advanced to third reading. Senator Higbee's motion to suspend the rules to consider his bill fixing sleeping car rates and make it a special order for Tuesday was lost by a roll call vote—yeas, 23; nays, 16. After some further business the senate adjourned until 10 o'clock to-day.

### BRITONS AROUSED.

### Conditions of Chicago Meat Discussed in Parliament.

London, March 8.—The president of the board of agriculture in the house of commons yesterday was asked whether his attention had been drawn to a statement in the Times concerning the preparing and packing of meat at Chicago, said to be diseased. Herbert Gardner, president of the board of agriculture, said he had received the statements referred to, and proposed to make the necessary inquiries through the foreign office.

### To Incorporate Labor Societies.

Lansing, Mich., March 8.—The senate devoted several hours yesterday to the bill providing for a more thorough and stringent system of factory inspection. Opponents of the measure succeeded in reducing the pay of five inspectors from \$1,000 to \$800 each. The total annual appropriation was increased from \$4,000 to \$8,000. The senate committee on labor made a favorable report on the bill recommended by Gov. Rich as a solution of disputes between capital and labor. The bill provides for the incorporation of labor organizations so that they may sue and be sued, and thus settle their difficulties as other corporations do. In the house bills abolishing days of grace on commercial paper and providing for an examination and reappraisal of all state lands were killed.

### They Want Uncle Sam to Settle Up.

London, March 8.—Sir Richard Webster, one of the British counsel before the Behring sea tribunal of arbitration, in the house of commons yesterday questioned the government in regard to negotiations for settlement with the United States of the British sealers' claims for seizure prior to the arbitration proceedings. The secretary of the foreign office said steps were being taken looking to a settlement. He also said that Secretary Gresham had expressed deep regret at the unfortunate delay which had taken place in discharging the obligations of the United States.

### Big Steamer Aground.

New York, March 8.—A combination of ice damaged buoys and fog is responsible for the grounding of the North German Lloyd's steamer *Havel* in Gedney's channel while coming in from sea at 3 o'clock this morning. The flagship ran into the sand near the head of this channel and all efforts to get it back into deep water were unrewarded. The passengers were safely landed.

### Will Soon Issue a Labor Bulletin.

Washington, March 8.—The issuance of a bimonthly bulletin of the department of labor will be commenced at the beginning of the next fiscal year. The bulletins will be restricted to the conditions of labor in this and other countries, condensations of state and foreign labor reports, the condition of employment, and other matters of importance.

Fruits in variety tastefully arranged with green leaves make a handsome table ornament.

## KILLED BY JAPANESE.

### NINETEEN HUNDRED DEAD CHINAMEN ON THE FIELD.

Two Hundred Prisoners are Taken—Sanguinary Engagement Takes Place March 4—Extends Into the Night—In vader's Loss Slight—Cable News.

Hiroshima, March 8.—A dispatch received here from Gen. Nodzu, dated Haling, March 4, says that two divisions of the first Japanese army assaulted New Chwang proper at 10 o'clock on the morning of that day, and entered the city at noon. A portion of the enemy's forces at once fled to Yen Kow, the New Chwang settlement. The remaining Chinese troops made a stubborn resistance, occupying the houses of the city. Some desperate street fighting followed and the Chinese were completely routed at 11 o'clock at night, leaving 1,900 killed upon the field. The Japanese captured 500 prisoners and sixteen guns, together with a quantity of munitions of war and colors. The Japanese loss was 206 killed and wounded. A later dispatch from the front says that at 8 o'clock on the morning of March 4 a force of 10,000 Chinese under Gen. Lung advanced upon Taping shang, but were repulsed by the fire of the Japanese artillery. The Chinese retreated before noon. The Japanese sustained no loss.

### Bills Wife and Five Children.

London March 8.—At Tooting, Surrey, yesterday an unemployed plasterer named Taylor, having become despondent from long idleness, murdered his wife and five children and then killed himself.

### The Friesland Released.

London, March 8.—The steamer *Friesland*, which went aground at Port Said, has been floated and will proceed.

### BETTER PRICES WILL RULE.

Iron Trade Review Thinks Market Outlook is Hopeful.

Cleveland, Ohio, March 8.—The Iron Trade Review this week will say: "Whatever doubt existed as to the ability of producers of Lake Superior Bessemer ores to agree upon a basis for 1895, both as to prices and production that would prevent a repetition of the sorry experience of last year, has been removed. The market to-day is difficult of exact statement, but on prompt shipment the range is fairly \$10.15@10.25 Pittsburgh, with sellers unwilling to contract largely for future deliveries, especially in view of the coal strike declared this week and the possibilities of trouble in the coke region. It is urged that the prospect of higher Bessemer ore and higher coke after April 1 sustain the view that, with the accumulated stocks taken up by recent purchase, the low level of Bessemer pig in January and early February will not be touched."

### NEGROES START FOR AFRICA.

First Southern Party Leaves Memphis to Colonize Dark Continent.

Memphis, Tenn., March 8.—Three hundred negroes who arrived in Memphis yesterday on railroads leading from Arkansas, Louisiana, Mississippi and Texas took trains to-day for Savannah, when on March 9 they will embark for Africa. They are transported by the African Migration society, to whom each of them was paid \$11 on installment, which defrays all expenses of the trip. Six thousand negroes are now paying their fares in advance in this way. The negroes who arrived yesterday are mostly farmers, though there are carpenters, blacksmiths, and other craftsmen. One-half are women and children. Though these negroes met yesterday for the first time they have already agreed to settle in Africa together and form a colony by themselves.

### To Investigate Nebraska Penitentiary.

Omaha, Neb., March 8.—There will be an investigation of the state penitentiary and of some of the inside workings of that institution. Both the senate and house are determined to push the investigation. The resolutions demanding the investigation will be offered in the house at Lincoln to-day.

### Colonial Landmark Burns.

Richmond, Va., March 8.—The old colonial residence in King and Queen county, once the residence of Carter Braxton, one of the signers of the declaration of independence, was burned to the ground yesterday. It was one of the oldest buildings in Virginia.

### To Preserve Jefferson Davis' House.

Richmond, Va., March 8.—The women of the Southern Memorial and Literary Society have decided to spend \$13,000 in making the Jefferson Davis mansion fireproof and to convert it at once into a museum for confederate relics.

### Gen. McClelland Resting Easier.

Springfield, Ill., March 8.—Gen. McClelland's condition was somewhat improved to-day. He rested easier and took nourishment more freely than for several days.

### Much Money Involved.

Denver, Colo., March 8.—A suit involving between \$5,000,000 and \$10,000,000 has been filed for one-half interest in the capital stock of the Victor Coal and Coke company.

### Shoup Elected in Idaho.

Boise, Idaho, March 8.—George L. Shoup was elected United States Senator yesterday to succeed himself. The final ballot gave Shoup 27 out of 53, and closed the senatorial contest.

## A. W. Meyer & Co.

### Price Reduction The Order of the Day.

### More Than Ever Before

In our business experience, we realize the utmost importance of disposing of all that yet remains of our Fall and Winter Stock.

We are attempting to force matters to this point by that powerful, never failing agent,

### Price Reduction!

On Ladies' and Misses' Cloaks and Jackets we have cut the price 25 per cent to clear them out.

On Men's Overcoats and Boys' Clothing, we have reduced from 20 to 30 per cent. They must go, as we are bound not to carry them over.

We buy for Cash and in large quantities, therefore we buy cheap. The result is that in every department of our store we can and do make the lowest prices for Cash.

Respectfully Yours,

## A. W. MEYER & CO.,

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Armour's Celebrated Hams, Sausages, Etc.

A TRIAL WILL CONVINCING YOU + Open Sundays Until 9 a. m.

R. BURTON, Barrington, Ill.

# HIS SIDE PARTNER.

Antonio Pietro came to America at the urgent solicitation of his friend, Lester Ancona. When he landed in New York and hunted up the address on Bleecker street which Ancona had given him in his last letter he found that that gentleman had pulled up stakes and gone away on the very day that Pietro had sailed from Italy. He had left no address behind him and the only clue that flustered foreigner could catch was to what point of the compass his quondam friend had headed for was from the newsdealer in the next block, from whom Ancona had long bought his Italian papers and his tobacco and olives, and for whom he had manifested a more sincere liking than anybody else in the world.

The newsdealer said he believed Ancona had gone west. That was decidedly an indefinite piece of information. Even an American who is pretty well acquainted with the topography of his own country would have considered it an address which was capable of a good many variations, and to the muddled brain of poor Pietro it conveyed about as much intelligence as would be the report that the man at whose bidding he had come on this wild goose chase had gone on a trip through the celestial regions.

Two weeks in a down-town lodging-house exhausted Pietro's financial balance, and on the fifteenth day after he set foot on New York soil he found himself in the little box of a room back of the newsdealer's cluttered up store, with just a cent on the table before him, and in his hand the gold ring his mother had given him the day she died. It was all she had to leave him, poor thing and he had always religiously cherished it as a talisman whose fibers of inwrought gold were vibrant with the sacred individuality of the dead woman whom he had always revered as the embodiment of all that is best in this world and the incarnation of the holiness of the world beyond.

His position was not a novel one. The newsdealer had seen many a youth in just such a plight before, but somehow the simple, hopeless misery of the young Italian appealed to a long-silent chord in his heart, and without stopping to argue the pros and cons of the plan which instantaneously outlined itself before him, he presented its salient features to Pietro who grasped them eagerly.

"When I say I don't know where Ancona went," the newsdealer explained, "I mean that I wouldn't take an oath that I could put my hand on him any moment I want him. But I've been thinking the matter over and I've come to this conclusion: He said he was going west, and when people start in that direction there is one grand central part where they all run for a month or two at least, and that's Chicago. You must go to Chicago, Pietro."

Pietro shook his head doubtfully. "I can't," he said, eyeing his one penny and the ring dubiously. "No money, no work. How much will it cost?" "I didn't make this proposition to tantalize you with false hopes," the old man responded sharply. "When I said you must go to Chicago the statement implied that I was prepared to furnish you with the wherewithal for getting there. I like you and I pity you and want to help you. I'll pay your fare and give you money enough to keep you for a couple of weeks or so. You can also take along a letter of introduction to a friend of mine, who is pretty well acquainted in the Italian colonies, and he will make you feel as though you are not entirely forsaken and sort of brace you up and help you hunt Ancona, whom I am as positive you will find as I am that you and I see here in a Bleecker street news store to-night. All I ask in return is that you will let the best things that are in you come to the front, and give me an account of yourself every week that will let me know that my confidence in you has not been misplaced. What do you say?"

Pietro didn't say anything, but he cried a little, a thing he had not done before since leaving Italy, and his tears were a more satisfactory promise to try to keep his head above water than any verbal protestations of good faith would have been.

Pietro started for Chicago the next day. The letter of introduction to the newsdealer's friend was worth about as much as such letters usually are. The representative of Pietro's race with whom the man had come in contact were decidedly of an inferior type, and evidently he classified the young fellow who had been thus unceremoniously thrust upon his hands as one of the same species. He honored the letter with a second perusal and then handed it back to the bearer.

"I already have more proteges of one nationality and another than I know what to do with," he remarked curtly in his sleek Italian, "and I positively can be of no assistance to you. I trust you will find your friend." And Pietro who was sadly lacking in the stuff that makes men heroes, had not the courage to plead his cause, but wandered dejectedly into the street and commenced his search unaided.

American customs bewildered him and the wretchedness of the Italian settlement into which he drifted sickened him. His money dribbled through his fingers like water through a sieve, and his second Sunday in Chicago was spent in a police station, whether he had been taken on a charge of vagrancy.

There he learned his first news of Ancona. The sergeant in charge had known him well. He had fallen in with a band of vagabonds on Clark street, and after first being floored by them he had been ejected into joining them. But the life was new to him and he couldn't stand it. Just three weeks from the time his name was first entered on the police records he ended his career in one of the stone cells of the station house one night, and gurgling out a short prayer as a sort of peace-offering to his Maker, and all that remained to give evidence to Pietro that his friend had ever existed was a pauper's grave at Jefferson marked with a wooden slab on which the words "Lester Ancona" had been rudely carved.

Pietro wrote to the Bleecker street newsdealer and begged him to help him get back to New York, but before he mailed his letter he had been rescued from the vortex of struggling

starving humanity in which he was hopelessly floundering, and anchored in the harbor of steady employment, which assured him at least a place to sleep and three "square" meals a day, and that was luxury at that time to Pietro.

However conscientious one might be in giving each person his due, it would be quite impossible to say that the man who befriended him was actuated in so doing by unselfish motives. He thought he saw in the good-looking confiding boy an apprentice whose will could be molded by his own until he developed into just such a tool as he required in his scheming and he grasped the opportunity of becoming a member of moral statuary. He was a skillful artisan. Under his instructions, the theoretical part of which was always aptly illustrated by the corresponding practice, Pietro mastered the underlying principles of this new branch of education with a readiness that gave his employer unbounded satisfaction and which would have made a moralist quail before the evidences of latent sin which might have lain dormant in that boy's nature, had not just such circumstances combined to draw it out.

Billings' business was decidedly shady. There were several branches of it, each when looked at alone appearing to be a little worse than the others. He managed a hotel, which presented as reputable a front as any other rooming house of its class in that part of the town, but there were scores of people who had put up for a time at the Billings' hotel who could tell tales of impositions and barefaced robberies perpetrated that ought to land any man behind prison bars. There was a saloon connected with the establishment. The proprietor paid the city the required license and threw people out when they got too drunk to buy any more, just as other well regulated places did, but behind that cloak of ultra-respectability there were more crooked deals hatched and consummated than any other rendezvous in town could lay claim to. People gambled there, too. Not the barrel-house contingent, but the upper crust of the gaming fraternity. It was an exceptionally safe place, for Billings had lately commenced to nourish political aspirations and, though more than one person who had been authorized to protect the public and uphold morality knew the details of outrageous deeds performed there that would put more than one universally denominated dive to shame, his hand-and-glove relations with the powers that be exempted him from the inconveniences of police surveillance and his patrons came and went without fear of molestation.

In the rear of the building between the hotel above and the gaming-house below was a den about six feet high, reached by means of an outside stairway leading up from the alley, and that was let out to as many Italians as could pack themselves away in the lathouse quarters. Billings never inquired how many human bodies took refuge in the hot-bed of filth and iniquity. There was a foreman of the gang, who regularly paid the stipulated amount of the rent when due, and that was all their landlord cared for.

The manipulating of these concerns was the work into which Antonio Pietro was initiated, and so readily did he assimilate with surrounding conditions that within a month Billings declared that he couldn't run his business without him, and laughingly called him his "side partner," a sobriquet by which he soon became known to the habitués of Billings' place, and which always clung to him.

There was one infamous vocation which his master pursued with religious regularity in which Pietro declined to lend a helping hand, and that was wife-beating. But by dint of constant practice Billings had reduced that trade to a fine art, and after Pietro's first horrified refusal to put in a blow or two, whenever needed, he did not ask for his services in that line again.

Billings' wife was not a particularly good woman. It would have been contrary to all the laws of nature to expect her to walk through the fiery furnace of sin for fifteen years with Billings and his confederates and come out holding fast to much goodness. But for all her shortcomings there was a fascination in her presence that drew Pietro to her in a strange, irresistible fashion. It was not so much any distinct individuality of her own which called forth his homage as the fact that she was a woman, a representative of the same sex of which his mother stood forth as a splendid type. Pietro had not been very well tutored in some things, and those qualities which had combined to make his mother the perfection of womanhood he unconsciously ascribed to her kind in general.

Billings' wife divined his delusion and humored him in it. "I guess your mother hasn't been dead long," she hazarded one day in her rough Italian, which she had picked up from one source or another. It was the first direct question she had asked him concerning his past life, and that was called forth by the tender, half-reverential way, in which he involuntarily laid his hand on her right cheek over the zash which Billings had made that morning.

"A year," he said, filling up in a way he had of doing at times when the thought of the trial was brought directly before him. He sat down opposite her at the table, and while he drank his black coffee he turned autobiographer. "She was the best mother," he said trying to bring in a word of English whenever he could, to make his meaning more easily comprehended. "This is a mighty hard place to get along in without a mother. Folks don't seem to care much for anybody but themselves. That is, the most of them," he added remembering the Bleecker street newsdealer, of whose generosity he gave a detailed account.

"I haven't written to him since I've been with your husband," he said. "I'm ashamed to, I wouldn't dare tell him the truth, for you know this business is not what it ought to be. I left my mother's ring with him. I could get it for the asking, but I don't want to touch it while my hands are so stained with dirty work. It would be sacrilege. I'll try to get out of here by and by."

Billings' wife did not sneer at this simple confession as she would have done at one time.

"I know how you feel," she answered, "but you must write. When a man does for you what he did, he is proud

ed by an unusual interest in you, and a bad report will be better than suspense."

Pietro saw the justice of her argument and allowed himself to be guided by her counsel, but in the letter that was forthcoming he did not ask for the gold ring.

Day by day the friendship between Billings' wife and his side partner was strengthened.

"I had a boy once of my own," she told Pietro. "If he had lived he would have been just your age. Somehow you kind of take up the place in my heart, which I used to think he would fill. You're a new conscience for me. You may call me 'mother' if you like." And Pietro did.

If he was conscience for her, her apparently rough personality took on the same subtle essence in regard to himself. "I don't think he was outwardly to the dictates of his commander, the boy's soul continually rebelled against acts of grossness and injustice in which he was compelled to take part. Up to a certain point there was a strange fascination in the life he led, but beyond that limit his better self asserted itself and cried out for release from such bondage. At those times he vowed he would leave and lead a clean life, or sink honorably in the attempt, and daily Billings' wife sought to strengthen that resolve and urged him to exercise his higher nature and begin life again. But months came and went, and still Pietro was known on the levee and in the adjoining alleys as Billings' "side-partner."

One day he got a letter from the Bleecker street news dealer. "I shall send you by express your gold ring," he said. "May I speak to you more fervently than tongue or pen of an old man can do."

Pietro took a decided stand that night. "I'm going to leave you to-morrow," he said abruptly, when Billings came up stairs for supper.

Billings' back eyes blazed up with sudden anger. "And what for?" he asked, pushing his wife back in the corner and confronting the young fellow, who had dared to make an assertion on his own account on a subject in which Billings' interests were so deeply involved.

All the boy's courage was aroused for instant action.

"Because I'm tired of all this and because I want to lead a decent life, which I can never do here—that's why."

He looked at his employer unflinchingly. Billings hesitated before answering.

"You idiot," he cried at length, "do you think I've taken you in hand and let you into all my secrets and trained you and made you what I have, only to let you come or go at your own sweet will? No, you're mine, body and soul. If I say 'stay,' stay you do. And that's what I do say. Leave if you dare."

His wife stepped toward him. "Don't drag him down any further, Biff," she pleaded.

"So it's you who have been putting him up to such tricks," he interrupted with a sneer. "I might have known I couldn't trust you."

He seized her shoulder roughly but before he could perpetrate any further violence, Pietro whose arm was nerveless with his newly made resolution to do right at all hazards, loosened the man's grasp and drew her toward him.

"It's not her fault," he said; "it's all my own doings. I'm sick of sin, I tell you."

In his rage Billings struck out wildly before him. Perhaps the blow was meant for his wife, perhaps for Pietro, perhaps it was merely a purposeless expression of wrath, but its full force descended upon Pietro, who reeled back against the table and lay there stained and bleeding.

He died two days later. "Concussion of the brain, the result of a heavy fall," was what the doctor reported to the health department. He knew the main facts of the case, as did a score of others, but Billings held the reins of his popularity as firmly as ever and no action was taken against him.

Billings kept up his reputation by giving his side partner a grand funeral. The woman who had gathered the young man into her heart took the flag which came the day of the funeral and put it on his finger.

"What's that?" her husband asked, coming in while she performed the loving service and catching a glimpse of the gleaming gold.

"It was his mother's," she cried, laying her hand over the precious circlet.

"Don't you dare pollute it with your touch."

Billings granted and turned away.

## COTTON PODS.

**A Southern Woman Making Money Out of an English Florist's Idea.**

A young woman from South Carolina has been paying a long holiday visit to New York, all the expenses of which have been defrayed from the outcome of a trifling accident which occurred to her two years ago. At that time her sister was at school in England, and, thinking that the absent sister might like to see something of home, she sent her a card-board box containing a couple of twigs of half-opened cotton pods. These were seen by a London florist, who found out what they were and where they came from, and then commissioned the schoolgirl to write to her sister, making the offer of a very nice price for any number of such sprays delivered to him in good condition, to be used for decorative purposes.

The proposition was accepted, and for two seasons now the young woman has sent over each year three big packing-boxes of prime pods, brought cheap from her father's plantation. It rather dashed her good spirits when she learned that the "decorative purposes" for which the half-opened pods were to be used should really have read mortuary purposes, the shrewd florist having conceived the idea that, tied up in white or pale mauve ribbon, they would form a very pretty emblem for departed buds and other young persons. But the draft that accompanied the revelation was so handsome that it considerably modified the shoe, and, as has been said, one of the results has been a long pleasure visit to New York on the next profits visit to that transaction in South Carolina cotton pods.—New York Sun.

Merrington is the name of a postoffice in North Carolina. One of the residents, a twelve-year-old girl, who weighs 225 pounds.

# WILDER OF CORNELL.

HE IS AN EDUCATOR OF NUMBERLESS HOBBIES.

Among Them Are Brains, Cats and War of Athletic Sports—Cornell Men Invited to Donate Their Brains to the Institution.



PROF. BURT G. Wilder of Cornell University, who recently exhibited a brainless frog in New York city and has become known as one of the most skillful experts in brain anatomy in the United States, carried his enthusiasm in the matter of brain study so far as to send to the banquet of the Cornell alumni a curious request. It was a printed form which the graduates were asked to sign and to forward to Dr. Wilder in Ithaca, and it was to the effect that they wished that after death their brains should be entrusted to the Cornell Brain Association. The brains were to be used for scientific purposes or to be preserved "as a whole or in part, as may be thought best."

The Cornell Brain association has not yet been formed. It is regarded by some students and alumni as one of the good doctor's hobbies. The doctor spends all his spare time on the comparative anatomy of brains, and has made many important discoveries, and Cornell University has been a great gain-er by his presence in the faculty. He was one of the original faculty, and his collection of brains is one of the sights of the institution. It embraces the brain of almost every kind of animal that can be secured without tremendous cost. It has also a great many human brains, and Dr. Wilder's advanced students devote much time to this speciality. The enthusiasm of the evening, however, was so great that very few of the circulars were examined by the New York alumni at their dinner and probably none of them was signed. The chairman of the dinner committee brought the circulars to the scene of rejoicing, but the speeches were so interesting that Dr. Wilder and his brain association were neglected. This was the circular:

FORM OF REQUESTS OF BRAIN.  
I, ....., now of ....., student of Cornell University from ....., 18..... and graduated in 18....., recognizing the need of studying the brains of educated persons rather than those of the ignorant, criminal, or insane, in order to determine their weight, form and fissural pattern, the correlations with bodily and mental powers of various kinds and degrees, and the influences of sex, age and inheritance, hereby declare my wish that at my death my brain should be entrusted to the Cornell Brain association (when that is organized) or (pending its organization) to the curator of the collection of human brains in the museum of Cornell university, for scientific uses, and for preservation, as a whole or in part, as may be thought best. It is my hope that my family and friends may not oppose the fulfillment of this my earnest wish.  
Signature.....  
Date.....  
Witness.....  
Note—Copies of provisional diagrams of the fissures will be mailed upon application to the undersigned. For a brief statement of reasons for the study of the brains of educated persons see Buck's Reference Handbook of the Medical Sciences (Wm. Wood & Co., New York), VIII, 163 and IX, 110.

BURT G. WILDER, M. D., Professor of Physiology, Vertebrate Zoology and Neurology, Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y.

Of course, Dr. Wilder is known to only a few, comparatively speaking, of Cornell's graduates. Those who are in general courses, so called, and those who intend to become physicians take his lectures, as well as all students in the various branches of natural history. Three-fourths of the students, however, do not know him personally, says the New York Sun. Those who do know him find him a genial, warm-hearted, almost over-conscientious man, eager to help painstaking students. They also know him as an ardent, excitable, self-willed and absolutely fearless man. To those students who are not in his classes he is known as the one man in the faculty who has made unceasing war for twenty years on col-

lege sports. Every year there is a scare among the athletes at Cornell lest Dr. Wilder shall succeed in his nefarious purpose of killing athletics, and every year there is a rally in the faculty to head him off. The doctor recently said in a printed article:

"I can probably claim a bad 'pre-eminence' among the American professors on the following grounds: I have never witnessed an intercollegiate contest, contributed a cent for their maintenance, or voted to permit absence of any team or crew; since 1876 I have objected to the whole system in writings. The doctor might have added that since 1876 he has also objected to the system in speech day by day. He is without doubt foremost among college professors in opposing the present athletic craze. Early last December Dr. Wilder wrote a seven-column article

for the Ithaca Journal on football, and among the enclosures he sent to the Cornell alumni dinner were numerous page proofs of it, in which he spoke thus of the game:

"Not very long ago society flocked to admire a drooping lily or a nodding sunflower with a slim something in petticoats or trousers behind it, dribbling forth unintelligible—and therefore inestimable—inanities. To-day the obvious college representative is the captain of a successful football team. The game is witnessed by thousands at a high price. Great newspapers devote columns to contests which, in the total of fury, bodily hurt, and bloodshed, surpass some pugilistic encounters, and approximate war before the introduction of gunpowder. Brains have given place to brawn. A whole head is worth more than a half back." The aesthetic craze has been succeeded by an athletic craze.

Dr. Wilder is also a bitter opponent of the so-called college spirit. Recently it was proposed to give the football team a big dinner, and everyone was to have an opportunity to attend. The doctor opposed it, of course. He even advised those who had purchased tickets or intended to buy them to stay away from the banquet. The dinner was not given, but the doctor commented on it in the following vigorous fashion:

"If you retain your ticket, inscribe thereon, 'A deliberate sacrifice to a conviction.' Post it in your room. When all are weighed in the balance, such tickets may offset the signs, the photographs, the dippers from the spring, and other 'trophies' that may be found in the rooms of some who have manifested a 'college spirit' in a different fashion."

The doctor's reference to the dippers from the spring comes from the fact that just above his house at the steepest part of Buffalo street hill, on the way to the university, is a splendid spring. The doctor fixed a barrel there and brought the water to the sidewalk, and hundreds stopped there almost every day, after a long pull up that steep hill, to get a refreshing drink. The spring is known as Dr. Wilder's. For twenty-five years the doctor has been supplying tin dippers for that place, and for twenty-five years the students have been stealing them as college trophies. It must have been a considerable expense to the doctor to supply dippers all these years. The doctor had the satisfaction of seeing the banquet finally abandoned. However, it is probable that not until many years after he dies will the song about the doctor prowling after cats cease to be heard on the Cornell campus.

# BACK FROM A TOMB.

Rescue of a Miner Buried Under Coal for Fifty-Four Hours.

After having spent fifty-four hours in a living tomb Charles Ditzel was rescued from the jaws of death in Richardson colliery, near Glen Carbon, at 8 o'clock at night. His helper, August Brenner, was taken out of the mine dead several hours later, says the Philadelphia Record. Both men were found side by side, the one covered by a dense mass of coal and the other sitting in a space that left no room for him to move anything but his head. Ditzel was so weak he had to be handled like a helpless babe. His body is painfully bruised but the doctors attending him say he will live. He begged his rescuers to give him a drink as soon as they reached his side. Ditzel was so weak to express his joy, but his wasted features, telling a tale of suffering, answered the tender solicitude of his wife and relatives with a tender smile. Ditzel was found at the face of the east manway, about ninety yards from the gangway, in breast No. 20. The breast was filled with coal and how he escaped the fate of Brenner is next to a miracle. The rescuers first struck a leg. It was cold and stiff. Presently another leg came to view. Then a third leg was uncovered. The men could not tell which was Ditzel's leg or which was Brenner's. It was a tangle of human legs without the trunk. At last Ditzel was liberated. The heavy coal that pinned him to the side of the manway was removed and his deliverers had the happy satisfaction of taking him out of the narrow aperture alive. Ditzel had only been able to use the lower part of one leg during his confinement of fifty-four hours, and was thus enabled to feel the stiffened limbs of poor Brenner. Brenner died of suffocation and his body down to the knees was covered with coal and dirt. The rush of coal liberated a great body of water and Ditzel was soaked clean through when taken out of the mine. His skin was terribly shriveled and bleached from the effects of the cold mine water and his body was numb from the cold. The drippings that came through the crevices overhead fell over him and a drop occasionally struck his tongue, which eagerly licked up the life-saving moisture. Ditzel's clothes were removed when he reached the surface and he was wrapped in blankets. Ditzel could not have survived his terrible suffering much longer. He was silent most of the long hours yesterday and only spoke when his rescuers called to him.

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## \$1,000,000 RHEUMATISM.

HUNTINGTON'S BIG FIGHT.

He Proposes to Make \$77,000,000 Out of the Reilly Refunding Bill.

Never in the financial history of any of the Reilly refunding bills found its way into a legislative body. Every possible legal obstacle to its constitutionality has been overcome, and, as an embodiment of legislation, the bill reflects infinite credit upon the astuteness in judicial manoeuvre of its author, James B. Reilly, member of congress from

Pennsylvania. Collis P. Huntington is now working hard to push it through. As is well known, the Reilly refunding bill provides for a further extension of time to the great Pacific road. This road owes to-day \$77,000,000 to the government, which it can not pay. Its proprietors, Collis P. Huntington, the Stanford, Hopkins and Crocker estates, can more than pay it, and are liable for the debt. The Reilly refunding bill releases Huntington and the estates from their liability and gives the railroad fifty years more in which to pay the government what it owes.



HON. JAMES B. REILLY.

He Lied in Vain. Robert Ganthony once asked Wedon Grossmith to read a play he had written. Mr. Grossmith took the comedy, but lost it on his way home. "Night after night," he said, "I would meet Ganthony and he would ask me how I liked his play. It was awful. The perspiration used to come out on my forehead as I'd say sometimes I hadn't had time to look at it yet, or again, that the first act was good; later, that the second wouldn't 'quite do,' but really I couldn't stop to explain. So sorry—must catch a train! I didn't so much mind lying, only it was difficult thinking up new lies appropriate to the case." Some months passed and Ganthony still pursued without mercy. At last Mr. Grossmith searched his house once more before he left the comedy in his cab going home. He went down to Scotland yard and inquired, "Oh, yes," was the reply—"play marked with Mr. Ganthony's name was sent back to the owner four months ago, as soon as found."

## MAKING THE BEST OF IT.

An Invalid Fisherman's Ingenious Device for Continuing His Sport.

A cheerful example of ingenuity in "making the best of it" is to be seen at an apartment house on Spruce street, New York. It takes the form of a large, light fishing rod fixed to one of the window frames of a room on the third story in such a way that the line depending from it dangles over the sidewalk a trifle less than seven feet from the ground.

At the hook end of the line there is fixed a light wire basket and at the butt end of the pole there sits an invalid, chained to his chair by paralysis of the legs. In his active days the invalid was a great fisherman, and as his wife is old and feeble too, it has been the old fisherman's fancy to rig up this pole and set it for bites. They come in the shape of the morning and evening papers, the mail, messages from old cronies who know his whims and small parcels from neighboring tradesmen who also know his fancy.

When the old Waltonian is wheeled in his chair to the window in the morning his first glance is down at the basket to see if there is any bite. The fish is opened, no matter what the weather may be, the line is wound in on the reel until it reaches the end ring on the pole and then the "fish" is dexterously landed.

Sometimes, so the neighbors say, the old fisherman makes believe to "play" with the catch; and when one day a friend loaded down the basket with a shad that really required a good deal of skill to haul in, the invalid fisherman was so overjoyed when he did land it that he could do nothing but smile for the rest of the day. The cold spell has bothered him a little but when last seen, during Friday's high, cold winds, he had a heavy fur cap pulled down over his ears, a woolen comforter wound around his neck, fur gauntlets on his hands and was hauling in a package of tobacco and a letter with all the concentrated interest of a true angler hauling it out with a garvey fish.

# CUT OUT FOR A FOOTBALL PLAYER.

A young man was paying his attentions to a "beloved object," contrary to the wishes of her family, and persevering in it, was seized upon one day by her father. "A man of thews and sinews," and kicked violently into the street. In a day or two (after recovery) he called at the house once more. "What, again?" exclaimed paterfamilias, pulling on his boots for action. "No, no," said the young man, "I have given up all hope of winning your daughter, but in consequence of what took place the other day, I have been requested by a unanimous meeting of the committee to ask you to join our football club!"

## She Rather Had Him There.

"I s'pose, M'f, when the new woman comes along the world will be perfect; ha?" "No, John; but the new woman at least won't raise a holy row every time her husband asks for 67 cents for groceries."—New York Recorder.

## An Isolated Home.

The home of Timothy Tarn, in the parish of Dotton, near Appleby, Westmoreland county, England, is the most isolated dwelling place in the three kingdoms. No human being lives nearer than eleven miles.

## Hard to Work.

In the London streets and suburbs there are about 200 piano organs, owned by 400 men; for it takes two men to work one instrument. One-third of this number are Italians, the other two-thirds are Englishmen.

# MATRONS AND MAIDS.

## THINGS WORTH KNOWING IN WOMAN'S WORLD.

Salads and Croquettes the Best Forms for Made-Over Dishes—Real Quilting Revived—Fashion's Law About Mourning—Old Silks.

**Hashes and "Left Overs."**  
The ignorant housekeeper has considered herself extremely economical when she bought cheap steaks, second-rate eggs and butter, and used up all scraps of meat in hash, and stale bread in puddings. Who can wonder that hash and bread puddings are in disrepute in America, and that we must call made-over foods by high-sounding names to make them popular?

Though we may disguise foods somewhat in catering for a particularly cranky family, we have no right to cover an inferior article with hot seasoning to conceal its taint.

An ingenious woman who understands the principles of cookery and the reasons for its processes may invent many dishes combining left overs; the cookbooks cannot be implicitly followed in such cases, as many ingredients mentioned there may not be available, but "judgment," otherwise common sense, is necessary.

She is a foolish woman, indeed, who buys fresh meat and vegetables to work over into "made dishes," but it is impossible to estimate exactly the right amount for each meal, and the wise housekeeper uses such dishes to stop leaks which would otherwise make a heavy drain on her purse. The main expenditure in the preparation of such dishes is that of time, the value of which is seldom counted.

Often it would be less wasteful to throw scraps away than to take time to serve them acceptably, yet with proper planning much may be saved in this direction with little loss of time or strength. Salads, escalops and croquettes have their place as methods of presenting in a new and attractive guise food which has already appeared on the table once. Meats and vegetables can be combined with good effect, or several kinds of either put together. Scraps of cooked beef and ham chopped fine, well seasoned and moistened with stock and beaten egg, packed in loaf form and steamed, can be sliced when cold and form a savory relish. While uncooked bones and meat yield a stronger stock, scraps of cooked bone and gristle, unfit for hashes, yet untaunted, may be used.

Slices of cooked meat reheated, not baked, in a good gravy or sauce are much more satisfying than if served cold, says Good Housekeeping. Gravies are always possible if beef extract or canned tomato are obtainable, or without these if all bones and scraps are utilized for stock. The fat trimmings of our meats will generally keep our frying kettle well filled if properly clarified. A tiny scrap of nice meat or fish, too little to serve one person, will give variety to an omelet, or may be placed in the center of potato croquettes, or used to give flavor to a dish of macaroni.

Remnants of vegetables are too often thrown away; there is seldom a bit too small to be of further use. Several kinds can be united in a salad or a hash. A cupful of tomato, cauliflower, or green peas combined with milk or stock, will give a good soup. Rice or other cereals, sweet or white potato, or squash may be worked into breakfast muffins, making a pleasant variety and reducing the quantity of flour required. Mashed vegetables like potatoes, turnips, or parsnips, can be made into croquettes, or with less labor into little balls to be browned in the oven. Stale bread offers possibilities too numerous to be mentioned here; moisture can be evaporated and dried bread preserved for a long period. In all use of left overs we have to guard against spoiled food. Even with a good refrigerator it is often safer to rely upon scalding foods daily if they cannot be used immediately. This should be done with the same care and on the same principle as the sterilization of milk.

**A Humble Road to Fortune.**  
"Ten-cent lunches" sounds so very humble that one cannot connect the idea of profit or pleasure with them. And yet a young woman downtown is said to be amassing a snug little sum by preparing ten-cent lunches for distribution among the busy workers of all sorts in the big downtown offices, who can't or won't take time to go out to eat at noontime.

She now keeps several delivery girls busy, and the lunches put up attractively in neat pasteboard boxes are growing in popularity daily.

Really, the woman of to-day is almost as sure of landing on her feet, when she has come down in the world, as a cat is, and don't care from what elevation her descent may start.—New York Mail and Express.

**Save the Tender Linings.**  
Little holders for lifting the 3 o'clock tea kettle, the chafing dish or the heated handle of a coffee-pot at the table are of satin on one side, interlined with leather, and of colored silk or satin on the other side. They are made gay by crossing the silk side through the center and diagonally with a metal ribbon of gold or silver. Sometimes the ribbon has a row of heavy white lace insertion on each side.

**Draping an Old "X."**  
As to using up a silk dress, black or colored, out of fashion and not too fresh of surface, the best thing is to cover it all over. Strip off all ornaments and draperies, sew bodice and skirt together if not of princess cut, and drape the dress with accordion-

plated net, gauze and silk muslin. This is very easy, as the light material falls into shape, and only needs restraining by a few velvet bands and seams under the arms. The silk sleeve can be draped with a huge puff. To satisfy the present craving for black and white, the black gauze could be finished with plastron and caplets of white lace. White velvet ribbon could be used instead of black. This teagown would become anybody.

**Real Quilting Revived.**  
Real old-time quilting, quilting done by hand and showing beauty as well as precision, has been revived. In common with much other fine, tedious work it dropped into disuse when the sewing machine invaded every home, but it has returned, and with even more than its original charm.

The very latest spreads for infants' use are of soft India silk, elaborately quilted, and are very attractive indeed. A fine specimen seen this week is of robin's egg blue, lined with creamy white. It is tufted with real down and is warm, while it is neither clumsy nor heavy. But the quilting is the distinctive feature, and that is done as perfectly as quilting can be. The pattern is quite as elaborate as any designed for braiding would be, instead of being covered, however, it is traced with the finest possible stitching, all put in by hand. In itself it completely controverts the theory that the art of needlework is dying out. Not even relics of our great-grandmothers' time can show any finer work and few can boast so handsome and elaborate a pattern. Whether one believes or does not that the result warrants the time expended and the strain upon the eyes, she is forced to admit that the spread is exquisite and dainty.

The stitches are marvels, for each one is of exactly the length of the last and even the machine could not do more regular work, says the New York World. To a woman born and bred in the last two decades the spread seems a wonder of patience as well as skill. Investigation into the realm of the long ago and a little searching among the treasures of our great-grandmothers' time may reveal similar things, but to modern eyes it is marvelous nevertheless.

To be sure a revival of fine handwork has been on the cards for some time past, and it is and has been quite correct to allow such stitching a place anywhere near the sensitive skin. Notwithstanding this fact, however, the elaborate quilting is new to the present generation, and a more genuine novelty than such a revival is difficult to find.

**A Necessary Caution.**  
Women cannot be too cautious in the use of face lotions or powders. Recent chemical analysis of hair dyes and cosmetics show an appalling lack of conscience in their ingredients. Out of many samples examined at official laboratories not one was free from lead. Of thirteen samples of face lotions ten were found to contain corrosive sublimate. Harmless lotions were merely soap, borax, citric acid, calomel, alcohol and water. It is wisdom on the part of any woman to ignore all so-called "skin rejuvenators," and cling to nature's free gifts of water, sun and fresh air, with perhaps a slight massage every night.—New York Journal.

**Fashion's Law About Mourning.**  
The laws laid down by fashion for wearing of mourning at present stand thus: For a widow the duration is eighteen months, for one year of which crape is worn, for three months silk, and for the last three months half mourning. For a father or mother or for a father-in-law or mother-in-law nine months crape, three months silk, and three months half mourning. For a child over 7 six months crape, three months silk, three months half mourning, while for grandparents, brothers, sisters, brothers-in-law or sisters-in-law, three months crape, three months silk, and three months half mourning are the times allotted.

**A Practical Dress Reform.**  
Mrs. Rachel Foster Avery is a practical dress reformer. For her three little girls she invented garments called "trousersoons," and during their early youth kept them attired in them. "I dress them in trousersoons," she said, "because it is so much safer. They play about the floor a great deal at home, and among the draughts that prevail in country houses they would catch cold all the time were it not for the trousersoons. It's the most splendid way to dress children ever invented. I suppose I shall have to give it up, though, when they enter school and mix with the other children who are dressed differently."

**Of Peggy.**  
Peggy's hair is fine as silk.  
This she tends with dirty soap.  
Peggy's throat is white as milk;  
Fair she is, and very fair.  
Envious maids may scoff and pass  
Truthful in the looking glass.  
Where, clear mirrored, grade for grade,  
Peggy shows her winsome face.

Peggy uses well her charms.  
Count, her swains a roiled score.  
Yet with empty heart and aim,  
Watching waits for twenty more.  
Loves Peggy, by and by,  
We will wed—yes, you and I.  
But sweet thorn in roses hid,  
Not each other—Heaven forbid!

**For Muli Spots on Silk.**  
One's skirts cannot be held so high in these days that they escape the mud. The most painstaking and careful woman comes in from even the shortest walk with bedraggled folds and flounces. When the mud has dried it can be brushed off of woolen goods, but even the most vigorous brushing fails to clean silk. It should be sponged, after being dried and brushed with alcohol, which will leave it fresh and clean.

# STORY OF GRAY'S LIFE

## HE RANKED AMONG THE CENTURY'S GREAT MEN.

Stations and Persevering He Forged Out His Work in a Manner That Showed the Stock of Which He Was Made—A Busy Life.



HE STORY OF the life of Isaac Pusey Gray, who died in Mexico the other day, is more interesting than that of many Americans who have gained the title of statesmen or soldier. Mr. Gray was born in Chester county, Pennsylvania, of Quaker parents in moderate circumstances, in 1832. When a lad of 8 years his father with his family moved to Urbana. Young Gray remained there until his marriage, when, in 1855, he located permanently at Union City, Ind., not many miles distant. He resided there until after the close of his term as governor, in 1889, when he fixed his domicile in Indianapolis. His early education was very much that of the average farmer boy of the time and neighborhood, having been in the main obtained in the public schools. He was studious and inquisitive, however, and on reaching his minority was recognized as one of the best informed of the young men of his vicinity. He had always been an in-



ISAAC PUSEY GRAY.

dustrious man, and throughout his very active and exacting public life had continued to be a diligent investigator of the history of his state and country and a close observer of their progress and condition. He was a lawyer by profession. He was recognized, by virtue of his long contact with public affairs, as a high authority on matters involving parliamentary or constitutional law.

On the outbreak of the war he declared warmly for the union cause, and in 1862 was enrolled as one of its defenders in the field. He served with credit as colonel of the Fourth Indiana cavalry until compelled by ill health to retire. Somewhat later he recruited the One Hundred and Forty-seventh infantry. His formal entrance into the political arena was made in 1868, when he was 33 years of age. George W. Julian, one of Indiana's most able men, and a republican leader of national fame, had long been the congressional representative of the radical stronghold known as "the old burnt district." He was seeking re-election, and it was generally assumed that his hold on his constituency was permanently assured. But the war was over and new ideas were working. Mr. Julian was opposed. The elements hostile to him looked about them for a new candidate, and selected Col. Gray. The latter had for some time, before ceasing to be in accord with the republican party because of his disapproval of its national policy. He accepted the nomination tendered, and made a campaign so spirited as to be yet well remembered. It was in this struggle that he first displayed his remarkable organizing power and his force as a debater, the overwhelming majority to which his opponent had so long been accustomed having been reduced to about 200.

Two years later Col. Gray was sent to the state senate, serving there for four years with signal ability, and ranking from the outset as a leader of that body. In 1870, on being nominated and confirmed to be consul to St. Thomas, he declined the position on the ground that he was not in harmony with the existing administration. In 1872 his name was presented to the democratic state convention for nomination as a congressman at large, but was withdrawn by him. In 1874 he was presented for nomination as attorney-general, but again withdrew his name. In 1876, the year of the great Tilden and Hendricks campaign, and one of the most memorable in the history of the state, he was nominated by acclamation for lieutenant governor on the ticket headed by "Blue Jeans" Williams. Ex-officio he served as president of the senate. On the death, pending his term, of Gov. Williams, he became acting governor. In 1880, in a very large convention, he was beaten in his candidacy for the gubernatorial nomination by but four votes, but so impressed was that body that he was instantly, and without a roll call, nominated for lieutenant governor. This, however, was the year of the ill-starred Hancock campaign, and the democracy everywhere lost the day. Gov. Gray, on this occasion, led the party's nominee for governor by several hundred votes.

In 1884 his fast growing popularity was notably manifested by his nomination for governor on the first ballot, although confronted by such competitors as David Turpie, Indiana's present United States senator, and Gen. Mahlon D. Manson, two of the state democracy's oldest and most esteemed leaders. In this election Gov. Gray's plurality was 7,392, while that of the presidential candidates—one of them the lamented Hendricks—was 6,512, a marked difference to the credit of his popularity when it is observed that the parties were so evenly matched in the state, and that the total vote was almost 500,000.

In 1892 Mr. Gray was a prominent candidate for the presidency and his name was frequently mentioned before the convention in Chicago that year. He had the support of the Indiana delegation and it was thought by many that he was the one man who could defeat his fellow statesman, Benjamin Harrison. A strong fight was made by Mr. Gray's friends, but it was of no avail and Mr. Cleveland secured the nomination.

After the election of President Cleveland Mr. Gray was tendered the appointment of minister to Mexico, an office which he accepted and filled with distinction and honor. He had been home on a visit for some little time and was on his way back to the City of Mexico when his serious illness occurred.

Mr. Gray lacked two inches of being six feet high. He was well proportioned and stood erect, with a semi-military carriage, and weighed about 180 pounds. His hair was black and slightly inclined to curl, but was tinged with gray. He had a prominent forehead, with a full, frank, open, and plump face, strongly indicative of a high order



LUIGI GALIMBERTI.

of intelligence, and light blue eyes beaming with good nature. His face was unmarked except with small chin whiskers. He was suave and courteous in his address, of a kind and benevolent disposition, always pleasant and cordial even with strangers, and extremely sociable among his friends and acquaintances. He enjoyed their society, and perhaps one of the elements of his great popularity and steadfast hold upon people was his freedom from any color or aristocratic reserve, and yet no one had a keener sense of the demands of true dignity. He was a person of great decision of character and pronounced firmness, yet always respectful and generous toward those who differed with him. The minister's family consisted of Mrs. Gray and two sons, Bayard Gray, who was his private secretary, and Pierre Gray, who resides in Indianapolis.

## LUIGI GALIMBERTI.

The Cardinal Who Is Likely to Succeed Pope Leo.

Cardinal Luigi Galimberti is being discussed as a probable successor of Pope Leo. He was the founder of the "Moniteur de Rome," and is the most trusted counsellor of the pope. While he has steered a sort of middle between the warring American archbishops, he



CARDINAL GALIMBERTI.

is in close touch with the papal ablegate at Washington.

He is admittedly averse to any course which would commit the church to a departure from its universal character, and this, no doubt implies that he is not an over warm admirer of the very flattering preference of the pope for the republicans of the west and east. In the Roman sense, however, he is a "liberal"—an advocate of peace with Italy and deference to all powers that be in Christendom.

**Increase of Gold Production.**  
Wells, Fargo & Co., who handle most of the express business in the mining country, report as their estimate of the gold product in the United States last year about \$46,000,000, or \$12,000,000 more than the year before—an increase of 37 per cent.

# PHILOSOPHY FROM A DEBTOR.

## Showing How He Was Valuable to the Persistent Bill Collector.

A collector of unpaid bills has a hard time of it, but one meta philosophical debtor recently who convinced him of some astounding facts, says the Amusement Journal. The collector said that he had been chasing the said philosophical debtor for about six months and was getting tired. It was always "Come around to-morrow," or "Haven't got it now," or "Say," he said, when he made his last trip, "are you ever going to pay this bill?"

"Why, yes, some day," the philosopher replied. "But look here, young man, I want to show you a thing or two. How many bills have you in that pack?"

"About forty," said the collector.

"How long does it take you to visit all these people?" the philosopher inquired.

"About a day."

"What if all paid up promptly?"

"Why, that would be great."

"Would it? What would you do for a living if all these debtors paid up in one day?"

The collector looked blank for a moment.

"Great Jerusalem! I'd be out of a job."

"Well, then don't be so anxious to collect every penny due to your people. One bill a day is enough. As for me, come around some time next week and I may do something for you," and the philosopher faded away.

## How the Mole Tunnels.

Now place the wriggling and restive little creature upon the ground, on a spot where the ground is not unreasonably hard, so that he may have a fair chance for disappearing, and see what he will do.

The instant he touches the earth, down goes his nose, feeling nervously here and there for a place to start his drill. In about one second he has found a suitable spot. His nose sinks into the soil as if it were a Brad-awl, with half boring and half pushing motion, and in an instant half your mole's head is buried from view. Now watch sharply, or he will be out of sight before you see how he does it. It comes his powerful right foot, sliding close along the side of his head, straight forward, edgewise, to the end of his nose. His five-pointed chisel cuts the earth vertically until it reaches as far forward as his short reach will let it go; then, with a quick motion, he pries the earth aside from his nose, and so makes quite an opening. Instantly the left foot does the same thing on the other side, and meanwhile the grillet-pointed nose has gone right on boring. In five seconds, by the watch, his body is entirely out of sight, and only his funny little tail can be seen. In three minutes he will tunnel a foot, if he is at all in a hurry to get on in the world.—W. T. Hornaday in February St. Nicholas.

## Facts About the Forest King.

The tongue of a lion is so rough that a close look at it will almost take the skin off the looker. It is not safe to allow a lion to lick your hand, for if he licked the skin off and got a taste of the underlying blood, supposing it to be there, he would want the hand and everything adjoining thereto. Nothing more perfect in modern machinery exists than the mechanism by which a lion works his claws. He has five toes on each of his forefeet and four on each of his hind feet. Each toe has a claw. Nothing about a lion is without reason, and the reason he has more toes and claws on his forefeet than on his hind feet is that he has more use for them. If this were not so the majority would be the other way. The lion is nocturnal by choice. He has no particular objection to a light, but likes to spend it in the bosom of his family. He roams in order to fill the family larder. It should not be supposed that because he roams about at night, he neglects his family. He kills to eat, not for amusement. He never bothers small game so long as there is big game within reach. When feeling fit, he can take an ox in his mouth and jump fences and ditches like a professional steeplechaser.—Westminster Budget.

## How to Keep an Alligator.

To those who may think of keeping an alligator, a brief description of the best way to house him may be useful. Procure a good sized box, say two or three feet square, and a baking pan about half the size of the box, to hold the water (which should be changed every day or two), then cover the floor of the box with sand. Put glass or wire netting on two sides, and on the top of the box, glass is better, because it retains the heat in the box; but you must be sure to freely admit the air.

For food, raw meat given on a straw to seem alive; flies and worms, and small live fish form an alligator's favorite diet. But as he is demonstrative, his air of content is apt to lead one to neglect him unless special care is taken. Remember that the alligator is accustomed to the heat of Florida, and keep him in a warm room during the winter.

I am sure that alligators are more intelligent than they are generally thought to be. Indeed, I have heard of one in a South American country which, having been caught when very young and patient'y trained, would follow its master like a dog, and was perfectly docile.—St. Nicholas.

## One of the Old Regime.

A good old Methodist lady attending service in a suburban Episcopal church last Sunday became happy under the preaching of the Word, and ejaculated, "Glor'y." She was admonished to keep quiet by two of the brethren, and nodding preference of the pope for the republicans of the west and east. In the Roman sense, however, he is a "liberal"—an advocate of peace with Italy and deference to all powers that be in Christendom.

# FRANCE LIKES DIVORCE.

## Incompatibility the Cause for Most of Forty Thousand Decrees.

In the year 1884 a law of divorce was passed in France. The French people had had to wait a long time for it, but since they got it they have certainly taken full advantage of its provisions. Up to the end of 1891—a period of eight years only from the date of the passing of the act—nearly 46,000 divorce suits were instituted by dissatisfied husbands or wives. In about 40,000 cases decrees of divorce were granted, and the unhappily married couples set free to try their luck again. If there were, on an average, 5,700 divorce cases every year in England, it would mean that cases of conjugal infidelity were very much more numerous, or were more often brought to light, than at present. In England an applicant for a divorce must be able to prove adultery, whereas only 21 per cent of the whole number of applications in France were based on this accusation. Cruelty and desertion were alleged in 75 per cent of the cases heard. No doubt most of the disagreements which led husbands and wives into court were due to "incompatibility of temper," which is quite a recognized ground upon which to obtain the equivalent of a "decree nisi." Most of the divorces were pronounced between couples who had been married only a few years, but there were five curious cases in which the parties had lived together—happily or otherwise—for upward of half a century. In the department of the Seine, which, of course, includes Paris, no less than 232 out of every 100,000 married couples obtained divorces last year. For the whole of France, the proportion was eighty-one to every 100,000.

## The Sea's Inroads on England.

An inspection of the cliff between Dover and St. Margaret's recently shows that an enormous slip has taken place—the largest subsidence of coast cliff, in fact, which has occurred for many years. When it happened, on a Sunday, a dull roar was heard in the distance, followed by a cloud of dust from the debris, which blew across Dover bay almost like a sea fog. There is every appearance that when the frost breaks further slips will occur, as there are several places along the cliff where there are great cracks on the top, as well as in the face of the cliff. One is right in front of the convict prison, which, in course of time, as well as the South Foreland light houses and the Cornhill Coastguard station, must stand in great danger of slipping into the sea unless some measures are taken for the protection of the foreshore. So serious has been the effect in recent years of the encroachment of the sea that the whole line of cliff between Dover and St. Margaret's is becoming extensively honeycombed at the base.

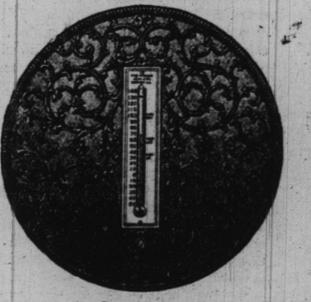
## Is There Life on Mars?

The question of the habitability of Mars is closely connected with that of the nature of its atmosphere. Prof. Campbell's spectroscopic studies at the Lick observatory during the last year have shown that Mars' atmosphere can not be more than one-quarter as extensive as the earth's. Could human beings exist in air as rare as that? We know that we can live in air half as dense as the atmosphere to which we are ordinarily accustomed, because on mountains three and a half miles high the air possesses but 50 per cent of its sea level density.

Lockwood, the famous Surrey cricketer, who is now in Australia with A. E. Stoddart's team, had a narrow escape from drowning Nov. 25 while sailing in Sydney harbor. Despite previous warnings as to the prevalence of sharks he jumped overboard to swim ashore, but on going a short distance he called for assistance and was finally rescued by yachtsmen, who got him ashore. The Surrey cricketer soon came around, though the serious nature of the affair left an uncomfortable impression on his comrades.

A jury composed entirely of negroes was a feature of the police court at Smith's Grove, Ky., a few days ago. Charles Richardson, colored, was arrested for breach of the peace, and the marshal, finding it difficult to impanel a white jury, summoned none but negroes. They fixed the fine at \$3.50 and costs. It was the first jury in Warren county to be composed entirely of negroes.

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## ZEKES BEAR TRAP.

### THE FATAL HELMET MADE OF A BEER KEG.

Experiences of a Lucky Hunter—When Bruin Gets His Head Into the Spiked Keg It Is All Up With Him—in a Pennsylvania Forest.

"Bears are more plentiful this winter than they have been for twenty years," said Zeke Campbell, of the Pine creek region, during a visit to Williamsport, Pa. Zeke is one of the chaps who last winter invented a new bear trap that has proved very effective, according to the Pittsburg Dispatch. This new trap is a beer keg, with sharp spikes driven in it for the purpose of holding bruin's head fast when once the inquisitive old fellow pokes his nose in after the chunk of raw meat which is fastened to the bottom of the keg. The keg is chained to a tree, and when once bruin gets his head fast he becomes an easy prey for the owner of the trap next morning. Zeke says he has killed fourteen bears this winter, one of the number weighing 340 pounds, and "rollin' in fat." And, by the way, this same bear was taken in a beer-keg trap, too. He was seen prowling around an old-fashioned log-pen trap a few days before, but, this being too high for his form, he contented himself with being taken in the new-fangled way.

Zeke says he never saw a bear make such a fuss as did this big fellow. He said it was not yet daylight when he left his hut in the vicinity of the Black forest to make a tour of his traps, having with him as companions a trusty rifle and his dog "Cub," a big bull. A light snow had fallen during the night, and when within half a mile of his first trap, he ran across the tracks of a bear—a monster footprint it was, too. Zeke reckoned it was the big fat fellow that had been seen on several occasions, and before he came within sight of the spot where his bear keg was chained he heard a great fuss.

There was a series of squeals as though a hungry pig were trying to get out of a pen; then the sounds would suddenly change to the most dismal grunts imaginable. The dog "Cub" whisked up his ears, the hair along his neck bristled toward his head, and the old fellow showed his teeth in a threatening manner. Zeke knew what that meant, but would not allow the dog to rush forward as he was anxious to do.

Suddenly he came within sight of the trap, and a funny thing he saw. There sat a big, black bear, with the bear keg stripped down over his head. He sat on his haunches, and with his forepaws was trying his best to push the keg off. Every push sent the sharp spikes deep into his fur and neck, and the thing would not "off" worth a cent. All this while the squealing and grunting were kept up with a vim, and Zeke's dog was nearly wild to rush at helpless bruin. The bear evidently knew that there was a dog about, for he tried harder than ever to force his head from the keg and the way he tugged at the trap, and then at the chain, was a sight to see. Zeke watched the "critter," as he called it, for some time, then raising his rifle he sent two bullets into the big black body, which caused it to first leap into the air, and then roll at full length into the chain. A minute more and the bear was dead, and Zeke removed the keg from the big fellow's head. Then it was found what a noble endeavor the big chap had put forth to free himself. The sharp spikes had worn a ring about his neck and horribly cut the flesh from being forced by the bears forepaws; his nose was bloody and the hair worn off the sides of his head. Zeke says he thinks the bear had been trying to free himself several hours before he reached the trap.

Zeke is in luck that morning. He not only captured a bear in his beer-keg trap, but also had the extreme satisfaction of finding another in one of his log-pen traps. And more than that, when he reached a point on the top of the ridge where he could see the trap in the ravine below, he saw a bear scrambling off the top of the pen. It was not yet bright day, but he sent a bullet flying after his bearship just as he scrambled off into the thicket of hemlock. Then "Cub" started on a chase, but the dog could not do much in the thicket and Zeke let the bear go as soon as he discovered that the pen contained another. Zeke's bear pens are no flimsy affairs; they are built to stay and to stand the onslaught of bruin, whether from inside or outside. Now, this fellow, on this occasion, was trying hard to find a weak place in the log structure. First he would trot around with his nose poked under the bottom sill; then he'd stop and paw and gnaw at the logs; then again he'd prance around on his tired feet and try to reach the big square hole in the roof above, through which he had so greedily tumbled after the tempting calf's head which lay on the ground. But it was no use. Mr. Bruin was a prisoner. Zeke poked his rifle through one of the slats between the logs; there was a crack, a puff of smoke, and bruin was dead.

Zeke tells of a thrilling affair in which he and a gaunt she bear were the principal actors. It happened in early fall, before Zeke thought of carrying a gun. He was trundling through the woods on a nutting expedition, when his attention was attracted by a squealing which seemed to come from a big black stump just ahead of him. He stopped a moment, when the sounds came again, and then he knew what it was. It was bear cubs. He knew they were in the big stump, which had been hollowed out by the forest fire. He stole up to the

stump and peered over the edge into the cavity, and, sure enough, there, under his very nose, lay two of the prettiest, fattest cubs he had ever laid eyes on. No sooner had he clapped eyes on them than he began evolving a scheme by which he could capture the little fellows. So intent was he in this work that he failed to hear the approach of the old mother bear, and was much surprised to find himself rolling down the side hill all of a sudden. When he had gained his equilibrium he was startled to see the old she bear making for him on the run. Unfortunately Zeke was without a weapon, and he reckoned that this was a case where he had better run, and live to fight some other day, so he ran. He knew the old bear would not follow him very far, and after covering 100 yards over logs and rocks he looked over his shoulder and saw mother bear sauntering back to her stump home.

### COMMERCIAL VALUE OF LIFE.

Considerably Highest in the Case of the Man Who Feeds Frugally.

The vast majority of people are absolutely wrong on the subject of feeding; they think that rich and luxurious people, feeding on the richest and most luxurious foods, are the most fortunate and healthy people. I assure you it is just the reverse, says Sir B. W. Richardson in Longman's Magazine. I am the director of an insurance company, and am obliged often to make an estimate of the commercial value of life. If, then, two persons of the same age and constitutional build come for calculation as to the monetary value of their future lives, and if one be rich and luxurious and the other be competent and frugal—frugal even to abstemiousness—I would value the life of the frugal person as 20 per cent at least better than that of the rich and luxurious person.

Dives dies in plenty, Lazarus in poverty. Do not die like Lazarus if you can help it, and do not die like Dives if you have the opportunity, but find the happy condition, easy enough to find if you determine to learn how on least food you can do the most and best work. Never eat until you are satiated; never eat in the day one heavy meal, but divide your food into three light meals, equally distributed as to time and quantity; eat slowly, take small mouthfuls; masticate, or chew, your food well; touch your food with your fingers as little as possible; do not cry out for animal food more than twice a day at most; have all animal food well cooked, and do not forget fruit as food.

In Queen Elizabeth's time the orange, the golden fruit of the Hesperides, might find its way to the queen's table; but such fruit was indeed scarce. Joints of meat were cut up with the frill of paper round the end of the joint to hold by, forks being unknown, and her loyal subjects, a short-lived race, knowing little how to make the most of life in the matter of feeding and drinking, suffered from diseases which were of the most avoidable as well as objectionable character. We, fortunately, live in a different reign; we have fruit galore, and have clean forks instead of dirty fingers to raise our food with, two advantages equally sweet and wholesome, though so different in kind.

### A Frozen Fact.

Amsterdam—You told me an awful lie yesterday.

Mr. Henpeck—What was that?

You told me you were going to sleep, and I afterwards saw you going into the theater.

I know it, but, holy smoke! where else can a poor married man get a little sleep?—Texas Siftings.

### FACTS ABOUT THE SEA.

Dr. Young estimates the mean depth of the Atlantic at about 16,000 feet.

The saline matter held in solution in sea water comprises one thirtieth of its weight.

The water of the Mediterranean contains a greater portion of salt than that of the ocean.

The sea-cypress is a kind of coral, sometimes has 6,000 to 10,000 animals on a single branch.

Nearly three fourths of the world's drainage, directly or indirectly, pours into the Atlantic ocean.

It is estimated that the water of the whole ocean contains in solution over 2,000,000 tons of pure siler.

It is estimated that two years are required for the gulf water to travel from Florida to the coast of Norway.

The banks of Newfoundland are formed by the sand, earth and stones brought from the North by the icebergs.

If the surface of the earth were perfectly level, the waters of the ocean would cover it to a depth of 600 feet.

The ocean hydræ have no heart, no lungs, no liver, no brains, no nervous system, no organs save mouth and skin.

The bed of the North Atlantic consists of two valleys, separated by a mountain range that runs from the Azores to Iceland.

The whole bottom of the ocean is covered with a layer of calcareous ooze, mingled with the skeletons and other animal remains of its inhabitants.

If it were not for the salts of the ocean the whole sea would soon become a mass of corruption, owing to the decay of the organic matter it contains.

The sea has no herbivorous inhabitants. Its population lives on each other, and the whole of this immense expanse of water is one great slaughter house, where the strong forever prey upon the weak.

## BEATEN BY GHOSTLY HANDS.

Miserable Existence of a Bridegroom in a Haunted House.

In one of the broadest, cleanest, best-paved, and most fashionable of Jersey City's avenues there stands a handsome four-story brick house, which the eye singles out at first glance as a desirable place of residence. To begin with, it is exceptionally broad and solid looking, says the Chicago Times, with a hundred little details of construction which say to the initiated eye it was built by some one who meant to live in it rather than sell it. There is a queer sort of tower in front, with a balcony running around the foot of it. Altogether the whole air of the place is what the real-estate man call a desirable residence for gentlemen.

That is what a Southern gentleman thought. He was in search of a house to buy and was taken with the looks of this one. After he had looked it over his wife went to see it, in company with a woman friend, long resident in the avenue. As the door opened to them the Southerner clutched her companion's arm.

"Let's go back," she said. "Some thing—a feeling I cannot explain—tells me I cannot live in this house."

Her companion insisted that they go through it. It was broad daylight, the house had a tenant, and no harm could possibly befall them. So through the house they went, finding much that was desirable, though the Southerner kept looking nervously over her shoulder. When the inspection had finished and the pair were again on the street, she said with a shudder:

"I would not live there if they gave me the house. Of all places I was ever in it is the one that feels most haunted. I expected all the time to feel a ghost clutch my hair."

The other woman laughed dryly. "It is a haunted house," she said, "the worst one in the city—though I was resolved not to tell you until after you had seen it. No tenant lives in it longer than three months—that is why it is offered at such a bargain. Lights flit through it at night, there are screams and ghostly footfalls, and floating hands that catch at you as you pass. The story of it is this; Old Mr. J. built it, after he had his fortune, intending to live there the rest of his days. He furnished it magnificently—among other things he got a fine young wife. Six months after he was found dead in bed—and three months after that his widow married a handsome young fellow of whom gossip said that he was her old lover."

"Anyway, before the honeymoon ended he left his bride alone in her fine house, and said openly it was because he could get no peace there; that he was beaten by ghostly hands, cursed by ghostly voices, tormented by ghostly lights, until he must either leave or go crazy. Though that was a dozen years ago, the noises continue; the ghosts will not down. The wife has been dead for years; the house passed to the husband, which to my mind explains the persistence of the visitation."

Examples might be endlessly multiplied. There is not a nook or corner of the land that has not its own sufficiently authenticated apparition. The real marvel lies in finding out that the most advanced modern thought no longer reckons these apparitions such stuff as dreams are made of.

Profits of Middlemen.

"There is a mystery in the profits of middlemen," said a householder. "I had been paying from forty to fifty cents a peck for sweet potatoes from my suburban grocer when I accidentally learned that they were selling at fifty cents a barrel in Southern Virginia. By way of experiment I ordered a barrel. Here is what they cost me: Potatoes, at steamboat wharf in Virginia, 50 cents; barrel, 20 cents; freight by boat and rail, \$1.64; cartage to my house, 25 cents; total, \$2.59. My grocer would have charged me at retail from \$4.80 to \$6 a barrel for sweet potatoes not so good as those I thus imported, and I have noticed that his sweet potatoes often rotted on my hands, while these are keeping in perfect condition."

Freak of an Earthquake.

At the time of the last earthquake shock along the Pacific coast, January 2, 1891, a large pane of plate glass in the postal inspector's office in San Francisco was fractured in a most curious manner. The pane was 18 by 36, and more than half an inch thick. The fractures extended entirely across the pane, starting from each corner and leaving a perfect unfractured square in the center. The sides of each section are said to be as smooth and straight as though cut with a diamond and straight edge, and the proportions of mathematical exactness.

### Speculation in Stamps.

Just before the Zulu war there was in Mauritius a stamp collector who was a friend of the local postmaster. One day he learned that there was to be a clearance of old stock and obtained permission to buy it all as waste. It occurred to him that he might do the same at other small colonial postoffices and acquire stamps without difficulty. One of his Mauritius stamps he sold not long ago for \$4,250, and, according to the Manchester Courier, he has already made between \$100,000 and \$150,000 by his investment.

### Mommsen's Latest Honor.

Theodore Mommsen, the historian, has been appointed vice chancellor of the German order, "Pour le Merite." The order was established by Frederick the Great as a reward for military services. In 1810, during the war against Napoleon, it was restricted to those who had done some deed of valor in battle. In 1842 a second class was instituted, consisting of persons eminent in science and in civil life.

## THE WORK OF BIRDS.

### HAWKS ACT AS RAT AND SQUIRREL TRAPS.

Farmer Rescued Hallstead of Elkland, Well-Known for Truth and Fraternity, Tells a Remarkable Story—Vermin Overran the Neighborhood.

One morning recently Farmer Resolved R. Hallstead, of Elkland township, Pa., saw a large white-breasted hawk dart into a window near the peak of a wagon barn that he had finished building a few days before. It stayed for a spell then came out with a rat in each claw, and the interested farmer watched it till it met another hawk in mid-air. The two circled and undulated side by side for a spell, when the one with the rat resumed its flight toward the forest. The other hawk immediately pointed for the barn, shot through the window, flitted out a few seconds later with a struggling rat in each talon, and sailed off in the same direction. Mr. Hallstead started to tell his wife about what he had seen, when the hawks, or a pair exactly like them, flew into the barn window and came out shortly with their claws full of squealing rats. There was no grain or hay in the new barn and the farmer wondered where all the rats came from. He was also in a quandary as to how the fierce forest birds knew where to find the rats under a roof.

On going into the upper part of the barn Mr. Hallstead saw scores of rats scampering around on the floor, says the Chicago Times, and the mystery of their presence was solved. Two nights before, a day or so after the barn was completed, the young people of the township had a ball on the upper floor. The jocund rustics brought pecks of popcorn to the party, and between the dances they sat on rough wooden benches and munched it with their partners. When the ball broke up lots of the popcorn was left, and the rural merry-makers threw it at one another till the floor was covered. The rats in the other barns soon got scent of the fragrant popcorn, and swarmed into the new building after it; but how the hawks ascertained that the rats were there in large numbers none of the smart local naturalists were able to tell.

Mr. Hallstead's dog pitched into the four-footed comers and the fierce rats pounced upon him, bit his nose and ears till the blood ran, and sent him yelping down the stairs. The farmer went at the rats with a shovel, and they ran up his clothing and forced him to clear out. They bit him on the ears and neck before he could shake them off and he decided to let them alone. At dusk that night he saw two owls flit through the window and sail out with four rats. The hawks continued to dart into the barn several times a day, and they always steered for the woods with their claws full. When the useful birds of prey ceased to come not a rat was to be seen in the barn, although a lot of the pop-corn still remained on the floor.

A barn belonging to Edgar Putnam of Sugar Loaf hill burned, and the next day an army of rats flocked into Mr. Putnam's house and attacked the baby in the cradle. Mrs. Putnam was working in the buttery, and the cries of the infant were so different from what they generally were that she rushed to it in great haste. She found rats climbing and pushing one another all over the cradle. A tame hen hawk named Dick was doing his best to protect the baby by catching the rats right and left, giving each a squeeze and then dropping it. Mrs. Putnam seized her little one and started for the next room. The ravenous rodents clung to her skirts, and the hawk pulled them off and pinched them fatally, working as though he knew that the infant was in danger. Dick flapped and hopped and lunged the rats around until Mrs. Putnam got out of the room without any of them clinging to her clothing. The helpless little child was badly bitten on the face and hands, and Mrs. Putnam said afterward that the bloodthirsty rats would surely have killed the baby if the watchful hawk had not sailed into them almost as soon as they swarmed into the house. When Mrs. Putnam returned to the room Dick was still killing rats, and he didn't let up until more than thirty lay dead on the floor.

A pair of red squirrels took up their abode in Erastus Felker's residence on Pleasant stream. At times they made a great racket over the ceilings and between the partitions.

One of the family fell sick, and the noise of the playful squirrels made her very nervous and wakeful every night. A pair of black walnut trees in the front yard had been the means of causing the squirrels to settle in the house for the winter. Mr. Felker found more than a bushel of nuts under the second story floor, and beneath a plank walk between the house and street the provident little animals had stored up a peck more. The neighborly squirrels were not contented in any part of the dwelling. They scampered all over the house between the rooms, their nightly capering and barking finally becoming unbearable to the invalid, and Mr. Felker decided to sacrifice them for her sake.

He set three traps in the garret, but the squirrels had so much natural food laid away that they wouldn't touch any kind of bait. The cats couldn't get at the noisy little nut gatherers, the use of poison was out of the question.

Finally one of the neighbors brought a pet hawk to Mr. Felker's and placed it on a beam in the garret. The bird hadn't been fed in two days, and it wasn't a bit good natured. It sat still, though, and when Mr. Felker went up at sundown to feed it, it was

In the same position. But it hadn't stayed on its perch all the time, for the skins of the squirrels lay on the floor, the hawk's claw was chockful, its eyes were bright and it was in the very best of humor. The annoying noises ceased at once, and the patient began to recover right away.

### BETRAYED.

Tragic Tale of a Captain Who Nursed a Captive.

The tragic fate of Captain Wilson Hubbell, commander of a trading vessel during the French war with the United States in 1798, is recorded by the historian of Stratford, Conn. While returning with a cargo of molasses from the West Indies, Captain Hubbell's ship was overtaken and captured by a French privateer. A prizemaster and two French seamen were put on board the captured ship, and the privateer sailed away in search of other adventures. Only Captain Hubbell, one seaman and a cook were left on board the trading vessel.

Although seemingly resigned to his fate, the captain felt his situation keenly, and determined in some way to recover control of his ship. He made no show of disappointment, but assumed rather an air of stupid indifference, and the prizemaster looked upon him as a "dout of a Yankee," beneath his notice, and permitted him considerable liberty. The cook and seaman were required to work, hence they were unrestrained.

On the second afternoon out the prizemaster retired to the cabin, where he remained for some time. The cook contrived to get near the door and peep through a crack. The Frenchman was asleep, his sword and pistol on the floor beside him.

The cook hastened to inform Captain Hubbell, who quietly made his way to the cabin, and a few minutes later the Frenchman woke to find himself a prisoner. It was not difficult to secure the two French seamen, and Captain Hubbell was once more in command of his vessel.

The Frenchman accepted the change with perfect serenity of spirit.

"I am quite willing you command the ship," he said amiably, "but I like to be free." And he made such fair promises that the captain was won to give him his freedom. He proved to be excellent company; he told stories, laughed at Captain Hubbell's jokes and indeed seemed to be an excellent fellow.

One evening Captain Hubbell and the Frenchman stood together on deck leaning over the ship's side. They had passed a pleasant evening, and the captain's suspicions of his guest, as he now called the prizemaster, were lulled to rest.

The Frenchman was in the act of lighting a fresh cigar, when it dropped from his fingers. He stooped to recover it, and quicker than a flash, seized the unsuspecting captain by the feet and thrust him overboard. The Frenchman was deaf to his entreaties and left him to drown.

The cook, who eventually returned to Connecticut, related the mournful story of Captain Hubbell's fate.

### An Ancient Version of the Psalms.

At Essen, Germany, in the archives of the Munsterkirche, a manuscript of the psalms has been discovered, which, if it belongs, as is believed, to the middle of the ninth century, is the oldest Latin version of the psalms we have. It contains nearly all the psalms in Latin in three columns, while in the fourth column is a Greek text written in Latin characters. The manuscript seems to be written by the school of scribes.

### His Book Will Tell All About Us.

American Friend—But surely you are not going back already. You have been only four days in the country.

Visiting Englishman—What's the good of staying any longer? My notebook's full.

### And She Turned the Other Cheek.

"I like your cheek," said the indignant maiden to the youth who kissed her.

"And I like yours," said he, as he kissed her again.—Truth.

### SCIENTIFIC SENTENCES.

The braceholding ribs over 300 years old, but the principle only became general after gun barrels were rifled.

To prevent the evaporation of water in fire pails it has been discovered that fifteen to twenty drops of oil will form a coating sufficient to obviate the difficulty.

The mole is not blind as many persons suppose. Its eye is hardly larger than a pinhead, and is carefully protected from dust and dirt by means of enclosing hairs.

Voluntary muscles are almost always red; involuntary muscles are generally white; the most notable exception in the latter case being the heart.

Lieutenant Colonel R. W. King, U. S. A., of Willett's Point, N. Y., has constructed an enormous magnet out of an old cannon, which will resist a strain of 41,800 pounds.

The blood flows almost as freely through the bones as through the flesh of very young children but as age comes on, the blood vessels, in bones are almost filled with matter.

Professor Newcomb has declared, from astronomical considerations, that the earth went slow and lost seven seconds between 1850 and 1862, and then went fast and gained eight seconds between 1862 and 1872.

A Boston woman is lecturing on the newest of sciences, teaching that unpleasant feelings create harmful chemical products in the body, while benevolent and cheerful thoughts have a contrary and most desirable effect.

### A LIGHT CRAFT.

It Used to Sail Across the Bends on the Heavy Dew.

A dozen river men were grouped about a stove in the after cabin of one of the big packets at the wharf some nights ago, says the Courier-Journal. One of the group told about the lightest draught boat he ever saw.

"It's plain you never had a berth on the Owl," said "Doc," one of the best river cooks in the West. "Why, the Owl was so light that when a heavy dew fell during the night the captain never took the trouble to skirt around the bends; he just cut across the fields."

"Were any of you fellows ever up to the head waters of the Missouri?" then asked "Doc" between laughs. "That's the wildest river I ever saw. The river is in such a constant turmoil that you have to draw your wash water at night, so that it will quiet down enough by morning to wash yourself in."

"I never told you about the first apprentice I had in the pantry, did I? He was a funny-looking little nigger, who queer to say, was fond of work. After we pulled out of Louisville, the first thing I told him to do was to get the liver out of the ice chest and take the bone out of it. I forgot all about the kid until an hour afterward. Then he was standing over the platter with a look of discouragement on his face. He had cut the liver up too fine for hash."

"When I started toward him he looked conscience-stricken and whined, 'Mr. Doc, I kaint fin' no bone in dis libbah.' He was the same boy we told the only way to keep from drowning when he fell in the water was to drink ice water till it came out of his ears. The boy was mortally afraid of drowning, so it needed very little persuasion to get him to drink the water. He had a dread of the captain, who was a big gruff fellow. He watched the captain until he went up on the roof and then he tackled the water cooler. He drank water until the attention of the passengers was called to him. They watched him with surprise, and one benevolent old fellow went up to him and asked what was the matter."

"Tode," the boy's name, paid no attention to him, but kept pouring the water down him until his eyes bulged and his waist grew as round as an alderman's. The old man was really startled by the boy's prodigious powers of water consumption and concluded that he was crazy. He came back to us and wanted to know if something couldn't be done. We would have said something to him if Tode hadn't stopped drinking then and felt painfully about the ears. Just then the captain came in, but Tode was so busily engaged drinking water that he did not notice the captain. The captain watched the boy tossing off glasses full of water with astonishment. His face grew red with emotion and then he seized the boy. 'Here, you rascal, what are you trying to do? Want to drink us dry? Are you crazy?' sputtered the captain."

"Tode tried to take a long breath, but he was too full. He turned his eyes up until only the whites could be seen. 'By gracious,' yelled the captain in dismay, 'the boy is trying to commit suicide. Is there a doctor aboard?' But Tode was all right. He was only frightened by the captain. He soon found his tongue and gave the whole snap away. The captain kept from laughing with difficulty, but I never had a harder time getting out of a scrape in my life than I had out of that one. We left Tode alone afterward, you may stake your last dollar on it."

### WERE THEY EMBARRASSED?

The Lady Thought the Butchers Would Be so Under the Circumstances.

"What," asked the indulgent husband, "are you going to do with an inconsistent woman, and how are you going to teach her never to make threats?"

All of which means that his wife had just been telling them something that amused them, but not her. One of the things she believes in—and a very good belief it is, many husbands will say—is that the woman who is at the head of the house should do her own marketing. She dropped in at her butchers the other afternoon, when she was on her way to the matinee at the opera, and gave an order. Another of her principles is to pay spot cash for everything she buys, and to run no accounts, but on this day she had forgotten her pocket-book.

"I did not ask them to charge it to me," she said. "I did not want them to do that. I explained that I had forgotten my pocket-book, and they were to send the purchase to my house, and on the next day when I came again I would pay them."

"And would you believe," she said, opening her eyes, "that they refused? And I said to them: 'Very well, send it around, collect and I shall not come here to pay anything more.'"

"So far so good, but—"

"and do you know," she said, with the most innocent smile in the world, "that I went there the very next day and have been going there ever since because it's the best shop and most convenient. And they looked very funny when I came in and gave my orders as usual. I think they must have been embarrassed."

### Injured in the Accident.

Sufferer—I suppose we shall sue the railway company for about \$3,000 damages.

Lawyer—Three thousand dollars damages. Nonsense! Thirteen thousand at the very lowest, man!

Sufferer, surprised—Why, I think I should be quite content if I got \$3,000 damages.

Lawyer—Yes, probably you would; but I want at least \$10,000 for myself.—Somerville Journal.

# A WOMAN'S HISTORY



WHEN I see her pass in her carriage in the park wrapped in her furs, opulent, haughty, cold, invulnerable, beautiful, the woman's history comes back to me ever and again, point for point, step for step.

Her brow has the same marble smoothness; her shoulders, when she sits in the blaze of her opera-box, diamonds that would grace a queen shimmering on their whiteness, are as incomparable as an ever.

Time and again, her calm, inscrutable eyes meet, with a fleeting glance, her husband's. They quietly, undemonstratively despise each other, these two. But, again, who would know it?

Thus it astonishes no one that both go their several ways. As for Hammond, he does not wear as well as the beautiful Adrienne. Once, before his face took on that shadow of bloatedness, his neck that bovine character, he was handsome enough.

But that was ten years ago. The outward circumstances were different then. On a moist, foggy afternoon in January, a young man with a keen set, determined countenance, and eyes brooding, calculating, summing up, combining as he went along the crowded city streets, was accosted by another man of about the same age, who was hastening, though somewhat more leisurely, in the opposite direction.

"Hullo, Hammond!" Hammond half-wheeled round and stopped.

"If you've nothing else on hand, come and make that call with me tonight," said Searle.

Hammond was conscious of no special eagerness. But Searle was a rather good friend of his—the best he had. That was, perhaps, not saying much, for Hammond's friends were few. He had come from a rural district to the great city, resolute upon making his way. How he lived he himself best knew for a few years.

There were times when the struggle was fought at such close quarters that his board-bills often remained unpaid. But at the darkest the dogged determination in him never faltered. He used now and then to walk up the fashionable streets at night and loiter a moment, lost in the crowd of street Arabs of small and large growth, at the house of a well-known prince of finance, over whose front steps an awning extended to the curb.

The noiselessly opening and shutting door at the head of the steps gave glimpses of an interior of light



and warmth. To the curb there drove up a long, slowly moving mass of liveried carriages, disgorging their contents on the carpeted way. Hammond would stand there an instant or two, observant of the scene.

"Some day," a voice within him would say, "I shall open my doors in this fashion, or drive up to this very door as these people do now."

Searle was but insufficiently cognizant of these characteristics of his friend. He liked him, did him a good turn when he could, and unbosomed himself to him as the more prosperous man will occasionally do to the confidant whose fortunes are not so excellent as his own.

The excellence of Searle's fortunes was a matter of relative estimates, Searle himself felt that he was as lucky as any man need wish to be.

Hammond, had he been asked to give his opinion, would have remarked that to be the manager of a bank, on a salary of \$10,000 a year was a beggarly sort of thing, unless a man expected to get up higher.

Here lay the difference between the two men. Searle supposed he might get up higher some day, but he did not think much about it. Hammond thought of nothing else.

The call the friends made together that evening was on a young girl and her mother. The mother came second. Searle had been infatuated for some time. Now they were engaged. The young lady could scarcely be said to be in society; and she was only in moderate circumstances. But Searle was so happy that he eagerly wished every one of his friends to see Miss Eastlake, and appreciate his good fortune.

Did Hammond think her sufficiently handsome? Searle, with masculine fatuity, asked himself the question several times in the course of the evening. Hammond's face was under all circumstances non-committal. But, on the other hand, not to a-krowl-

edge the beauty of Adrienne Eastlake was impossible.

Hammond, pleading another appointment, left early. Searle lingered behind half an hour later.

"What do you think of Hammond?" he asked, looking down at the girl as she sat before him in a low chair, her head thrown back.

"I have only seen him once," she said evasively. Her manner to the man she was going to marry was cool, calm, elusive. But, unconsciously, blinded by his own engrossing passion, Searle invested it with a reflected fervor.

"Oh, Hammond is bound to strike luck some day. Let me tell you about him."

And Searle discoursed for some minutes to which Adrienne listened, languidly.

"Egad!" he cried, with a sudden laugh, "if he had only a start, with a little capital—say \$10,000. Something like the chance one or two fellows I know would have if they were aware of a certain inside fact I could communicate to them?"

Searle was rather a weak man, and a somewhat indiscreet one. When Adrienne, with a new show of interest, asked what was the inside fact, he was not proof against the flattery of her freshly bestowed attention.

"Simply the fact that our bank—"

Then he stopped short.

"Look here," he laughed uneasily, "I ought not to be telling you this! It only shows what confidence I have in you—how I worship you! Heaven! I believe better than any girl was worshipped before."

She laid her cheek against his shoulder. Her caresses at all times had been few. This one fired his blood.

"Tell me—"

He had still presence of mind to ask:

"But why do you want to know?"

"Simply a feminine curiosity! If you don't tell me, I shall know you don't love me."

And Searle told her.

The following morning, a slight, girlish figure, with a certain majesty, too, despite its girlishness, was admitted to the small office where Hammond was eagerly scanning some papers.

The lady's face was veiled. When she asked if she might see him alone on important business, Hammond, with a faintly puzzled brow, led the way to a still smaller inner room.

Then she removed her veil.

"Miss Eastlake!"

"Yes; you are surprised, of course. Yet a man such as I take you to be should be surprised at nothing. As a preamble to what I came here to say, however, I am going to tell you that, if you do not know me, I know you, far better than you think possible. Don't misunderstand me."

The girl had seated herself. She spoke in a quiet, collected, level voice:

"I am not in love with you. But, from the things Oscar Searle has let drop inadvertently about you from time to time I have formed a certain idea of your personality. And that personality interested me because it coincided with my own, with my own temper, with my mode of thought. As soon as I heard you speak last night—I had seen you before and studied your face, for Mr. Searle pointed you out to me on more than one occasion—I saw that I had not been mistaken in this view I had conceived of the manner of man you were. Well, this being so, I have come to make a bargain. I shall state it as briefly as possible. Few words are need ed."

She paused and her magnificent eyes were fixed upon him with a piercing keenness in place of their customary nonchalance. Hammond had listened with growing attentiveness. What sort of a woman was this? In appearance, a lovely girl, whom he had regarded as such the night before, and in no other way. In speech and manner, at this moment, definite, trenchant, seeming to command an inviolable situation by right of some enormous, inherent, unsuspected force of character.

"Go on," he said.

She continued to look at him steadily, with a glance that never wavered, or flickered, or sank. Then she spoke:

"I can give you information—inside information—concerning the shares in a large bank, which if you have the daring financial spirit I take you to have, will make your fortune or launch you on the way to permanent and colossal success."

Hammond raised his eyebrows.

"Ah!—Searle?"

"Exactly, Searle. He told me—being infatuated with me, and thinking a woman could make use of no such disclosure. He ought not to have trusted to that, of course. But Mr. Searle is a fool. You thought I loved him!" She was shrugging her shoulders. "I consented to marry him because his position was, at least, not poverty—genteel poverty—the worst of all. But I want to be rich, I want to be powerful. I want to see the world at my feet."

"Possibly, I think probably, you are the man who could do these things. Therefore, my bargain. I communicate Mr. Searle's information—which he was a fool to give me—on consideration that you marry me."

The two faced each other a moment. Hammond's brain was working with lightning rapidity.

"Of course, Searle may be suspected. He will lose his position. This will brand him—ruin his chances forever."

Again Adrienne Eastlake shrugged her shoulders.

"I am sorry—I would not willingly harm him. But in the struggle for life the weak go to the wall. It is the law."

this woman were closeted. When Hammond walked with his visitor to the door, the information had been given the bargain struck.

Before him, Hammond's insatiate inner eye saw stretching the feverish vision of success, no longer afar off and dimly uncertain, but near, close, within the grasp of his hand.

Yet, in all the exultation of that moment, a thought, bringing with it a smile of confirmed cynicism, shot through his mind. Who was it that said that a woman, once given over to the luxury of this world, could be more unscrupulous than any man?

Searle to-day is a poor man. For ten years past he has been an unsuccessful one. That tide in the affairs of men which, taken at its flood, led Hammond and his beautiful wife on to fortune, has left him stranded. He lost his position in bad odor. The same unwelcome repute has hung about his name ever since. But Hammond bulls and bears the market. And Adrienne has attained her ends; enjoys the fullest fruition of her ambition.

To the general world she represents triumph incarnate, secure. The few who know see her drive by, as I do, with wonder and a question as to the possible final end of an earthly triumph.

## A WOMAN'S WIT.

Suggested an Advertising Dodge That Sold Don't Real Estate.

In answer to a newspaper's request for his advertisement a prominent merchant lately said: "Show me a new way to advertise and I'll consider it."

His case proved the seemingly hopeless condition of conventionality that pervades advertising. To be unique or original is almost impossible.

But the woman who suggested an idea recently to a real estate man is now making a respectable commission by her cleverness.

The owner was the unfortunate possessor of land in New Jersey, past which the train whizzed filled with commuters several times daily to well populated suburbs of New York. One day it was noticed that at the usually empty, forlorn-looking station, instead of a single farmer in his one-horse, rickety vehicle, there were smart English traps, with English-looking grooms and footmen, drawn by bobtailed hackneys, a coach and tan'em, and chic French bonnes with long cap ribbons carrying very much belted and be-ribboned infants in their arms. There were stunning looking young women, too, with golf caps and sticks, chatting with equally well groomed young men in driving coats or corduroys. The whole scene suggested that the fashionable population of Newport or Lenox had taken possession of a place formerly given up to the farmer and mosquito.

As the train stopped several fashionably dressed people entered the standing cars and coaches recognized friends who seemed to be waiting for the up train to New York and drove off followed by the surprised looks of the people in the train.

For several weeks the little wayside station was bristling with life and filled with attractive looking people. Before this time real estate investors and home-seekers, fired with ambition to be in touch with this fin du siècle gathering, and undeterred by the fact that the few buildings in sight were not in keeping with the representatives at the station, purchased land and began building. Lots were rapidly sold, streets were laid off, and what had been a hopelessly unattractive way station, soon blossomed into a thriving New Jersey summer resort.

How long it took the investors to discover that the supposed population was simply a score of impecunious, actors and actresses, who, owing to hard times and out of employment, were glad for a few dollars a day to be used as an advertisement, no one knows.

The real estate man and the clever woman who suggested the idea are reaping the benefits and receiving the hearty congratulations of the initiated real estate agents. A prominent member of this profession says he is going to borrow her plan for use at some untenanted land he has near Saratoga.

## The Shipkeeper.

Some dozens of families are comfortably established in the ships lying idle about the port of New York. The shipkeeper, as the caretaker of a ship laid up in winter quarters is called, gets house rent, provisions and some cash payment. He must be a trustworthy person, with some nautical skill and knowledge. He and his live cozily enough, and there is a good deal of fun aboard ships when there are neighbors to drop in, newspapers to be read and a bit of music to enliven the tedium.

The Secret of Barometer Making.

"Eureka!" exclaimed the inventor of mechanical instruments. "I've got it at last! I've perfected a barometer which easily surpasses all others. I've got the index hand on the dial permanently fixed at 'change.'"

"But I don't see," said his listener, in a puzzled way, "I don't see—"

"Of course you don't," said the inventor with enthusiasm. "But my barometer's bound to be right in the long run all the time!"—Chicago Record.

## Electricity Beats Gold—in a Way.

Electricity has now, it seems, beaten the record of the gold beater and can produce a foil of the metal from five to ten times thinner than ordinary gold leaf. Joseph Wilson Swan, the well-known chemist of electric lighting fame, has presented to the Royal Society specimens of this wonderfully thin foil made by depositing gold on copper with the electric current and then dissolving away the copper from it with perchloride of iron.

## "KICK ME TILL I HOLLER."

Horace Greeley's Request of a Proof Reader, Who Was, of Course, Right.

Greeley, as is well known, was a crank on election figures and knew exactly how every county and town in the state was in the habit of going. A slight change in favor of his own party filled him with satisfaction. One day, says the New York Express, he came into the office overjoyed that the Republicans had carried Westchester county in a local election. As usual he wrote an editorial and put a comparative table, compiled from the Tribune almanac, in the middle of the article. When the paper came out next day the figures were misplaced, the Republican vote appeared in the Democratic column and vice versa, so that the comments did not at all fit the case stated. Mr. Greeley came down in a towering rage and in a whirlwind of profanity demanded of the subordinate in charge whether there was a proof reader on the paper and whether anybody in the office had a grain of sense.

"Why, yes, Mr. Greeley; you know old man So-and-so is the proof reader, and has been for years. But what is the matter?"

"Matter! Blankety, blank, blank! Matter! Why, some blankety, blank, blank has gone to work and changed the figures in that Westchester article so as to make the blankest nonsense out of it."

"I don't think anybody would even venture to change your figures, Mr. Greeley. Don't you think you had better look at the copy before pitching into the proof reader? You know he is very careful."

"I'll do nothing of the kind," said the old man as he shuffled up stairs. "I'll kick him out of the composing-room. I won't be made a fool of in this way."

Up stairs there was a scene like that below, with the variation that Greeley told the proof reader that he ought to be kicked from one end of the composing-room to the other. With the proverbial placidity of proof readers and their provoking readiness for such emergencies, the man assailed quickly went to the hook and taking therefrom Greeley's own copy held it under his eyes with the single remark: "Read that, sir."

Greeley did read. There was silence for a moment and then his face assumed a look of mingled contempt and disgust. Then he turned around with his back to the proof reader, lifted his coat tails and said, loud enough to be heard all over the room: "Here, Sam, kick me, and kick me till I holler."

## Oldest Church in Boston.

The First parish in Dorchester, Mass., over which Rev. Eugene Shippen was recently installed as pastor, is the oldest church or religious society in Boston. It is Unitarian, although in one usually well-founded religious weekly it is set down as Congregational. It is more than 200 years old and has had only eleven pastors in its history. The invariable custom has been to install a young man and not to call a minister from another church. Mr. Shippen is the son of Rev. Rush R. Shippen, pastor of the Unitarian church in Washington. He is a graduate of Harvard and for the last year has been studying at Oxford. Rev. R. R. Shippen preached the sermon at the installation of his son.

## Raw Silk in Kansas.

The state of Kansas can boast of the only silk filature in the United States. It is a state silk station at Peabody, where ten reels are operated. The business of the station is to supply silk-worms free to all Kansas applicants. The cocoons that are raised from these eggs are purchased at the rate of \$1 per pound and reeled in the filature. Not very many persons obtain eggs from the station and raise cocoons, but those who do make from \$40 to \$100 each spring for the six weeks' work required. The raw silk from the Kansas grown cocoons is the best in the world, according to one of the leading importers in this country.

## A Young Philosopher.

He is only 6, and he has been quoted in print before. His humor is natural and unconscious, and in addition he has a faculty of reasoning by analogy that would be valuable to many an adult head. His little sister was visiting a neighbor girl, and his mamma requested him to go and escort her home.

"Mamma," he replied, "when we were in the country last summer Mrs. Myers asked Mr. Myers to go and get the cows. Mr. Myers said, 'You go and get them yourself,' and the little philosopher considered the subject beyond further debate."

## A Thriving Frog Farm.

A frog farm with about 1,000,000 head of stock is carried on successfully by a man in Contra Costa county, Cal. He started ranching a few months ago with a herd of about 2,000 frogs and is already making lots of money. He supplies the markets of San Francisco, Oakland and other large cities on the coast. It costs little or nothing to raise the frogs, and the rancher is not anxious to trade his ranch even for a gold mine, so he says.

## African Diet.

African diet varies as much as do the people, and such trifles as roasted spiders, caterpillars, ants stewed in butter, ostrich eggs, baked elephant's trunk and feet, puma, fat sheep's tails, stewed puppies, and odd articles not generally regarded as food, are consumed.

The epidemic of burglaries in Brooklyn has had some amusing results. One nervous woman who lives in a lonely state on the Heights, has an alarm clock that awakens her once an hour during the night, so that she can keep her ears open for housebreakers.

## FUN IN THE COURT.

REPORTS FURNISH FOOD FOR HEARTY LAUGHTER.

The Unfortunate Position of Montgomery, C. J.—Judge Cutting's Contempt for Lawyers—Clergymen Not Held in Respect.

Many of the law reports are full of urious judicial slips. In a Georgia case, for instance, the judge giving the opinion says that "Montgomery C. J. was providentially prevented from presiding in this case." This may have been a whack at Montgomery C. J. or at the lawyer who argued it before the weary judge. This isn't quite as bad, however, as the theological slip of a Nebraska judge in a supreme court case, in which he holds that "the law presumes against the carrier unless he shows that it was done by the king's enemies or by such an act of God as could not happen by the intervention of man." His opinion of the relative positions of God and man recalls the story of the Adams county justice who had occasion to punish a party for gross profanity used in open court. "For taking the name of Almighty God in vain," said this worthy successor of Mr. Justice Shallow, "I shall fine you ten dollars, and for offending the dignity of this court you will pay a fine of fifty dollars and costs or go to jail."

Law-makers furnish us quite as funny mistakes as law writers. When the supreme court of California came to pass upon the charter of the city of Oakland, a few years ago, they said of the phraseology of the charter, that "the joint labors of Malaprop and Partington could scarcely have made such a collocation or dislocation of words and sentences as did this legislator. Among other things it gives the board of trustees power to license and suppress dram shops, horse racing, gambling houses, houses of ill-fame and all indecent and immoral practices, shows and amusements." Such a license power might do in New York—it scandalized the pious town of Oakland.

If clergymen wish to know their rating in the ponderous skeeplike tomes, they can find it out by beginning with the very earliest English law books in existence. In one of the Black Letter Year books in appears that some one had been so unkind as to call a preacher a fool. The preacher brought suit for slander and the defendant justified, as the lawyers say; that is, he claimed that what he said was not slander but gospel truth, and he showed that the words spoken could not hurt the clergyman, "for that it was a maxim of the common law; that 'a parson might be a good parson and still be a fool.'" The court so held, but said that had the words been spoken of a lawyer or a doctor it would have been otherwise.

Lord Coke, the great fountain of our common law, had very little use for the preachers, says the Philadelphia Times, and in his third institute he says that in order that the Carmelite friars of Fleet street might perform their vows of chastity King Edward III. had to prohibit all women from passing through a lane next to the friar house. Apropos of preachers, an old chronicle relates that when Alan de Neville, chief forester of Henry the II., died, a certain monastery begged for some of his great wealth. The king, with fine religious discrimination, said: "I shall take his health; but you may take his carcass and the devil will get his soul."

Some of the funniest things in the law books are the far-fetched authorities that are cited to establish certain rulings. In a case tried before Justice Fortescue it was claimed that the other side had no right to be heard. The judge decided that it had. "I have heard it observed," said he, "that even God himself did not pass sentence upon Adam before he was given a chance to defend himself. 'Adam,' says God, 'where art thou? Hast thou not eaten of the tree whereof I commanded thee that thou shouldst not eat?' And the same question was put to Eve also."

But for exciting legal re-reading the famous case reported in 10 Pa. St. Report easily takes first prize. Mr. Justice Lewis thus disports himself on the subject of restraining a widow from marrying: "The principle of reproduction," he says, "stands next in importance to its elder-born correlative, self-preservation, and is equally a fundamental law of existence. It is the blessing which tempered with mercy the expulsion from Paradise. It was impressed upon the human creation by a beneficent Providence, to multiply the images of Himself, and thus to promote his own glory and the happiness of His creatures. From the lord of the deep, from the subtlety of the serpent, from the innocence of the dove, from the elastic embrace of the mountain kalmia to the descending fructification of the lily of the plain, all nature bows submissively to this primeval law. Even the flowers, which perfume the air with their fragrance and decorate the forests and fields with their hues, are but curtains to the nuptial bed. The principles of morality, the policy of the nation, the doctrines of the common law, the law of nature and the law of God unite in condemning as void the condition attempted to be imposed upon this widow."

## Rough Luck.

Distressed Female—Oh, please, sir, give me something all the same!

Benevolent Gentleman—Why 'all the same'?"

Distressed Female, weeping—Oh, sir, don't you recognize me? I'm the blind man's wife.

Benevolent Gentleman—Yes, I recognize you!

member you; but what's the matter? Distressed Female—Oh, sir, we're in fresh trouble. My poor husband has received his sight.

## DIPLOMATIC EPISODE.

How an American Minister Rode in an Exciting Horse Race.

When President Taylor selected Ballie Peyton, a prominent Tennessee Whig, to represent the United States in Chili, horse racing and cock fighting were leading public amusements, and the bare announcement of one, date and location stated, never failed to attract a large crowd. Many public men, both North and South, were devotees of the turf, and none of them took greater pride in their racing stud than Colonel Peyton. Hence, when he learned that horse racing was unknown in Chili, that the people there rode donkeys, and used mules even in state coaches, he threatened to decline the appointment, "fearing that he would die of ennui there."

and when he accepted, said: "I will go to Chili, not only as my country's representative, but as a missionary to teach those benighted South Americans some gentlemanly accomplishments."

Shortly after his arrival in Santiago a race, with two noted entries was planned. Colonel Peyton bet a large sum of money on one of the horses and the English minister an equal amount on the other. There being no professional jockeys some had been improvised and duly trained. All arrangements—and on a splendid scale—were completed, when, on the morning named, the jockey slated to ride Peyton's horse became disabled and could move neither hand nor foot. The colonel searched Santiago and vicinity for a substitute, but could not find one, and to postpone the brush or to abandon it seemed the only alternative, when Peyton dumbfounded the judges by saying: "Gentlemen, when a boy I often rode and won races. I am heavier now, not in training, but I will take my jockey's place and do my best."

He was tall and stout, but active, strong and self-possessed, and at the right time presented himself trim and dapper in a jockey suit, sprang into the saddle, at the word took and kept the lead and winning the race was awarded the wager.

Such an unusual diplomatic performance could not escape public notice even in the ante-cablegram, ante-personal journalism days, and the United States papers soon had graphic accounts of it. There were many severe criticisms of Colonel Peyton's Chilian adventure, but when General Taylor, "Old Rough and Ready," as he was called, heard of it he cut off a fresh piece of tobacco, chewed it for a while and quietly said: "Ballie is a smart fellow and can do anything and can do it well."

In after years Colonel Peyton, who, in spite of crushing reverses of fortune, always retained his sunny spirit, once jocularly remarked: "Those Chilians owe me a pension and a monument, for I was their greatest benefactor. I not only taught them how to manage a race, but how to ride a horse. Now they have fine horses and superior tracks, capital jockeys and exciting races—all illustrating the virtue of a good example."

## Wires Under Water.

According to Elektrische Anzeiger of Berlin, a conduit for electric wires may be immersed in water, but by virtue of a box inverted over it the wires are kept dry. It is claimed that the cost will not be more than the trolley system, and that experiments have demonstrated its success.

## Father's Pies.

Fond Husband—Somehow I don't seem to be able to enjoy your pies as I did those my mother made for me when I was a boy. Loving Wife—Perhaps you would if you hadn't ruined your stomach by eating so many of those pies when you were a boy.—Puck.

## THE ROUND-UP.

During his present term of office as justice of the peace, Squire Jacob Kiser of Gaston, N. C., has married 173 couples.

The best crop of grass found on most farms in Iceland is on the roofs of huts, which are roofed with brick bark covered with earth.

The longest distance a letter can be carried within the limits of the United States is from Key West, Fla., to Ounalaska, 6,271 miles; and all for two cents.

Out of a family of nine at Newcastle, England, eight are still living. The eldest is ninety-one and the youngest is twenty-six. The average age of the family is eighty-two.

Pioquinto Miranla of Colombia, Central America, is living, blind and helpless, at the age of 122. One of his neighbors is 105 years old and still able to work at knitting with coarse thread.

In a murder trial at Dusseldorf lately the jury, after being locked up, made its way out through a window and went to a beer saloon, where it agreed on a verdict. The result is an appeal for a new trial.

Out of Yale's 2,413 students in all departments, 738 come from Connecticut, 126 from Massachusetts, 147 from Pennsylvania, 531 from New York, 120 from Illinois, 133 from Ohio, and ninety from New Jersey. The rest come from nearly every state in the union, and from sixteen foreign countries.

Electricity is now used for coloring leather more quickly and deeply. The hide is stretched on a metallic table and covered with the coloring liquid; a pressure of a few volts is then applied between the liquid and the table, which opens the pores of the skin and allows the color to sink in.

## A ROMANCE.

"Report at the library before going off duty. You are to take charge of a private surgical case and Dr. Bronson wishes to see you."

These were the words spoken by our head nurse one beautiful spring morning.

As I walked quickly down the long hall toward the library my heart beat high with hope. At last I was to have a case under Dr. Bronson. How I had envied the other nurses as they had lived day after day under his supervision. Truly fortune was beginning to smile upon me.

There, seated at the desk, was the doctor, and, as I entered the room, he did not move, so deeply absorbed in thought was he. Sinking into an easy chair I studied his face for a few moments. He was young and almost handsome; I saw almost, because there was a restless, wandering look in his large, dark eyes which detracted from his appearance, and yet, though I couldn't tell wherein it lay, there was something intensely fascinating in his face.

Suddenly my reverie was broken by the entrance of three ladies—a tall, middle-aged woman, and two young girls whom I rightly judged her daughters. The doctor greeted them cordially and I was soon informed that the younger daughter was to undergo an operation on the following day and that she was to be my patient.

Elizabeth Townley (Beth, her pet name, seemed to suit her better), was about 20 years old, and while she was not pretty, she had a sweet, vivacious face and a wealth of fluffy brown curls. From the moment I met her I admired her, and the longer I knew her the stronger grew my admiration.

The following day at 2 Miss Townley was brought to the operating room and, as she lay there consciousness gone, her face like marble, save a pink spot on either cheek, her hair curling in little damp ringlets around her sweet face, I fancied myself her lover and thought how easily one could love her. I wondered if the doctor had the same thought, but when the work began, in earnest we were all too busy to indulge in "sentimentalism."

When at last it was over and consciousness had returned and the intense anxiety of surgeon and nurse was over, I found time to look at the doctor. All the old restless look had almost completely faded from his eyes and in its place was an expression of rest not unmarked with determination.

After this I studied both patient and physician. I rarely saw them together, but I knew by the doctor's face whenever he came from her little room that he was refreshed and strengthened for his work. But Beth was clever and wise and she often declared herself heartless and "unimpressible," but I thought if she were heartless it was because she had already given her heart to Dr. Bronson.

All through the bright spring days he brought her wild flowers and, after making his evening rounds, would read to her, while she, in turn, played little melodies on her guitar or amused him greatly by relating some of her school-day pranks.

She was the life of the lower floor and many a lonely heart was made glad by her merry laugh, her cheery "Good-morning," or a bunch of blossoms from her abundant supply.

Sometimes Dr. Bronson would laugh a low laugh of contentment and suppressed happiness and I would wonder: "Did she charm away that old look in his eyes?" But how? She had scarcely seen him ere it vanished.

So the day slipped—day, rippled—by on the tide of that sweet, low laughter and music of contented voices. Gradually Miss Townley became able to move about in her wheelchair. Dr. Barton seemed to be growing melancholy and the old restless, longing look came creeping back. He would wheel her up and down the halls and then leave her by the open door, where the sweet spring's breath came floating in, and go about his duties, still watching her with a loving care that seemed pathetic to me, for I felt that there was a story to his life that no one knew and which withheld its sequel.

Finally he told her that in a few days—less than a week—she would be well enough to leave the hospital. I was in the room when he told her and I noticed that the words came reluctantly and could scarcely be heard. He left the room suddenly, almost fiercely, and the old look was deeper than ever.

That night there was a fearful storm. The wind blew a perfect gale, and hurled the sheets of falling rain against the window panes. The thunder dropped its heavy-forged bolts in quick succession, while the lightning kept the scene brilliant as day.

Dr. Bronson was in and out of the wards all night, but he went offest to Beth's room to ask:

"Are you nervous in this frightful storm?"

She would answer softly, "Oh, no," and then, having no excuse to remain longer, he would pace the halls nervously while the fury of the storm increased. He thought one bitterly:

"Oh, if she would only show me some sign of fear or distress, that I might go to her and do something just to be near her!"

Here he was interrupted by a tremendous crash. It seemed as if heaven and earth were clasped in close embrace and were swaying and rocking in the furious blast.

With one bound he was at Miss Townley's bedside. She lay there white as marble, her forehead cold and her lips blue. The corner of her room next the street was blackened and burning.

Seeing that no time was to be lost, he gathered her in his strong arms and carried her to the ward across the hall and laid her down and seat at once for me.

In the hour that followed Dr. Bronson hung over Beth, using every means to save the life that I saw had become so dear to him.

The fire did little damage, and as soon as the storm rolled away to the east, its maddening growling faded and stilled, we saw Beth's pale lips grow pink, her eyelids flutter and then slowly lift and the eyes rest on the doctor's anxious face.

"Thank you," she said, softly, from his lips, and he smiled, but the little, low

bed and bent his head on her outstretched hand. Is it unmanly to weep? Some say it is, but the noblest tears I ever saw shed were those that fell from Dr. Bronson's eyes. They were the spray from an ocean deep and fathomless, the ocean of his great love.

I slipped away then, for he seemed completely overcome, and I thought they two were best alone just then.

When he came out his eyes shone with a new light which the traces of tears only reflected and intensified. He went directly to his room and I returned to Beth. She looked up and smiled, and I saw tears in her eyes, too. She did not wipe them away, but wept again as if in remembrance of the last hour. It was almost a grinning now, the rain still fell, but gently, and the air was fresh and cool. She said softly, "I think I can sleep now," and so I left her.

The next day she was taken home. The west wing of the hospital was closed for repairs and the patients were moved to another floor, and I saw little more of Dr. Bronson.

The other day a thick envelope came for me, and upon opening it I read these words:

"Mr. and Mrs. George H. Townley announce the marriage of their daughter, Elizabeth Walker to Dr. Phillip Heron Bronson, September fourteenth, eighteen hundred and ninety-two."

## A COWBOY'S NERVES.

The Strange Discovery He Made in a Dentist's Chair.

One morning in Silver Ranch a wild yell was heard at the far end of the street, and the anxious inhabitants who momentarily poked out their heads, saw "Terrantler Tom" on his pony dashing up the street discharging a revolver from each hand. The heads disappeared, and it was a deserted street, with but one inhabitant. That temporary, solid citizen was the aforesaid "T. Tom, Esq." A sign stayed his wild flight. Upon that sign was the inscription, "Dr. Hopkins, Surgeon Dentist."

When the reliable old citizens cautiously looked out and saw the pony in front of the dentist's they knew Tom had the toothache, and realized that there was fun ahead. Of course, they knew he'd only shoot the dentist, and wind up with a friendly drink all round, so they gathered around the doors and windows of the tooth-pulling shop to see if Tom's hand was just as steady as ever. Tom opened the conversation as follows:

"You long-legged grasshopper, pull this tooth, and be quick as lightning and gentle as a zephyr."

"All right. Sit down in that chair, and I'll yank it out for you."

Tom leaned back in the chair, with a cocked revolver in each hand and replied:

"You jest get the drop on that tooth now, or I'll yank you!"

Dr. Hopkins had a chair fixed for just such customers. He had a heavy galvanic battery under the seat which could throw a circuit heavy enough to paralyze Jumbo and he just quietly turned the knob on "Terrantler Tom," and walked around and took the pistols out of his hands. Tom writhed as though he were fastened to the chair of the Inquisition; his eyes stood out like door-knobs; he tried to yell, but no sound escaped his lips. It was something new to Tom, he didn't understand it; he had never heard of a galvanic battery and he thought he was going to die. Quickly the dentist pulled the tooth, took the remaining cartridges out of Tom's revolver, and then, gradually letting up on the battery, he said cheerfully:

"Tooth is out, sir; \$5, please."

"What in all the tarnation grizzlies and wild cats was the matter with me while you was pulling that tooth?"

"Oh, your nerves just gave way a little. That's the way with most everybody when they get in a dentist's chair."

Tom was so ashamed to think his nerves had given way that he paid the dentist, invited all hands to drink and rode off as gentle as a lamb, thinking for the first time in his life that he had mistaken his vocation and ought to enter the ministry.—New York Mercury.

## Electric Motors Are Showing an Economy of Fifty Per Cent.

There have been many cases of the use of electric motors to drive lines of shafting or isolated parts of plants to prove conclusively the remarkable increase in efficiency obtained, especially where the conveyance of steam for a long distance was necessary. This has led to a more thorough study of the amount of power absorbed by the line shafting and counter-shafting. The minimum loss that can be looked for, and this is obtained only in exceptional cases requiring constant vigilance, is 25 per cent of the total power developed, and more frequently runs as high as 65 to 70 per cent. A safe average would be from 40 to 50 per cent, although the actual loss must be determined for each and every case. With the use of electric motors, when properly designed and proportioned for the work, as, indeed, is as necessary in electrical work as with any other problem of mechanics if the best results are desired, this percentage of loss can be materially reduced. An inefficient result may be expected with bad electric engineering just as with a poorly arranged case of millwrighting, but, the electrical proportions being once obtained, there will, within reasonable limits, be no decrease in efficiency from the deterioration.

The advent of electricity for such purposes seems to have enabled managers to realize more fully than ever before the loss accompanying what was heretofore generally accepted as the most efficient method of furnishing power to the individual machines of a plant. The use of electric motors in the place of shafting and on isolated machines where the motors are belted directly to the isolated shafts or to the machines has been sufficiently extended to render the verification of the results obtained unnecessary. It is no exception to find a reduction of 50 per cent of the power consumed. This is not due entirely to the saving of loss through friction, but also to the advantage gained by the intermittent action of machinery of every kind. Tests show that where the motor drive has been substituted, the machines are in operation but little more than one-half the time, or more correctly stated, the power required is only about one-half the total average power of the machines when doing work. As remarkable as these results may seem, sufficient data are on record to prove their correctness.—Cassier's Magazine.

## FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

### INTERESTING READING FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

How Commander Hull, at the Point of a Gun, Forced His Son to Jump From a Mast—Elephants Feeding Babies—A Cunning Pig.

As I walked the deck wrapped to the eyes in a warm overcoat and protected by a huge sou'wester, I thought of the thrilling incident which occurred on the Constitution when she was lying in anchor on a previous occasion, off a milder coast than the bleak shores of New England. It was in Port Mahon, then one of the Mediterranean stations, of our cruisers. Commodore Hull, was in command. He had with him his son, a bright, active lad of ten or twelve.

One morning when the commodore was on shore, the boy began to play with the pet monkey of the crew. The monkey suddenly snatched off his cap and started up the rigging with it. The boy pursued, and after a lively chase succeeded in recovering the cap, which he hung triumphantly on the topgallant yard arm, and then sat on the yard to rest himself. He then took it into his head to "shin" up the main-truck. This is a small wooden disk which caps the top of a mast; it has sheave-holes through which run the halyards that hoist the colors to the masthead. The truck of the Constitution was perhaps a scant foot in diameter. Having reached the truck, the foolhardy lad proceeded to climb on it and actually stand upon the truck, perched in the air 180 feet above the water. In European men-of-war the stays reach up the truck, and sailors who have tried this perilous feat have been able to get down by means of the stays. But the stays of the Constitution did not reach within five or six feet of the truck, and there was no possible way for the lad to climb down. His death appeared inevitable. The whole crew stood aghast with horror, every instant expecting to see the boy lose his balance and fall, when he must be crushed upon the deck.

In the meantime some one on shore carried to Commodore Hull news of his son's perilous position. The man who had quailed not when the balls of the enemy's batteries sang about his ears, trembled now. He sprang into his boat, and ordered the crew to pull off the frigate as if for their lives. On reaching the ship, he ordered a musket to be brought to him. Having cocked it, the commodore aimed the gun at his son, and fiercely shouted: "Jump, or I'll shoot you!"

The lad hesitated a moment; then, perhaps for the first time fully realizing his awful peril, he gathered himself together and sprang out to clear the side of the ship. With the rush of a hawk diving on its prey, the boy plunged into the sea, fortunately feet foremost. As he rose to the surface a dozen sailors plunged in to bring him on board.

After ascertaining that his son had received no serious injury the commodore took him in to the cabin, where, it is said, after certain paternal admonitions, the lad received some timely and wholesome corrections.—From "The Last Voyage of the Constitution," by S. G. W. Benjamin in St. Nicholas.

### A Cunning Pig.

My neighbor has a cow. He also has a "mother pig and her little piggies six," and thereby hangs the story that I am about to relate.

One little pig was not so large or so strong as the rest, and he was jostled and crowded about until he could get very little to eat. He could not grow like his mates, for his appetite was never appeased. He squealed his protests loudly into the ears of his selfish brothers and sisters, but not one of them gave heed.

Even the mother could not, or would not, remedy the injustice, and poor piggy went on struggling, fighting, squealing against fate, seeming to grow smaller and thinner every day until he was spoken of only as "the little runt."

It was very evident that he would be far in the rear when his mates reached pork-barrel dignity, unless there came a change. The thought was hard for a spirited pig to endure, and as his sin would give no relief, he set about finding a remedy himself. Like all earnest searchers, he was successful, and presto, what a change! Our piggy ceased to squeal, his sides expanded in a most suggestive manner and he began to grow fat and sleek.

"I wonder what does all that cow?" complained Farmer J. one day. "I feed her well, but she's been drying up for a week or two. There's something funny about it, too; sometimes she gives a good deal of milk, then nothing at all. What can be the matter?"

But the mystery was solved when piggy was espied sitting erect as any milkmaid and, minus the bucket, milking as energetically.

No wonder the cow gave no milk; no wonder the little runt grew fat. Then the smart little pig was shut up, but he would find some hole to crawl out; and as I look from my window I often see my neighbor's cow searching for corn in the stalk-field, closely accompanied by her foster-child, Ida Kays in Philadelphia Times.

### Elephants Tending Babies.

The whole family of the mahout become, as it were, parasites to the elephant, by whom they earn their living. I have seen a baby placed by its mother systematically under the elephant's care, and within reach of the trunk, while the mother went to fetch water or to get wood or material to cook the family dinner. No jackal or wolf would be likely to pick up and carry off a baby who was thus "confided" to the care of an elephant; but most people who have lived a life in the jungle know how very possible it is for a jackal or a wolf to carry off a baby when living in a hut when the mother's back is turned.

The children thus brought up in the companionship of an elephant become familiar with him, and take all kinds of liberties with him, which the elephant seems to endure on the principle that it does not hurt him, while it

amuses the child. You see a little naked black child, about two feet high, standing on the elephant's bare back, and taking it down to the water to bathe, and shouting all the time in the most unbecoming terms of native abusive language.

On arriving at the water the elephant, ostensibly in obedience to the child's command, lies down and enjoys himself, just leaving a portion of his body, like a small island above water, on which the small child stands and yells, and yells all the more if he has several companions of his own age, also in charge of their elephants, all wallowing in the water around him. If the child slips off his island, the elephant's trunk promptly replaces him in safety. The littleurchins as they grow up, become first mates to mahouts, and eventually arrive at the dignity of being mahouts themselves.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

### The Rival Mothers.

This story is beyond doubt original to Japan in its present form, but it bears remarkable resemblance to another celebrated judgment given more than two thousand years ago on the other side of the world.

About a century and an half ago a woman who was a servant in the house of a daimyo had a little girl born to her. But it was inconvenient for her to have the child with her in the daimyo's mansion, and so she put the little one out to nurse with a woman in the neighboring village. The child grew to be very intelligent, and the foster-mother, who was a heartless woman, thought she saw an opportunity to earn money through the girl's services, and determined to keep her. Accordingly, when the mother's term of service expired, and she came to get back her child, the foster-mother treated her claim as false, said the child was her own, and utterly refused to give her up.

So at last they came before Oka, the town magistrate of Yedo, who, after some thought, hit upon a novel plan of deciding. He placed the child between the two mothers, had each one take an arm of the child, and then ordered them to pull! He could then tell, he said, which one deserved to have the child. The foster mother, thinking only of winning, pulled with all her might, but the true mother, full of her affection for her child, couldn't bear to inflict on it such brutal pain; and she let go as soon as she felt the other woman pulling. "The child is mine," exclaimed the foster-mother, triumphantly. "Not so!" said Oka sternly; you are a pretender; this other is the true mother."

Then the false mother confessed her deception, and begged for pardon. The people, when they heard of the judgment, were full of admiration for the penetration and sagacity of their great magistrate.—Harper's Young People.

### A Tame Crow's Booty.

He boldly pillaged the neighbors round. A woman who lived near once caught him pecking at a pot-cheese she had made, and put him to flight. He returned, and stole a downy little chicken, one of a brood that belonged to her. He flew home with it, and laid it upon the ground, but alive and unharmed. There were plenty of young chickens running about at home but Jim never touched one of these.

Anything bright and shining pleased his fancy very much. He had no scruples about taking what did not belong to him. Like a miser, he had a hiding place for his treasures, and he was very careful not to go to it when he was watched. One day it was discovered in the barn quite by accident. Among other articles that he had secreted were found nails, screws, beads, bits of broken glass, and best of all a pair of earrings—and this grand collection was the grand result of months of patient thievery!

It was very difficult to keep a lead-pencil in his vicinity. When he stole one, he would hold it in his claw and peck at it until the cedar wood was split in twain, after which he would remove the lead. If some one endeavored to take the pencil from him, he would dodge about, making desperate but ineffectual efforts to swallow his booty whole.—Malcom Frazer in St. Nicholas.

### Hearing With the Fingers.

There is said to be in Indiana a boy who hears with his fingers. When he was nine years old he had a very serious illness, which left him perfectly deaf. For a long time the poor little fellow led a most unhappy life because he could not hear what was said by others; but one day several months ago, while his mother was conversing with a visitor, he happened to place his hand on his throat, and observed that while his hand rested there he could hear perfectly. Later on he tried the experiment with others, and discovered that by making use of the sense of touch in the ball of his fingers he could make up for all that he had lost by the trouble which had befallen his ears. The result is that he is a much happier lad than he ever expected to be again, although he finds it awkward in some cases to have to put his fingers on the throat of his friends who happen to be talking with him.

### Some Queer Fiddles.

There are quite a number of people who collect musical instruments. Men have been known to pay tremendous prices for violins of rare make, merely to place these instruments in collections they were making of such things.

One of the greatest fiddles that ever were known to be seen at the French court in the time of Charles the Ninth. This was a viol so large that several boys could be placed inside of it. These boys used to sit inside this queer instrument and sing the airs that the man who handled the bow was playing on the "viol outside. The effect is said to have been very beautiful, though it would seem that the presence of the lads in the interior would seriously interfere with the tone of the "Great Fiddle," as it was called. Many years after, another huge instrument of this kind was used at concerts in Boston. It was so large that to play it the fiddler had to stand on a table to use his bow at the proper point on the strings. This instrument was called "the Grandfather of Fiddles."

## WHEN PATTI WAS YOUNG.

The Great Singer Began Modestly at \$100 a Week.

Madame Patti began modestly enough. In 1850, when she made her debut in New York, Mr. Strakosch held her contract for five years, paying her \$400 per month for the first year, \$600 for the second, \$800 for the third, and \$1,000 per month for the fourth and fifth years. When she came to London, a practically untried girl of 18, Mr. Gye engaged her for five years at a salary of \$750 a month for the first year, \$1,000 for the second, \$1,250 for the third, \$1,450 for the fourth, and \$2,000 for the fifth year, the lady singing but twice a week. Until her marriage to the Marquis de Caux, she never received from the Covent Garden more than \$600 per night, and Mr. Strakosch declared that Grisi and Mario, when at the height of their fame, never got more than \$250 per night. At one time Madame Patti commanded \$400 per concert, in London. She received \$5,000 a night for singing at the Cincinnati opera festival, and for a solitary performance at Buenos Ayres she was rewarded with the sum of \$11,000. No wonder that in the minds of most artists paradise is situated in the neighborhood of Craig-y-nos. There are plenty of people who think that these sums are out of all proportion to the artistic value of the singer. Such was the opinion of the Empress of Russia when Gabrielli asked 5,000 ducats to sing at a concert. "Why," said the queen, "that is more than I pay to my field marshals!" "Then let your field marshals sing for you," was the reply.

## THE GREAT GERMAN COFFEE BERRY.

Coffee at one cent a pound, that is what it costs to grow it, good coffee, too. Some say that it is better than Rio. This we know, while in Europe last summer in search of seed novelties we often drank this in hotels in France, Holland and Germany.

Thirty-five packages earliest vegetable seeds, \$1.00, not 3 cents per package.

Largest growers of farm seeds as oats, grass and clover, corn and potatoes, etc., in the world. Early heavy yielding vegetables our specialty.

If You Will Cut this Out and Send It with 15c postage to the John A. Salzer Seed company, La Crosse, Wis., you will get free a package of their German Coffee Berry seed and their catalogue.

## Old-Fashioned Print Butter.

With the wholesale making of butter there has almost disappeared from the market the old-fashioned print butter, an inverted golden frustum of a cone bearing upon its upper end the imprint of the domestic maker, a cow, a sheaf of wheat, a large four leaved clover, and the like. Butter now comes in rolls or in tubs, and it is only the country housewife that keeps the old-fashioned wooden contrivances for printing butter.

Twenty-two dollar bills weigh just as much as a silver dollar.

# Makes Pure Blood

These three words tell the whole story of the wonderful cures by Hood's Sarsaparilla. When the blood is impure it is fertile soil for all kinds of disease germs, and such troubles as scrofula, salt rheum, rheumatism, catarrh, grip, and typhoid fever are likely to appear.

Weak nerves indicate as surely as any physical symptom shows anything, that the organs and tissues of the body are not satisfied with their nourishment. They draw their sustenance from the blood, and if the blood is thin, impure or insufficient, they are in a state of revolt.

# Hood's Sarsaparilla

Purifies the blood and thus cures these diseases by removing their cause. No other preparation has ever accomplished the remarkable cures which have followed the use of Hood's Sarsaparilla.

To purify and vitalize the blood, and thus supply the nourishment which is needed. Those who keep their blood pure with Hood's Sarsaparilla have no trouble with weak nerves. Therefore take Hood's now.

## Hood's Pills

After-dinner pill and family cathartic. 25c.

## Hood's Pills

easy to buy, easy to take, easy in effect. 25c.

## VASELINE PREPARATIONS.

In order to familiarize the public, all over the United States with the principal ones of the very many useful and elegant articles made by this Company, we make the following offer:

FOR ONE DOLLAR sent us by mail, we will deliver, free of all charges, to any person in the United States, either by mail or express, the following 12 articles, carefully packed in a neat box:

- Two Cases Vaseline Family Soap.
- One Six Vaseline Superfine Soap.
- One Ounce Tube Capsicum Vaseline.
- One Ounce Tube Pomade Vaseline.
- One Ounce Tube Camphorated Vaseline.
- One Ounce Tube Carbolated Vaseline.
- One Ounce Tube White Vaseline.
- Two Ounce Tube Vaseline Camphor Ice.
- Two Ounce Tube Pure Vaseline.
- One Tube Perfumed White Vaseline.
- One Jar Vaseline Cold Cream.

ALL THESE GOODS ARE OF THE REGULAR MARKET SIZE AND STYLE SOLD BY US. These articles are the best of their kind in the world, and the buyer will find every one of them exceedingly useful and worth a very much more than the price named. CHESEBROUGH MFG. CO., 25 STATE ST., NEW YORK CITY.

## \$1.75 PER SQUARE Iron Roofing

We are selling Galvanized Corrugated Iron Roofing, from World's Fair Building, at above price. We have on hand only 10,000 squares; also all kinds of Lumber and other Building Material.

CHICAGO HOUSE WRECKING CO., 3005 S. HALSTED ST. (Opp. blocks north Union Stock Yards).

## NOXALL INCUBATOR

If you wish an incubator that has passed the test of the United States Government, send for the Noxall Incubator, made by GEORGE W. NOXALL & CO., Quincy, Ill. It is the best and most reliable of all incubators. Send for the Noxall Incubator, made by GEORGE W. NOXALL & CO., Quincy, Ill.

## PENSION JOHN W. MORRIS.

Successfully Prosecutes Claims. Late Principal Examiner U. S. Pension Bureau 2 yrs in last year adjudicating claims, since

## NERVE FOOD

Sent for a package of the Famous and Precious Nerve Food. Dr. J. A. McNeill, 5 and 5 1/2 Hubbard Court, Chicago

W. N. U. CHICAGO, VOL. X. NO. 10. When Answering Advertisements, Kindly Mention This Paper.

## PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

CURES WHILE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Guaranteed to cure in time. Sold by druggists.

## Captured Crisp.

Louis Walker, Company K, Forty-seventh Ohio, was lately in Washington to push his claim before congress for a reward for saving the entire Army of the Cumberland from capture in the fall of 1864, taking prisoner a rebel officer who was carrying messages from Gen. Hardee to Gen. Wheeler. The scene of the capture was a few miles from Macon, Ga., and the rebel officer taken prisoner is the present speaker of the house of representatives, Crisp. Walker states that he was out foraging early one morning. He rode up to the door of a cabin, and stooping from his horse, saw a young girl talking to some one through an open window on the opposite side of the house. The sounds of the horse's hoofs attracted the attention of the girl, and seeing the soldier warned him in frightened tones to leave; but before the rider could understand the situation the youthful rebel was upon him. Walker after a struggle succeeded in taking him prisoner, and when searched the important dispatches were found upon him. The girl to whom Crisp was talking is now his wife.

## Forgot the Amount.

An exhibitor at the cycle show had been induced by his wife to take his boy to see the sights. The child was left to himself, while the father talked with the flock of advertising solicitors, agents, racing men, and such like. Presently, the child growing tired of being unnoticed and unamused, allowed his mind to wander on his Sunday school lesson, and, taking advantage of a lull in the visits of the leg pullers, interrupted his harassed parent with: "Papa, what did Cain strike Abel for?" Papa (absent-mindedly)—"I—1—oh, I forget, for just how much." And the child wondered as well as he might.—Ex.

## No More Furnaces.

"Furnace" is a geographical name not unusual in the Atlantic coast region just below Mason and Dixon's line. In many instances the furnace is a mere tradition, but sixty or seventy years ago many such furnaces were built to smelt the bog-iron ore usual in all that region. It was once profitable to smelt this ore, but the marvelous abundance and cheapness of iron deposits elsewhere have made it impossible to carry on the old furnaces.

## Home-Seekers' Excursion.

The Chicago Great Western Railway will sell excursion tickets to western and southwestern points February 12, March 5 and April 2, 1895, at one regular first-class fare plus \$2.00 for the round trip. Tickets good returning twenty (20) days from date of sale.

Further information regarding stopovers, etc., will be given on application to any ticket agent of this company, or F. H. LORD, G. P. & T. A., Chicago, Ill.

At Gravelotte 320,000 men were engaged, of whom 45,000 were killed or wounded.

I could not get along without Piso's Cure for Consumption. It always cures.—Mrs. E. C. Moulton, Needham, Mass., Oct. 22, '94.

There were 402,000 men on the field of Sadowa, of whom 33,000 were killed or disabled.

# Makes Pure Blood

Weak nerves indicate as surely as any physical symptom shows anything, that the organs and tissues of the body are not satisfied with their nourishment. They draw their sustenance from the blood, and if the blood is thin, impure or insufficient, they are in a state of revolt.

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- One Ounce Tube Carbolated Vaseline.
- One Ounce Tube White Vaseline.
- Two Ounce Tube Vaseline Camphor Ice.
- Two Ounce Tube Pure

# AN ALPENA MIRACLE.

MRS. JAS. M. TODD OF LONG RAPIDS DISCARDS CRUTCHES.

In an Interview with a Reporter She Reviews Her Experience and Tells the Real Cause of the Miracle.

From Alpena, Michigan, Argus. We have long known Mrs. Jas. M. Todd of Long Rapids, Alpena County, Mich. She has been a sad cripple. Many of her friends know the story of her recovery; for the benefit of those who do not we publish it to-day.

Eight years ago she was taken with nervous prostration, and in a few months with muscular and inflammatory rheumatism. It affected her heart, then her head. Her feet became so swollen she could wear nothing on them; her hands were drawn all out of shape. Her eyes were swollen shut more than half the time, her knees terribly swollen and for eighteen months she had to be held up to be dressed. One limb became entirely helpless, and the skin was so dry and cracked that it would bleed. During these eight years she had been treated by a score of physicians, and has also spent much time at Ann Arbor under the best medical advice. All said her trouble was brought on by hard work and that medicine would not cure, and that rest was the only thing which would ease her. After going to live with her daughter she became entirely helpless and could not even raise her arms to cover herself at night. The interesting part of the story follows in her own words:

"I was urged to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and at last did so. In three days after I commenced taking Pink Pills I could sit up and dress myself, and after using them six weeks I went home and commenced working. I continued taking the pills until now I begin to forget my crutches and can go up and down steps without aid. I am truly a living wonder.

"Now, if I can say anything to induce those who have suffered as I have to try Pink Pills, I shall gladly do so. If other like sufferers will try Pink Pills according to directions, they will have reason to thank God for creating men who are able to conquer that terrible disease, rheumatism. I have in my own neighborhood recommended Pink Pills for the after effects of la grippe, and weak women with impure blood, and with good results."

Mrs. Todd is very strong in her faith in the curative powers of Pink Pills, and says they have brought a poor, helpless cripple back to do her own milking, churning, washing, sewing, knitting and in fact about all of her household duties.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are for sale by all druggists, or may be had by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., for 50c per box, or six boxes for \$2.50.

## IN THE HEAT OF YOUTH.

Recollections of Days When Every Lass Was a Queen.

Why is it, I wonder, that we come into the world so ill equipped for its exploration? It seems to me, as I look back upon my youth, says H. H. Boyesen in Lippincott's Magazine, that, in a certain way, my senses were fresher and keener than they are now—particularly in the matter of girls—playing the most unwarrantable pranks on me. Some alien fluid, of an intense and fiery kind, got mixed with them and made them subject to all sorts of unaccountable aberrations. It is a notorious fact that an electric current will make the most excellent compass behave in an irresponsible fashion. And yet, though the disturbing fluid which made my compass worthless was nearly always there, it has guided me, somehow, with tolerable safety a long distance across the trackless main. And I am not by any means sure that I would exchange it for a truer instrument, subject to fewer aberrations. For I take this very sensitiveness to electric influences to be a proof of its exceeding fineness and excellence. Life would be a horribly dreary affair if these magnetic currents which make the needle tremble and swerve were banished or non-existent. The dull, dead, stupid sanity which has no sympathy with folly and no gleam of potential madness is, no doubt, a stanch and reliable rudder, but I can not forbear questioning whether to the soul thus equipped the voyage is worth making. Ulysses of old, middle aged though he was, had to stuff his ears with wax lest he steer his ship into the jaws of perdition when the sirens sang so deliciously, and he did not exactly cover himself with glory during his visits to Circe and Calypso. But what very red blood he had, and how humanly his heart beat in every one of his manifold adventures! He never, like his shipmates, became a swain; and how noble and manly was his bearing in the presence of the lovely Nausikaa! There is something almost touching to me in seeing the same sentiment which stirs my own bosom recorded thousands of years ago. And, truth to tell, the man whose pulse is subject to no irregularities and whose judgment registers no aberrations in the presence of a beautiful woman is, in my opinion, "fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils."

To Prevent Colds and Chills.

An English physician calls attention to a means of keeping pneumonia, colds, chills and all the ailments that cold weather brings on, at a distance. Deep and forced respirations, he says, will keep the entire body in a glow in the coldest weather, no matter how thin one may be clad. He was himself half-frozen to death one night, and began taking deep breaths and keeping the air in his lungs as long as possible. The result was that he was thoroughly comfortable in a few minutes. The deep respirations, he says, stimulate the blood current by direct muscular exertion, and cause the entire system to become pervaded with the rapidly generated heat.

The Modern Way Commends itself to the well-informed, and to pleasantly and effectually what was formerly done in the crudest manner and disagreeably as well. To cleanse the system and break up colds, headaches and fevers without unpleasant after effects, use the delightful liquid laxative remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Hard Times in France.

On account of the commercial crisis 10 per cent of the commercial travelers and 10 per cent of the bookkeepers of France were without employment during the last year.

# SCIENTIFIC MATTERS.

NEW WRINKLES AND IMPROVEMENTS IN THE USEFUL ARTS.

The Fatigue of Metals and Muscles—Centrifugal Tar Separator—Gas Engines in Electric Work—Wood-Pulp Pipes—Diet and Stupidity.

A correspondent of Knowledge shows that the phenomena of muscular fatigue corresponds very closely to the fatigue of metals. Fatigue of metals—a phrase which has come into use only in recent years—describes a condition of the material not previously understood. It expresses the straining of the relationship to each other of the molecules of which the metal is constituted, a meaning which the term weariness, or literally worn-ness, does not convey. Engineers are familiar with the fact that parts of machinery break down after having worked satisfactorily, and apparently with safety, for months, or it may be, for many years. The cause of such breakage, once a mystery, is now known to be fatigue. This principle is illustrated in the breaking of a piece of wire. It is bent backward and forward until ruptures take place—from fatigue. If, however, metals are strained beyond the elastic limit, but not broken, and if the straining is not continued, the material will recover its elasticity by rest alone. Prof. B. W. Kennedy has clearly demonstrated this recuperative property of metals. Bars of steel and iron, strained in a testing machine beyond the elastic limit, and so weakened thereby that if they were tested again the following day they would take permanent set at one-third or less of their former load, would, if allowed to rest for about two years, be found not only to have recovered their original elastic limit of strength, but to have exceeded it, and to have become stronger than before in the direction in which they had been pulled. If the period of rest was materially shortened, the restoration of strength was found to be correspondingly incomplete. This theory of fatigue holds good in regard to muscles as well as metals. Prof. Michael Foster pointed out last year that the muscles in the leg of a frog severed from the body, and caused under electrical stimulus to exert themselves in work until thoroughly worn, and no longer able to respond to the electrical excitation, will, with rest alone, recover their elasticity and be able to resume work as before. Prof. Foster demonstrated that the weariness was in the muscle and not in the nerve. The worn tissue could not, of course, be restored, but from the fatigue the muscles did recover and it is clear that the fatigue which we experience in our own bodies must be largely fatigue in the technical sense in addition to weariness proper, or worn-ness. Rest is, therefore, required, not only to enable wasted tissue to be restored by fresh material from the blood, and by the carrying away of waste material, but also afford opportunities for the strained molecules to recover a state of repose.

Sea and Mountain Air.

A London medical paper in anticipation of the question usually asked at this time of the year, "Where shall we go this summer?" makes some pertinent suggestions. Children and old people almost invariably do well at the seaside, while mountain resorts as a rule, are less suitable to them. If a man has dyspepsia, especially if it be of hepatic origin, he should get as far away from the sea as possible. Sea air is also known to have a most unfavorable tendency in skin diseases, eczema especially being often seriously aggravated by it. But serious affections do better by the sea than anywhere else, as do bronchitis and emphysema, and in rheumatic, cardiac or renal troubles the air of the mountain is baneful. Mild cases of insanity may be benefited either by sea or mountain air, but obstinate cases defy both climates, and are only amenable to the influence of the sheltered island resorts. For hysteria, too, the sheltered and moderately bracing island resort will be found beneficial and much safer than either the mountain or the seaside, both of which are apt to do more harm than good in such cases. Chronic phthisis may be relegated either to the mountains or the seaside, according to its origin; but the medical adviser should determine this. As a general rule, it may be stated that if the phthisis be at all of a "summer" type, sea air will be beneficial; if of a "catarrhal" origin, the moist and sedative marine resorts should be tried, and if quiescent and limited, by a consultation that is not neurotic, the mountain should have the first trial.

Centrifugal Tar Separator.

A useful machine has been put on the market for the expeditious purification of the tar. Ordinary tar as extracted at gas works, contains quite a large percentage of water, as much as 16 per cent or more. This must be extracted before the tar is available for commercial uses. The required separation will take place in the tar wells, owing to the difference of density, if sufficient time is given, but, as a rule, tar delivered from the gas works contains fully 7 or 8 per cent of mechanically combined water. The principle upon which the new machine is the action of centrifugal force. The tar heated to about 92 degrees Fahrenheit, to reduce its viscosity, and is then conveyed into the receiver of the machine by a pipe. The receiver is rapidly rotated, and the tar, being heavier is separated from the water and urged against the walls of the receiver, mounting upwards to the top of the quickly revolving vessel. Two collecting pipes are fixed near the rim of the separator. One of these is so placed that it collects the purified tar, while the other takes up the impure water, which has been left by the outward impulse of the heavier tar. It is stated that the separator is so constructed that the purified tar contains only one per cent of water. The machine has to be stopped three times a day for cleaning. Any dirt or dirt in the tar adheres to the wheels of the machine, and is removed by special scrapers, the operation taking about 15 min. About 2,500 gallons of

tar are purified in a day's work, four horse-power being required for driving the machine.

Sanitary Climatology.

The interest manifested by every class of people in the subject of climate and its influence on health and disease has determined the secretary of agriculture, through the medium of the weather bureau, to undertake its systematic investigation. The study of the climates of the country in connection with the indigenous diseases should be of material service to every community, in showing to what degree local climatic peculiarities may favor or combat the development of the different diseases, and by suggesting, in many instances, supplementary sanitary precautions; also by indicating to what parts of the country invalids and health seekers may be sent to find climatic surroundings best adapted to their alleviation or cure of their particular cases. The hearty co-operation of the various boards of health, public sanitary authorities, sanitary associations and societies, and of physicians who may feel an interest in the work, is asked to achieve and perfect the aims of this investigation. Co-operation will consist in sending to the United States Weather Bureau, Washington, reports of vital statistics from the various localities. At the very beginning of the investigation it is not possible to outline precisely the channels through which the results obtained will be made public, but it is hoped to publish soon a periodical devoted to climatology and its relations to health and disease. The publication will probably resemble in size and general appearance the present Monthly Weather Review, the subject matter being, of course, different. More detailed information will be furnished on application to Mark W. Harrington, chief of bureau.

Gas Engines in Electrical Work.

In England the small powered gas engine is used to a considerable extent, probably more generally than in this country, at present, and one of the questions which came before the consulting engineers, according to Mr. J. Emerson Dowson in the London Electrician, is the feasibility of using gas engines to drive alternating current electric generators in parallel. It is admitted that gas power with generator gas, is cheaper than steam power, especially in small stations with light day loads. Not only is the fuel consumption less per horse power used, but the stand-by loss of boilers with light loads, or with no loads at all, is almost entirely avoided. The inducement, therefore, to adopt gas power is great, and with the best type of gas engines, as now made for electrical work, it is as easy to drive continuous current machines as with steam engines; moreover, the dynamo can now be coupled to the engines if necessary. With alternators, however, certain difficulties present themselves, and the solution of them will, to a certain extent, says Mr. Dowson, depend on the co-operation of electricians with the makers of gas engines. No one questions but that a gas engine may drive one or more alternators as well as one or more continuous current machines, but two or more gas engines have not been used in driving two or more alternators in parallel. There are numerous difficulties which hedge about the achievement of this combination, however.—Providence Journal.

Aluminum Alloys.

Dr. A. Koche has recently studied the physical properties of the alloys formed by mixing aluminum and antimony together in various proportions, with interesting results. The alloys containing less than 5 per cent of antimony are harder and have greater elasticity and ductility than pure aluminum. Their color, however, is not so white as that of the pure metal, but they take a better polish and resist atmospheric action in a greater degree. When more antimony is added to the aluminum, the elasticity rapidly diminishes, as does also the hardness, and the alloy soon becomes brittle. The characteristic crystalline condition of the metal also undergoes a very marked change, and when the amount of the antimony reaches 10 per cent the alloy forms shining crystalline plates. The addition of antimony, as might be expected, also lowers the melting point. The alloy can be used in the arts for the preparation on a commercial scale, of the triple alloys of these two metals with nickel, tungsten and silver.

Wind-Pressure.

Experiments by Professor Kernot on wind-pressure demonstrates that the total pressure on rectangular blocks is the same whether they be placed with one face normal to the wind or diagonally. This total pressure is equivalent to that of a thin flat plate equal in area to one face in the case of a cube, and from seven to nine-tenths in the case of other rectangular bodies the latter figure being obtained for blocks more than three times as high as the width of the base. Vertical walls in a building have a marked effect in reducing the pressure on the roof, and this with a roof of 60 degrees pitch the reduction is 80 per cent. When the wall is extended to form a parapet the sheltering effect causes a still further reduction in pressure, and with a low pitch instead of a pressure a vacuum is created due to the sucking or aspiratory action of the air stream upon the stagnant body of air immediately behind the shelter. Similar effects have been found with girders and lattice work, and these results are of considerable practical importance.

Formation of Opals.

A member of the Berlin Chemical Society put away, some twelve years since, a bottle containing hydrofluoric acid, and on finding it recently, he noted that the glass above the liquid had been strongly attacked. In one of the deeper erosions he noted a white mass, in general appearance resembling closely the gem opal. It was transparent or translucent on the borders of luminated structure, beautifully iridescent, and in optical reaction amorphous. Analysis showed it to have the formula of the Hungarian opal.

**ROWLEY BAKING POWDER**

**Absolutely Pure**

Carp Driving Away Wild Fowl.

Now comes the complaint that German carp are contributing to the increasing scarcity of wild fowl in western streams and lakes. Some years ago this fish was placed in many western streams intersecting the smaller lakes of the west, notably in Minnesota, which were formerly the haunts of wild ducks. An examination by a sportsman of an inquiring turn of mind, revealed the fact that the stomachs of carp taken from these streams and lakes were gorged with the seeds and roots of wild rice, upon which wild fowl subsist. In many places wild rice has largely disappeared, to the wonderment of the older residents, but if the habits of carp are as stated a sufficient explanation is furnished. The fact that carp feed not only upon the seeds but roots of rice plants precludes any expectation of renewal of growth. It is one of the many illustrations of the familiar adage that "one nail drives out another."

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, Lucas County.

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

FRANK J. CHENEY. Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills, 25c.

Aristocrats in British Army.

An officer of the British militia recently expressed himself as personally aggrieved because an English journal inadvertently, or otherwise, "put some of his fellow militiamen down as snobs." He avers that it is not a bad record for the militia when it includes four princes, twelve dukes, eight marquises, twenty-one earls, fourteen viscounts, thirty-three lords, thirty-six baronets, besides innumerable lords-lieutenants, high sheriffs, knights, etc.

1,000 BUS. POTATOES PER ACRE.

Wonderful yields in potatoes, oats, corn, farm and vegetable seeds. Cut this out and send 5c postage to the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., for their great seed book and sample of Giant Spurry.

Our own army in 1882 cost \$46,895,456; our navy in the same year was \$29,174,139.

The peace footing of the Russian army calls for the services of 170,000 horses.

Coe's Cough Balsam is the oldest and best. It will break up a cold quicker than anything else. It is always reliable. Try it.

At Austerlitz 170,000 were engaged and the dead and wounded numbered 23,000.

"Hanson's Magic Corn Salve." Warranted to cure or money refunded. Ask your druggist for it. Price 15 cents.

Austria spends every year 15,000,000 florins on the army. Twelve florins equal \$5.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth. Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, Mrs. WISSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for Children Teething.

In Switzerland there is a law by which railway and steamboat companies, factory establishments, etc., are liable to indemnify their employes in case of accidents, or their widows and children in case of their death.

WE GIVE AWAY

A Sample Package (4 to 7 doses) of

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets

To any one sending name and address to us on a postal card.

ONCE USED THEY ARE ALWAYS IN FAVOR.

Hence, our object in sending them out broadcast—

ON TRIAL.

They absolutely cure SICK HEADACHE, Biliousness, Constipation, Coated Tongue, Poor Appetite, Dyspepsia and kindred derangements of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels.

Don't accept some substitute said to be "just as good."

The substitute costs the dealer less.

It costs you ABOUT the same. HIS profit is in the "just as good."

WHERE IS YOURS?

Address for FREE SAMPLE, World's Dispensary Medical Association, No. 663 Main St., BUFFALO, N. Y.

DIRECTIONS for using ELY'S CREAM BALM.—Apply a particle of the Balm well up into the nostrils. After a moment draw a strong breath through the nose. Use three times a day, after meals preferred, and before retiring.

CATARRH ELY'S CREAM BALM opens and cleanses the Nasal Passages, Alleviates Pain and Inflammation, Heals the Sores, protects the Membrane from Colds, Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell. The Balm is quickly absorbed and gives relief at once.

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at Druggists or by mail. ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St., New York.

The Great SWAMP KIDNEY & LIVER & BLADDER CURE. At Druggists, 50c & \$1. Advice & Pamphlet free. Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

"COLCHESTER" SPADING BOOT.

BEST IN MARKET. BEST FIT. BEST IN WEARING QUALITY.

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

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

COLCHESTER RUBBER CO.

W. L. DOUGLAS \$3 SHOE IS THE BEST. FIT FOR A KING. J. S. CORDOVAN, FRENCH & ENAMELLED CALF. \$4.50 FINE CALF & KANGAROO. \$3.80 POLICE, 3 SOLES. \$2.50 \$2. WORKINGMEN'S, EXTRA FINE. \$2.10 BOYS SCHOOL SHOES. LADIES. \$3.25 \$2.10. BEST DONGOLA.

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.

REVERSIBLE LINENE COLLAR.

The "LINENE" are the Best and Most Economical Collars and Cuffs worn; they are made of fine cloth, both sides finished alike, and, being reversible, one collar is equal to two of any other kind. They fit well, wear well and look well. A box of Ten Collars or Five Pairs of Cuffs for Twenty-Five Cents.

A Sample Collar and Pair of Cuffs by mail for Six Cents. Name, style and size. Address REVERSIBLE COLLAR COMPANY, 17 Franklin St., New York. 27 Killy St., Boston.

MARRIED LADIES Send 10c for Royal Safeguard. No drugs; no fraud; every lady needs it. Ladies' Emporium, St. Louis, Mo.

If you've neuralgia, take St. Jacobs Oil—rub it on—rub it on hard—keep rubbing it on—it has got to stop the pain—that's what it's for.

# BARRINGTON REVIEW.

ESTABLISHED IN 1895.  
Published Every Saturday at  
BARRINGTON, ILLINOIS.  
—BY—  
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per Year in Advance.  
Entered at the postoffice at Barrington,  
Ill., as second-class matter.

## RAILROADS.

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

GOING NORTH.	STATIONS.	GOING SOUTH.
4:30 pm ar.	Waukegan dep.	7:00 am
4:00 pm	Rondout.	6:30 am
2:55 pm	Leighton.	5:50 am
2:45 pm	Diamond Lake.	5:57 am
2:35 pm	Gilmer.	5:12 am
2:20 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.	11:35 pm
11:15 am	Ingalton.	11:45 pm
11:00 am	Turner.	1:25 pm
10:00 am	Warrenhurst.	2:00 pm
9:15 am	Frontenac.	2:20 pm
8:50 am	Mormantown.	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.	STATIONS.	GOING NORTH.
6:50 a. m.	except Sunday.	
6:55 a. m.	except Sunday.	
7:00 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.	
12:25 p. m.	daily.	
3:08 p. m.	except Sunday.	
4:25 p. m.	Sunday only.	
4:50 p. m.	daily.	
8:44 p. m.	Sunday only.	
8:50 p. m.	Sunday only.	
	GOING NORTH.	
8:30 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.*	

### De cate of Flayor.

Refined and perfect in its effects is Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, the sure cure for constipation, indigestion and sick headache. Try a sample bottle (10 doses 10 cents) at A. L. Waller's.

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

The truthful, startling title of a book about tobacco is the only harmless, guaranteed tobacco-habit cure. If you want to quit and can't, use "No-to-bac." Braces up nicotineized nerves, eliminates nicotine poisons, makes weak men strong, restores 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, 10 Spruce street.

### A Good Investment.

A better investment for so little money can not be found than \$1 placed for a year's subscription for the REVIEW. If you are not a subscriber you should be. For there is nothing in this line so welcome or more interesting to the home than a good home paper. We are receiving many new subscribers every week which goes to show the interest the public are taking in the REVIEW. If you are not a subscriber don't wait, but subscribe now and get all the news promptly every week.

### Boeckler's Arnica Salve.

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.

### 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.

### Very Troublesome.

Laxative "teas" are a bother. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is more convenient, pleasant to take and more effective. Try a 10 cent bottle (10 doses 10 cents). Large sizes 50c and \$1.00 at A. L. Waller's.

### Spring is Near y Here.

Spring is nearly here and with it the house cleaning season is sure to come. Nearly everyone will find some painting to be done to brighten up the appearance of the home, and one thing that is certain is, that nothing adds more to the appearance of a residence than a good job of painting. We carry a first-class stock of mixed paints in the most popular colors for house painting and as we carry only the best to be had on the market, they are bound to give satisfaction. Our mixed paints are put up in quart, half gallon and gallon, so we can sell you paints in quantities to suit the requirements of the largest or smallest job. We have also in stock an excellent line of floor paints, wagon and buggy paints, lead oils, varnishes, colors, whitening for calcimining, glue, brushes, etc. Call and see our stock.

J. D. LAMEY & CO.

### For Family Use.

There is truly no medicine compounded that so generally meets the everyday wants and needs of the family. Especially on the farm where doctors come high. For constipation, indigestion and biliousness try Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. 10 doses 10 cents at A. L. Waller's.

Wedding invitations or announcements printed at the REVIEW office are sure to please.

## LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

R. Burton received some extra nice meat from the city this week. Call and see his stock.

Mr. John Stemple of Long Grove moved to Barrington this week and occupies the house recently vacated by Mr. Wm. Hobein.

The Baptist people are to be congratulated upon securing the services of Mr. Howarth of Clinton Junction in their choir. He is a pupil of Prof. Tomlinson and is an able singer.

Miss Jessie Kleinman, who takes rank among the finest elocutionists of this state, will positively be here and take a conspicuous part in the entertainment to be given on March 22. If the curtain falls on that entertainment without your presence you will always regret it.

Mr. Wm. Hobein has decided to quit the mercantile business and return to farming, and he has removed to the farm just outside of the village owned by his father and takes charge at once.

Miss Julia Weseman and Mr. Fred Benson of Algonquin were married at the home of the bride's parents Thursday afternoon at 2 o'clock, Rev. J. B. Elfrink officiating. Only relatives and intimate friends witnessed the ceremony. The Review wishes the newly married couple much happiness.

Miss Ella Todd is at home for a few weeks and is much improved in health.

Mrs. Snow of Cambridge, Mass., was the guest of Miss Flora Lines this week.

A list of letters remaining in the post-office at Barrington, Ill., unclaimed, March 1, 1895: J. D. Bush, Michael Dwyer, Jakob Engster, H. C. Johnson, Kund P. Jakobsen, John Jackson, A. A. Miller, Morey Incandescent Gas Light Co., John Ostheim, M. E. Williams, M. B. McIntosh, P. M.

A severe rheumatic pain in the left shoulder had troubled Mr. J. H. Loper, a well-known druggist of Des Moines, Iowa, for over six months. At times, the pain was so severe that he could not lift anything. With all the medicine he could not get rid of it until he applied Chamberlain's Pain Balm. "I only made three applications of it," he says, "and have since been free from pain." He now recommends it to persons similarly afflicted. It is for sale by A. L. Waller, druggist.

A caucus will be held in Lamey's brick building, Saturday, March 16th, at 2 o'clock, for the purpose of placing in nomination candidates to be voted for at the election to be held in the town of Cuba, Tuesday, April 2nd, for the following offices: Town clerk, assessor, collector, supervisor and highway commissioner.

Mr. B. B. Dibley, operator for the C. & N. W. at this place, visited with his parents at Milwaukee last Sunday.

Do you use A. W. Meyer & Co.'s Eucalypti Patent flour? It is superior to all other brands.

There is to be another bus line between Lake Zurich and Barrington this summer. Lake Zurich parties are backing it.

Get your auction bills printed at the Review office and get a free notice in the paper.

Mr. Edward Golden of Chicago was a visitor here Saturday.

The County clerk of Cook county has ordered nearly all the owners of farms in the town of Barrington to have their property surveyed. The surveyors have commenced work.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy gives the best satisfaction of any cough medicine I handle, and as a seller leads all other preparations in this market. I recommend it because it is the best medicine I ever handled for coughs, colds and croup. A. W. Baldrige, Millersville, Ill. For sale by A. L. Waller, druggist.

If you want a Schutte Sewing machine, \$25.00 cash will buy the best made at A. W. Meyer & Co.'s.

Mr. John E. Catlow expects to move to Chicago, and start in the milk business.

Rev. T. E. Ream will speak on the "Use and Abuse of Wealth," at the M. E. church next Sunday evening. All are invited.

One of the most conspicuous of daring acts in the civil war was that of J. H. Hendershot, "The drummer boy of the Rappahannock," who swam the Rappahannock river during the bombardment of Fredericksburg, capturing a confederate soldier in the streets of that city and returning to the other shore in a pontoon boat with his game, which he delivered to the commanding general of the army.

The missionary concert at the M. E. church Sunday evening was pronounced the best ever held, but on account of the disagreeable weather that evening, was not as largely attended as was hoped for.

Mrs. N. Stenger, who has been quite sick, is improving.

Mrs. James Sizer visited with her sister in Chicago Sunday.

Are you going to paper your house this spring? If so call and see the new spring styles and get prices at A. W. Meyer & Co.

"Perhaps you would not think so, but a very large proportion of diseases in New York come from carelessness about catching cold," says Dr. Cyrus Edson.

It is such a simple thing and so common that very few people, unless it is a case of pneumonia, pay any attention to a cold. There are a great many cases of catarrh and consumption which have their origin in this neglect of the simplest precaution of every day life. The most sensible advice is, when you have one, get rid of it as soon as possible. By all means do not neglect it." Dr. Edson does not tell you how to cure a cold, but we will. Take Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It will relieve the lungs, aid expectoration, open the secretions and soon effect a permanent cure. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by A. L. Waller, druggist.

The insurance companies have settled with Mr. W. T. Stott for the loss he sustained on his building recently by fire, and work has been commenced to repair the same.

A social party is to be given at the Maccabee Hall Friday evening of this week. Dancing from 8 to 12 o'clock. The "Hungarian" orchestra furnish the music.

The members of Barrington Camp Modern Woodmen of America was increased by two new members at their regular meeting Tuesday evening.

There is nothing in the paint line but what can be had of J. D. Lamey & Co. Call and see their stock.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Helse returned home from Canada last week, where they were called to attend the funeral of Mrs. Helse's mother.

Mrs. Wm. Cronk of Chicago, is visiting with Mrs. S. M. Cronk, this week.

Mr. Stott, who has conducted a gents' furnishing store here during the past year, has removed to Des Plaines.

We are glad to note that Mr. H. T. Abbott is able to be around so as to attend to his business again.

It is conceded by all that A. W. Meyer & Co. sell the best wearing children's shoes for the least money in town.

Mr. Robert C. Comstock now occupies Mr. Wm. Howarth's store.

Remember the date, March 22, the Hendershot combination will surely be here.

Mrs. Ada Barnes was admitted by letter as a member of the M. E. church Sunday.

Steve Palmer has recovered from his injuries so as to be able to be around again.

The coffee market has advanced, but A. W. Meyer & Co. still sell a 28 cent Peaberry coffee for 25 cents per pound.

Miss Eugenie Hutchinson has opened a studio over William Grunau's store and will give instructions in oil, water-color and china painting, also in crayon and charcoal drawing. Friday and Saturday of each week will be studio days. Orders will be taken for art work of any kind.

Mr. and Mrs. John Kitson of Brooklyn, New York, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. John Catlow this week.

Mrs. Stewart Miller, of Carpentersville, visited with Mrs. R. Lombard during the past week.

The Epworth League held a business meeting at the home of Miss Bertha Seebert Tuesday evening.

Mr. Thos. Reynoldson, of Chicago, was the guest of Mr. J. E. Catlow Sunday.

The Standard Rotary Schutte Sewing Machine does away with the constant stopping and starting of the schutte as in the old styled sewing machine. A. W. Meyer & Co.

Harry Koelling has embarked in the milk business in our village.

Mr. C. A. Wheeler has purchased a horse and carriage. Mr. Wheeler expects to remove from Barrington to the Kennicott place, near Honey Lake, in the spring.

Miss Hutchinson, who is giving lessons in painting, has opened a studio in Mr. William Grunau's building, and has quite a large class.

Twenty-five pounds of granulated sugar for \$1 at A. W. Meyer & Co.'s.

Died—March 2, 1895, Walter F., infant son of Fred and Pearl Ebner (nee Walter), aged 9 months and 5 days, at Chicago. His remains were brought to Barrington for burial Monday.

The undersigned desire to extend their thanks to those who so kindly assisted in the saving of their property from fire Feb. 24.

WM. GRUNAU, WM. T. STOTT, JAMES STOTT, R. C. COMSTOCK.

### Just in Time.

To meet hard times. If you haven't got 50 cents or \$1.00, you can still get great and pleasant relief by investing 10 cents in a small bottle of Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin (10 doses 10 cents) at A. L. Waller's.

### Farm for Sale.

For sale—a farm consisting of 11 acres three and one half miles north-west of Barrington. Good improved land and first-class buildings. For particulars call on Wm. Antholtz, Barrington, Ill.

### Flat for Rent.

For Rent—A flat consisting of five rooms over A. W. Meyer & Co.'s store. For particulars call on A. W. Meyer.

### Pay Your Taxes.

I will be at the Barrington bank Wednesday and Saturday of each week to receive taxes for the town of Barrington. H. REUTER.

### What is Nerve?

"I used to think," said Mr. Gratebar, "when I read of generals calmly dictating dispatches amid the carnage and uproar of battle, what nerve! But now as I try to write a letter here at home with the two older children in the parlor playing the piano and singing with the vigor and voice of youth, the two younger children in the dining-room learning their lesson for the morrow: 'One times one is one; two times two is two; three times three is three,' and 'Did the cat catch the rat? No, the cat did not catch the rat,' with a carpet sweeper obligato by Mrs. Gratebar, and an occasional variation by the two younger children racing through the hall, coupled with a grand instrumental vocal staccato in the parlor, why I say to myself, 'No, no; the true test of nerve comes not in the stormier scenes of life, but amid the delightful repose of home.'"

### But He Didn't Fear.

What is known as the West Side in San Joaquin valley suffers more than any other grain-raising section of the state from lack of rains, and, as the saying goes, only one year in three produces a crop. Not long since a celebrated case came up for trial in Fresno, and the lawyers were examining jurors. One, whom we shall call George Jones, was in the box being questioned before he would be permitted to serve on the jury. Among other questions the lawyer asked Mr. Jones where he lived. "Over on the West Side, about six or seven miles from Firebaugh," was the response. "Yes," said the lawyer; "farmer, I suppose?" "I dunno," answered Jones, "I plow and sow."

### Sizes.

"Oh, that's about a size too small for you," said the salesman in a clothing establishment, as he critically surveyed a coat into which he had assisted a patron. "Yes, it is a bit too small," asserted the other, taking off the garment, "but, tell me just how much is a size." "In a coat," answered the salesman, "a size is an inch." "Is that so," exclaimed the customer. He had been living nearly 32 years, was fairly intelligent, but never knew the fact. And there are thousands like him, who also do not know, for instance, that a size in underwear is two inches; in a sock, an inch; in a collar, half an inch; in shoes, one-sixth of an inch; in trousers, one inch; in gloves, a quarter of an inch, and in hats, one-eighth.

### Drew the Line.

Mrs. Hicks—Here I am, keeping two girls, and I have to work like a slave myself. Hicks—Why don't you get another girl? Mrs. Hicks—Not much; come what may, I simply won't work nights.

## MR. WOODBRIDGE HAWLEY DEAD.

One of Barrington's Oldest Settlers Passes Away.

One of Barrington's Oldest Settlers Passes Away.

It is our painful duty to record the death of one of our most esteemed townsmen, Mr. Woodbridge Hawley, who passed from this life on Tuesday morning, March 5, 1895.

Mr. Hawley had been in feeble health for some time, but had failed rapidly since his wife's death, which occurred some six weeks ago. He was confined to his bed less than a week by his illness, which he endured with exemplary patience and forbearance.

The deceased was born at Amherst, Mass., Feb. 28, 1821, and came west in 1838, thus experiencing the trials and hardships incident to a pioneer life.

The funeral took place last Thursday, at 1 o'clock, at the house, Rev. Balley officiating. His remains were laid to rest in Evergreen cemetery.

## WINTER BIRDS.

Now, here comes a bird that's exceedingly gay; The noisy, assertive, belligerent Jay. He's a dandy from way back, of very high tone, The handsomest bird in the temperate zone. On meum et tuum, his ideas are obscure, But that he'd make a living is reasonably sure. He helps himself freely to all that he sees, On the ground, in the corn crib and up in the trees. He's a little annoying with his free easy way, But as he's such a beauty, we allow him to stay.

—L. D. Castle.

## BOARD MEETING.

Village board met in regular session at village hall, Wednesday evening, March 6, 1895. President Hawley in the chair. Full board present.

Minutes of the last regular meeting read and approved.

The following bills were allowed: H. A. Sandman, marshal, \$35.00; John C. Meier, night watch, 40.00; John Broemmelkamp, labor, 3.00; L. F. Schroeder, pump, 8.20; Barrington Review, publishing ordinances, 10.72; E. Rieke, street work, 3.00.

Moved and seconded that two new street lamps be purchased. Carried. On motion board adjourned.

MILES T. LAMEY, Village Clerk.

## Don't Neglect It To-Day.

But take home a small bottle (10 doses 10 cents) of Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin for constipation and resulting troubles. None so pleasant to the taste and effective in results. For sale by A. L. Waller.

## H. BRINKER.

—DEALER IN—

## PURE MILK.

MILK DELIVERED MORNING AND EVENING.

Fresh Milk can be had at my residence in the Village at any time of the day. ALL ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED.

H. BRINKER. - BARRINGTON.

## F. L. WATERMAN,

Dealer in

## Fancy Groceries,

Fruits, Vegetables and Bary Goods, Tobacco, Cigars, Nuts and Confectionery,

## ICE CREAM AND OYSTERS IN SEASON.

Barrington. - ILL.

## HEART DISEASE, like

many other ailments when they have taken hold of the system, never gets better of its own accord, but constantly grows worse. There are thousands who know they have a defective heart, but will not admit the fact. They don't want their friends to worry, and don't know what to take for it, as they have been told time and again that heart disease was incurable. Such was the case of Mr. Silas Farley of Dyesville, Ohio who writes June 19, 1894, as follows:

"I had heart disease for 23 years, my heart hurting me almost continually. The first 15 years I doctored all the time, trying several physicians and remedies, and my last doctor told me it was only a question of time as I could not be cured. I gradually grew worse, very weak, and completely discouraged, until I lived, propped half up in bed, because I couldn't lie down nor sit up. Thinking my time had come I told my family what I wanted done when I was gone. But on the first day of March on the recommendation of Mrs. Fannie Jones, of Anderson, Ind., I commenced taking Dr. Miles' New Cure for the Heart and wonderful to tell, in ten days I was working at light work and on March 19th commenced framing a barn, which is heavy work, and I haven't lost a day since. I am 56 years old, 6 ft. 4 in. tall, and weigh 250 lbs. I believe I am fully cured, and I am now only anxious that everyone shall know of your wonderful remedies."

Dyesville, Ohio. SILAS FARLEY.

Dr. Miles' Heart Cure is sold on a positive guarantee that the first bottle will benefit. All druggists sell it at \$1.00 bottles for 50c or it will be sent, prepaid on receipt of price by the Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

Dr. Miles' Heart Cure Restores Health



WE carry the largest and Best Assorted stock of Men's, Boys', Ladies', Misses' and Children's Shoes. Our Styles are the Latest and Prices the lowest. We also have a large line of Rubber Boots, Mens', Ladies' and Children's Rubbers, and a large stock of Men's plow shoes in buckle, lace or congress.

Give us a call when in need of anything in the line of footwear. We guarantee to please you.



B. H. SODT & SON, BARRINGTON, ILL.

## Come and See

Our large and varied assortment of . . .

Ready-Made Clothing, Custom-Made Fur Cloaks, 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 this 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.

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