

BARRINGTON REVIEW.

VOL. 10, NO. 10.

BARRINGTON, ILL., SATURDAY, JULY 20, 1895.

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THE BARRINGTON BANK of SANDMAN & CO., Barrington, Illinois.

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

MILES T. LAMEY,
Notary Public and
Fire Insurance Agent.
Collections Given Prompt Attention.
BARRINGTON, ILL.

CHARLES DILL, Tonsorial Parlors,

Under Bank Building,
First-Class Work Guaranteed
A nice line of CIGARS and TOBACCOS
always on hand. Agency for.

The Woodstock Laundry.
Give us a call.

Charles Dill, - - Barrington, Ill.

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Graduate of Chicago Veterinary College.

Night and day office with J. M. Thrasher, one door south of H. T. Abbott's drug store.

BARRINGTON.

H. F. KOELLING, 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. F. Koelling, - Barrington.

THE ACCIDENTS OF LIFE

Write to T. S. QUINCY, Drawer 156, Chicago, Secretary of the Star Accident Company, for information regarding Accident Insurance. Mention this paper. By so doing you can save membership fee. Has paid over \$100,000.00 for accidental injuries.

Be your own Agent.

NO MEDICAL EXAMINATION REQUIRED.

M. C. McINTOSH,
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Residence, BARRINGTON, ILL.

OFFICE, Room 32,
95 Washington st., - CHICAGO.

HENRY BUTZOW, BAKERY

CONFECTIONERY.

Fruits, Gigsars, Tobacco, Etc

Ice Cream and Oyster Parlors in Connection.

H. BUTZOW,
Barrington, Ill.

THEODOR H. SCHUTT, BOOTS AND SHOES.

REPAIRING NEATLY DONE.

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

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

THEODOR H. SCHUTT,
Barrington, Ill.

ALL CREEDS GATHER.

CONGRESS OF RELIGION AND EDUCATION.

The City of Toronto, Canada, Filled with Visitors and Delegates—Baptist Young People's Union Begins Its Sessions at Baltimore.

Toronto, Ont., July 19.—Toronto is entertaining the most distinguished gathering of noted men and women that has ever assembled within its borders. At its leading hotels, or at the residences of its representative citizens, are to be found members of the clergy, philanthropists, educators and statesmen gathered from every part of the dominion and the United States. They are here as delegates to the second pan-American congress of religion and education, which opened for a week's session this afternoon. The congress grows out of the similar movement inaugurated in Chicago during the world's fair, and which will live in history for all time. The present congress was promoted by a general executive committee headed by Archbishop Ireland, Roman Catholic; Bishop Vincent, Methodist; and Bishop Gilbert, Protestant Episcopal, and includes in its membership President Rogers, of Northwestern University; President Harper, of Chicago University; Rabbi Lazarus, of Toronto; Rev. Dr. Wilcox, of Lafayette, Ind., ex-Congressman A. L. Conger and Dr. H. E. Bennett, of Akron, Ohio; Dr. David Burrell, of New York, and numerous others. Preparations for the congress have been in progress since the beginning of the year, and its deliberations are expected to have a wide influence in the field of religion, education and philanthropy.

The large pavilion at the Horticultural Gardens was crowded to the doors when the congress was formally opened. The gathering was called to order by the president of the congress, Rev. Samuel G. Smith, of St. Paul, Minn., and after devotional exercises, welcoming speeches were made and appointment of committees occupied considerable time, and adjournment was taken until evening, when President Smith read his inaugural address, and President C. C. Bonney, of the congress of '93, spoke on "Unity and Peace in the World."

Mrs. Charles Henrotin, of Chicago, president of the Federation of Women's Clubs of America, made a bright address over with planks and earth, and but few knew of its existence. There is no doubt as to the identity of the remains, and the general verdict is that at last Indiana's greatest murder mystery has been solved.

TEN THOUSAND YOUNG BAPTISTS.

Fifth International Convention Opens in a Mammoth Tent at Baltimore.

Baltimore, July 19.—On the heels of the great gathering of the Christian Endeavorers at Boston comes the assembling in this city of the hosts of the Baptist Young People's Union of America. It is the fifth international convention of the organization, and the 15,000 delegates, who have brought with them nearly as many of their kindred, come from every section of the state in the union, as well as from Canada and from Mexico. Owing to the fact that Baltimore has no hall large enough to accommodate so great a gathering, a mammoth tent has been erected at the Madison street entrance to Druid Hill Park, which is said to be the largest stretch of canvas ever put up in the world. It affords space for 12,000 chairs, covers a tract of land 325 by 195 feet, and is supported by poles fifty feet in height.

Under the shelter of this great canvas 10,000 delegates assembled yesterday when the convention was called to order by President Chapman of Chicago. The devotional exercises, which were characterized by great enthusiasm and fervor, were led by Rev. Dr. C. A. Hoops of Delavan, Wis. Praise and prayer occupied nearly half an hour, and welcoming addresses were then in order. Dr. Frank L. Williams read the general report of the general managers, and after this document had been disposed of without discussion two brief addresses were delivered, one upon culture for service, by Rev. Dr. Wallace of Toronto, and the other upon the Junior Society as the hope of the movement, by Rev. E. D. Grant, of Portland, Oregon.

The afternoon session was prefaced by a praise service led by Rev. L. E. Thomas, of Colorado Springs, and the convention resolved itself into an open parliament, at which systematic and proportionate giving was discussed by a number of speakers.

The nominating and other committees of the convention were announced, after which General Secretary Wilkins presented his annual report, which stated that the first convention of the Baptists Young People's union was held at Chicago four years ago, with representatives from nine states present. To-day there are thirty-one states organized, and, in addition, there are representatives from two provinces of Canada. Last year was the best that the union has seen. Enthusiasm for the movement was greatly increased by the Toronto convention last year. Great progress has been made in the spirit of federation and good-fellowship, and this year the east and the west, the north and the south meet in union and harmony, all working for one end.

There are now fifteen Baptist papers which print the weekly bible-readers' course. The Baptist Union has increased in circulation since last year, the total number on the mailing list now being 27,646. Illinois has the largest number of subscribers. The total amount earned for advertising in the Union last year was \$11,166.27. The report of the business manager shows that during the year ended June 30, 1895, he expended \$5,675.63 for literature, etc., other than the Union; that he sold the same for \$2,051.52, leaving

a gross profit of \$2,375.90. The founding fund has been increased by \$14,358.99 during the last year.

At night there was a presentation of Christian Culture banners for junior work, and a field review of Baptist schools, President W. R. Harper of the University of Chicago presiding.

INDIANA MYSTERY SOLVED.

Body of Louella Mabbitt, Killed Ten Years Ago, Found.

Frankfort, Ind., July 19.—A discovery made yesterday of a skeleton of a woman in an old, abandoned well near Burlington, fifteen miles northeast of here, has created a tremendous sensation by reviving the greatest murder mystery in the history of Indiana. The body has been identified as that of Miss Louella Mabbitt, who mysteriously disappeared ten years ago, and for whose murder her lover, Omer, Green, was lynched.

About ten years ago Miss Louella Mabbitt, daughter of one of the leading citizens of Carroll county, and herself a woman of rare beauty and a leader in society, left her home in the evening with her accepted suitor, Omer Green, a man of wealth and widely known. She failed to return home, and searching parties were organized. Green claimed to have let her out of his buggy at her home, and for a few days appeared distracted with grief and led searching parties everywhere.

Evidence that indicated Green's guilt began to accumulate and he suddenly disappeared. At a bound popular excitement sprang to a frenzy. Almost the entire population of Clinton, Cass, Carroll, Howard and Tippecanoe counties joined in the search. Cellars and wells were explored everywhere and every suspicious looking mound of earth was dug up. The Wabash river was dragged for fifty miles, but the body of the woman was not found. Green was finally captured by the noted detective Buck Stanley in Texas after two years' search and brought back to the scene of the supposed crime. He refused to say whether the girl was dead or alive. He was placed in jail at Delphi. A few days later fully 2,000 men took him from the jail, drove him to the Mabbitt home and lynched him. The father of the girl, who was very wealthy, spent all of his possessions following up any clue, believing his daughter yet alive. The discovery of the body in the well was made by workmen who were cleaning it out, it having remained unused for nearly twenty years. Green was last seen with the girl less than a mile from the well, which at that time was covered over with planks and earth, and but few knew of its existence. There is no doubt as to the identity of the remains, and the general verdict is that at last Indiana's greatest murder mystery has been solved.

MINNESOTA SUFFERS.

Storm in That State the Most Severe in Several Years.

St. Paul, Minn., July 19.—The storm which struck this section at 1 o'clock yesterday morning was the severest in several years, the fall of rain in St. Paul and Minneapolis being over two inches. The destruction was greatest along the river between St. Paul and La Crosse, the washouts on the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul being so serious that trains could not run on that road. Several of the lines afternoon trains, including the fast mail, were brought in many hours late over the Burlington's tracks. Joseph Polz, who resided in Bloomington Prairie township, Steele county, was struck by lightning and instantly killed.

A cyclone struck and wrecked William Hollenback's house on White river, South Dakota. It would have killed or seriously injured himself and family had they not taken refuge in a cyclone cave. In the southern part of Beadle county, South Dakota, the wind overturned a house on the Tom Harvey farm, occupied by John Thomas and family. Coffey, Thomas' brother-in-law, was seriously and Thomas slightly injured. The house was wrecked and sheds and barns twisted out of shape.

STRIKERS IN MEETING.

They Are Quiet and Orderly at Ishpeming and More United.

Ishpeming, Mich., July 19.—There is no material change in the situation in the strike of the miners in the Twin Cities. Yesterday was passed in holding mass-meetings and street parading. Brass bands have been out in both cities and banners bearing the strikers' grievances have been displayed. The men are keeping sober and are well behaved, hence no immediate trouble is anticipated. The mass-meeting yesterday was the largest yet held, there being fully 4,000 present. The men are more united than they were previously and are getting themselves in shape for an extended lay-off. The strikers assert that they will not present their grievances to the companies, but will wait until the companies come to them. All operations have ceased and the companies report no effort will be made to resume work for the present at least. One of the miners who is not taking part in the strike has received threatening letters.

FOREST FIRES IN MICHIGAN.

Considerable Property Destroyed in Northern Sections.

Galesburg, Mich., July 19.—The fire in the marsh south of here is eating its way to the uplands. A change in the direction of the wind has caused the destruction of the greater portion of some 600 cords of firewood, and the blaze has reached the farm of Mr. Lefever, on the outskirts of the marsh. The big marsh southwest from here is also on fire and the crops on the extensive peppermint farms are being destroyed. Heavy fires are also reported at Big Rapids, Sunfield, Napoleon, Muskegon and Plainfield, Wis.

"THE ACT OF 1873."

MESSRS. HARVEY AND HERR DISCUSS IT.

The Nation's Congress Accused of Corruption by the Champion of Silver—Mr. Herr Vigorously Denies the Accusation—A Recess To-Day.

Chicago, July 19.—When the third session of the Herr-Harvey debate began at 11 o'clock yesterday there was a smaller audience present than on the preceding occasions. This was probably due to the change of hours for holding the debate. Apparently it was not as convenient for bankers and business men to attend a session beginning at 10 o'clock in the morning and lasting three hours as to attend one from 2 to 5 o'clock in the afternoon. In the closing hour of the debate the audience was largely increased, as a whole being equal to the attendance of the first and second days.

The discussion yesterday was mainly on the congressional legislation in the '70s on the silver question. At the outset Mr. Harvey started to establish "the crime of 1873," and his statements regarding the manner in which the bill was passed were startling.

He arraigned the nation's congress for selling the nation's birthright; he branded the statesmen who did the work of 1873 as corrupted, and was stopped only long enough to say that before concluding he would show convincing authority. After an indictment against the promoters of the gold standard, which found that the bill which demonetized silver was not the bill which was read in the house, he passed on to a review of European political crime. He ended with the assurance that documents he would show were good for his every statement.

Mr. Herr in vigorous language contradicted the assertions of Mr. Harvey, and declared that there was no evidence of corruption of congress concerning the passage of the act demonetizing silver. There was a battle royal on this topic, and the two champions won frequent applause.

At the conclusion of the arguments of the speakers a number of questions were submitted by members of the audience and answered by Messrs. Herr and Harvey. The session ended shortly after 1 o'clock. At the request of Mr. Herr the debate will be suspended to-day and resumed at 1 o'clock to-morrow afternoon.

ARMS FOR EVICTED TENANTS.

Committee from Pender Buys Guns and Ammunition in Omaha.

Omaha, Neb., July 19.—Messrs. Peables and Harris, who came to Omaha Wednesday night from Pender as a committee to secure rifles for the evicted tenants, yesterday afternoon announced that they had completed their mission, saying: "We have secured the guns which we came for. We were unable to get exactly what we wanted, but did the best we could. The wholesalers managed to get together for us 100 rifles and shotguns and 5,000 rounds of ammunition. We had to take rifles of two different makes and of several different sizes. We expect to gain our point by a show of strength, although in case of trouble we are ready to stand by Sheriff Mullin in anything that he may order."

Still Entombed in the Mine.

Iron Mountain, Mich., July 19.—There is no longer any doubt that some of the miners entombed in the Pewabic iron mine are still alive. At 11 o'clock last night the large force of workmen in the rescue party under the direction of Superintendent Clark, had reached a point within a few feet of the men, and could distinguish their voices, and were in momentary expectation of reaching them. While it is not known whether all the men have escaped injury it is hoped that such is the case. The list of those in the mine is as follows: Frank Bowden, Edward Webb, Peter J. Carbone, T. F. Johnson, M. Somera, Paul Farretti, James Canino, M. Ruan, Anse Fleming.

Was on a Murderous Rampage.

Zanesville, Ohio, July 19.—Henry Stenecke, one of the most prominent residents of Cambridge, entered his home yesterday afternoon armed with a revolver and fired two shots at his wife, one of which inflicted a flesh wound. He also fired several shots at his three children, none of which took effect. Stenecke then sent a bullet into his own head, killing himself instantly.

Charged with Election Frauds.

Chicago, Ill., July 19.—As a result of great frauds discovered in the recount of the Belknap-McGann ballots, election judges and clerks are summoned to appear to-day at 2 o'clock before the Board of Election Commissioners, and tell of their connection with the apparent robbery. An expose of election frauds is promised.

Twelve Years for a Deacon.

Ukiah, Cal., July 19.—Deacon Oldham, the prominent Baptist churchman on trial for stage robbery, was sentenced to twelve years in Folsom Prison. Oldham planned the robbery in which Hilton, who was in the deacon's employ, was the principal. They divided \$1,000. Hilton, the principal, received only eight years.

Thinks He Has Found Fraker.

Topeka, Kas., July 19.—A communication has been received by Gov. Morrill from Acting Secretary of State A. E. Adee, which tells of the alleged discovery of Dr. Fraker, who is so badly wanted by several insurance companies.

A. W. MEYER & CO.

Shoe Department.

You will find in this department the most complete stock in town. We are careful in the selection of our shoes. The stock and workmanship of the shoes is of the highest character.

Ladies' Shoes.

We have a nice line of Ladies' Fine Shoes at \$1.25, 1.35, 1.45, 1.50 to 1.75 a pair.

Ladies' Dress Shoes \$1.75, 2.00, 2.25, 2.50 to 3.00 a pair.

Children's Shoes.

We carry a full line of Children's Shoes, 20, 25, 30 to 50 cents a pair.

Misses' Shoes, 75 cents a pair upwards.

Ladies' Slippers.

Ladies' Slippers in Tans and Black at 69, 95 cents \$1.00, 1.25 to 1.60 a pair.

Men's Shoes.

Our line of Men's Shoes is complete. Men's Shoes \$1.50, 1.65, 1.75, 1.85, 2.00 to 3.00 a pair.

Our Boys' Shoes can not be beat for their wearing qualities. We want your patronage if honest goods will secure it.

A. W. MEYER & CO., BARRINGTON.

Place your Insurance in one of the following Companies represented by MILES T. LAMEY at Barrington, Ill.:

London and Lancashire of England.
Fire Association of Philadelphia.
Norwich Union of England.
Phoenix of Hartford.
German American of New York.

All losses promptly and satisfactorily adjusted. Insurance placed on dwellings, farm property, commercial buildings, household furniture and stocks at reasonable rates.

MILES T. LAMEY, Resident Agent,
BARRINGTON, ILL.

MISS DENA BAUMAN.

MILLINERY

The latest and newest styles in millinery goods, velvets, feathers, etc., etc., can always be found here at reasonable prices.

New Goods Constantly Arriving.

Come and Examine My Stock

MISS DENA BAUMAN.

BARRINGTON, ILL.

ADVERTISING

Is the keystone of prosperity in any business, and the thing to consider is not whether to advertise, but in what medium. We invite the attention of advertisers to the circulation of

BARRINGTON REVIEW.

VETERANS' CORNER.

CAMP-FIRE SKETCHES FOR THE OLD SOLDIERS.

The Oldest War Veteran—Marched in the Decoration Day Parade—One of Jerry Rusk's Jokes—Secretary Morton's Story of Lincoln.

VER and over again,
In every time and tongue,
In every style and strain,
Have the world's old songs been sung,
Since the sigh from the soul was stirred,
Since the heart of a man was broken,
Have the notes of despair been heard,
And the rhythm of pain been spoken,
The song that you sing to-day,
Sweet on the printed pages,
Was sung in the far away,
In the youth of the worn-out ages;
The charm of your love-born tune,
The gems that your lines uncover,
Were set in some savage tune
By the heart of some Pagan lover.

The Oldest War Veteran.

Cortland, N. Y., claims the honor of having among its residents the oldest veteran of the civil war. He is Israel Rickard, a veteran of Company G, Seventy-sixth Regiment, New York State Volunteers, and he fought as a private all through the war, which began when he was 60 years old, says New York Sun. On Decoration Day, despite the heat, he turned out for the Cortland parade and marched with as firm a step as the best of his fellow veterans. It is probable that he was the oldest marcher in any memorial day parade of this year in the country. On the last day of the year 1860 Israel Rickard was born in a town in Northern Massachusetts, and in 1862 his father took him to Truxton, Cortland County, a section of the country then almost a wilderness, in which bears and panthers abounded. The elder Rickard owned the only team of horses for miles around, and on one of these horses it was Israel's proud distinction when he attained the age of 6 years, to ride to the mill, carrying bags of corn. The boy's early life was made up of a great deal of work and very little play, with hardly any time even for schooling. He became a farmer, and removed to Cortland when a young man, settling down there with the intention of living out his life on his farm. For many years he lived quietly with no disturbing element in the quiet routine of existence until the rebellion broke out. At an age when most men are beginning to look toward rest as the greatest of all things to be desired, Mr. Rickard caught the martial fever and started for the front. He was, in spite of his 60 years, as straight as an arrow and much more agile and powerful than the average man of half his age. His first work was to take charge of a wagon train, his long familiarity with horses having marked him as suitable for this duty. But he wasn't satisfied with it. When his company went to the front, and the smell of powder reached his nostrils, he made his way to headquarters, and secured an audience with his commanding officer.

"General, I want a gun," said he.
"What do you want with a gun?" asked the officer. "You can't drive horses with a gun."
"No; and you can't shoot rebs with a mule gad," returned Israel. "I want to do some shootin'."

He got a gun a few days later and proved himself a sharpshooter and an excellent soldier. After the war was over he returned to his farm, where he has lived anything but a sedentary life ever since. He is up with the lark and hard at work all day. It is no unusual thing for him to take a walk to Truxton and back, a distance of sixteen miles. This year he expressed a desire to march in the Decoration Day parade. When this came to the notice of the Parade Committee they sent a message to Mr. Rickard, saying that they would be glad to furnish a carriage for him, but he wouldn't have it.

"I'd sooner tramp," said he. "I had to in the war times when the roads were harder than these, and I had more to carry. Marchin' with the boys will make it seem more like a real celebration to me."

So he turned out with the other veterans, most of them two generations younger than himself, and the spectators cheered him as he passed. There is but one man in Cortland County who is Mr. Rickard's senior.

Gen. Early's Grim Humor.

After the battle of Sharpsburg General Jackson, happening to ride in the rear of Early's division, found the men scattered for miles along the road, some executing dance steps, some crying, others singing gay songs or psalm tunes. Early had tried to reduce the ranks to their usual orderly condition, but had not succeeded. Finally an orderly rode up and handed him a dispatch from General Jackson:

"Headquarters, Left Wing.—Sir: General Jackson desires to know why he saw so many stragglers in rear of your division today. A. S. PENDLETON."

After reading this communication the grim old soldier got a piece of paper and wrote the following reply:

"Headquarters, Early's Division.—Captain: In answer to your note, I think it probable that the reason why General Jackson saw so many of my stragglers today is that he rode in rear of my division. Respectfully, J. A. EARLY."

General Jackson let the investigation drop.

An Admiral's Orders Disobeyed.

The Captain's gig of the training ship Enterprise lay at the wharf at the navy's last week awaiting the Captain's return, says Boston Transcript. Presently a gentleman in citizen's attire came down the pier and got into the boat. Seating himself in the stern sheets, he commanded, "Out oars—pull away!" But the oars did not go out, and the crew did not pull away. A moment later the order was repeated, with the same result as before. Then the Captain made his appearance. When he said, "Out oars," oars went out with a will, and his "Pull away" was followed with a sturdy man-of-war stroke. The boys afterwards ascertained that the gentleman in citizen's dress was Rear Admiral Meade. But not knowing him from a side of sole leather in his shore togs, as one of the boys expressed it, they don't feel a bit sorry that they did not obey his order. No explanation was made, and so it is impossible to say whether the Admiral only wanted to try the lads, or whether his giving of the order was the result of habit. The Admiral not thinking that he was out of uniform.

One of Jerry Rusk's Jokes.

In Washington they are reviving an old story about Uncle Jerry Rusk. When he was Secretary of Agriculture he met a friend in Fifteenth street, Washington, one day. The friend looked puzzled and somewhat depressed. "What's the matter with you?" asked "Uncle" Jerry.

"I'm in a quandary about an important matter," said the friend. "Maybe you can help me out."

"Well," said the Secretary, "what is it?"

RINGS OF SATURN.

M. FLAMMARION DISCUSSES THE RECENT DISCOVERY.

Made Up of Particles—A Theory Long Held by Astronomers Now Fully Confirmed by Prof. Keeler.—The American Savant.

"I don't know," said the friend, "whether I ever told you that I am subject at intervals to the wildest craving for beefsteak and onions. It has all the characteristics of a confirmed drunkard's craving for rum. This craving struck me a few moments ago, and I at once determined to gratify it when dinner-time came. Then I suddenly recalled that I had promised to call this evening on some ladies who are here from my home, and I must keep that promise. Yet my stomach is shouting for beefsteak and onions, and I am wavering between duty and appetite."

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The Oldest War Veteran.

Cortland, N. Y., claims the honor of having among its residents the oldest veteran of the civil war. He is Israel Rickard, a veteran of Company G, Seventy-sixth Regiment, New York State Volunteers, and he fought as a private all through the war, which began when he was 60 years old, says New York Sun. On Decoration Day, despite the heat, he turned out for the Cortland parade and marched with as firm a step as the best of his fellow veterans. It is probable that he was the oldest marcher in any memorial day parade of this year in the country. On the last day of the year 1860 Israel Rickard was born in a town in Northern Massachusetts, and in 1862 his father took him to Truxton, Cortland County, a section of the country then almost a wilderness, in which bears and panthers abounded. The elder Rickard owned the only team of horses for miles around, and on one of these horses it was Israel's proud distinction when he attained the age of 6 years, to ride to the mill, carrying bags of corn. The boy's early life was made up of a great deal of work and very little play, with hardly any time even for schooling. He became a farmer, and removed to Cortland when a young man, settling down there with the intention of living out his life on his farm. For many years he lived quietly with no disturbing element in the quiet routine of existence until the rebellion broke out. At an age when most men are beginning to look toward rest as the greatest of all things to be desired, Mr. Rickard caught the martial fever and started for the front. He was, in spite of his 60 years, as straight as an arrow and much more agile and powerful than the average man of half his age. His first work was to take charge of a wagon train, his long familiarity with horses having marked him as suitable for this duty. But he wasn't satisfied with it. When his company went to the front, and the smell of powder reached his nostrils, he made his way to headquarters, and secured an audience with his commanding officer.

"General, I want a gun," said he.
"What do you want with a gun?" asked the officer. "You can't drive horses with a gun."
"No; and you can't shoot rebs with a mule gad," returned Israel. "I want to do some shootin'."

He got a gun a few days later and proved himself a sharpshooter and an excellent soldier. After the war was over he returned to his farm, where he has lived anything but a sedentary life ever since. He is up with the lark and hard at work all day. It is no unusual thing for him to take a walk to Truxton and back, a distance of sixteen miles. This year he expressed a desire to march in the Decoration Day parade. When this came to the notice of the Parade Committee they sent a message to Mr. Rickard, saying that they would be glad to furnish a carriage for him, but he wouldn't have it.

"I'd sooner tramp," said he. "I had to in the war times when the roads were harder than these, and I had more to carry. Marchin' with the boys will make it seem more like a real celebration to me."

So he turned out with the other veterans, most of them two generations younger than himself, and the spectators cheered him as he passed. There is but one man in Cortland County who is Mr. Rickard's senior.

Gen. Early's Grim Humor.

After the battle of Sharpsburg General Jackson, happening to ride in the rear of Early's division, found the men scattered for miles along the road, some executing dance steps, some crying, others singing gay songs or psalm tunes. Early had tried to reduce the ranks to their usual orderly condition, but had not succeeded. Finally an orderly rode up and handed him a dispatch from General Jackson:

"Headquarters, Left Wing.—Sir: General Jackson desires to know why he saw so many stragglers in rear of your division today. A. S. PENDLETON."

After reading this communication the grim old soldier got a piece of paper and wrote the following reply:

"Headquarters, Early's Division.—Captain: In answer to your note, I think it probable that the reason why General Jackson saw so many of my stragglers today is that he rode in rear of my division. Respectfully, J. A. EARLY."

General Jackson let the investigation drop.

An Admiral's Orders Disobeyed.

The Captain's gig of the training ship Enterprise lay at the wharf at the navy's last week awaiting the Captain's return, says Boston Transcript. Presently a gentleman in citizen's attire came down the pier and got into the boat. Seating himself in the stern sheets, he commanded, "Out oars—pull away!" But the oars did not go out, and the crew did not pull away. A moment later the order was repeated, with the same result as before. Then the Captain made his appearance. When he said, "Out oars," oars went out with a will, and his "Pull away" was followed with a sturdy man-of-war stroke. The boys afterwards ascertained that the gentleman in citizen's dress was Rear Admiral Meade. But not knowing him from a side of sole leather in his shore togs, as one of the boys expressed it, they don't feel a bit sorry that they did not obey his order. No explanation was made, and so it is impossible to say whether the Admiral only wanted to try the lads, or whether his giving of the order was the result of habit. The Admiral not thinking that he was out of uniform.

One of Jerry Rusk's Jokes.

In Washington they are reviving an old story about Uncle Jerry Rusk. When he was Secretary of Agriculture he met a friend in Fifteenth street, Washington, one day. The friend looked puzzled and somewhat depressed. "What's the matter with you?" asked "Uncle" Jerry.

"I'm in a quandary about an important matter," said the friend. "Maybe you can help me out."

"Well," said the Secretary, "what is it?"

FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

INTERESTING SKETCHES FOR OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Five Days at School—He Smelled Them—His Idea of a Christian—Had a Circus at Home—He Changed His Mind.

N Monday black, at four o'clock, The key is turned in school-room lock, And I've given old Time a terrible knock. For the head of the Week is broken.

At four of a Tuesday afternoon, The hour that cometh none too soon, I strap my books to a merry tune, For the neck of the Week is broken.

As the four glad strokes on Wednesday ring, My cap in the air I gayly fling, And homeward run as I loudly sing, "The grip of the Week is broken."

Ah, welcome the sound of the Thursday's four, And the joyous thought of "but one day more" That opens and shuts the school-room door, For the back of the Week is broken.

But sweeter than story in prose or rhyme The musical notes of the Friday chime, For the Week lies dead in the arms of Time, And the school-boy's chains are broken.

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"Good morning, sir. You're a minister, ain't you?"
"No, sir; I am a missionary."
"Well, anyway, you are a preacher. Now, sir, why is it that you fellows talk so much against Spiritualism? Why, man, if you only knew the comfort it gives us to know that we can converse with our departed friends and know that they are happy"—here the Spiritualist became excited and his eyes rolled as he cried out, "I can see their bright spirits hovering around me now. Look, sir! look! don't you see them?"
"No, my friend," said the missionary, "I do not see them, but I can smell them, and mighty bad spirits they are, too."

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A few years since, I was holding revival services in a town in North Carolina. At one service, by request of the pastor of the church whom I was assisting, I requested the members to remain after the congregation was dismissed. When the outsiders were gone, we began to get confessions from one and another of past sins, with promises of repentance and amendment of life. At length, one brother arose and said:

"I have been a member of this church since I was 14 years of age (he was then 45). Of course, I have not always lived right, but I have never done anything worthy of being turned out of the church. I have been drunk several times, had a good many fights, and been swearing—the fact is, I am under the influence of liquor all the time. But I try to be a gentleman about it. I want you all to pray for me that I may hold out faithful, die happy and get home to heaven!"—James R. Jones, Greensboro, North Carolina.

The Hygiene of Laughter.

The truth in the proverb "Laugh and grow fat" is well explained by the National Stockman and Farmer:

It has been aptly said that there is not the remotest corner of the inlet of the minute blood vessels of the human body that does not feel some waftlet from the convulsions occasioned by good hearty laughter. The life principle of the central man is shaken to its innermost depths, sending new tides of life and strength to the surface, thus materially tending to insure good health to the persons who indulge therein. The blood moves rapidly, and conveys a different impression to all the organs of the body, as it visits them on that particular mystic journey when the man is laughing, from what it does at other times. For this reason every good, hearty laugh in which a person indulges tends to lengthen his life, conveying as it does new and distinct stimulus to the vital forces.

Had a Circus at Home.

The pug dog in a Lewiston household swallowed a spool of twist the other day and the boy of the house discovered him pawing at the end which hung from his mouth. The boy forthwith had the "racket" of his life. He unbound fifty yards of No. 8 from the pug and left the spool inside, and the astonishment of the dog was as great as the sport of the boy. The head of the family said that he himself dropped a stitch in his side and that he will have that dog licensed just for the sake of the memory of the affair. He can't look the dog in the face without laughing.

Summer Breakfasts.

Some excellent little hints for making the summer breakfasts more healthful and enjoyable were recently outlined by a contemporary. Easy, comfortable, appetizing breakfast dishes will help. It is best to plan the breakfast exactly over night, and always arrange it so that the preparation in the morning will not be too burdensome. Some breakfasts in summer are always advisable, but a pretty, tasteful table is never more grateful than on a very warm morning. Fruit and flowers are the best adornments. A single rose, broken at the window, perhaps, and put in a glass, will give a touch of true

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HAVE MONEY TO BURN

THESE YOUNG WOMEN ARE VERY WEALTHY.

They Are Single Too and If Titled Foreigners Do Not Get Away with Them Will Some Day Become the Wives of Americans.

(New York Correspondence.)

HILE THE MARRIAGE of Adele Sloane and the announcement of the engagement of Edith Rockefeller take two of the richest girls in America off the list of catches, the eligible young man need not feel downhearted, for, in the language of the day, "there are others."

In this big town where millionaire papas are numerous and their dear girls must all get married some time, any man who is legitimately in the hunt is justified in hoping to land as a winner, and if he is as critical in his selection of a mate for life as he was of the entries for the recent Suburban, he simply can't lose. Everybody knows that New York society contains more well-bred, well-groomed, well-gowned and absolutely thoroughbred young women than any other town on earth. That goes without saying. So, the question of personal characteristics settled, the next point is that of bank account. Of course, every man of the right sort will probably have the idea that in selecting a girl to share his joys and sorrows he would hesitate to consider her worldly possessions; but when he knows that the girl he



HELEN BENEDICT.

loves her, he isn't sorry that her fortune or her prospective inheritance is a big one. To select the first offering among the wealth of pretty girls who are matrimonial catches is not an easy task. In the matter of prospective fortune, Alta Rockefeller's name, like that of Ben Adhem, leads all the rest. But, unfortunately, Alta's fortune is all prospective. Some folks say that the wise and churchly Standard Oil magnate does not believe in young people having too much money at their disposal, and declares that the bulk of his hundreds of millions will be left to various charities.

Still Miss Alta, his eldest unmarried child, will not be forgotten in his will, and at least \$30,000,000 will be her share. Miss Alta has had already one romance in her young life, having caused quite a sensation among the crowd of suitors who gathered about her in Cleveland, where they then lived, by admitting to her friends that she was engaged to Rev. Dr. L. A. Crandall, the pastor of their church. John D. did not care for a cleric as a son-in-law, however, and the wedding was indefinitely postponed. As all this occurred nearly five years ago, and as Miss Alta was very young at the time, it may be presumed that she is at this writing fancy free.

Easily the next in point of wealth among the girl bachelors comes Miss Helen Gould. Good looking, well dressed, well balanced and well educated—are the commendatory, if unenthusiastic, expressions applied to Miss Helen Gould, the richest girl bachelor in America. Not even the fact of her enormous wealth leads people to call her beautiful, but on the other hand, envy cannot call her homely. She is a dark-haired, hazel-eyed young woman, with an earnest, sensible expression of countenance, an easy, rather distinguished carriage, and perfect self-possession. She has inherited from her father enough shrewdness to enable her to take care of and to increase the \$15,000,000 which he left her. She has no extravagant tastes, but is fond of flowers, and the famous Gould conservatories at Irvington-on-the-Hudson owe their renown largely to her. She rides well, but is not in the remotest degree a "horsey girl." While philanthropic, Miss Gould has excellent finan-



MISS PAULINE WHITNEY.

cial sense and is never imposed upon by fictitious poverty. She gives as largely of her time and strength to charities as of her money, and without any ostentation does work that most rich girls would leave undone such as Sunday school teaching, district visiting, hospital reading and the like. Then she goes to a lot of trouble to entertain a crowd of poor children up at Irvington every now and then. Therefore it is easy to be seen that no dukes need apply for Miss Gould's hand. Perhaps her most striking characteristic, next to her bank account, is her distaste for any sort of notoriety.

Another charming girl whose hand is

still free is Miss Pauline Whitney, the daughter of William C. Whitney, whose wealth may safely be put down at \$10,000,000. Then, too, Miss Whitney will probably be a beneficiary in the will of her mother's father, Henry D. Payne, the Standard Oil magnate, whose wealth is even greater than Mr. Whitney's. Miss Whitney made her social debut three years ago, under exceptionally favorable circumstances, but her pleasant experience in the social whirl was suddenly terminated by the illness and death of her mother. Since then she has traveled much abroad with her father. The Whitneys' mansion, at Millionaire Crossroads, Fifty-seventh street and Fifth avenue, is one of the most commodious and beautiful in the city. Miss Whitney is by inheritance a girl of strong character and large brain, and, in spite of all the adulation she has received from men of title abroad, returns to the land of her birth heart-whole and fancy free.

Miss Elsie Clews, the only daughter of Henry Clews, the Wall street banker, is a young woman whose millions will be many. She is a striking looking girl, not unlike her mother, whose social triumphs are widely known. Miss Clews made her first appearance in society under the most favorable auspices at Newport during the summer of 1893. She does not belong to the dawdling, inactive class of belles at all; for next to her millions her prowess as a swimmer is her chief renown. A season or two back she was reported engaged to young Sam Dexter, a Chicago millionaire, but the field for her hand is still an open one.

Miss Helen Benedict, daughter of the banker who is looked upon as President Cleveland's closest friend, is as handsome as she is accomplished, which is saying a good deal. Should the right man come along, Papa Benedict would be certain to come down handsomely in the matter of a wedding present containing his autograph, and in time to come the lucky son-in-law would have the handling of several millions. Everybody knows that Governor Levi P. Morton is the head of a big bank down in Wall street, and that his fortune may be modestly set down at \$15,000,000. That his charming daughter, who is as well known in London society as she is in New York, will inherit several of these millions goes without saying, as the Governor is known to be simply devoted to her.

If the would-be benedict among the jeunesse doree should prefer family to pelf, he could do no better than to pay his devotions to Miss Van Rensselaer, who is the leader of the set known as the pure old Knickerbockers. While sufficiently well endowed with the goods of this world, this charming young woman may safely depend upon her charms of mind, manner and physique to obtain for her all the offers she may desire. Lady Clara Vere de Vere, in her palmist day, could not out do Miss Van Rensselaer in stateliness and grace, and the man who finally wins her may count himself favored of the gods.

Miss Frances Havens Ives, a daughter of Brayton Ives, known in both hemispheres as an art connoisseur of the first rank, is another young woman who may be classed among the best catches in New York. The Ives mansion, at No. 44 East Forty-fourth



MISS ELSIE CLEWS.

street, is one of the most beautifully and artistically furnished in this city, and Miss Ives, whose tastes follow those of her distinguished father, is the center of one of the exclusive sets among the Four Hundred.

Mrs. George Kidd is known as a social leader par excellence, and her daughter, Miss Grace Georgette Kidd, is equally so in all matters concerning the haute monde. Few girls have had Miss Kidd's opportunities for meeting the very best men in both American and European society, and while her name has been coupled more than once with men of prominence and title, she is as yet unattached.

These are but few of the more prominent of the young women, each of whom some man some day will be proud to call his own, though the list could easily be lengthened beyond the proper limits of dollars simply, a union between one of our wealthiest bachelors, Eugene Higgins, for instance, and one of these multi-millionaires would, through the combination of their fortunes, bring to their children sums of money that would cause the fortune of even an Astor to seem small in comparison. Miss Gertrude Vanderbilt, daughter of Cornelius Vanderbilt, will probably come in for at least \$25,000,000 of her father's money some day, and this, added to Higgins' \$30,000,000, would make a nest egg that in a generation from now would have grown to figures that would make one dizzy to contemplate.

A Dish Made Their Fortunes.

Brandade is fresh cod boiled with onions, garlic, oil, white pepper, laurel leaves and sage. It was brandade that, under the first empire, laid the foundations of the fortune of the Trois Freres Provencaux. The three brothers, who were all good cooks, brought with them to Paris their recipe for brandade and other Provençal dishes.

The North Channel.

The channel between Siberia and Alaska is seldom frozen over, and only very rarely is it possible to cross on the ice from either side to the islands which lie about midway in the channel, and are known as the Little and Big Diomedes. The channel from one continent to the other is about forty miles wide.

CORNER OF ODDITIES.

QUEER AND CURIOUS TALES OF CURRENT INTEREST.

The Quickest Building Feet on Record—A Theater Built in One Day—A Wonderful Rock in Australia—A Well That Roars.



H, maiden up-to-date, Who boldly scorns aesthetics, And who disdains her sex's "fats," And who goes in for athletics, Who rides a wheel all over town And gets a mighty muscle.

Say, maiden, will you "throw me down" If for your hand I hustle?

And if you design my hand to take, And bless my life forever, To earn a living will you make Your very best endeavor?

Will you come home at night to sup, Ere festive friends can seize you, And never, never "break me up" If things don't go to please you?

Ah, maiden, dare I yield my heart, And, guileless, trust you blindly, When you, so skilled in many art, May treat me so unkindly? No, no; I'm sure you're not my fate; When I assume the fetter, Some dear, sweet girl not up-to-date I think will answer better.

Quickest Building on Record.

For some months the people of Colfax have heard wild rumors of the intention of the band to erect an opera-house some time in the near future, but no three persons outside of that organization suspected until the other morning that there had been any definite shape to their many plans, says Spokane Spokesman. A short time since there seemed to be something wrong with the electric light plant, and the streets were in total darkness. Inquiries were answered with the intelligence that the engine was out of order, and that the plant could not be operated. The people were satisfied with this reply, and but little comment was made. Now, it seems to have been part of a plot on the part of the band to hide their scheme. Soon after it got thoroughly dark a force of about seventy-five men were brought in from Spokane on a freight train, and, unloading near the Main street bridge, armed with hods and trowels, marched to the place and silently began the work of laying the brick upon the new building. As that side of the street was obstructed and the night a dark one, no one passed near the building, and the ruse was not discovered. Stealthily the men passed up and down along the walls, and rapidly they sprang upward through the night. By daylight the outside walls were finished, and before anyone was astir on the streets in the morning the scaffolding was taken down and there stood in magnificent elegance the proudest opera-house in the Northwest. Just before daylight the masons finished their work and silently departed, while their places were filled with many carpenters, plumbers, decorators, painters, etc., and all day the work went noiselessly on inside the walls. The heavily curtained windows and closely fastened doors were besieged all day by anxious people, but revealed nothing. At 10 o'clock a bill poster, armed with a paste brush, came down the street, and, stopping in front of the building, put up bills announcing that the Colfax Dramatic Company would star their old-time favorites, George J. Joyce, W. J. Bryant and C. E. Irwin, in the drama, "Hickory Farm," at the Colfax opera-house. When the announcement was recognized by the anxious and excited crowd, a long cheer of approval went up. The good news spread like wildfire, and when, at 7:30, the building was thrown open, the streets were crowded. Marshal Mackay had to call out his entire force of one other man besides himself to maintain order. The jam at the box office was almost suffocating, but the crowd was served and seated in the beautiful and capacious auditorium by 8:30, and the curtain arose amid thundering applause, which was repeated at intervals all through the evening. When the curtain had fallen on the last act, and the villain was finally and securely dead, the audience would not be pacified until the act had been thrice repeated for their benefit.

A Queer Well That Roars.

Union City, Kan., correspondence: A remarkable curiosity which is attracting the attention of scientists is a roaring well on the farm of Henry Myers, near Fort Riley. Hundreds of people in Central Kansas have gone to see this peculiar well and to hear the great roaring sound which it emits. It is an ordinary drilled well, near the roadside, about 125 feet deep, and was put down fifteen years ago by Mr. Myers to get water for his stock. Upon removing the flat rock which covers the well one is met by a whiff of ice-cold air, which rushes out with great velocity. The most remarkable thing about this wonderful natural curiosity is the fact that every winter the water freezes in it to a depth of forty feet. A number of scientific men from Chicago and New York have examined the well recently. Before leaving they attempted to secure an option for the purchase of Myers' farm, but he refused to sell it.

Pig with a Trunk.

George R. Jones has in his possession at his farm on Hermit's lane, Roxborough, one of the two young pigs brought from Cuba on the training ship Saratoga during her last cruise. The porker is a real curiosity, being as black as ink and adorned with a long snout, resembling the trunk of an elephant. He doesn't root up the ground like a common porker, but uses his snout instead of his nose. He is a regular epicure in regard to food, for nothing but fresh warm milk and bananas appeal to his palate. Midshipman Miltenberger presented Jones with the animal about four weeks ago. It is now about two months old and growing fast.

Wife Beater's Prayerful Spirit.

Lester Cantley, of Owosso, Mich., licked his wife because she didn't feel like praying, a recent morning. Cantley paid just \$38 to the justice for being so strong-spirited.

Oddities.

Dramatists in France get 12 per cent of the gross receipts of each play, and are allowed tickets to the value of 100 francs for every performance of such plays as they have written.

It is stated by the Popular Health Magazine that redness of the nose is caused by indigestion, not interperance. The remedy, it is stated, is to abstain from overindulgence in fats and sweets.

A society for the suppression of scandal has just been started at Interburg, in East Prussia. Every scandalous story spread in the town will be traced and the originator prosecuted by the society.

M. Daudet said that the most impressive thing to him in London was the silence of the city. "With all its swollen traffic and crowded thoroughfares the roar is duller," he adds, "than one expects to hear."

A duck in East Bluehill, Me., was struck by lightning last week and lost one eye and a part of its head, but is now seemingly quite recovered from the stroke and goes around with a wary look in its weather eye.

A new fad for a trip to Europe is to go on the cattle ships, which carry passengers for \$30 for the round trip. The cattle cruisers have three keels and are said to be less conducive to seasickness than any other craft.

In a coal mine in Monmouthshire, in Wales, there was found, some years ago, a flint ax sticking in the coal; near Stanley, in Derbyshire, the miners found tools formed out of solid oak, without any iron whatever.

A new kind of cloth is being made in Lyons from the down of ducks, hens and geese. Seven hundred and fifty grains of feathers make rather more than a square yard of light and very warm waterproof cloth.

Great interest is being taken in Berlin in the coming exhibition of the present received by Prince Bismarck in the last twenty-five years. They include the pen with which the treaty of peace was signed between Germany and France.

Amos Devoe, of Boscobel, has returned from an eight-weeks hunt through portions of Burnett and Door Counties, Wisconsin, and Chicago County, Minnesota. He captured forty-three wolves and one wildcat, receiving in bounties for them \$450.

Eisleben, the birthplace of Martin Luther, is reported to be sinking into the moon upon which it is built. Measures have been taken in recent years to drain the bog without avail, and inhabitants are seriously contemplating an abandonment of the town.

distance further into the rock than the "Blow Hole," on the entrance of each wave this cavity becomes full of compressed air, which, when the tension becomes too great, blows the water with stupendous force up to the perpendicular opening.

Feats of a Colored Hypnotist.

The colored people of Kansas City, Kan., are in a state of open-eyed wonderment over the marvelous things done by Joseph K. Williams, a young man of that city, who styles himself "Joseph, the colored boy hypnotist," at a series of entertainments which he has been giving in the colored churches. Williams is only twenty years old. He was formerly employed at Swift's packing house, but since he discovered four weeks ago that he was possessed of extraordinary powers to hypnotize people he has announced himself as the only colored hypnotist in the United States.

At one of his entertainments in the Evening Star Church, which is in the "patch," between the Armour and Fowler packing establishments, the other night, Williams hypnotized a number of colored people and had them do all sorts of odd things. He rubbed his hands over the eyes of Squire Taylor, a young negro who makes a business of diving from high bridges, and put him to sleep. Taylor was then laid on a sofa and a stone weighing about 150 pounds was placed on his breast. With a heavy sledge hammer in the hands of Ed Ferguson the stone was broken. In the presence of the pastor, the Rev. Abner Windom, and a large crowd of colored people Taylor declared he did not feel the shock. Williams gives people an electric shock when he shakes hands with them, and he will take a piece of glass—usually a piece of lamp chimney—break it up and eat it. He has been eating glass for some time and says he has felt no bad effects from it.

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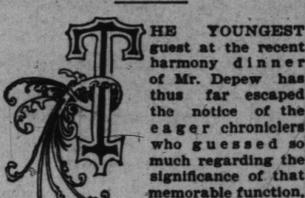
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DEPEW THE YOUNGER

CHAUNCEY THE "BUSTER" HIS FATHER ALL OVER.

He Made His First Appearance Among Public Men at the Recent Harmony Dinner in New York—He Is Fond of Books and Politics.



CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW, JR.

THE YOUNGEST guest at the recent harmony dinner of Mr. Depew has thus far escaped the notice of the eager chroniclers who guessed so much regarding the significance of that memorable function. And yet he may be a presidential candidate some day. This future statesman is Chauncey M. Depew, Jr., once, but no longer, known as "Buster," and this was his first appearance at a state dinner. Young Mr. Depew is a tall, trimly built youth of seventeen, who may be said to have deserved this introduction to the assemblage of statesmen by his own researches in lines political. The dry lumber of presidential messages and party platforms has not escaped his studious attention, and he has even made a comparative study of the McKinley and Wilson tariff acts. When his distinguished father needs a quotation from either of those much-debated bits of legislation he can get it from his son much quicker than from consultation of the documents themselves. Moreover, young Mr. Depew has a taste for the personal element of politics and has studied with interest the careers of men of prominence. For this he has found unlimited opportunity in the periodicals which burden the ample study table where his father performs his unofficial and most fruitful work. He has also found time to make himself familiar with the history of this and other countries. The picture of Chauncey M. Depew, Jr., which is published herewith, shows a youth as much like his progenitor as seventeen can look like fifty-seven. He was born July 6, 1878. Every summer since his fifth, "Buster," as his father used playfully to call him, has made the voyage to Europe with the family. These trips and the instruction of foreign nurses and governesses have made him very precocious in his knowledge of other tongues. He speaks and reads French and German as fluently as English, and he has made considerable acquaintance with the classics of the continental languages. He has always been a studious boy, apt to learn and swift to assimilate. Despite his political, lingual and historical qualifications, which are quite beyond the list of qualifications required to enter Yale College, he is pursuing the usual course at Browning's classical school, and will enter the venerable blue ribbon univer-

A Big Spider.

A spider about 4 inches long and nearly as wide was sent to the office of the Board of Education in Kansas City by Miss Virginia Lewis, a teacher in the Switzer School, who captured it in the country south of the city. The repulsive creature was secured in a large glass tumbler covered by a tin top. It is designed for Prof. N. A. Harvey, of the High School faculty, who takes a professional interest in such things. A number of spiders of this kind live in a cave that underlies that portion of the city between Thirty-fourth and Thirty-ninth streets for half a mile west of Troost avenue. They cling to the sides and roof of the entrance to the cave. This entrance is an arch in the solid rock on the grounds of H. W. Spangler, a dairyman, who lives west of Thirty-seventh and Harrison streets. The spiders are said to be venomous and are known to have existed in the vicinity for years, but no naturalist has thus far given them a name or genus.

Latest Portrait of the Postmaster General.

Here is the latest portrait of William L. Wilson, Postmaster General of the United States. It is said to be the only true one of him seen in print since he became prominent in affairs of the nation.

Mrs. Langtry Likes Us.

Mrs. Langtry declares herself so much pleased with the United States that she has determined to put her daughter Jeanne, who is now 13 years old, at school in New York. Mrs. Langtry says that before she became an actress she hesitated whether to go on the stage or to try market-gardening. She had a famous garden in Jersey Lane, and had an aptitude for that sort of profession. But what interests her most now, even more than the stage, is her racing stable and stud farm at Newmarket, and when in England she contrives to spend two or three days a week there.

Gladstone's First Chip.

A Gladstone relic was sold at auction in London the other day. It was a chip of the first tree felled by Mr. Gladstone at Hawarden after the announcement in 1873 that he meant to leave Greenwich and seek the representation of Midlothian. A silver plate had been attached to the chip by its owner, with an inscription.

MRS. HOWARD GOULD.

This Woman May Yet Answer to That Title.

Howard Gould, son of the late millionaire, is said to be engaged to Katherine Clemmons, the American actress now in London. Katherine Clemmons is the fascinating girl who captured England some years ago as an expert in horsemanship and pistol shot while with Buffalo Bill's show. Of late years she has been studying for the stage and living in grand style, appearing occasionally in Mr. Gould's company at public functions. Katherine Clemmons was not born a Californian nor was she known on the coast under the name of Clemmons, though it is really hers. Miss Clemmons is descended from an old military family for generations identified with the history of the country. After the North and South had ceased warfare Captain Clemmons was sent to a frontier post, and with him went his wife and two baby daughters. Upon one excursion the captain took Katherine, the younger child, leaving the mother and older daughter at the post. Old Sittling Bull's warriors surprised his command, butchered many of the men and entirely scattered the fore. "Buffalo Bill" was then chief of the United



MISS KATHERINE CLEMMONS.

States scouts. Leading a column over the Deadwood trail he came upon the scene of the massacre, and from the wreck of an army ambulance was surprised to hear a child's wail. That child was Katherine Clemmons. The scout cared for the little girl most tenderly, and a short time later restored her to her mother. Mrs. Clemmons went to California, settled in Oakland, and after some years married J. W. Dayan, then head of the stationery department of the Southern Pacific. The girls were given all the advantages that education and the best society could furnish, and the elder married Charles B. Overacker, a prominent orchardist of Niles. The younger girl, who had been romantically thrown upon the protection of the great frontiersman, dreamed of success on the stage, and studied with that career in view. Her first appearance was at the Grand Opera House in San Francisco. Realizing after that performance that she was illly prepared for the high-stakes mark in drama she went to London to seek instruction in the best schools there.

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BARRINGTON REVIEW

ESTABLISHED IN 1885.
Published Every Saturday at
BARRINGTON, ILLINOIS
—BY—
M. T. LAMEY, Editor and Publisher.
SUBSCRIPTION PRICE: \$1.00
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. Roundout. 8:30 am	
2:55 pm. Leighton. 8:50 am	
2:45 pm. Diamond Lake. 8:57 am	
2:35 pm. Gilmer. 9:12 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	
11:27 am. Wayne. 12:35 pm	
11:15 am. Ingalt. 12:45 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. Morrantown. 2:45 pm	
8:15 am. Walker. 3:10 pm	
7:50 am. Plainfield. 3:35 pm	
7:28 am. Coyne. 3:55 pm	
7:00 am. Bridge Junction. 4:05 pm	
8:50 am dep. East Joliet. ar. 4:15 pm	

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

GOING SOUTH.	
6:10 a. m., except Sunday.	
6:45 a. m., except Sunday.	
6:55 a. m., Sunday only.	
7:00 a. m., except Sunday.	
7:56 a. m., daily.	
9:00 a. m., except Sunday.	
9:56 a. m., except Sunday.	
12:25 p. m., daily.	
3:05 p. m., except Sunday.	
4:25 p. m., Sunday only.	
5:02 p. m., daily.	
6:52 p. m., except Sunday.	
8:44 p. m., Sunday only.	
8:50 p. m., Sunday only.	

GOING NORTH.	
4:00 a. m., except Sunday.	
5:02 a. m., Sunday only.	
8:20 a. m., except Sunday.	
9:11 a. m., except Sunday.	
10:30 a. m., daily.	
12:10 p. m., except Sunday.	
2:13 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.	
12:50 a. m., daily.	

* To Barrington only.

CHURCH NOTICES.

DR. AME'S CATHOLIC—Rev. J. F. Clancy, 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 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. E. 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. Subt, 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 3 p. m. Bible study Friday at 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

SOCIETY NOTICES.

LOUNSBURY LODGE No. 731, A. F. and A. M.—Meets at their hall the second and fourth Saturdays of each month. L. A. Powers, W. M.; C. E. Kendall, S. W.; A. L. Robertson, J. W.; A. T. Uitsch, Sec.; C. B. Otis, Treas.; J. M. Thrasher, S. D.; J. P. Brown, J. D.; A. Gleason, Tyler; J. W. Dacy, S. S.; Wm. Youns, J. S.; Robert Bailey, Chaplain; E. W. Shipman, Marshal.

BARRINGTON CAMP No. 32, 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. F. John Robertson, B.; M. T. Lamey, Clerk; E. H. Solt, Escort; Wm. Anholts, Watchman; H. P. Askew, Sentry; L. A. Powers, John Hatis and Fred Behnoh, Managers; C. H. Kendall, Physician.

BARRINGTON TEMPT. No. 79, K. O. T. M.—Meets in their hall the second and fourth Tuesdays of each month. T. H. Cret, P. C.; E. H. Solt, C.; Silas Robertson, L. C.; F. E. Smith, S.; J. M. Thrasher, R. K.; Rev. Robert Bailey, Chap.; G. P. Hawley, F. B.; Arthur Jayne, M. A.; M. A. Bennett, Ist M. G.; Fred Koelling, 2d M. G.; H. Roloff, S.; John Sbroochi, 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. G.; Wm. Humphrey, J. V. C.; A. Gleason, C. M.; C. Bogart, Chaplain; A. S. Henderson, O. D.; L. Krahn, O. G.; H. Reuter, Sergt.

W. R. C. No. 88, 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 Robie Brockway, Treas.; Mrs. Kate Runyan, Chaplain; Mrs. Emma Wool, Conductor; Mrs. Julia Robertson, Guard.

VILLAGE OFFICERS.

F. E. Hawley.....President
John Robertson, John Colleen, John Hatje, F. O. Willmarth, Wm. Grunaw and Wm. Peters.....Trustees
Miles T. Lamey.....Village Clerk
A. L. Robertson.....Village Treasurer
A. J. Redmond.....Village Attorney
H. A. Sandman.....Marshal and Street Commissioner

BOARD OF EDUCATION.

John Robertson.....President
A. W. Meyer.....Clerk
Members of Board.
F. E. Hawley, A. J. Redmond, F. L. Waterman, J. C. Plagge and L. A. Powers.

Tender Steaks. Tender Roasts.

R. BURTON, MEAT MARKET.

Is the place to get all kinds of choice fresh meats at lowest prices, quality considered.

Best Sausage, Salt and Smoked Meats.

FISH AND OYSTERS IN SEASON.
BARRINGTON, ILLINOIS

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Heise and Miss Mary Heise visited with friends at Villa Sunday.

C. F. Nedelkoff of Bulgaria, who lately graduated at the Wheaton college, preached at the morning service at the M. E. church Sunday.

Mrs. L. E. Runyan and several others are attending the camp meeting at Des Plaines.

Good Rio coffee, 19 cents per pound, at A. W. Meyer and Co.'s.

The Sunday school of the German Evangelical church picnicked at Randall's Lake Thursday. There was quite a large attendance and a most enjoyable time was had.

Mr. Meyer of Chicago spent a few days last week at the home of Mr. William Grunaw.

To be insured in a good reliable company is a great consolation to the man who has the misfortune to have a fire. How about it, is your property insured? If not, you will find it to your interest to call upon Mr. T. Lamey, who is the resident agent of several reliable companies and have your property insured at once.

Call and see our new line of gingham, Walthausen & Landwer.

Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Schaefer are the happy parents of a boy.

Mr. John Page and daughter were visitors here Wednesday.

I have moved in one of William Sharmans cottages, opposite E. Lamey's residence, where I will have my office. Office hours, from 8 to 10 o'clock a. m. daily. DR. M. F. CLAUSIUS.

Mrs. Luella Austin's residence on Cook street was struck by lightning Tuesday evening, doing some damage to one of the chimneys.

Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Mentz and daughter, and Mrs. L. Loewe of Milwaukee are guests at the home of Mrs. B. H. Solt this week.

Carpets arriving daily at Walthausen & Landwer's.

The Misses Higley, Dunkle, Whitney and Todd left Tuesday for Baltimore to attend the Y. P. B. W. convention. They will visit many places of interest in the East before returning.

Misses Effelyn Runyan and Lillie Harrower are attending the Teachers Institute at Waukegan.

Mrs. Flora Lines and family went to Wauconda Tuesday to spend a week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Burritt.

Gold dust 20c a package at A. W. Meyer & Co.'s.

Mrs. T. E. Ream entertained a number of her lady friends from Elgin Sunday.

For Rent—The building first door south of the post-office. Best location in town for a small store. A shoe shop preferred.

2w. M. B. McINTOSH, Proprietor.

Misses Lizzie Gaskin and Miss Julia Lamey of Chicago visited at the home of Mr. E. Lamey Sunday.

The M. E. church will hold its next Sunday service Aug. 4th, both preaching and Sunday school.

The Barrington Roller Mill flour is sold by Walthausen & Landwer.

Invitations were received by a number of Barrington people to attend the marriage of Miss Nina Rodgers to Rev. Ward, to take place July 17.

20 Doses 10 Cents.

Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is so pleasant to take and withal so effective in results that when once tried nothing else is again taken. For Constipation, Indigestion, Chronic Sick Headache, Summer Complaint or any trouble of the Stomach or Bowels, it leads all other remedies. You don't have to spend a dollar to try this remedy. It is put up in 10c bottles and speaks for itself as well in a small as a large quantity. Regular sizes 50c and \$1. For sale by A. L. Waller.

We have the Heath & Milligan celebrated mixed paints in sixty of the most popular colors, making it the finest line of colors to select from. The Heath & Milligan paint is used everywhere and the number of testimonials received speak in the highest terms of its high finish and excellent wearing qualities. J. E. Lamey & Co.

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, large sizes 50c and \$1 at A. L. Waller's.

Considerable excitement was caused last Monday forenoon by the runaway of a team belonging to a bone picker. However, no damage was done.

Our young people have been entertained evenings by a merry-go-round, which has located here for this week. Picture frames, 20 cents each at A. W. Meyer & Co.'s.

California fruits at F. L. Waterman's.

The heaviest shower of rain we have had here for several weeks fell last Tuesday night. This rain will be of great benefit to the corn crop and the pastures, which have been held back by the extreme dry weather we have had.

Mr. Thomas Dolan is enjoying a few weeks vacation.

Wallace Wood is now working for William Grunaw.

Delicate of Flavor.

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

Chase & Sanborn's Java and Mocha coffee is the best. Sold only by A. W. Meyer & Co.

The annual Lake county teachers' institute went into session at Waukegan last Tuesday. Over 1000 teachers and aspirants were in attendance. All parts of the country were represented. The instructors were Miss Gillan of Milwaukee, Miss Partridge of Philadelphia, and Prof. F. H. Hall of Waukegan.

Shoe Shop Removed.

I have moved my shoe shop in the Parker building opposite the depot, where I will be pleased to meet my old customers as well as new ones. My stock of boots and shoes is one of the most complete in town and it will pay you to give me a call when in want of anything in this line before buying elsewhere.

Yours truly,
THEO. SCHUTT.

STRUCK BY A TRAIN.

A HEAVY LOSS FOR HENRY REESE.

Freight Train on the E. J. & E. Crashes Into a Herd of Twenty-six Cows—Seventeen Killed and Two Fatally Hurt.

Last Tuesday afternoon occurred the largest wholesale slaughter of cattle by an engine probably on record.

The accident occurred on the road crossing of the E. J. & E. Railroad tracks about one-half mile west of Pomeroy's farm. A daughter of Mr. Henry Reese was driving a herd of cattle from a pasture which is about a mile from their farm and located near the E. J. & E. tracks.

A freight train from Lake Zurich bound for Barrington running at a good speed had become so near at the crossing before seen that it was impossible to get the cattle across the tracks or to head them off to avoid the catastrophe that followed. The engine went into them with a crash and a most horrible slaughter of cattle had taken place. There were 26 cows in the flock of which 17 were instantly killed and 2 were so badly crippled or injured it was necessary to afterwards kill them to put them out of misery.

Fortunately Miss Reese who was close to the cattle at the time was not injured. How so many cattle could have been scooped up by an engine and yet not wreck the train is a mystery. The engine passed through the entire mass of animals which were huddled together like sardines in a box, without derailment or any injury to the train or crew thereon.

When the train struck, the cattle were hurled in all directions, some of them landing several rods away and a few of them were badly mutilated by the crash received.

The loss to Mr. Reese of this immense lot of cows, all of which were about the best on the farm, will easily reach \$600.

Drop in price of flour. Use A. W. Meyer & Co.'s fancy patent flour. Guaranteed.

St. Ann's Catholic church is being repaired and otherwise repaired. A. W. Meyer & Co. are furnishing the wall paper and Kimmse & Searls are doing the work.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Boehmer desire to extend thanks to those who so kindly gave their assistance during their late bereavement.

If your land should be sold for taxes 25 per cent is immediately added. After six months 20 per cent more is added until the two years for redemption have expired, when 100 per cent is added. After that time the tax buyer may take out a tax title and ask his price for it. Ice-cold drinks at F. L. Waterman's.

To Rent—A store located in the business part of the town, suitable for a tailor shop. This is a first-class chance for the right man. No opposition here in this line of business. Inquire at this office.

Mrs. P. C. Gilbert of Elgin is spending a few days with her niece, Mrs. F. L. Waterman.

Mrs. C. B. Hawley visited friends at South Elgin Tuesday.

Watermelons on ice at F. L. Waterman's.

The social given by the Epworth league on Mr. Henry Boehmer's lawn was a success in every way. A very social time was had by those attending.

The quarterly report as given to the Methodist Episcopal Sunday school last Sunday was as follows: General average, 68%; offering, \$20.93. The missionary offering amounted to \$6.14.

If you intend putting up fruit leave your orders with F. L. Waterman, who handles the best to be had.

Mr. J. I. Ellsworth of Wheaton spent Saturday evening with friends here.

Misses Cora and Evelyn Davlin, of Wauconda, were guests at the home of Mr. E. Lamey Tuesday.

Clarence Sizer's wheel was stolen in the city one day last week.

The Rev. T. E. Ream and wife will visit with relatives at South Elgin during his vacation.

If you want nice fresh crackers go to A. W. Meyer & Co.

OBITUARY.

Mrs. J. I. Sears of Cary, Ill., Dies After a Short Illness.

Mrs. Magdalene Sears, (nee Arps), wife of Prof. J. I. Sears of Cary, Ill., died July 10, 1895, after a few days of sickness.

She was born at Cary, Ill., June 4, 1870, where she was educated and where she lived until her death. On the 21st of September, 1892, having made the acquaintance of Mr. Sears, they were united in marriage and still continued to reside at Cary, making it their home.

Mrs. Sears in her death leaves a husband, infant child, father, mother, sister and four brothers who sorely mourn their great loss. Not only do her relatives mourn for their loved one in her death, but the entire community truly feels that it has lost a true friend.

Mrs. Sears was a young woman of most excellent character. She was loyal to her God, trusting in him in her hours of trial, ever realizing the duties due and the comfort arising from a faithful following of her Heavenly Father. Earth, indeed, is poorer but heaven is richer in her death. The funeral services were held Friday afternoon at Cary and the large attendance was but evidence of a mourning community. The Rev. T. E. Ream officiated and selected for the Scripture text the beautiful words found in the 12th chapter of Ecclesiastes: "Or the wheel broken at the cistern, and the spirit shall return to God who gave it." The services were very beautiful and the applicants to her beautiful life. Many tokens of love from Mr. Sears' music classes were visible in beautiful floral pieces.

Professor Sears is well known in this vicinity on account of his musical ability, and has the sincere sympathy of his many pupils and his many friends.

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.

A CLOSE CALL.

On last Friday about noon, Barrington escaped from what might have been another large fire, had it not been for the timely aid of our citizens in the checking of the flames. The fire occurred on the second floor of the Plagge brick building, in the part occupied by M. H. Schwemm.

Mrs. Schwemm was preparing dinner at the time, using only one part of the gasoline stove. One of the burners, being out of repair Mrs. Schwemm was cleaning it while the others were lit. The escaping gasoline was ignited from the blaze of the other burner. The entire stove was enveloped in one huge blaze and Mrs. Schwemm, who was about the stove at the time, was quite badly burned about the arms. An alarm was quickly given and it was with considerable labor with the aid of the fire engine and the bucket brigade, that the blaze was got under control.

Not much damage was done to the building beyond the slightly charred wood work surrounding the walls of the rooms, which were quite badly smoked.

SPECIAL ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given to all persons interested, that the President and Board of Trustees of the Village of Barrington, in the County of Cook and State of Illinois, having ordered that Station street be opened and extended from its present terminus on Hough street westerly to Cemetery avenue, in said village, the Ordinance for the same being now on file in the office of the Village Clerk; and said President and Board of Trustees having heretofore applied to the Superior Court of Cook County for the purpose of making just compensation for property taken or damaged by the opening and extension of said street, said proceeding being known as the Village of Barrington vs. Roxanna H. Crabtree, et al., General Number 139,496, have applied to said Court in said cause, by supplemental petition for an assessment of the cost of said improvement, according to benefits; and an assessment having been made and returned to said Court, the final hearing thereon will be made at the August term of said Court, commencing on the 5th day of August, A. D. 1895. All persons desiring may then and there appear and make their defense.

Barrington, Ill., July 11, 1895.

Lester D. Castle,
Frederick H. Frye,
Jacob W. Richards,
Commissioners.

We will be ready for business the middle of next week and will have constantly on hand a large supply of coal and feed. We will furnish hard coal for \$5.50 per ton delivered in the village. Now is the time to buy coal. Give us a call.

H. J. LAGESCHULTE & CO.

Each His Own Weather Prophet.

Every man who owns a bicycle is now his own weather prophet. He holds in his hand the long-sought solution of the problem how to make rain.

If his wheel gets muddy and he lets it stay so, clear weather will be assured. If he attempts to clean off the mud a shower will result within twelve hours. If he cleans and polishes the wheel so that it shines like new, a terrific thunder shower will fall as soon as he tries to go for a ride.

A large number of wheelmen have found this to be a fact and as you can't ride a wheel during wet weather, the fact that so many muddy wheels are seen proves that they are left dirty to avoid causing a rainstorm.—Louisville Post.

The Evil Eye.

Antiquity hath held that certain women of Scythia, being provoked and vexed against some men, had the power to kill them only with their looks. The Tortoises and Estriges hatch their eggs with their looks only, a sign that they have some ejaculatory virtue. And concerning witches, they are said to have offensive and harme-working Eyes.

THE CIGARETTE HABIT.

How He Stopped It When His Friends Gave Him the Cold Shoulder.

"Did I ever tell you how I managed to cure myself of the cigarette habit?" asked a choly the other day. I told him he had never explained the mystery to me, and that I had spent many sleepless nights in consequence. "Now, you are joking," he said, with his neat little lip, "but really, on the extremely deceased, I have stopped it entirely, and it was the easiest thing in the world. I used to smoke from four to five packages a day, and sometimes more. One day I made up my mind that I would quit. I do not mean that I would quit smoking, but I meant that I would stop buying them. I smoked those of my friends. Finally it became a bore to my friends to have me always asking for cigarettes, and they sometimes said they didn't have them. Thus, my charity smokes gradually became quite seldom. Finally there was not a young fellow who knew me who would give me a cigarette. By that time I had about gotten rid of the habit. One day I felt like I would enjoy one, and I bought a package before I thought, lit one, and it actually tasted so badly that I threw it and the package away. Since then I have never smoked. I do not use tobacco in any form. You may give this receipt to your friends if you desire. It cured me, and did the job quickly and effectively."

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

The truthful, startling title of a book about No-to-bee, the only harmless, guaranteed tobacco-habit cure. If you want to quit and can't, use "No-to-bee." Braces up nicotineized nerves, eliminates nicotine poisons, makes weak men gain strength, weight and vigor. Positive cure or money refunded.

Book at drugists or mailed free. Address The Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago, 45 Randolph street; New York, 15 Spruce street.

Bucklen'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's.

A PROCLAMATION

To the People of
Barrington and Vicinity

MARK THESE WORDS:

Having purchased the entire stock of Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots and Shoes, Etc., owned by G. H. Landwer, and desiring to make your acquaintance, we shall for the next 30 days make such low prices you cannot help coming to see us, for we have bought these goods at a bargain and we propose to give you the benefit of the deal.

'Tis money in your pocket to give us a trial.

Yours Respectfully,
F. A. WOLTHAUSEN.
S. L. LANDWER.

WOLTHAUSEN & LANDWER

Watch This Space for Prices.

To the Trade

I will make a trip through the village of Barrington once each day by wagon with a fine line of Bakery Goods, etc. Should you wish anything in this line your orders can now be filled from the wagon at your door. Remember,
We Bake Every Day and Always Have Fresh Bakery Goods.

Our prices are right down. We are now selling
Bread at 4c a loaf, or 7 loaves for . 25c
Cookies and Buns, per dozen, . 8c
Pies at, each, 8c

We have in connection with our Bakery an excellent Ice Cream Parlor, where the public will find the finest Ice Cream made.

H. BUTZOW, The Baker, Barrington, Ill.

Four Big Successes.

Having the needed merit to more than make good all the advertising claimed for them, the following four remedies have reached a phenomenal sale. Dr. King's New Discovery, for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, each bottle guaranteed—Electric Bitters, the great remedy for Liver, Stomach and Kidneys. Brecken's Arnica Salve, the best in the world, and Dr. King's New Life Pills, which are a perfect pill. All these remedies are guaranteed to do just what is claimed for them and the dealer whose name is attached herewith will be glad to tell you more of them. Sold at A. L. Waller's Drug Store.

HAVE YOU ENOUGH COURAGE

To read a Sample Copy of the.....

WAUCONDA LEADER?

If so, send your address to us and we will cheerfully send you SAMPLE COPIES FREE. A good advertising medium....

...THE LEADER... WAUCONDA, ILL.

All the News of Lake County.

No Skin-Worn Goods

In the stock of the persistent advertiser. He sells too quick.

CHICAGO'S THEATERS.

AMUSEMENT ATTRACTIONS FOR COMING WEEK.

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

McVicker's Theater.—"The New South" is a great surprise to those who judged it in advance by its failure to attract much attention in New York. It is a beautiful play beautifully acted, for the most part, and the large audience that saw it for the first time in McVicker's theater was first interested, then absorbed, then made seriously sympathetic, and then—yes, why not?—thrilled.

The story concerns the endeavor of an army officer convicted of murder to prove his innocence. The scene is a Georgia town, the time 1885. An election is in progress and the officer, Capt. Ford, has been detailed to capture "moonshiners," who are expected to visit the polls. Jefferson Gwynne, a young southerner, whose sister Georgia, has become sentimentally interested in Ford, believes that Ford's presence is for the purpose of aiding the negroes to carry the election. He picks a quarrel and attacks Ford, who in self-defense strikes a stunning blow with his scabbard and then runs for Dr. Lincoln, the family physician. During his absence a negro politician, whom Jefferson had horsewhipped, steals in, plunges Ford's sword into the young man's breast, and makes his escape. Ford is convicted of murder, sent to the penitentiary, and then leased, as is the custom in Georgia, to Paul Fitzhugh, a contractor, who is in love with Georgia. The convict escapes the day Fitzhugh's lease expires, and Georgia, doubting Ford's guilt, leases him in order that he may have opportunity to prove his innocence. Of course he succeeds, and Georgia betroths herself to him. This is all told well and dramatically, so that the interest never lapses; and there are three or four exceedingly effective "situations." Miss Phoebe Davis, a refined actress who is by no means so well known as she deserves to be, plays Georgia Gwynne with fine feeling, acute intelligence, and no little genuine power. Joseph Grismer as Capt. Ford, admirably enacts the difficult role. The other members of the company, include Scott Cooper, Sidney Wilmer, Charles Vining, William Mack, Rose O'Neill, Frank Murtha, and Louise Galloway.

Arrangements have been made by Manager McVicker to prolong the engagement of "The New South" one week longer, therefore the play will not close its run till Saturday evening, July 27.

Chicago Opera House.—The universal verdict is that "All Baba" is now presented in a more attractive form than ever before at the Chicago Opera House. It would be hard to organize a company of greater capacity than that which includes Ezra Kendall, John Burke, Arthur Dunn, Ada Deaves, Frankie Raymond, Maud Ulmer, Allene Crater, Nelly Lynch and a score of others connected with the big organization. They furnish an indefinite variety of pleasing entertainment, burlesque, comedy, farce, light opera, ballet—indeed all that could be asked for in a summer show is there. This week a great novelty in bicycling is introduced. It is a combination of electricity and wheeling never before attempted. Six young ladies give an exhibition of fancy riding, each carrying forty incandescent lamps lighted by means of an ingenious connection with the main service wire. The effect is bewildering and beautiful, and a vast amount of interest has been excited among local cyclists. A very pretty exhibition of fancy riding is also given by two baby riders, the Valentine sisters, aged 4 and 5. William Broderick, the eminent singer, Signor Bianciferri, said to be the most skillful male dancer living, and Eunice Vance, a celebrated vaudeville singer, have been engaged by Manager Henderson and will shortly appear.

THE STORMING OF VICKSBURG.—Everyone who has witnessed this grand spectacular acknowledges that it is the grandest display ever seen. The historical points and true representation of the characters, add to the excitement of every patriotic visitor, and he is sure to come again. In the fireworks display "Païne" has this year shown the master in this art, and the enterprise should be encouraged by a continued flow of visitors.

HOPKINS' THEATER.—The dramatic Stock company of this theater will present during the week commencing Sunday, July 21, the world famed drama, "The Silver King." In connection with this representation will be seen the greatest specialty actors on the variety stage.

Some Quotations.

Pope is generally credited with having written: Immodest words admit of no defense, For want of decency is want of sense. Though it would puzzle any one to find the verses in his writings. They were written by the Earl of Roscommon, who died before Pope was born.

Franklin said: "Honesty is the best of policy," but the maxim is of Spanish origin, and may be found in "Don Quixote."

Gave It the Preference.

At a recent large country wedding all the carriages far and near were engaged to convey the guests to the station and the various country houses to the bridal reception. "I am sorry, ma'am," said the village undertaker, to whom one of the perplexed hostesses had applied in despair for a couple of coaches, "but we had to put off two funerals to-day on account of this wedding!"

Want No Single Tax.

A syndicate of Lenox, Mass., men has just bought a tract of land on Washington Mountain, containing about 2,500 acres and taking in the George Goussett farm. The price was \$10,000. The tract is the well-known rabbit hunting grounds between the Washington School House and the Becket line, and they have figures on other farms which will be closed out. The scheme is to make a hunting park.

WRITING TO NEWSPAPERS.

"Aunt Roxana" Has a Few Words of Commiseration on the Authors.

Aunt Roxana Sheldon laid down the monthly periodical which she had been perusing, and looked over her spectacles at her niece, who sat crocheting in the other window. "Vandeely," she said, "where do you suppose the folks that send these questions to the house-keeper's columns in this paper was brought up?"

"I don't know, I'm sure, Aunt Roxy," replied the niece, with a slight blush. "Vandeely," said Miss Sheldon, after another keen glance over her spectacles, "they've ever sent any such questions to one of them papers?"

"Once I did," admitted Vandelia, meekly; "when I was first married, an' mother had died. But the answers didn't do me much good. I couldn't get the things I was told to where we lived."

"I presume to say not," said Miss Sheldon, somewhat modified. "You ought to have writ to me, but you wa'n't well acquainted with your husband's folks then, an' I s'pose you didn't feel to. Cyrus order have told you to send right on to me. Why, there's a woman here wants to know what'll kill ants, an' keep 'em out of her sugar bucket an' so on; an' they've give her a receipt that'd take me a good long spell to study out, what with 'ile' of one thing an' 'sperits' of another; an' I mistrust 'twould be a useless mess when 'twas put together. I've a notion to write to that poor creatur myself, only I don't know who she is, exceptin' that she's signed her name 'Clover X.' I ain't ever met with many names begin with X outside of the dictionary, but it seems she's got one of 'em. An' don't know how to get rid of ants!"

"I had considerable trouble with ants myself," said Vandelia, as Miss Sheldon once more turned her searching gaze upon her. "That was what I wrote about."

"An' you didn't know that a little piece of yaller sulphur stick—or powder, either, for the matter o' that, would send every one of them little plagues out into the sand agin!" ejaculated Miss Sheldon. "An' like as not you didn't know that dough would kill ketch rats that wouldn't pay no attention to cheese nor meat. An' I presume to say you never heard that a teaspoonful of cornstarch in a box o' salt would keep it from cakin' up in lumps. An' more'n likely you—But there!" Miss Sheldon broke off abruptly, "you're a real well-meanin' girl, an' I shall feel to be easier on the folks that ask them questions after this, spein' as my own niece by marriage has been one of 'em. But I don't see what Cyrus was thinkin' of—not but what you're a good girl—but I don't see what he was thinkin' of when he offered himself. But then," concluded Miss Sheldon, "men's minds are made up in sech a queer way that the real important things, like ants an' rats an' so on, don't seem to weigh with 'em hardly a mite when they come to gettin' married; an' Cyrus was jest like all the rest, I presume to say."

A Trade Secret.

A technical paper is authority for the statement that, though the knowledge of the main or essential process in manufacturing "steel tapes" is treated still as a trade secret, the following particulars, which are of a more general mechanical character, pertain to the operation: After the rolled ribbons have been tempered and ground, in quantities from one to two dozen at a time, they are laid upon an iron table fifty feet long which has a standard on each side, the standards being of government length at 62 degrees Fah.; on this table the ribbons are placed in lines parallel to the standards, being made fast at one end, and a strain of twelve pounds under a spring balance applied at the other; they are then printed with a wash or varnish not affected by acid, and finally etched in a diluted nitric acid bath, the graduation as covered by the wax being left in the original surface of the tape.

Where They Left Their Clothes.

A wise little thinker of 4 years, having been taught that the body was but the clothing for this world, made a touchingly pretty remark a short time ago. Walking with her father through the village cemetery, pointing to the graves, she asked wonderingly: "What are these for?" Her father, somewhat puzzled what to say, answered: "They belong to the people who have gone to heaven." "To the angels?" "Yes," "Ah!" commented the little one, "this is where they left their clothes."

Husband and Wife Ask for Lodging.

Accompanied by his young wife Thomas Broderick walked into a Chicago police station recently and asked for lodging. Both were weak and exhausted from lack of food and from a day spent in walking the streets. Broderick is a lawyer, having been admitted to the bar in 1891. Up to a few days ago his home was in Lincoln, Neb. Mrs. Broderick was sent to the woman's annex and her husband was given a bench in the court-room.

Red Phosphorus.

Red phosphorus combines with chloride of potash to make an explosive of great violence. The London Lancet thinks that if this fact of chemistry had been more generally known it might have saved the disagreeable consequences which recently followed when a man who had not studied chemistry put his safety matches into the same pocket with his throat lozenges.

The Ground Was Thick.

Little Willowdean, walking with her mother, stumbled several times over the rough pavement. Her mother said: "What is the matter, daughter?" "Nothing's the matter with me," she indignantly replied, "it's the ground is too thick in places."

How Time Flies.

Ho—My! It's time to go. She—No. It's nearly time to come again.—Boston Courier.

SOME FARM TOPICS.

INTERESTING SUBJECTS FOR TILLERS OF THE SOIL.

Economical Beef Making—Growing Feeds in the North—Sulphur in Poultry Houses—Caustic Potash in Dehorning.

One of the essentials to better and cheaper beef making in the cattle regions is the improvement of the grass ranges. In many parts of the South and Southwest, where droves of our beef cattle are raised, the chief fodder of the animal is a coarse unnutritious grass, supplemented with a little grain, and general herbage of an inferior character. These natural products of the soil produced the poor scrub cattle that have for years been coming from the Southwestern regions.

A complete revolution can be made in that vast cattle country, and there are some signs of such changes being inaugurated. Bermuda grass, alfalfa, lucern and many other grasses are rooting out the old tough herbage and covering the country with a rich, succulent grass. This is one of the great economies of beef raising. This grass, once started, will not only produce larger crops than the present inferior stuff, but it will give richer and heavier beef.

It will make the animals grow to a larger and heavier weight, and in every respect show economy. Why so many cattle owners still cling to the old natural herbage instead of adopting the better policy can only be explained by a shortsightedness stinginess, or a belief that there is no improving scrub cattle, and that the best must be made of them while they last.

The latter error is too common in this country. So many farmers have been taught to believe that the best thing they can do with their native stock is to kill them off and buy new and selected stock. They cannot afford to do this, and consequently they cling to their old animals and starve them along as ever.

The native stock has many fine points and qualities, and if they cannot be supplanted, by others they should be improved by better care and feeding. Good food will do great things for animals. It may require a generation or two, but the signs of improvement will inevitably appear. The tough, muscular system will relax a little, forming a fine basis upon which to put flesh. In fact, in crosses between the scrub stock and superior breeds the former contributes nothing so valuable as a tough muscular system. Our fine-bred cattle usually lack this, and it is a good thing to infuse a little into the new blood of the future generations.

This question of cheaper food production can be applied to farmers in other parts of the country. There is no state where too much grass is raised. When we reach that stage it may be time to call a halt, but as grass is at the foundation of all good farming, we are a long distance from having a surplus. Grass will always be useful in improving the soil and feeding more stock. If this was in abundance the cost of raising stock would be but small for pure grass-raised stock are not by any means poor animals. With plenty of this a small quantity of grain will not be noticeable.—Chicago Journal.

Growing Peanuts in the North.

Most of people think that peanuts cannot be grown in the North, but this is a mistake, as they will mature a crop as far north as Southern Wisconsin, if the soil is suitable and the planting is done early. The early varieties mature in about five months from planting. I prefer for garden purposes the small Spanish sort, as they mature early, are of finer flavor than the large Virginia nuts and may be planted closer. I am not describing how to grow them as a field crop now, though there are large parts of Southern Illinois and of the section in that latitude where they would make a profitable crop. To grow four or five rods of them is not hard and the nuts will be found to be very nice to have through the winter.

The ground should be plowed five inches deep at least, and made very fine. The soil should be of such texture that it does not bake, for the peanut has the peculiar property of blooming above the surface and then the flower spike turns into the ground and the nut grows beneath the surface. If the surface is hard the spike cannot penetrate it and dies in a few hours. Soil that has a considerable proportion of sand is best, and lime is necessary to a good crop. For five rods of ground a bushel of air-slacked lime is about the proper quantity, and if this is sown after plowing it will become thoroughly mixed with the soil by the work of fining it and will be ready for the use of the plant. Wood ashes are good fertilizers and phosphates show good results when used on peanuts.

For a garden plot the rows need not be more than thirty inches apart, and the seeds may be planted eighteen inches apart in rows, one kernel in a place, for the larger sorts, and two if Spanish nuts are planted.

The seeds must be taken from the shells before planting, but the kernels must not be broken. Plant about the same time that corn is planted and about the same depth. Keep the surface stirred and free from weeds, and when the plants begin to bloom see to it that the soil about the plant is loose.

When the plants mature and before frost, pull them up and allow them to dry in the air, and they will be ready to roast and use. The freshly dug nuts are very good eaten raw, but after they are dried they have a flavor that is unpleasant to a good many and should be roasted. With good care half a bushel may be grown to each square rod.—Farm News.

Milk Making.

While the milk is being elaborated by a cow the ends of the cells, which line the inside of the milk ducts and vesicles in her udder, seem to enlarge.

Each one forms a small globule, and when that is perfected it drops off into the serum of the milk. Each bud or globule so formed is a globule of fat; from them is made all the butter from cow's milk. These tiny buds of fat seem to grow on the surface of the cells, partly by the destruction of the cells and partly by the conversion of some of the substance of the cow's blood into fat. They trickle down in and with the milk, and are held in suspension in it, not in solution, as are the other solids in it. They mostly come during the latter part of the milking, probably because they do not move so quickly or easily as the liquid part of the cow's milk. The fore milk is thinner than the strippings, because the globules of fat do not free themselves from the internal linings of the milk ducts so quickly as the liquid of the milk.

The condition of the cow's blood and her nervous system very largely affect the quality of the milk she gives. Bad feeling, foul water or the absence of salt will induce in the cow a condition in which she will not yield good milk; a similar condition with its consequent effects may be caused by neglect, exposure, abuse or excitement. A cow has a peculiarly delicate organization, and must be handled with kindness, and any man who abuses a cow beats out the profit, for she will pay him back by giving less milk and that of a poorer quality. The globules of fat are so numerous that in a thimbleful of milk there will be found millions of them. It is estimated that there are one thousand millions of them in every cubic inch of milk. From these specks of fat the butter is made. To get them out of the milk is the task of the butter maker. They are too small to be strained out with the finest sieve. Fifteen hundred of the largest of them placed side by side like a row of marbles would not measure more than one inch. If milk be left at rest they rise to the top because they are lighter than the liquid in which they float. The heavier parts of the milk are drawn down by the force of gravitation, and as the serum of the milk, composed of water, casein, sugar, albumen, etc., moves downward it displaces the cream globules and forces them toward the top.—Farm and Home.

Sulphur in Poultry Houses.

In a recent issue of Poultry Keeper, Dr. D. H. Dalton of Pennsylvania suggested a point on the use of sulphur fumes for the destruction of lice in the poultry house, and as a disinfectant, which is not generally known or is not acted upon. He recites the fact that when sulphur is burned in a dry atmosphere the vapor combines with the oxygen of the air and forms sulphurous oxide, a substance which will destroy, by contact, bacteria and all animal life that breathes, but has no effect upon microbes or animal life that does not depend for life upon the breathing of air. Thus it is seen that dry sulphur vapor will kill lice and bacteria, but will not destroy the eggs of lice or the microbes of germs of disease; but, he says, supply moisture to the sulphur vapor and sulphurous acid is formed, which is destructive to all forms of animal and vegetable life with which it comes in contact. For the practical application of sulphur fumes the doctor suggests to steam the poultry house, thereby supplying moisture, and then burn the sulphur, and he assures us that all lice, their eggs and all disease germs will be destroyed.

This is a valuable suggestion and poultry raisers should give it a trial. If the remedy is as effective as is claimed it will be a very simple, easy and cheap way of getting rid of poultry house nuisances.

In view of the danger of breathing sulphurous oxide and sulphurous acid, care must be exercised to see that no fowls or little children get into the house and breathe the fumes. If any of our readers use this remedy please report results.—Journal of Agriculture.

Habits of Bees.

It is said that under favorable circumstances a colony of 30,000 bees may store about two pounds of honey a day. Of 30,000 bees in a hive, which is a moderate sized colony, half of them stay at home keeping house, tending the babies, feeding the queen and guarding the stores. In fine, clear weather a worker may gather three or four grains of honey a day. As large colonies contain as many as 50,000 bees, it may be seen that possibly 25,000 individuals are out seeking honey. The amount each one brings in is infinitely small, but there is strength in numbers the little workers pouring into a hive that even the few grains at a time will fill up the cells quite rapidly. But a single bee would make slow work of it, and would if continuously occupied, require some years to gather one pound of honey.—New York Ledger.

Stock Notes.

With proper management medium weight hogs are the most profitable to grow for general market.

When fattening an animal push from the start—gradually at first of course—and save time and feed.

Over-feeding is a waste—for indigestion is the result and food that is undigested unassimilated, is wasted.

If the young stock are not thrifty when they go in to winter, we doubt if they will come out thrifty in the spring.

The capacity for work of the horse depends in no small degree, upon the condition of his shoulders; hence by preventing galls and sores he is able to do the field work faster.

The wise farmer looks into the future. He does not do this because he is unduly anxious, or because his faith in farming is weak, but because it is a precaution which his business demands.

Next to old horses, old sheep are among the most disappointing animals which are kept for profit. And in the life of a sheep, the passing from full maturity to old age is very brief. Unless special care is taken to cull the flocks regularly there will be some animals in them that have passed their prime.

FALL OF RICHMOND.

THE EXCITEMENT IT CAUSED AT THE CAPITAL.

The City Was Ablaze with Enthusiasm and a General Holiday Was Observed—Much Music and Speechmaking for the Overjoyed People.



THE ARMY OF Grant had been encamping Petersburg on March 28 and 29, and about 10 o'clock on the morning of April 3 word was received in Washington from President Lincoln at City Point that that city had been evacuated, and that our army was pushing into it, sweeping around it, and pursuing the flying squadrons of Lee, says a writer in the current number of one of the magazines. At a quarter to eleven in that forenoon came a dispatch to the war department from Gen. Weltzel, dated at Richmond, announcing the fall of the confederate capital. It was not many minutes before the news spread like wildfire through Washington, and the intelligence, at first doubted, was speedily made positive by the circulation of thousands of newspaper "extras" containing the news in bulletins issued from the war department. In a moment of time the city was ablaze with an excitement the like of which was never seen before, and everybody who had a piece of bunting spread it to the breeze; and from one end of Pennsylvania avenue to the other the air seemed to burn with the bright hues of the flag. The sky was shaken by a grand salute of 800 guns, fired by order of the secretary of war—300 for Petersburg and 500 for Richmond. Almost by magic the streets were crowded with hosts of people, talking, laughing, hurrahing, and shouting in the fullness of their joy. Men embraced one another, "treated" one another, made up old quarrels, renewed old friendships, marched through the streets arm in arm, singing and chatting in that happy sort of abandon which characterizes people when under the influence of a great and universal happiness. The atmosphere was full of the intoxication of joy. The departments of the government and many stores and private offices were closed for the day, and hosts of hard-worked clerks had their full share of the general holiday. Bands of music, apparently without any special direction or formal call, paraded the streets, and boomed and blared from every public place, until the air was resonant with the expression of the popular jubilation in all the national airs, not forgetting "Dixie," which, it will be remembered, President Lincoln afterward declared to be among the spoils of war. The American habit of speech-making was never before so conspicuously exemplified. Wherever any man was found who could make a speech, or who thought he could make a speech, there a speech was made; and a great many who had never before made one found themselves thrust upon a crowd of enthusiastic sovereigns who demanded of them something by way of jubilant oratory. One of the best of these offhand addresses extorted by the enthusiastic crowds was that of Secretary Stanton, who was called upon at the war department by an eager multitude clamorous for more details and for a speech. The secretary then read Grant's despatch, announcing the capture of Richmond, and the fact that the city was on fire, upon which the secretary asked the crowd what they would reply to Grant. Some cried, "Let her burn!" others, "Burn it! burn it!" but one voice shouted, "Hold Richmond for the Northern mudsills!" which sally was received with considerable laughter. Mr. Stanton introduced to the crowd Willie Kettles, a bright Vermont boy about fourteen years old, an operator in the telegraph room of the War Office, who had been the fortunate recipient of the important despatch announcing the capture of Richmond. Of course the crowd wanted a speech from the lad, who discreetly held his tongue, and bowed with modesty. The day of jubilee did not end with the day, but rejoicing and cheering were prolonged far into the night. Many illuminated their houses, and bands were still playing, and leading men and public officials were serenaded all over the city. There are always hosts of people who drown their joys effectively in the flowing bowl, and Washington on April 3 was full of those. Thousands besieged the drinking saloons, champagne popped everywhere, and a more liquorish crowd was never seen in Washington than on that night. Many and many a man of years of habitual sobriety seemed to think it a patriotic duty to "get full" on that eventful night, and not only so, but to advertise the fact of fullness as widely as possible. I saw one big, sedate Vermont, chief of an executive bureau, standing on the corner of F and Fourteenth Streets, with owlsh gravity giving away fifty-cent "shin-plasters" (fractional currency) to every colored person who came past him, brokenly saying with each gift, "Babylon has fallen!" On the night of April 4, in pursuance of a recommendation by the secretary of state, the city was illuminated. All the public buildings and a great proportion of private residences and business houses were alight with fireworks and illuminations of every description. The War Department was gorgeously decorated with a mass of flags, the windows were filled with lights, and a huge transparency of patriotic devices crowned the portico. The same was true of the Navy Department, the Winter building (occupied by the government), the White House, and the State and Treas-

ury buildings. Secretary Seward was the author of a much-admired motto over the portico of the State Department, which read: "At home Union is order, and Union is peace. Abroad Union is strength, and strength is peace." Over another entrance of the building was: "Peace and good will to all nations, but no entangling alliances and no foreign intervention." The Treasury had over its chief entrance a huge transparency which was a tolerable imitation of a ten-dollar interest bearing United States note, with a mammoth facsimile of Treasurer Spinner's signature in all its unique ugliness. The Treasury motto was: "U. S. Greenbacks and U. S. Grant. Grant gives the greenbacks a metallic ring."

VENTILATION OF MILLS.

Some Important Factors Necessary to a Successful Effort.

Attention has lately been called to the necessity, in arrangements for the ventilation of mills, of a careful study of the meteorology of the district—the extreme range of temperature and of relative humidity being important factors both in dry and wet seasons. The maximum range on any day is important, also, to be known, and likewise the rate at which humidity in the air may vary in a working day, the fact being that there are scarcely two consecutive half hours in the day when the atmosphere is in the same condition; that is, it may be in a perfect state for spinning and weaving at one time, and four hours later may have only one-third of the necessary amount of moisture required for the purpose of manufacture. Again, the difference in the readings of two thermometers, wet and dry, is due to the rate of evaporation of water from muslin tied around one bulb; if the air is very dry, the evaporation is rapid and the cooling is in proportion, or, if the air is moist, evaporation is retarded, and when the air is saturated, as during a fog, evaporation stops, and, as there is no cooling effect on the wet bulb, both thermometers will read alike. It appears that some "humidifiers" that have done well in England have been failures in India. The mean differences of temperature of the air in India and in England is, roughly, 30 degrees F., so that, comparing the amount of water required to saturate air at 62 and at 92, at the higher temperature it takes just 2.65 times as much water for the purpose in India as in England.

EXPERIMENTS WITH RYMIE.

Amount of Wealth Contained in a Ton of Its Stalks.

French experiments with ramie are now reported as showing that a ton of its stalks and leaves, when properly treated, will yield about twenty-five pounds of the chemically degummed fibre fit for spinning—about the same, in fact, as the result of experiments in this country. This quantity of Rymie means the product of a ton after the fibre has only been cleaned upon the machine, but has likewise passed through the subsequent processes to fit it for spinning. It also appears that mere stripped bark costs for treatment about \$65 more than China grass, ton for ton, of the degummed fibre, without considering differences of quality in the same grade of ribbons. It is well known that a stalk of ramie either grows rapidly and rankly when there is an excess of moisture, or it is stunted and of slow growth when an opposite condition prevails. But where one of these conditions follows the other in the same instance, the fibre is adversely affected, for in the after processes to fit it for spinning, treatment necessary to reduce the hard or stunted growth to the condition of spinnable fibre may wholly disintegrate the structure of the fibre in the softer or free-grown portion of the stalk, and great wastage and loss ensue.

FLOATING FACTS.

The Buddhist nuns in Burmah have their heads completely shaved.

Bicycles may not be ridden in Danish cities faster than the cabs are driven.

A Spanish paper in the Pyrenees regularly suspends publication in hot weather.

The population of the German empire is increasing at the rate of five millions a year.

Some of the largest ocean steamers can be converted into armed cruisers in thirty hours.

It is said that robbers are convicted by a vote of the community in some parts of Japan.

At the Bombay Zoological Garden the skin of a serpent sixty-four feet in length is on exhibition.

Some of the little bronzed images of Chinese dieties are supposed to have an antiquity of two thousand years before Christ.

A century ago there was not a mile of telegraph or telephone wire in existence, not a foot of railway, not a steamship.

Pearls worth fifty thousand dollars were in three years' time during the last century taken from mussels in the River Tay.

A Parisian book collector has a library of seven hundred volumes, none of them being larger than one inch wide by two inches high.

Nearly every workman in Italy wears a beard on account of the cost of shaving. Now it is proposed to aid the barbers by putting a tax on beards.

The latest things manufactured from wood pulp are guns, and large ones at that. The chief points about the pulp guns are their lightness and elasticity.

It has been calculated that on a steamer like the Campania or Etruria more than three thousand articles of glass and china are broken on every voyage.

Animals are often able to bear very protracted fasting. In the Italian earthquakes of 1785 a dog was buried, it was said, for twenty-three days, and yet recovered.

The Chinese believe that the water obtained from melting halitones is poisonous, and that rain water that falls on certain feast days will cureague and malarial fever.

SOME NEW KNIGHTS.

FAMOUS MEN IN LITERATURE AND DRAMA JUST SWORDED.

Srs Henry Irving, Walter Besant and Lewis Morris and Others of Lesser Note—Lord Rosebery Acted as Advisor to the Queen.

(Special Correspondence.)

EVERYBODY remarks at once that the recent list of what are called in England birthday honors contains an unusual proportion of names connected with literature and art. People say, "This is Lord Rosebery's doing," and they are right. It is the Prime Minister who ultimately advises the Queen, and his interest in literature and art is well known. He is a great reader, a student, a writer, and ever since he entered public life has cultivated social relations with men of letters and art. It was noticed when he gave his dinner to the Shah of Persia that Mr. Browning was one of his guests, and last year at the dinner in honor of the Queen's birthday Captain Mahan and other distinguished writers were present, an innovation without precedent. This year Sir John Millais, the eminent artist, and Sir William Broadbent, the eminent physician, were among the Prime Minister's guests. These are, if you choose, trivial incidents. In London they are not thought trivial. It requires perhaps more courage to take a new social departure than



SIR WALTER BESANT.

any other. Lord Rosebery has taken so many that no one was surprised when it became known that he had induced the Queen to offer knighthoods to Mr. Walter Besant, Mr. William M. Conway, Mr. Lewis Morris, Dr. William Howard Russell, and Mr. Henry Irving. The word "induced" is, I think, the right one to use. The Queen is a woman of much liberality of mind, her position considered, but her liberality has seldom led her toward literature, a word which itself is hardly broad enough to include the "Journal of Our Life in the Highlands."

But Lord Rosebery, as you see from the above list, has gone a step farther. He has sought to honor not only literature but journalism. It is not necessary nor expedient to draw a broad line between those two departments of intellectual effort. There are points at which they meet, and if they are not always identical they are of kin to each other. Dr. W. H. Russell is a journalist who has many of the graces of literature, but he is, and always has been, pre-eminently a journalist. We in America know him as such, and as such have done him some injustice, or, to say the least, misunderstood him. It was his misfortune to be present at the Battle of Bull Run, and to describe it. We did not like his description, and we dubbed him Bull Run Russell, and set him down as an enemy of America. But only the other day I met a very distinguished and patriotic American, who told me that he was at this battle, saw as much of it as one man could see, read Dr. Russell's account of it, and thought it a perfectly fair and accurate narrative. Any one who will read it to-day, now that the fervent heats of those early days of the civil war have cooled, will see that it is inspired by no spirit of animosity to the North. But what Dr. Russell had to describe was a defeat, a rout, a panic, such as often besets raw troops. No nation likes to have the lime light turned on at such a moment as that. We beheld Dr. Russell, or, at least, banished him and drove him home, Mr. Stanton making himself not very long after the instrument of popular vengeance. But then and now the man whom we detested for telling too much truth at a too critical time was a friend to this country.

However, his great fame had been



SIR HENRY IRVING.

won before that, in the Crimea. The Times, tearing aside that veil of anonymity through which the outside world is so seldom allowed to peer, well says that Dr. Russell's services to literature, long and eminent as they have been, give no measure of his claims to public recognition and reward. It says of his services as special correspondent of that journal in the Crimean war:

"The faults and defects in our organization, which he was mainly instrumental in bringing before the public notice, would have passed unknown and unremedied but for the light which he threw upon them. It was an invidious duty, entailing on its author no common obloquy and abuse, but cer-

tainly entitling him to no common gratitude from the country which he so well served."

Mr. Walter Besant's claims are not exclusively literary. He is a novelist with a considerable public, a voluminous and successful writer, but certainly not the most conspicuous of living English novelists. "The Monks of Thelema" may be, as his admirers say, his masterpiece, but is it a masterpiece? When we come to "All Sorts and Conditions of Men" we approach the social side of Mr. Besant's literary work. Like Dickens, the seamy side of life has interested him; the problems of poverty and of that inequality in the distribution of wealth which has existed since the earliest times. This is the book which is supposed to have laid the foundations of the People's Palace in Whitechapel, in the East End of London.

When the palace was opened with much state and ceremony by the Queen, and when, toward the close of the exercises, Mr. Besant was summoned to the royal platform and presence, we all thought that he was to be knighted then and there. But the heavy sword of Sir Patrick Grant, hurriedly borrowed for the occasion by her Majesty, fell instead upon the shoulder of some worthy Philistine whose name the world, if not his parish, has unhappily forgotten. The People's Palace, however, is one of the great charitable foundations in which Lord Rosebery has shown his interest to the extent of some \$20,000, and it may well be that he did not forget Mr. Besant's contribution. An idea sometimes returns better interest than money, and sometimes brings money also.

I do not know whether Mr. W. M. Conway is a name of renown in America. He has in England a very considerable fame as a mountaineer and as a writer upon mountaineering; some also as an art critic, though Mr. Ruskin seems long since to have monopolized nearly all the celebrity to be won in that field. His book on "Climbing, in the Himalayas" was widely read among a people who, like the English, have an insatiable appetite for stories of adventure. He has a book now in the press on Alpine climbing, in which he will have the difficult task of surpassing, if he can, Mr. Whymper. He is Mr. Besant's successor in the council of the Society of Authors—a position which does not so much imply supremacy in literature as good business abilities and energy. And he is a liberal politician trying to win his spurs in public life by capturing a conservative constituency. This last qualification for a knighthood avails much.

Mr. Lewis Morris is on the list. That is not a name, I imagine, which signifies much in America. The author of "The Epic of Hades" has a certain reputation in England, little elsewhere. "From first to last," says the Saturday Review, "he has been popular, because from the first he has been constant to his own mediocrity, a mediocrity more complete, complacent, and convincing than that of any other contemporary versifier." I always thought that Mr. Lewis Morris owed his popularity in great measure to an obituary notice of Mr. Bright, who incidentally praised one of his early poems in a speech. A careless word two from Mr. Bright in those days went for much. Because he was a great



SIR LEWIS MORRIS.

orator and a great popular tribune some of his admirers assumed that he must be a good judge of poetry. He was hardly that. Whether Mr. Lewis Morris has popularized poetry or not, he has vulgarized it.

The name which attracts most attention among the knights is Mr. Henry Irving. At last an actor has been knighted. It has long been a question whether the act would ever be accomplished during the present reign. The Queen is a stickler for precedent, and there was no precedent. She has very rigid notions upon all matters relating to her Court. She has received Mr. Irving privately at Windsor, when he and his company have acted before her, but he has never been publicly presented. Now he must be. In the mind of Her Majesty it is a great step; so also in the mind of the English public, which sets such store by these privileges and distinctions as the minds of other people may find it difficult to comprehend. To knight the leading actor of the English stage is to elevate the whole profession in the social scale.

It is no secret that an effort to this end has long been made, and that Mr. Irving values his new title most of all because it takes off a kind of social stigma which exclusion from Court is supposed to leave upon all the men and women of the profession. Yet for years past actors, and to some extent actresses, have found their way into some of the best society in England. The Prince of Wales goes to supper with Mr. Irving, and Mr. Irving and Mr. Toole dine with the Prince of Wales at Marlborough House. Mr. Irving has been one of the guests at Mentmore, when Lord Rosebery had a Saturday to Monday party there for the Prince of Wales. Scores of other instances could be cited. Many of the best houses in London have long been open to the best actors. Mr. Wyndham was to meet only the other night at the Duchess of Devonshire's reception in Devonshire House, and Mr. George Alexander was at the Marchioness of Londonderry's. It is useless to multiply names. The fact is known. And yet the doors of Buckingham Palace and St. James' remained closed. They will now fly open to Mr. Irving.

G. W. SMALLEY.

A London clergyman will have a doctor occupy his pulpit Sunday to urge the claims of the hospitals on public sympathy and support.

COLONIAL HEROES.

REMEMBERED WITH A TUSCAN COLUMN.

One Hundred and Fifty Years Have Elapsed Since the Capture of Louisburg from the French—Gov. Shirley's Bold Scheme.



HE event commemorated by the unveiling of the monument at Louisburg, Cape Breton, June 17, the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the surrender of that famous fortress by the French to the English, was a great event of colonial history. One hundred and fifty years ago Gov. William Shirley, of Massachusetts, was busily engaged in fitting out the famous expedition under Gen. William Pepperrell which was destined to capture that stronghold—"the Gibraltar of America"—Louisburg, on the east shore of Cape Breton. Thirty years later came the war of independence and the glories of Louisburg were eclipsed and almost forgotten. By the treaty of Utrecht in 1713 Cape Breton was ceded to France and Nova Scotia to Great Britain. France immediately began fortifying the cape in the most formidable manner. She built a walled town in the southeastern part, with gates and moat and drawbridge, as in feudal times. The ramparts were of massive stone, and from 30 to 36 feet high. At the entrance to the harbor was a little

but that it must be taken by surprise. He called the general court, and as a preliminary required the astounded members to take an oath of secrecy before he would lay before them his communication. They yielded to the request, and then the Governor revealed to them his plan of taking Louisburg. The secret was too great for one of the pious members to bear alone. In his fervent devotion he was heard to burst forth with a fervent prayer that the blessing of Heaven might attend the enterprise. Thus the secret leaked out. The Legislature was at first stoutly opposed to the Governor's plan, but it was finally carried by a majority of one. Circulars were at once sent to the different colonies, and it was soon found that more volunteers would offer themselves than were needed. The chief difficulty was to find a man competent to command so large an army and conduct the siege of so formidable a place as Louisburg. The choice finally fell on Col. William Pepperrell, a wealthy merchant, and withal very popular with all classes. The sarcastic Dr. Douglass, then living at Boston, said that "the expedition had a lawyer for a contriver, a merchant for a general, and farmers, fishermen and mechanics for soldiers."

When the expedition reached Cape Breton in April the ground was covered with ice. Pepperrell disembarked his troops on the evening of the 23rd. The surprise of the French was unbounded. It took some time under the greatest difficulties to land the troops and the heavy guns. But Pepperrell was a man who never saw impossibilities and did not understand the word discouragement. Besides, he had under him men who had been accustomed to the severest trials of frontier life until they had become men of sinews of iron. The siege lasted forty-seven days. On June 1 negotiations for peace were begun, sixteen days later Pepperrell entered



LUCY STONE BLACKWELL.

Lucy Stone Blackwell, the great American reformer, was born Aug. 13, 1813, at West Brookfield, Mass., graduated in 1847 at Oberlin college, and at once entered upon her career as a lecturer and reformer, her speciality being woman's rights. In 1848 she was employed by the Anti-Slavery society of Massachusetts to deliver lectures in various points of the eastern states and Canada. She was married to H. B. Blackwell of Cincinnati, Ohio,

in 1855, but maintained her prominence as a public speaker and as an advocate in behalf of the individual liberty of her own sex. She was conspicuous in procuring the organization of the Woman's Suffrage Association of the United States, and has assisted in the editorial management of the Woman's Journal and other publications interested in woman's advancement and occasionally writes for the monthly magazines.

island scarcely a quarter of a mile across, on which the French erected a battery of thirty 25-pounders, which they called Island Battery. The lighthouse stood in the northeast part and near it were the magazines. The town of Louisburg was regularly laid out in squares, with broad streets. Around the west entrance, where there was a drawbridge, the French erected a bat-



THE LOUISBURG MONUMENT.

tery of thirteen 24-pounders, which completely protected the city gate. At the bottom of the harbor stood the grand royal battery, frowning with its twenty-eight 42-pounders and two 18-pounders. France had been twenty-five years, at a cost of \$6,000,000, in building this almost invulnerable position. It was still unfinished when war broke out in 1744 between France and England. The French at Louisburg attacked Nova Scotia at once. Canso, wholly unprepared for such a movement, surrendered at once without making any resistance. Gov. Shirley of Massachusetts immediately sent reinforcements to Annapolis in time to save it from sharing the same fate. Soon after the formal declaration of war by England was received in the provinces and it produced the greatest excitement. The French on one hand and the Indians on the other caused a great deal of alarm, and called forth most vigorous efforts for self-protection. Louisburg was so strongly fortified that Gov. Shirley, though his heart was set upon capturing it, moved very cautiously. He decided that no regular siege would avail,

the town while the ships of his expedition sailed out of the harbor. "Never was a place more mauled with cannon and shells," wrote Pepperrell to Shirley. "Neither have I read in history of any troops behaving with greater courage. We gave them about 9,000 cannon balls and 600 bombs."

When the news that Louisburg was taken reached Boston at night an uproar of bells and cannon proclaimed it to the sleeping city. Before the sun rose the streets were lined with shouting crowds. New York and Philadelphia hailed the news with illuminations, ringing of bells, and firing of cannon. When the intelligence reached London the lords of regency ordered the guns in the tower to be fired. At night London and adjacent towns were ablaze with bonfires. Never did any great victory on the continent fill England with more tumultuous joy than this conquest of Louisburg by the provincial troops.

The monument unveiled is a Tuscan column, about thirty feet high, surmounted by a cannon ball and standing on a pedestal in the old King's bastion, on which are inscriptions which suitably commemorate an event so famous in colonial annals. The die, column, and ball are all polished.

Ruffians on Wheels.
States that have whipping-posts or use flogging as part of their penal system are fortunately equipped for the treatment of bicyclists who run over people and then scurry off on their wheels without apology or confession of identity. Such persons, when caught, might be materially benefited as to their manners by a few timely lashes well laid on. It is the sort of punishment which suits their contemptible offense. The newspapers tell of creatures who run over little children, leaving them where they fall, and whiz away without a word. As a means of evading responsibility for carelessness the bicycle beats flog, horseflesh, or any contrivance hitherto invented, though cases are recorded, and not infrequently, where the bicyclist is the victim and is knocked down by careless boars in wagons, who straightway whip up their nags and disappear.—Ex.

NEW YORK'S BIG MASON.

John Stewart Recently Elected Grand Master of the State.

The newly-elected Grand Master of Free Masons of the State of New York, John Stewart, is a representative Mason. Few men in that order have risen to that high office, and the number is still smaller of those who have been the complete embodiment of its principles. Grand Master Stewart was made a Mason in Albion Lodge in 1874, and at once entered into the spirit and work of the lodge, filling various stations, and became its master in 1888, holding that office six years. He is an accomplished ritualist, and has served as Assistant Grand Lecturer for three years; also, as District Deputy Grand Master, as trustee and treasurer of the Hall and Asylum Board, where his sound business judgment proved of great value to the craft; as a member of the advisory board to examine and select plans for the Home for Indigent Masons, at Utica, and in other capacities, where he has displayed the highest efficiency and



JOHN STEWART. Fidelity. One year ago he was elected Deputy Grand Master.

WILLARD VS. PARKHURST.

Miss Willard Has Locked Horns with the New York Preacher.

Dr. Parkhurst is a bold man and not at all afraid to express his opinion on any subject, however it may antagonize the views of others. No clamor of politicians has terrors for him, says Harper's Weekly. No assurance of the hopelessness of any effort or plan has weight enough to dissuade him from it. When the tempest bursts upon him he merely wraps himself all the tighter in the cloak of determination. He does not often need sympathy, but he has lately brought down upon himself a critic of such gentle and sagacious methods that he may find himself in an unaccustomed condition of embarrassment. Writing recently about woman-kind, the doctor recorded his conviction that "whatever certain adventurous women may think about it," nature has constructed woman on such a plan that "any feminine attempt to mutiny against wifehood, motherhood, and domestic limitations is a hopeless and rather imbecile attempt to escape the inevitable." This deliverance came to the knowledge of Miss Frances Willard and she has written him an open letter about it. The doctor must blush when he reads Miss Willard's reproaches. If she had abused him it would have been nothing. But she so sorrows over him as a good man gone wrong and so laments that such a champion should have been the victim of such a misapprehension of the progressive woman and her aims in life that any less resolute doctor than Dr. Parkhurst must have shut himself up in the cellar of his church and taken to bread and water and repentance. All that the progressive woman wants, Miss Willard says, is to wear clothes as comfortable as men's clothes and to have an open path before her to such development, such opportunities, and such rights and protection "as can only come to those who have a voice in making the laws by which they are governed." It appears, then, that bloomers (if she likes them) and the suffrage are all the progressive woman asks for. Bloomers she can step into nowadays whenever it suits her convenience, so that the real issue between Miss Willard and Dr. Parkhurst is whether women shall vote. If Dr. Parkhurst believes in woman suffrage he can easily appease Miss Willard, but if he doesn't he must leave her unconsolated, sore trial as that must be to him or to any good man.

MRS. OLNEY CORDIALLY LIKED.

Second Lady of the Land Is Popular in Capital Society.

Mrs. Olney is so cordially liked by society generally that on every side are heard expressions of pleasure and interest in her. That she will adorn her new position is a foregone conclusion, for she brings to it not only a gracious-



MRS. OLNEY.

ness of manner that would insure success on any lines, but she has besides enjoyed valuable experience in the past two years, which will be of an immense advantage. Mr. and Mrs. Olney are gifted in the most admirable and delightful accomplishment, dinner-giving. None of the official householders have entertained more frequently and handsomely than they have by dinner as well as in other ways. The one exercise and sport to which the new secretary of state is most devoted is tennis. All last summer he spent his evenings on the court adjoining his home.

NO PIE FOR HER.

The Spectacled Old Lady Had a Dinner That Surprised the Knowing Gamblers.

The old lady entered a restaurant which, rightly or wrongly, is known as the resort of the gay and careless, says the New York World. She was typically contrived in appearance, her spectacles resting on the bridge of her nose, her hat being old-fashioned and her gait and general attitude those of one fresh from the little farmhouse. Without, however, any sign of halting confidence that was to be expected of a stranger to city ways, she sat down at the most conspicuous table in the room. A surly-looking short-card player, who, although it was six o'clock in the afternoon, was just getting his breakfast, stared at her with curiosity. Two dejected turf gamblers, prevented from attending the races on that day by bad luck on the day before, who were solacing themselves with strong waters and who hadn't spoken to each other for half an hour, observed her with slight smiles.

"Well, now," said one, "that's a funny old girl to see in here. I remember seeing her kind in country towns when I was in the show business. I'll gamble on what she'll order. She'll have gooseberry pie and milk, and she'll eat the pie with her knife. They don't have no forks where she comes from."

But the other would not bet. He said merely and not unkindly: "She doesn't seem to fit this place."

They could not hear what she ordered, but they could see that there was nothing flippant in the attitude of the waiter who went to her. She ate with deliberation and then departed. One of the two unsuccessful patrons of the turf called the waiter and asked: "What did that old lady order?"

"Why, less see," answered the waiter, "I think she had pigeon and pint of fizz. She's very fond of both."

The gamblers looked surprised. "Who is she?" asked one. "Why, don't you know her?" queried the waiter. "That's Middle. Canloni, the head dancer in this new burlesque at the Goodhouse theater."

PROSPECTS.

Were Good, Notwithstanding His Gloomy Appearance.

He was a disconsolate-looking man, and he had been hanging about the wharf of the Cleveland line so long, says the Detroit Free Press, that a policeman finally accosted him with:

"You don't want to attempt any monkey business around here, sir?" "What do you mean?" asked the man. "Don't take no header into the river."

"Who's going to take a header? I guess there's no law to prevent a man looking at the water!"

"That's all right," muttered the officer, "but if you contemplate suicide you'll—"

"What do I want to suicide for?" demanded the stranger.

"I dunno. You seem to be hard up and full of trouble."

"I do, eh? That shows all you know about it! Here's how hard up I am—a roll figuring up \$350! Here's how full of trouble I am—a letter from a widow worth \$150,000, saying she'll marry me on the 15th of next month! I'm feeling so blamed good that I can hardly keep from yelling, and yet you talk about suicide! You'd better go off and chew a rag!"

The officer drew his club and looked at him in a longing way, but finally decided to spare him till another time.

Tobacco Chewing Dog.

Supt. McAlvey has a little English mastiff pup, eight months old and weighing 135 pounds that has developed an abnormal appetite for tobacco. He acquired his taste for it by watching Amos chew no doubt, and he is never happier than when he is given a "chaw." He chews and spits like any other man and has never yet been sick. His tobacco habit is a very expensive one and he will be given a treatment of No-to-bac in the hope of curing him.—Crawfordsville Argus News.

Donation for Triplets.

Her majesty, the queen of England, recently bestowed a donation of £3 on a Mrs. Scott of Campbell street, South Shields, who recently gave birth to triplets.

In the last five years the population of France has decreased.

Is Your Blood Pure

If not, it is important that you make it pure at once with the great blood purifier,

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Because with impure blood you are in constant danger of serious illness.

Hood's Pills cure habitual constipation. Price 25c. per box.

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

HIGHEST AWARD WORLD'S FAIR.

IMPERIAL GRANUM

THE BEST PREPARED

FOOD

SOLD EVERYWHERE. JOHN CARLE & SONS, New York.

Work for the STARK Nurseries GOOD

Write quick. New departure plans. STARK BROS' Nurseries, Orchards Co., Louisiana, Mo. & Rockport, Ill.

Best Cough Syrup. Thomas Good. The

in the. Sold by druggists.

CONSUMPTION

AT GALESBURG.

Preparations for the Great Summer Meeting on an Elaborate Scale.

(Galesburg, Ill., Correspondence.) All is work and business at the Galesburg Race Track these fine summer days. Recently C. W. Williams, the owner of the track, was heard to remark to Chas. Terbush while they were watching the shoeing of a promising brother to Falke, that everything at the track was about a month ahead of time. By the first of June this year some good speed had been developed and several of the horses in trial heats had gone several notches below their marks. But the season has opened now and the trainers are off for the races. The work preparatory to the great summer meeting here is being pushed with all vigor. A special advertising car, containing about ten men, will start out in about ten days to bill the state. This car will carry 15,000 different kinds of advertising matter and it is expected that they will make a thorough job of it. This will be the largest crowd which ever assembled in this part of the state, which will gather in Galesburg about August 26th, and they will see the best trotting and pacing meeting ever held in the country. Over 1,000 horses have entered for the meeting, which is a remarkable showing. Then the prize money foots up to a grand total than that of any other race meeting in the country, while no other meeting can show so good a list of entries. This is proof of the fact that the horsemen know a good thing when they see it, and so they are all coming to Galesburg, the pretty college city of the west, for the great summer meeting to be held August 26th to September 7th inclusive. And then the owners of the fast ones want to capture more records and at Galesburg, over the only dead level track in the world, is the place to do this. Last year there was a scarcity of seats, but Mr. Williams promises that this shall not occur this year. Just previous to the Bicycle Meeting recently held there, additions were made to the grand-stand so that there are now about 5,000 seats in the stand. The judges stand will also be improved. Another story will be added to it for the press, which will be greatly appreciated by the boys. The management assures the people that as large a crowd as will come will be taken care of. The C. B. & Q. switch extends into the grounds so that those going and coming on their special trains, land right at the gate. The fine electric street car system runs right to the main gate and the track is only a short ride from the main part of the city. Besides these two lines, there will be hacks and band wagons innumerable to convey the crowd to and from the city. A large hotel stands just across the street from the main gate, while several boarding houses are close at hand. There is in addition to the four commodious hotels in the city, many private houses which will be thrown open to receive the guests. Underneath the grand-stand other improvements will soon be begun. After putting down a fine floor, Mr. Williams will proceed to establish one of the best lunch counters in this part of the state. It will be equipped with all the latest ideas for serving the people so that a good lunch can be secured in a short time.

But what will there be to see at this meeting? For the two weeks, a program of 28 races has been filed. These range from the green two-year-olds down to the flyers of the 2:12 trot and 2:10 pace. In each of these races the exceptionally large purse of 2,000.00 is up and there will be some lively scrambling to get it. Then there will be a large number of special attractions. Monroe Salisbury is booked here and will start many of his fine ones in the races. As the season opens, Mr. Williams is keeping his eyes wide open for the two minute goers and you want to watch them go when they strike the nice springy Galesburg track. A strong effort is being made to secure all the fast money winners of the season. The Fall Meeting opens September 9th, the Monday after the great meeting closes, and this will be the time for the smaller fry. The races will continue eight weeks, so that horsemen can come here and win plenty of money without a shipment. There are 138 races, and it only costs \$15.00 to start for \$300.00 purses. They begin with the two year old trots and paces and get down to the 2:38 class in both movements. The money in these will be divided, 50, 25, 15 and 10 per cent of purses, while the entrance is only 5 per cent of purse, with an additional 5 per cent from all money winners. For two year olds, the heats will be best two in three; all others best three in five. The entries for the fall meeting close August 26th, and records made after noon of that day will be no bar. Not long since, Ferron, Tomlin and Nancy Conkling had a nice little brush which was won by speedy Domino, with Ferron right at Domino's girth for the full mile. Domino has since gone a half in 1:07 and leads the Terbush string. Merrango, of the same crowd, went a mile in 2:04, at the last work out; Bell Pilot a mile in 2:24; and a fine yearling by Muscovite clipped off a quarter in 52 1/2. Only four of the Alerton family in the Williams string are now at work, and the fine black stallion "Ferron" is one of the worthiest. George Belmont by Belmont, 641, dam by Harold in the Mercer string shows good speed and will get a record this season of 2:30 or better and this is his first season of training. There are a number of colts in the same string that show good promise. Frank Stickey will probably begin work at the track next week with Abel Muscovite 2 1/2 and Harry L. a green trotter. Abel Muscovite is a two year old, and went a trial in 2:24 last year. Joe Pifer, who went miles last year in 2:15, is again at work and takes quarters in 32 seconds. In Ed Trask's string Dole is the pace-maker and can go a mile most any time in 2:12. Florisand is another good one. Geo. Mosher has a three year old thorough-bred running Billy by Hanover, which went three quarters in 1:17 1/2 with a weight of 127 1/2 up. One of the new comers at the track is West of Kewanee, who has Minnie A. and J. rains. Lyman will soon be here from the same town with three head. There are a large number of trainers who have engaged barn swallows and who are expected to arrive within a few days.

George Redfield, the owner of the famous pacing dog Sport, recently returned from the Devere meeting where Sport made a great hit. It is said that he captured the crowd in great style.

Nevada is so sparsely settled that there are nearly two and one-half square miles to each inhabitant.

A school teacher in Worth County, Ga., keeps his pupils in order by threateningly displaying a pistol.

OUR WOMEN OF TITLE.

FOREIGN HOMES OF AMERICAN FAIR ONES.

The Haughty London Colony—Countess of Craven—The Jerome Girls at Home—Carlton House Terrace—Alas the Poor de Castellanes.

(Special Correspondence.)

RS. GEORGE N. Curzon's London address for the season is 5 Carleton House terrace. This beautiful young matron, who, as Miss Leiter, of Chicago, and Washington, was the toast of two continents, has chosen a splendid establishment in the most fashionable part of London. It is one of a row of magnificent houses facing the Horse Guards' Parade, divided by the Duke of York's column at the bottom of Waterloo place.

Mrs. John Mackay makes her home at 6, and the Duchess of Marlborough, now Lady William Beresford, has a magnificently appointed establishment at 3 on the same terrace. Buckingham and St. James' palaces and Marlborough House are not a stone's throw away, and all of the leading clubs are within easy reach. It is an ideal residence spot, for Carleton House Terrace is a part of London always associated with magnificence and luxury. For many years Mrs. Mackay lived in Paris, where her royal entertainments are well remembered by those fortunate to have partaken of her

suelo Ysnaga, of New York, when she married the Viscount Mandeville. Her son is now Duke of Manchester. Rimbolton Castle, in Ireland, is the favorite estate, but the Dowager Duchess and her son and daughter spend part of each year in London, Paris and Berlin. The Manchesters are reckoned the poorest Dukes in England, but they have an enviable position socially, as the beautiful Duchess is one of the favored friends of the Princess of Wales. Since the divorce of the Vanderbilts, the old story of Willie K.'s boyhood devotion to the Duchess of Manchester, for whom he named his only daughter, has been revived, and it is admitted by some of the close friends of both that their marriage would not come as a surprise.

"The three pretty Jerome girls," as they were called, have lived so much in England that they have almost forgotten that they were born in New York. The loveliest of the three, Jennie, married in 1874 the late Lord Randolph Churchill, brother of the eighth Duke of Marlborough.

Her Ladyship's very comfortable London house is 2 Connaught place, and many grand entertainments have been given there, not merely to the social set, but to further the political aims and interests of her late husband. She is a very great favorite with the Queen.

In Paris the Princess de Sagan is the leader of the smart set, so it goes without saying that when Mrs. Charles A. Livermore married Raymond, Baron de Seilliere, a brother of the Princess, she entered a circle in the French capital which is opened to very few foreigners. Both bride and groom were plentifully endowed with wealth, and they have a magnificent establishment at 23 Rue de Constantine. It is this set that the Countess of Castellane, otherwise Anna Gould, wishes to enter. The real aristocrats of France, however, it is said, are not disposed to receive her,



boundless hospitality. When she first went to London she rented a house in Buckingham Gate. All that exquisite taste and unlimited money could attain of luxury and beauty have been bestowed upon her palatial home, which is considered the most beautiful house in London. Her two sons divide their time between London, New York and San Francisco. There is no limit to the entertaining, and Princess Colonna, Mrs. Mackay's only daughter, often comes with her little ones, Andrea, Bianca and the baby Colonna, to make the stately house gay with children's voices and laughter.

The largest castle in England belongs to the little Countess of Craven, who was Cornelia Bradley-Martin, and who has just passed her eighteenth birthday, though she has been a lady of high degree for more than a year. Just think of such a dimpled bit of girlhood assuming the householdly care of a place like Combe Abbey, where there are fifty guest bedrooms, with canopied top couches, and polished oak rafters dark with age, not to speak of halls, drawing, morning, dining and living rooms.

The Countess of Essex, who was Miss Adele Grant, a daughter of the late Beach Grant, of New York, owns a grand country seat. She had no fortune but her beautiful face when she became the second wife of the rich Earl. Her favorite residence is Cassiobury, in Hertfordshire, with its beautiful deer parks and twenty miles and more of walks and drives. The Earls of Essex are descended from Sir William Capell, Lord Mayor of London, in 1503.

The "American Duchess," as the Dowager Duchess of Marlborough was commonly known in England and America, can no longer lay claim to the title which she loved so well and bore so proudly. Upon her marriage with Sir William Beresford, the Queen insisted upon her forfeiting the higher title, and she was presented at court as Lady William Beresford. She is established in England at Deepdene, in Surrey, which she has leased from Lord Francis Hope, who married the American purloine actress, May Yohe. Hlenheim Palace, upon which, as the Duchess of Marlborough, she spent more than \$1,000,000, has gone to her stepson, the present Duke of Marlborough.

The Duchess of Manchester was Countess of Craven—The Jerome Girls at Home—Carlton House Terrace—Alas the Poor de Castellanes.

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HISTORIC EVERGREENS CUT.

Planted Over Sixty Years Ago in Wisconsin by a Pioneer Resident.

The far-famed "evergreen avenue" in front of the Catholic church at Little Chute, which for nearly sixty years has been a landmark known and admired throughout the Fox river valley, is no more, says the Milwaukee Journal. The local church authorities for some reason decided upon its removal, and the beautiful evergreen trees have been cut down and sold for firewood. This avenue of splendid evergreen trees was planted by the hands of Father Van der Brook, the pioneer missionary of the Fox river region. It was in 1831 Father Van der Brook, then a young but learned and pious priest of the Roman Catholic church, left his home in the east and came west to the then territorial wilds of Wisconsin to become a missionary among the Indians. He came to what is now Little Chute, then the principal village of the Menominee tribe of Indians, on July 4, 1831. For the first few years his only parishioners were the Menominee Indians and the few chance voyagers and hardy trappers and hunters who passed that way on the old-time trail from Fort Howard to Fort Dearborn (Chicago). In 1835, on the site where in 1873 Father Marquette established the first mission on Fox river, Father Van der Brook built a bark wigwam, from which he preached the gospel to the local savages heavers even as had the early Jesuits two centuries before him. In 1838 he built a little log church on the site of the earlier wigwam, and it still stands a short distance from the more pretentious but less picturesque brick structure which now occupies the site of that earlier house of worship. From the door of this little chapel which stood on the crest of the bluff he planted two rows of evergreen trees, leading back about 100 rods to the "trail," now the main street of Little Chute and the highway from Appleton to Kaukauna. To the day of his death, in 1851, these trees were an especial object of his care.

Summer Tourist Rates.

The North-Western Line (Chicago & North-Western Ry.) is now selling excursion tickets at reduced rates to St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth, Ashland, Bayfield, Marquette, Deadwood, Dakota, Hot Springs, Denver, Colorado Springs, Manitou, Salt Lake City, and the lake and mountain resorts of the west and northwest. For rates and full information apply to agents of connecting lines. Illustrated pamphlets, giving full particulars, will be mailed free upon application to W. B. Kniskern, G. P. & T. A., Chicago & North-Western Ry., Chicago, Ill.

Real Temperance Work Progressing.

The good cause of temperance flourishes in spite of the mistakes of some of its misguided friends. The use of alcoholic drinks is steadily decreasing. Drunkenness is becoming less prevalent. The managers of the great railway lines and other corporations are helping the temperance movement by insisting on sobriety among their employes. In congress and in state legislatures there is not one-tenth as much inebriety to-day as there was forty years ago. On the farms and in the factories and mills, and wherever men work for their bread, there is a gratifying diminution of intemperance. This "good work goes on" bravely and hopefully.—Ex.

Ladies, Use the Eureka Corset Steel Protector (patent applied for).

It will prevent your corset steels from breaking, and, if broke, enable you to mend them in a few minutes. Price, 10 cents. For sale by all dry goods and notion stores. Will be sent by mail to any address on receipt of price. Agents wanted. Eureka Corset Steel Protector Co., Suite 417, New Era Bldg., 7 Blue Island avenue, Chicago.

Too Polite.

"There is such a thing as being too polite. For instance, there is Plunleigh. He went into a store to inquire about something or other and there was nobody but a woman there. He began by asking: 'I beg your pardon, if you are not engaged—' and before he could say any more she interrupted him with: 'This is so sudden!' And, by gracious, she accepted him on the spot, and before he knew what was going on, No, sir, it doesn't pay to be too polite." And the speaker shook his head sadly, and not without a suggestion of sadness.—Boston Transcript.



KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and \$1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

Schrage's \$1,000,000 Rheumatic Cure Never Failed. 167 Dearborn St., Chicago.

Royal Baking Powder
Highest of all in leavening strength.
Latest U. S. Government Food Report.
ABSOLUTELY PURE

LASSING A BEAR.

An Incident of a Chase in the Rocky Mountains.

After an hour's weary traveling down the winding way we came out upon the plain and found a small cow outfit belonging to Mr. Stevens, and under a tree lay our dead silver tip, while a half dozen punchers squatted about it. It appeared that three of them had been working up in the foot-hills when they heard the dogs, and shortly discovered the bear. Having no guns and being on fairly good ground, they colled their riatas and prepared to do battle.

The silver-tip was badly blown, and the three dogs which had stayed with him were so tired that they sat up at a respectful distance and panted and lolled. The first rope went over Bruin's head and one paw. There lies the danger. But instantly number two flew straight to the mark, and the ponies surged while Bruin stretched out with a roar. A third rope got his other hind leg and the puncher dismounted and tied it to a tree. The roaring, biting, clawing mass of hair was practically helpless, but to kill him was an undertaking.

"Why didn't you brand him and turn him loose?" I asked the cowboy.

"Well," said the puncher in his Texan drawl, "we could have branded him all right, but we might have needed some help in turning him loose."

They pelleted him with malpais, and finally stuck a knife into the vital part, and then, leading him on a pony, they brought him in. It was a daring performance, but was regarded by the "punchers" as a great joke.

GRASS IS KING! 6 TON PER ACRE.

Sow grass; that is the foundation of all successful farming. Sow this fall! Did you ever hear of six tons per acre? Salzer's seeds produce such yields. Wheat 60 to 80 bushels! Rye 60 bushels! Cut this out and send for free sample of winter wheat and grass and fall catalogue to the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis. (W.N.U.)

Pleasing Sign of the New South.

The magnificent scale upon which the Atlanta exposition is planned speaks for the prosperity of the south, and the abundant space which has been reserved by northern exhibitors denotes the steady diminution of sectional feeling in this country. The show will stand as a testimonial of the advancement made by the new south, and of the progress of the nation at large, for nearly every state in the Union will be represented. Money has been expended with a lavish hand to make the exposition a success, and to this will be added the active sympathy and good will of the whole country.—Ex.

Tobacco-Weakened Resolutions.

Nerves irritated by tobacco, always craving for stimulants, explains why it is so hard to SWEAR OFF. No-To-Bac is the only guaranteed tobacco-habit cure because it acts directly on affected nerve centers, cures irritation, promotes diversion and healthy, refreshing sleep. Many gain 10 pounds in 10 days. You run no risk. No-To-Bac is sold and guaranteed by Druggists everywhere. Book free. Address Sterling Remedy Co., New York City or Chicago.

Calling for a Big Navy.

Prudence, self-respect and patriotism demand that this country should have a powerful navy, capable of coping with the best afloat, says an exchange. Congress should realize this fact and adopt some comprehensive plan which will insure the construction of an adequate fleet within a reasonable time. It is always possible for the United States to raise a large army at short notice, although the arming and equipping of a large force might meet with delays, but it is impossible to build a fleet except after years of work.

You will ride a Bicycle

Of course you will ride. All the world will—fashion, pleasure, business—men, women, children. It takes a while sometimes for the world to recognize its privileges; but when it does it adapts itself promptly. Therefore, you who are in the world will ride a bicycle—a

COLUMBIA
bicycle if you desire the best the world produces; a Hartford; the next best, if anything short of a Columbia will content you. Columbia, \$100; Hartfords, \$80 to \$60; for boys and girls, \$50.

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Boston, New York, Chicago, San Francisco, Providence, Buffalo.

A Catalogue—comprehensive, beautiful—in any agency free, or by mail for two-cent stamp. The book tells of all the new Columbia and Hartfords

ARTIFICIAL LIMBS
Free Catalogue, Gen. H. J. Dyer, Box 2144, Rochester, N. Y.

WANTED SALESMEN!
One locally and one to travel. Good salary or commission to right parties. We want hustlers. Address, with stamp, MANUFACTURERS, Box No. 24, Des Moines, Ia.

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THE FIELD OF ADVENTURE.

EXCITING INCIDENTS AND BRAVE DEEDS ON LAND OR SEA.

One Man Kills Nine in a Single Night—Terrible Experience in an Open Boat—Six Days in a Trance.

"IN the way of prompt and deadly shooting nothing in all the red calendar of homicide in the far West beats the record of the gambler Riley, at Newton, Kan., made one night in 1871," said C. B. Durser, of Topeka, to a New York Sun man. "The Atchison Railroad had been built to that point during the year, and a flourishing town had grown up round the terminus to which the Texas cattle drives that had been going to Abilene now came. With the gamblers, cowboys, and railroad men that thronged the streets it was a very lively sort of town, where dance halls and gambling places were in full blast, and pistol shooting often was heard by day and night. It was at that time that Boot Cemetery got its start, and its list of occupants who had met violent death numbered thirty before the town got quieted down.

"On the night in question the Texas cattle drives were in for shipment, and the cowboys were celebrating. Some of the Texans had a grudge against the officers of the town, and so they came in that night prepared for trouble, and they set about making it straightway. They killed the City Marshal, the Deputy Marshal and another man early in the evening. Later they poured into Pinkham's dance hall to the number of twenty-five or thirty. The three men already killed were not enough to satisfy them and they wanted more. Upon a bench at the side of the room a man was sitting with a girl. One of the cowboys walked up to him, slapped him on the shoulder and said:

"I'll teach you to sit with my girl," and shot him dead.

"Riley was in the dance hall and the man just killed was a particular friend of his. Without a word Riley stepped back to the big double doors in the front of the saloon and closed them. Placing his back against the doors he drew a pair of revolvers and fell to shooting, one man against the crowd. Men tumbled left and right and shots rang out all over the room in response to the drum roll cracking of Riley's pistols. Shots perforated and splintered the door about him, but he stood there firing until his pistols were emptied. Behind the bar which ran along one side of the room he knew where the armory was kept ready for instant use. Leaping over the counter he caught up a revolver that lay on a shelf beneath and kept on with his firing. Before he had emptied the pistol that he found behind the bar, the men inside had forced the front doors open, those that could rushed out, and Riley shot his last man in the middle of the street. When it came to counting up losses it was discovered there were thirteen dead men in the town due to that night's shooting, of whom nine cowboys had fallen to Riley's hand. How many wounded ones rode or were carried away by their comrades to the cattle could only be guessed at.

"There was one curious incident of this fight not generally known. Riley it was supposed was unhurt in the shooting. A doctor hastily summoned to the scene came to the side of a cowboy who was dying.

"How is it, doc?" asked the wounded man. Am I going to pull through?"

"The doctor shook his head. 'I'm sorry, my poor fellow, but I cannot give you any hope.'"

"How about the man who shot me," said the cowboy. "Is he dead?"

"No," answered the doctor. "He was not even wounded."

"I know better than that," said the cowboy. "I know he was hit. I was right by the side of him when he shot me, and before I fell I fired and hit him under the arm. You examine him and you'll find that he's wounded there."

"When the doctor got round to Riley he examined him, and sure enough, found that he had received a flesh wound under his arm which in the excitement of fighting he had not noticed. Riley left the town after the inquest and didn't appear there again. No effort seems to have been made to arrest or bring him to trial for an act that was generally held to be justifiable and praiseworthy.

"I got a message some time afterward from Kansas City saying that Riley was there and asking if I wanted him," said Major R. H. Spivey, of the land department of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad, who was Mayor of Newton at the time of the killing. "I sent back word that they were perfectly welcome to keep him there. We had begun to build up a population in Newton and didn't need him."

Six Days in an Open Boat.

By the steamer Rosalie two Kyanot Indians arrived in Victoria, British Columbia, who were passengers aboard the City of Topeka from Juneau, and arrived at Port Townsend, Washington, the previous afternoon. There is nothing strange in Indians coming to Victoria, but as to these two particular Indians there is a thrilling story of adventure.

They were members of the crew of the schooner Fawn, which put on from Kyanot and had been a month at sea when the two Indians were in a boat one day sailing. A storm crept up and the aborigines could not get back to the schooner. Tossed about on the wild waters it was all they could do to keep the head of their little boat to the sea. The storm did not last long, but when it had abated the schooner was no longer to be seen.

The Indians made every possible effort to find the schooner, and thus spent twenty-four hours uselessly.

There was no food in the boat and they knew they were a long way from land. They no longer sought the schooner, but with the sun as their compass in the day and the stars at night they pulled for the coast.

The second day they caught a seal and skinned and ate a portion of it. The third and fourth days did not bring them within sight of land. They had been doing hard pulling and the wind was fortunately blowing with them. They had eaten the remainder of the seal, and seeing no more to catch and their strength beginning to give out, they commenced to despair of making the coast. They lay down to sleep in the boat, letting it drift whither it would.

Early on the morning of the sixth day they awoke, and to their unutterable joy found they were in sight of the mountain tops. The sight of land aroused in them renewed vigor, and they bent to the oars vigorously, with the wind still in their favor. Their landing place was a desolate beach, but they found a quantity of shellfish and appeased their hunger. Then they started to row up the coast, and after many days' hard work fell in with a tribe of fellow-aborigines, who treated them kindly and took them to Juneau.

They sold their boat to these Indians, who hospitably received them, and raised sufficient money to bring them to Victoria.

Six Days in a Trance.

A dramatic illustration of hypnotism accompanied by many gruesome features has been given in London by Professor Morritt, who seems to possess extraordinary powers of a mysterious nature. He put a man to sleep in a coffin-shaped glass case, and kept him there nearly a week, and at the end of that time awakened him in the presence of a large number of witnesses.

The victim of this achievement, one Alfred Wootton, is a stained-glass worker, thirty-five years of age. During the whole of the time he was asleep or in a trance he was exhibited in a public hall. When the experiment was ready to begin on Monday he had readily climbed into the coffin-shaped case, and many people watched the hypnotizer as he proceeded to exercise his mysterious power.

Holding Wootton by the forehead and chin, the hypnotizer gazed steadily into his eyes. He then made a few downward passes from above the eyes along the side of the face, from time to time examining the pupils of the eyes. The man, it was found, had by this time become rigid. One minute after the experiment began the hypnotizer asked Dr. Forbes Winslow to examine the man.

He was found to be thoroughly unconscious. His pulse was ninety-six, the exact number of beats it registered before he became unconscious. His respiration was about sixteen, the breathing chiefly abdominal. The temperature was 98.2, or normal. The pupils of the eyes were contracted almost to disappearance.

During the following days the respiration, temperature and pulse changed slightly, but the man remained in the trance condition. His beard continued to grow. When he was awakened by Professor Morritt the following Saturday evening he could not be convinced that he had been in a hypnotic trance for nearly a week until he felt the thick growth of beard on his face. He said it seemed to him that he had only been asleep for a few minutes.

It did not take longer than a minute to wake him up. The professor made a few passes of his hand across the man's face and lifted his head and shoulders from the coffin-shaped case. Wootton then opened his eyes and instantly recognized friends in the crowd about him, with whom he began to converse. The only notable sensation he experienced upon waking, he said, was that of hunger. A short time after being awakened he put on his overcoat and walked out of the building with his friends. He had been constantly watched during the whole time he was in the trance and evinced much interest in the records of the doctors.

Eight Saved by a Dog.

Some years ago a vessel was driven on the beach of Lydd, in Kent, England. The sea was rolling furiously. Eight poor fellows were crying for help; but a boat could not be got off, through the storm, to their assistance, and they were in constant peril, for any moment the ship was in danger of sinking. At length a gentleman came along the beach accompanied by his Newfoundland dog.

He directed the animal's attention to the vessel and put a short stick in his mouth. The intelligent and courageous dog at once understood his meaning, sprang into the sea and fought his way through the angry waves toward the vessel. He could not, however, get close enough to deliver that with which he was charged; but the crew understood what was meant, and they made fast a rope to another piece of wood and threw it toward him.

The noble animal at once dropped his own piece of wood and immediately seized that which had been thrown to him, and then, with a degree of strength and determination scarcely creditable—for he was again and again lost under the waves—he dragged it through the surge and delivered it to his master. A line of communication was thus formed with the vessel and every man on board was rescued.—Our Dumb Animals.

When they take the census in Japan they count the houses and figure on five persons to each house.

TEASING CATS AND DOGS.

Scheme of a Man with a Pail of Milk and an Electric Battery.

"I've a great scheme," said an ingenious Orange county man, to a New York Sun reporter. "There's no patent on it, either. It is just a cat and dog teaser, and it beats anything I ever saw for the purpose. I got an old stove zinc and laid it on the ground near the back door. Then I put a wooden bucket of milk on the zinc. In the kitchen I've got a battery of two gallon cells and a four-inch coil with a vibrating circuit breaker. One wire is connected to the zinc plate and the other terminates in a piece of metal in the milk. You just ought to see the effect. A cat comes along, smells the milk and goes for it. She just touches the milk with her whiskers and looks puzzled when the slight, tingling shock is felt. Then she retrains to the attack and touches her tongue to the surface of the milk. Her hair rises then and she emits a yell of rage or pain as she springs away from the pail and then turns to look back at it. I have seen the same cat take two shocks within as many minutes, and then act as if she wanted to try it again, but didn't dare to."

"With dogs it is different. The dog steps upon the zinc, lops his long tongue in the milk and then turns a back somersault. He wants no more than that, but tucking his tail between his legs streaks out of the yard as quickly as possible. If you want to try it you need't use a whole pail of milk. Just take a crockery dish and it will answer just as well. Milk is cheap our way, you know, and I took the first thing that came handy."

DIDN'T HURT ENOUGH.

Tommy Disgusted Because the Dentist Used a Tack Lifter.

A Presbyterian minister in one of the suburbs of Cincinnati has a bright and mischievous young son, says the Cincinnati Tribune. The lad had suffered from the toothache and all the household remedies had been tried in vain. As a last resort his father resolved to take him to the dentist on the following day and have the tooth removed. The boy, on being informed of this, offered a few objections, but, finding that they were overruled, he decided to make the best of it. With the ingenuity of a Tom Sawyer he made himself a hero among his companions. Great were the tales he told of them of the strength that would be necessary to remove that small "baby tooth." How the dentist would be compelled to "use both his hands" and probably call in his assistant. The eventful hour at last arrived and the boy seated himself in the chair and took a firm grip on each arm. The dentist looked at the youth, smiled, and, taking up a small steel instrument, literally pried the little tooth out. Our young hero looked at the tooth, at the dentist, at his laughing father and then "got mad." Anger, disappointment and disgust were plainly depicted on his countenance. Not a question would he answer. He quietly walked over to the other side of the room and put on his hat and overcoat. His perplexed father followed him and put the fatal question: "My son, did it hurt you?" That was too much for the little fellow, and with two big, angry tears rolling down his cheeks he replied: "Hurt! hurt! Why, he didn't pull my tooth out. He just took it out with a tack lifter."

Faithful Bos.

A Mr. Wood, who lives near Hood's Mill, Ga., owns a peculiar milch cow. She is just an ordinary black cow, but is so much attached to Mr. Wood's children that she does not like to be separated from them. If the children are at home, the cow will stay in a pasture with a fence three feet high; but, if the children are taken away, she will throw down even high fences in order to follow them. At different times, when the cow would be in the pasture, Mr. Wood has slipped the children away from home; but when she came home and missed them she would go out and track them, when she would follow wherever they went. The cow knows her business, and has an idea that if the children are allowed out of her sight they will not fare well on the pure milk question.

Few Women Saw the Joke.

It is related of an English judge, now gone over to the majority, that whenever a woman appeared as a witness, after asking her age, he used to go on, with a malicious twinkle in his eye: "Now, madame, you swear to speak the truth and the whole truth. What is your name? What is your profession?" The stress laid on the word "now," and the tone in which it was uttered, had the effect of convulsing the auditors, but it is on record that most of the witnesses never seemed to perceive the little joke at their expense.

A Great Lawyer's Carelessness.

Great Criminal Lawyer—I worked very hard to get you off, but I failed. Convicted Murdered (hotly)—You might 'a' known you would. Three of them men you let on that jury was respectable.

Exchange of Civilities.

First Good Fellow—Have a cigar? Second Good Fellow—Thanks. Try one of mine. Each to himself, a few moments later—This miserably weed is even worse than the one I gave him.—New York Weekly.

A Saddening Sight.

First Tramp—Looke here, Jim, Here's a man been killed on the railroad; all cut to bits. Second Tramp (sadly)—Too bad! too bad! Them clothes would 'a' just about fit me, and they's all spoiled.

DID NOT COUNT 'EM.

A German Passenger Loses His Child in a Peculiar Way.

From the Chicago Inter-Ocean. A few weeks ago, on an east-bound Pennsylvania train, of which I had charge, were a fussy German couple with seven children. They all got on at Chicago, and were destined to a small town on the line in Indiana. The family occupied three seats in the fore part of one of the first-class coaches. The children ranged from 3 to 17 years of age, and were a noisy lot of kids. In addition to the children the party had about 300 pounds of hand baggage, consisting of valises, boxes and bird cages. When we reached the station where they were to get off I was at the head of the train and saw the brakeman help them off. After the train started I commenced to go through the cars. When I came to the coach where the German family had been holding forth I found a little boy about 5 years old crying as if his heart would break. When I asked him the cause of his trouble he said his papa and mamma had got off the train and left him. I immediately pulled the bell cord and stopped the train. We had not run more than half a mile from the station where the Germans had left the train, and I started one of my brakemen back to the station with the child. He had got just around a bend in the track when the old German was seen coming up the track at a furious gallop, waving his hands frantically in the air. When he met the brakeman with the boy he declared that the conductor was trying to steal his child, and would not confess that in getting off the train he had lost a kid by failing to count heads, and had not missed it until after the train had left the station.

HIS HEAD WAS TANGLED.

And the Mistaken Identification Was Not at All Pleasant.

"My dear, dear old boy!" began the effusive young man as he entered a Woodward avenue car and slapped a middle-aged man on the back, "but I was just thinking of you a moment ago! How do you do, anyway?"

"I am well, sir," frigidly replied the man as he turned full around.

"Ah! Beg pardon for my mistake. I was certain it was my dear old friend, Col. B."

"I said I was well," repeated the man who had been slapped.

"Yes, I know, and I beg you to excuse me. It's the first time I ever made such a mistake. The resemblance is wonderful."

"Did you wish to speak to me, sir?" demanded the other in tones about 48 degrees below zero.

"I slapped you on the back by mistake. I am sorry for it. You look like the twin brother of my old friend Col. B, and I mistook you for him. Sorry—very sorry, and I hope you'll overlook it."

"Are you addressing me, sir," came in cold and flinty tones across the car.

"Yes, sir. When I came in I took you for my old friend Col. B, and it was not until I had slapped you on the back that I found out my mistake. It was very rude of me, and I beg your pardon and I hope you will overlook it."

"What do you wish me to overlook?"

The young man got up to go all over that speech again, but a plumber who was about to get off took him by the arm and walked him out and dropped him on the asphalt and said:

"Young man, you must have drank one too many cacktails. That's old Col. B. himself you have been talking to all this time!"—Detroit Free Press.

A Shadow Combat.

People residing in Gay alley neighborhood witnessed a rather unique fight last night. Ed Cleary, a musician, who carried about his person a jag of a week's standing, while passing through the alley happened to look behind him and saw his shadow, says the Nashville American. He thought the shadow was a man and shook his fist at it, and the shadow in return did the same thing at him. This made Cleary mad, and he cried: "If you are looking for trouble I'm your game." Then he lay down and beat the shadow until blood trickled from his fists, and when he saw that his silent foe was invincible he got several rocks and ran the shadow for fifty yards or more. As he turned back he saw that the imaginary man was still chasing him. He increased his walk to a run and the shadow did likewise. Finally he recognized that the imaginary foe was clean grit and had got all the best of the fracas, and he continued a hasty retreat, the shadow chasing him into the arms of a policeman. At the station he wanted to shake hands with the shadow and make friends, but the officer hustled him off to a cell.

A Sufficient Sign.

No doubt when one is reforming from bad habits, he should reform altogether. So, at least, thought an old lady who was opposed to the use of tobacco, when she saw an ex-drunkard, who vaunted his repentance, smoking a pipe.

"I am a brand plucked from the burning," said the reformed man.

"Anybody might know that," said the old lady, "for you're smoking yet!"

A Judge of Shoes.

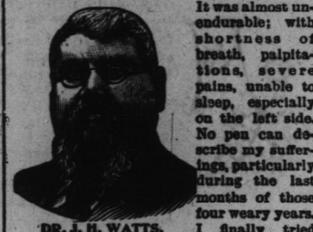
Stranger—If I order shoes of you, are you sure you can make me a good fit? Cobbler—A good fit? Just you ask Mr. Richman. He always comes to me and gets his shoes made to measure. Stranger—Who is Mr. Richman? Cobbler—He is the owner of that big shoe factory down town.

Couldn't Tell.

Miss De Thumper (after playing her favorite "piece")—How do you like my new piano, professor? Professor Von Musik—I do not know, maaa. I naffter played on it.

YEARS OF INTENSE PAIN.

Dr. J. H. Watts, druggist and physician, Humboldt, Neb., who suffered with heart disease for four years, trying every remedy and all treatments known to himself and fellow-practitioners; believes that heart disease is curable. He writes: "I wish to tell what your valuable medicine has done for me. For four years I had heart disease of the very worst kind. Several physicians I consulted, said it was Rheumatism of the Heart."



DR. J. H. WATTS.

It was almost unendurable; with shortness of breath, palpitations, severe pains, unable to sleep, especially on the left side. No pen can describe my sufferings, particularly during the last months of those four weary years. I finally tried

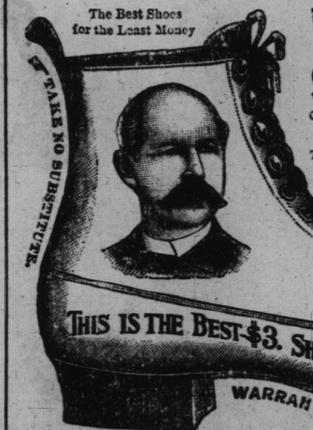
Dr. Miles' New Heart Cure, and was surprised at the result. It put new life into me and made a new man of me. I have not had a symptom of trouble since and I am satisfied your medicine has cured me for I have now enjoyed, since taking it

Three Years of Splendid Health. I might add that I am a druggist and have sold and recommended your Heart Cure, for I know what it has done for me and only wish I could state more clearly my suffering then and the good health I now enjoy. Your Nerve and other remedies also give excellent satisfaction." J. H. Watts.

Humboldt, Neb., May 9, '94.

Dr. Miles Heart Cure is sold on a positive guarantee that the first bottle will benefit. All druggists sell it at \$1.50 bottles for \$5.00 or it will be sent prepaid, on receipt of price by the Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

Dr. Miles' Heart Cure Restores Health



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Great Nerve Tonic and Blood-Builder and restores both vitality and strength to the muscular and nervous system, bringing back the pink glow to pale cheeks and restoring the fire of youth. It wards off Insanity and Consumption. Accept no substitute. Insist on having REVIVO, no other. It can be carried in vest pocket. By mail, \$1.00 per package, in plain wrapper, or six for \$5.00, with a positive written guarantee to cure or refund the money in every package. For free circular address

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