

The
Clarkston
Advertiser.

AN INDEPENDENT WEEKLY NEWSPAPER.

VOLUME 1, NO. 21.

CLARKSTON, MICH., FRIDAY, JANUARY 18, 1895.

\$1 PER YEAR.

CLARKSTON ADVERTISER.

An Independent Weekly Newspaper.
Entered at the Post Office in Clarkston as Second Class Mail Matter.

JAMES SLOCUM, - - - Proprietor.
B. LYLE EISENBREY, - - - Editor.

THOS. YARWOOD,
VETERINARY SURGEON,
CLARKSTON, MICHIGAN.
Address, Clarkston House.

ROBERTSON AND SUTHERLAND,
PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS,
CLARKSTON, MICH.
OFFICE DAYS
Wednesday and Saturday.

ROBERT REID,
Dealer in Light and Heavy Harnesses, Blankets, Robes, Whips, Trunks, etc.
CLARKSTON, MICHIGAN.

J. T. P. SMITH,
-DEALER IN-
FRESH AND SALT MEATS.
CLARKSTON, MICHIGAN.

WM. H. HORTON,
-DEALER IN-
WATCHES, CLOCKS AND JEWELRY.
Repairing a specialty. All work guaranteed.

J. W. MCKINNEY,
FUNERAL DIRECTOR,
HOLLY AND CLARKSTON, MICH.
Clarkston office in charge of Mr. R. Broomfield, or telephone at my expense.

When you are in need of a shave, hair cut or shampoo, call on

JACOB GULICK,
TONSORIAL ARTIST.

Also a large line of the finest brands of cigars always on hand.

SLOAT & O'ROARK

can do your cartage and draying at any time. Satisfaction guaranteed. All orders for wood and coal promptly attended to.

LIVERY !

If you want a first-class rig, either single or double, give us a call. Prices reasonable. Stage connecting with the D. G. H. & M. R. R. trains leaves Clarkston as follows, standard time:
5:40 a. m. east. 2:15 p. m. east
7:35 a. m. west. 5:00 p. m. west
10:00 a. m. east. 7:30 p. m. east
11:35 a. m. west. 9:40 p. m. west

Lewis & Bower, props.

WEEKLY MARKET REPORT.
Prices Clarkston Merchants are Paying for Products of the Farm.

CLARKSTON, Mich., Jan. 17, 1895.
The following quotations are the latest market reports obtainable, up to Thursday morning of each week:-
WHEAT—Red, 51c. White 51c.
BEANS—\$1.00 to \$1.25.
BARLEY—90c., to \$1.05.
OATS—30c.
RYE—46½c. to 48c.
VEAL—4c to 5c.
HIDES—Green, No. 1, 3c
LARD—10c.
TALLOW—4c.
BUTTER—Choice, 16c., to 18c.
EGGS—18c. to 20c.
CHICKENS—Live, 5c., Dressed, 7 & 8c.
TURKEYS—9 and 10c.
DUCKS—8 and 9c.
Hogs—Live 4. Dressed, \$5 to \$5.15

Real Estate Transfers.
Susan Chapman to Mary E Terry, 20 a on sec 23, Waterford \$ 1 00
Grace M Carter to George H Anten, 22½ a on n e ¼ sec 7, Highland 500 00
Geo Engel and w to Geo F Pratrock, lots in Orionville village 425 00
John B Anten to Newton J Anten, part of n e ¼ sec 23, Brandon 2700 00
Chas A Johnson and w to Jas C Johnson, lots 4 and 5 blk 2, Wendell village 300 00
Eyl Dunn et al exec's to Theodore F Fair 100 a on sec 6, White Lake 4000 00
Michael O'Flaherty and w to Jesse W Reed et al, w ½ of s w ¼ sec 15, Holly et al 10000 00

MERE MENTION.

Fine sleighing. John Doran was at Flint Saturday. Born to John Knox and wife, a girl. Robert Greenfield is in town at present. J. T. P. Smith is our new deputy sheriff. E. W. Hammond left for Detroit Thursday. D. A. Green made a business trip to Pontiac Monday. Born to Mr. and Mrs. Sam Sherwood last Friday, a girl. Mr. Bernell of Detroit, has been visiting Allie Hopkins. No service at Oak Hill last Sunday evening, owing to storm. The Prohibition League met at Chas. Plumb's Tuesday evening. Jep. Linabury has an office partitioned off in his furniture store. Martin Hope of Otter Lake, visited friends here a part of this week. Mrs. Le Baron of Pontiac, is the guest of Fred Foster and family. Ben Bradley of Davisburg, was a pleasant caller at this office Saturday. Maude King of Pontiac, spent Tuesday with her mother, Mrs. Geo. King. Mrs. Effie Buzzard of Fenton, is spending a few weeks with friends at this place. The east and west roads have been nearly impassable owing to the large snow drifts. Alex. and Joel Hammond of Oxford, passed through town Saturday on their way to Bancroft. W. C. Petty and mother left for a week's visit with friends at Unionville and vicinity Tuesday. Nearly every farmer interested in the Monitor Insurance Company attended the meeting at Pontiac last Monday. Wallace Brown and wife, and Ed. Schewissinger and wife visited at Lew Bradley's at Waterford Thursday and Friday. The M. E. church choir spent Friday evening at Mr. Stevens' at Waterford. A very pleasant evening was spent there being royally entertained. Remember the lecture at the M. E. church, Tuesday evening next by Rev. Frederic C. Lee. Subject, "The Lady or the Tiger". Mrs. Wm. Casement gave a birthday party to a number of Mrs. M. Carran's friends, Saturday afternoon, it being her 79th birthday. There was a neat surprise given Geo. Brown, our town clerk, last Friday evening. About twenty of his friends participated in having a good time. A number of members of Court Pride, A. O. O. F. of A., attended the public installation of officers of Court Pontiac last Monday evening and report a good time. The Baptist Sunday School elected the following officers:—Supt., M. C. Moon; Asst., Ada Bartlett; Treas., Sarah Selden; Sec., Luta Dewey; Organist, Mamie Dewey. The ADVERTISER office is now located one door north of the Clarkston House and will continue business as in the past. When in need of anything in the printing line, give us a call. The Davisburg Cornet Band will give a dramatic entertainment entitled "Nevada, or the Lost Mine" at Clark's Hall this Friday evening. Doors open at 7 o'clock, performance at 8 sharp. Subjects at the Baptist church next Sunday morning, "Faith and Works" with prelude on the American Atrocities; evening, reading prelude on the Proposed Constitutional Amendment. At the annual election of officers of the Monitor Insurance Company held at Pontiac last Monday, Elmer Carpenter of Waterford, was elected secretary for the coming year over W. E. Irish of this place. The M. E. Sunday School has elected the following officers:—E. A. Urch, Supt; Mrs. N. B. Smith, Asst. Supt; Victoria Carran, Secy; D. A. Green, Treas; Gail Plumb, Librarian; Mrs. E. A. Urch, Organist and Nellie Smith, Chorister. Carrie B. Taylor, Gen. Secy., for the Bay View Reading Circle, was in town Saturday in the interest of such an organization. The first regular meeting will be held at the home of Mrs. C. J. Sutherland, Friday evening, January 18th, at 7:30. All interested are invited to be present. In place of the Home Talent Concert, Prof. Mark B. Beal of Albion, the impersonator and dramatic reader will be substituted. Mr. Beal comes well recommended and it is hoped this change will prove satisfactory to the patrons of the Lecture Course. The date for this entertainment will be Friday evening, March 1st. Particulars will be given later in this paper.

SCHOOL NOTES.

Mrs. Reid and Mrs. F. King were visitors at school on Tuesday of this week. Several of our pupils were snow bound on Monday and unable to reach school. The senior and junior classes will have a spelling match at the close of the month. Mrs. H. Walter, Mrs. Craft, Miss Plumb and Miss Titus were visitors at school last Friday. Short essays are now assigned each week to a few pupils, who prepare the same for class exercise. About 40 pupils are studying mental arithmetic this term. This is the largest class in the school. Among those who passed the highest per cent on final examination last term, are the following: Libbie Smith, Zoea Smith, Etta Van Horn, Eleanor Good-enough, Leman Brown, Leman Gulick, Eva Walter, Grace Ballard, Louis Walter, Ed Hubbard and Edith Urch.

WEATHER PREDICTION FOR JANUARY.

In his predictions for January Weather Prophet Hicks says the disturbing power of both Jupiter and Mars extend over the whole month. The influence of Mars will last until the end of February, but is subject to the modifying effect of Jupiter. On the 2nd and 3rd storms of greater or less intensity will travel from west to east, and by the 4th a general change to colder. These forecasts were correct. For the 9th, 10th and 11th storms of snow and rain are predicted for many sections, followed by a cold wave, and on and about the 13th and 14th look out for more storminess with rain and snow, changing again to colder.

MARRIAGE LICENSES.

John M. Ingersoll, Walled Lake 22
Ada Hodge, Walled Lake 18
Charles G. Dewey, Waterford 15
Maggie Hunt, Waterford 36
Lewis Montrose, Pontiac 22
Josie Ostrander, Pontiac 22
Bruce Arnold Addison, 22
Ela Denberger, Oxford 18
Harry Safford, Northville 21
Mary Greenfield, South Lyon 13
George W. Cole, E. Saginaw 23
Ethel M. Cole, Oxford 19
Wm. Brook, Commerce 39
Emma Decker, Commerce 35
John H. Thayer, Farmington 41
Lizzie Davis, New Hudson 24
Irene Kauffman, Oakland 13
Myrtle Shaw, Orion 19
Harry G. Tillett, Oakland 26
Augusta M. Hopp, Shelby 18
Frederick T. L. Croix, Pontiac 39
Anna Hackett, Almont 37
Cassius M. Hayes, Milford 40
Vina M. Hall, Highland 29
Orsemous Peirce, Pontiac 62
Anna Burgers, Pontiac 62

'TAINT SO, EITHER.

Northville Record: "Editor and Mrs. Slocum of Holly, gave the clergy of that village, with their families, a New Year's dinner party. Slocum felt a little out of place and several times when a leg or a wing of the turkey escaped from his fork and slid, with a liberal amount of grease, clear across the table he was on the point of saying a word which is newspaperly spelled with a lower-case h and a 2em dash, but was fortunately checked each time by Mrs. Slocum's quiet, but decisive, 'James!' When the clergy sat down to the table they remarked that the dinner was 'out of sight.' Slocum, who was counting on enough feed being left over to carry the family along for a few weeks, made the same remark after the appetites of the clergy had been satisfied."

Circuit Court Proceedi gs.

John H. Gaspie vs John and Sarah Warren. No cause of action. Without costs.
Payne Axford estate vs Ogden and Joseph Reed; continued by consent.
C. H. Wyckoff vs C. B. Pittman; plaintiff submitted in no suit.
Lester S. Ostrander vs Hugh Bryant; judgment for plaintiff of \$25 with costs.
To the first day of February term allowed to move for new trial and settle bill of exceptions.
Augustus C. Baldwin vs Homer Warren and Carlton Beardsley; judgment for plaintiff of \$242.50.
Henry C. Ward vs Ann and William Newton; judgment for plaintiff with costs to be taxed.
City of Pontiac vs Alba A. Lull; street opening case; motion for new trial overruled.
The Oakland County Savings Bank vs Pontiac National Bank; motion for a new trial argued and submitted.
Court adjourned on Wednesday to January 15th.

ELECTION OF OFFICERS.

L. L. B. Hive No. 58, has elected the following officers:—
C. L. Hattie Coon; L. C., Alice Fleming; R. R., Libbie Hammond; F. K., Mary Lewis; Prelate, Arvilla Petty; M. A. A., Carrie Kerton; Sergeant, Mattie Plumb; Sentinel, Isabella Addis; Picket, Nora Shayler; Physicians, Drs. Robertson and Sutherland.
Installation will take place January 19 at the Grange Hall followed by a chicken pie supper. Public to lady maccabees and families.

LAYING OF CORNER STONE OF MASOIC TEMPLE AT DETROIT, WEDNESDAY, JAN. 23, 1895.

For the above occasion the Detroit Grand Haven & Milwaukee and Toledo, Saginaw & Muskegon railroads will issue tickets to Detroit and return at one fare for the round trip. Tickets will be sold January 21st, 22nd, and 23rd, valid to return to the 25th, inst. This also being the 50th anniversary of the organization of the Grand Lodge of Michigan, lodges from all parts of the state are invited and a large parade of Masons of the state will take place with addresses by prominent people at the Auditorium on the 23rd, inst.

RED HOT

Was the Meeting of the Monitor Insurance Company.

The Monitor Insurance Co., held its annual Oakland county election at the Opera House, Pontiac, Monday. The meeting was called at about 10 o'clock and continued for three or four hours, during which time one of the largest meetings that has been held in Pontiac for the last year was in progress. The former president, George Cowden of Brandon, was elected by acclamation, and the former treasurer, George Greer was elected on the third ballot. When the vote for secretary began, the fun commenced. There were five candidates in the field, A. J. Crosby of Novi, E. Carpenter of Waterford, S. Reeves of Pontiac, J. H. Groves of Clarkston, and Mr. Grow of White Lake, all anxious for the office. After a lively time Elmer Carpenter was elected on the fourth ballot, with Irish second. Reports were read and accepted and the year is entered upon under favorable circumstances. Losses during the past year, \$17,973.60; rate of assessment per \$1,000, \$1.98, which is the highest rate since the organization, with one exception.

From the Holly Advertiser.

WILL BRANCH OUT.

It will now be Called The Citizens' Mutual Fire Insurance Company of Michigan.

The annual meeting of The Citizens' Mutual Fire Insurance Co. of Oakland, Genesee and Shiawassee counties was held at Secretary Baird's office in Holly, Wednesday, Jan. 9th. The reports of its officers show the same prosperous growth that the company has enjoyed for several years past. The main question which came before the company was to re-organize under provisions of the laws of 1893, whereby the company could do business outside of the three above named counties, in fact, could handle any business that might come to them in the state of Michigan. It also excludes farm property. The report made by Secretary Baird shows that nearly all of the losses last year was on farm property. He has followed the matter closely for years and believes that twice as many losses occur on farm property as city and village. The constitution was taken up, a single section at a time, argued, remodeled and adopted, and after going over the entire constitution, it was adopted as a whole there being but a very slight objection to the revision as suggested. The company will now be known as The Citizens' Mutual Fire Insurance Co. of Michigan, with its headquarters at Holly. The company intend to take only first-class risks and towns where there is first-class fire protection. They will not go into any town where the risks are hazardous. A committee was appointed to draft the by-laws and present them at a meeting of the directors to be held in March, when the company will commence its new work. Secretary Baird has the work outlined and expects to establish agencies in all of the better towns in the state at an early date. S. Mathewson of Flint, W. L. Cooley of Pontiac, and D. S. Fox of Flint, were elected on the board of directors for the next three years.

A LETER FROM GEORGE MOORE.

THORP, MICH., Jan. 6th, 1895.

EDITOR CLARKSTON ADVERTISER,
DEAR SIR AND FRIEND:—

I have been so very busy since my arrival here that I have had scarcely any time to write, and I promised so many of my Clarkston friends a personal letter, I find it more of a task than I expected. For this reason I have written you, and should you find this worthy of publication, it would answer as well as a personal letter to the good people of Clarkston. I intended to have written before this giving an account of our trip here, but it has been so long since, and some of the incidents have already been described, it would seem out of place at this late date; but I shall mention a few of the most notable events of our journey as I remember them. Mrs. Moore had never been in a new country before and to say that she was disgusted with pine stumps, sand hills, jack pines, etc., is to say but very little. We came by Saginaw on account of the roads, and found good roads until we reached Sanford with occasionally a bad place for a mile or so. From Sanford to North Bradley, a distance of about seven miles, the road was fearful; don't think the road had ever been worked since it was first cut through. The sand was about knee deep and of that kind a mortgage would not hold on a windy day, and the whole distance through a pine chopping. I walked ahead of the team, axe in hand, to cut out the fallen trees and brush, and Mrs. Moore did the driving. At one place she thought to shorten the distance by cutting across a corner. I heard her say "whoa" in a most emphatic manner, and in looking around, the chestnut horse was standing with his fore feet on top of a pine stump. When asked, why did you try to drive over that stump, she replied, that no living person could miss them all and her face wore such a look of utter woe and desolation, that it would have commanded the respect of even the most thoughtless. At Harrison, most everyone was drunk at at least had a good start. We stayed there one night, but I did not join them in their cups as that little experience I had at Ypsilanti, still stood by me, and the desire to make a fool of myself again has never returned since filling my system with the Keeley remedies. Harrison was once a thriving town but now it is the most desolate place I know of. While there, I met A. C. Deramer, or "Grizzly Bob" as he is usually called, having fought a grizzly bear single handed on one occasion and bears numerous scars as evidence of his perilous encounter. He said he was well acquainted with Oliver Jacox of Clarkston, and had fought Indians under Crook and Harney with him. From Harrison we came across jack pine plains for over twenty miles. While riding along, I was startled by my companion saying in a loud voice, "there goes a bear," and while trying to get my gun, another yell from the same source, "there is another bear," somewhat rattled me. I finally got my gun in readiness and went up on the hill where they disappeared. Mrs. Moore was almost positive I would be eaten up, having read the story in the "Good Book" about the two female bears and forty children, and in her excitement no doubt thinking these were the two identical bears. But such was not the case, or at least they were not as hungry as on a former occasion, for we saw no more bears. That night we stayed at Vogel Center, twenty-three miles east of Cadillac. This is one of the finest places in northern Michigan or in fact any portion of the state. From a little knoll I counted twelve corn fields varying from five to fifteen acres each and as good corn as was raised in Oakland county. Land was worth here from three to twenty dollars per acre, (this for wild land) it depended on the timber. I am now about twenty-two miles west of Cadillac, and corn can also be raised here as the sample of seed ears I sent the Editor of this paper will prove to even the most skeptical. When I was here eight years ago, it was thought this would not be much of a farming country. At that time, everyone was engaged in lumbering, and paid but little attention to farming. Since then it has been demonstrated that corn does exceedingly well. Potatoes, clover, oats, millet, barley and all kinds of fruit, and in fact every thing that grows in Oakland county can be raised as successfully here. The soil in the hardwood is a black sand, on the pine choppings it varies, both dark and yellow sand. Beneath the surface from one to four feet, is either red clay, gravel or hard pan. A man near here in building a fence on an old pine chopping, a distance of eighty rods or more, found clay in nearly every post hole. Garden truck grows immense. The last week in September we had green peas one day for dinner, a volunteer crop that grew since the rains came. (Continued Next Week.)

UNION MEETING.

The first annual meeting of the Independence Township Sunday School Association will be held at the Baptist church, Tuesday, January 29th, 1895, both afternoon and evening. A very fine programme has been arranged and all interested in Sunday schools and their work are most cordially invited to attend. The friends in Clarkston will gladly provide entertainment for all who come. Everybody come with your best thoughts and expect to take part.

From the Holly Advertiser.

E. A. BOTSFORD ELECTED

AND WILL BE APPOINTED DEPUTY SHERIFF.

It was a Bad Move for the Party.

The farce enacted last Saturday, at which time the choice of the people of Holly for deputy sheriff was made known, is one that will long be remembered as an exceedingly uncalled for piece of folly. As has already been published in these columns, Sheriff Judd said he was unable, from the petitions at hand, to decide upon his deputy and called for an election at which only republicans could vote. This election was held at the City Hall, between the hours of one and four, last Saturday, and while it was anticipated that the vote would be light, yet 189 votes were cast. Will Patterson, who had announced himself as candidate, had withdrawn but S. H. Mothersill's name was used in connection, which left three candidates in the field, S. H. Mothersill, Edward Hadley and Edwin Botsford. Of the 189 votes cast E. A. Botsford received 85, Edward Hadley 72, S. H. Mothersill 32. Mr. Botsford, receiving 13 additional votes, the most being cast for him, which makes him the winner and he will be appointed by Sheriff Judd. The matter might easily have been disposed of other than election had Mr. Judd seen fit to have made the appointment but he saw fit to take this course and it is needless to say that it has caused an endless amount of dissatisfaction. From an independent standpoint, we must say that the situation of the republican party in Holly is unfortunate. There seems to be some disruption a greater portion of the time, and while the party leaders felt very much encouraged over the situation believing that the trouble which had existed for a long time past was practically settled, yet this will throw them back to where they have been in the past, and will, no doubt, have some effect on the elections which will take place here in the future.

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From the Holly Advertiser.

THE PROSPECTS ARE BRIGHT.

Would Surely be a Success.

At a meeting of the Holly Driving Club last Monday evening, the matter of a Fair Association was brought up and discussed to some length and it seemed to meet with general favor, and it looks very much now as though we would have a fair here during 1895. We understand that Capt. M. D. Elliott has offered his services in the matter and will give it his attention, and with such men as Mr. Elliott behind it, it cannot possibly fail. The ADVERTISER also stands ready to do everything in its power to bring this about. At the proper time, the Driving Club will deed the grounds, buildings, sheds, etc., to the Fair Association with the privilege of having the use of them when they want to hold races. It would seem to us that the prospects could not be brighter than now, as by building a few more sheds and a couple of buildings to be used as halls, it would be all that would be necessary to make a complete fair ground of it and there is no doubt but that a fair at Holly would be a success financially.

We have a nice territory to draw from and the exhibits would not only be large, but would also the attendance and it seems that only the very worst of weather could make it a failure financially. The Fair Association would necessarily be composed largely of farmers and it would be necessary for them to buy stock in order to bring it about. A meeting for this purpose will be called at an early date at which time a decision will be reached. We see nothing in the way of making a successful fair in Holly.

The Clarkston Advertiser.

CLARKSTON, MICH.

JAMES SLOCUM, - - Proprietor.

Practically the Chinese army is something like the Chinese gongy. It's beaten all hollow.

Authorities are agreed that Connecticut's automatic gallows is just as good a one to be avoided as the old-fashioned kind.

Men who permit themselves to be "hypnotized" into committing murder ought not to complain if the State "hypnotizes" them into eternity.

The swearing of New York police officials on the Lexow witness stand wasn't a patching to the artistic swearing they indulged in privately.

We do not understand why any man should embark in the train robbery business when it is so easy to get a position as bookkeeper in a bank.

The Siloam Springs (Ark.) Herald offers a year's subscription free to the man who brings in the body of Outlaw Bill Cook, dead or alive. There's enterprise!

A new steel company with \$1,800,000 capital has been organized in Pittsburgh; henceforth the Pittsburgh City Council will not have matters all its own way in the steel business.

We learn from the esteemed Norwich Bulletin that "Frank Crumb of South Plymouth narrowly escaped death on Wednesday at the hands of an infuriated bull." This is a bull worth preserving.

Now comes forward a scientist with a scheme to move the Chicago river. If he will kindly hitch enough tugs to it, pull the whole thing out into the lake and dump it Chicago will rise and call him blessed.

It seems queer that immediately after the elopement of Rev. Conrad Haney with a female member of his flock another woman should have committed suicide "because she was not good enough to be a minister's wife."

An order has been issued forbidding Gotham policemen to ride on street cars without paying fares. The New York copper's cup of woe is slowly overflowing, but the depth of his misery will not be reached till he sees his penury perquisite slip away forever.

In a Chicago Justice's court the editor of a Bohemian paper sued for his salary the other day. He claimed \$2 a day, while the owner of the paper offered \$3 a week. Think of the future of literature in this country when for \$2 a day a man can be hired to write editorials every word of which shall contain not less than twenty-five letters and twenty-three consonants.

When the house is too cold we increase the draught of air in the furnace, burn fuel faster and get more heat. We can do something similar to warm up the body when out in the cold. A few deep breaths held longer than usual, pass more oxygen into the blood, thus stimulating the tissue changes that produce bodily warmth, and this method also drives the blood more quickly and extensively through the chilled capillaries of the skin, and diffuses warmth with a sense of exhilaration. Put that on your list of good facts worth knowing.

The French will learn by experience that sensational and personal legislation cannot be of benefit to the republic. A member of the Chamber of Deputies, sentenced to a year's imprisonment for writing an insulting letter about the president, was unseated by the Chamber, which ordered a bye-election to fill the vacancy. The people, whatever feeling they have about M. Casimir Perier, evidently dislike less majestic law in a democracy, and when their ballots were counted it was found that the imprisoned libeler stood at the head of the poll. Owing to the number of candidates, he had not a majority over all, and a second balloting is necessary. It would have been safer to leave a libeler of the chief executive of the nation to the contempt of his fellow countrymen.

The shark that brought the ship's papers of the tramp steamer Capac safely from Rio de Janeiro to Guadaloupe, in the West Indies, a distance of several thousand miles, really deserved a postal subsidy, though it is now beyond the reach of any token of reward or approbation. It is not known exactly how long the fish held the custody of the documents, but it was much longer than Jonah occupied the whale, and probably spread over a considerable historic period, according to the shark's chronology. No process of digestion had begun upon them, not even upon the dates and signatures, nor the sealing wax and heraldry on the official envelopes, showing that the gastric fluid of this variety of fish is considerably less corrosive than muriatic acid or Gowan's vinegar, and that the creature possesses occasional utilities not heretofore dreamed of. This is one of the fish stories which we are not permitted to doubt, inasmuch as it is testified to by the bo's'n tight and the midshipmite and the crew of the captain's gig, as well as consignees, supercargoes and other people, every one of whom is apparently ready to swear to anything. The occurrence is interesting to everybody concerned except the shark, which had to be cut in two before becoming celebrated.

There was an odd thing in strikes in Owensburg, Ky., a few days ago, when the employees of a bank quit work and left the institution without anyone to carry on business for a time. The directors, in an attempt to cut down expenses, reduced the salary of the cashier by \$200 and that of the bookkeeper by \$100 and discharged the assistant bookkeeper. The cashier and bookkeeper promptly went on strike, and the bank opened up the next morning with no one behind the counters. The directors were hastily convened, an immediate restoration of old rates was ordered and the strikers resumed work.

The courtship between New York and Brooklyn for municipal union cools in ardor. Brooklyn never received with warmth, nor with more than toleration, the advances of New York for a union of the two cities. Now New York has become less demonstrative since the election, which showed but a nominal majority in Brooklyn favorable to annexation, and is inclined to break off negotiations. The Legislature has to enact a law providing for consolidation, and the present coolness between the two principal cities in the "Greater New York" scheme is likely to end in an open quarrel. In "throwing off" on Brooklyn, New York declares that it will go ahead with the consolidation program, including the remaining municipalities. But this would give New York but about 200,000 more than its present population, or, say, a total of 2,000,000. With Brooklyn added the total population would be 3,000,000. If consolidation should not include Brooklyn it would only postpone for a couple of years the date at which Chicago will be ahead of New York in the number of inhabitants.

LOVES LAW AND FICTION.

Latest Professional Man to Take London by Storm.

The latest successful star in the English literary firmament is Anthony Hope Hawkins. His novels are issued under the name of Anthony Hope. His most successful book is "The Prisoner of Zenda," which has taken the reading public of Great Britain by storm. Mr. Hawkins is a London lawyer, whose cynical style and epigrammatic manner of saying things prove very attractive to the average novel reader. "The Indiscretions of the Duchess," "The God in the Car," and "The Dolly Dialogues," all from his pen, are very bright and readable. His dialogues fairly flash with delicate wit.



ANTHONY HOPE

Time and Speed.

Infinite time is difficult to grasp. Distance is more easily understood, and some things which Sir Robert Ball has to say about the distance of the stars from us will assist us in comparing them to the sun. Of these the most striking is Arcturus, and Dr. Elkin has put this star at such a distance from the solar system that the orbit of the earth round the sun must seem from Arcturus as large as a penny piece would, seen at a hundred miles. Arcturus, in other words, is perhaps a dozen times as far off from us as Procyon is, and Procyon, one of the nearest bright stars, is a million times the distance of the sun from us.

But the marvelous thing about Arcturus is its movement, a very distinct "proper motion" across the sky, though not as large as some stars. Late, however, the spectroscopic has ascertained for us the pace of stars along the line of sight, and Arcturus travels, it is now believed, at the rate of 380 miles a second. Such speed as this is truly terrific, and we may well ask where this furious star is hurrying to. As Arcturus, ten generations hence, will not have moved to the eye by as much as the diameter of the moon, we shall have plenty of opportunity of discussing the question.—The Spectator.

Ample Apology.

Germans are not given to doing things by halves. When they study, they do it with thoroughness. Even in their apologies they go to the root of the matter.

Here, for example, is a card published by a tailor in the "agony column" of a Berlin newspaper. Evidently he believes that an open confession is good for the body as well as for the soul.

"I herewith declare that the journeyman blacksmith, Herr Karl X., is a very honorable man—most honorable; and I take this opportunity of withdrawing the most defamatory charges I made against him. Herr Karl X. has already given me a good thrashing for the said slanderous words; but Herr Schiedsmann informs me that Herr Karl X. will not do so again if I state in a public newspaper that he is an honorable man, and put a thaler in the poor-box."

Stone Sawing.

Stone is now sawn in France with great rapidity and economy by means of a perforated disc of iron on which a coating of lead has been cast, the perforations serving to connect and bind the plates of lead thus formed on the two sides of the disc. The lead is kept well covered with emery, which falls on it from a reservoir above.

Faded Writing.

When ink is faded the iron still remains in the paper, and the ink can be reproduced by the application of a solution containing tannic or gallic acid.

CRIME AND CASUALTY.

Carrying out the order of his father, William Brown shot and killed John Kirkham at Whitesburg, Ga. George Brown and Kirkham got into a fight over a 10-cent jacket. Kirkham drew a razor and at the same time the elder Brown fired a pistol from his coat sleeve and killed Kirkham, but missed him. Kirkham grappled Brown and cut him several times with a razor. Brown threw his pistol to his son telling him to shoot Kirkham, and the boy responded by firing four shots into the body of his father's assailant. The indications are that old man Brown will die.

Mrs. Charles Watson, of Detroit, was found Monday night gagged and unconscious in a barn adjoining the residence where she is employed as a housekeeper. Later she recovered sufficiently to say that she was assaulted by two women, who thrust a vial of liquid into her mouth, bound her and left her apparently dead. Her clothes were saturated with kerosene oil. Who were her assailants is a mystery.

Solomon Trout, Henry Weil and Chas. Newman, claiming to be connected with the West Town, Chicago, Collector's office, have been arrested for soliciting a bribe to secure a reduction of a tax assessment.

On the pretense of examining the gas meter a thief secured access to St. Joseph's Hospital at Omaha and robbed Father Daxacher of \$6,250 in notes and money.

Mr. and Mrs. Orson W. Rollings were found dead at Minneapolis under suspicious circumstances.

Five bold highwaymen held up a wealthy Choctaw at Wilburton, Ind. T., and robbed him of \$2,000.

Three men were instantly killed by a nitroglycerine explosion at St. Mary's, Ohio.

Rev. W. E. Hinshaw was seriously and his wife fatally wounded by thieves at Belleville, Ind.

Delia J. Haynes, 50 years old, committed suicide at Minneapolis by strangling herself with the braid of a rug.

Deputy United States Marshal Harry Adams, of Kansas City, has been in the Indian Territory investigating the Bit-tell counterfeiting case. He says there are many people friendly to the Cook gang and other outlaws, and that it is dangerous to be outspoken against them. The outlaws ride over the country at will, and being well armed, and there usually being a dozen in a band, it is not hard for them to get away from officers sent after them. Their friends are continually on the alert, and furnish information concerning the officers' movements.

"Major" Sampson, notorious as the leader of the Market street gang of Chicago, is at last in the toils of the law. Chief of Police Brennan received a telegram from General Superintendent D. S. Gaster, of the New Orleans police force, announcing Sampson's arrest under the alias of John Shaw. Two other known thieves were captured with him.

John Milligan, the negro murderer under sentence to hang at Oklahoma, was relieved for six days by Acting Governor Lowe.

A bill has been introduced in the New York Senate for the establishment of whipping-posts for persons convicted of felony on the person of another.

Governor Hogg has commuted to life imprisonment the sentence of Peter Hall, colored, who was to have been hanged at Quitman, Texas. He killed the sheriff while trying to escape from jail.

Two men and a boy who were on the outlook for burglars were suffocated by gas in a room on the third floor of a New York tenement house.

George Dawes, 18 years old, and employed on an Adams Express Company delivery wagon, was fatally injured at Chicago by a cable train. The gripman, M. Jansen, was arrested.

Denver's police has concluded that the men arrested there as the women's strangers are merely decoys put forward to conceal the real murderers.

THE FIRE RECORD.

Eight more bodies were found by searchers in the ruins of the Delavan House at Albany, N. Y.

Mrs. Charles A. Thieman was burned to death in a fire at Omaha that destroyed her residence. Fire destroyed a block of wholesale buildings at Toronto, the damage being \$600,000. One life was lost. The Wyeth horse collar factory was burned at St. Joseph, Mo., the loss being \$150,000. One block of the town of Turtle Creek, Pa., was wiped out by fire. Loss, \$500,000.

At Sharpsburg, Ky., Mrs. Eliza Craft, aged seventy-five years, fell while going down stairs with a lighted lamp at the home of her son. The lamp was broken, setting fire to her clothing. She was horribly burned, and it is thought she cannot recover. Her daughter, who was lying ill of consumption, died from fright caused by the burning of the mother.

Two children of John Lorain, of New Haven, Ind., were burned to death in a fire that destroyed the dwelling.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Pay Director Richard Washington, U. S. N., a member of the examining board, died at Washington from apoplexy.

P. G. McLoughlin, an old and highly respected member of the Chicago Board of Trade, dropped dead in front of the New York Life Building Wednesday.

Colonel Reuben C. Benton, commander-in-chief of the Minnesota Loyal Legion, died at Minneapolis, aged 64.

Obituary: At Bermuda, Dr. G. W. Jones, of Danville, Ill.—At Keokuk, Iowa, A. J. Wilkinson.—At Oxford, Ohio, Dr. J. B. Porter.—At Elkhart, Ind., Richard Rush, 70.—At Cloverland, Ind., William H. Carpenter.—At Boston, ex-Alderman George Dunbar, formerly of Chicago.

General Alfred W. Ellet, a prominent figure in the war of the rebellion, died at El Dorado, Kan.

General Sir John Summerfield Hawkins, who helped survey the northern boundary of the United States, is dead.

Nicholas Ensley, ex-Pension Agent for the Indiana District, was stricken with heart failure at Indianapolis. His condition is critical.

POLITICAL.

Francis Warren was nominated for the long term and Clarence D. Clark for the short term by the Wyoming Republican Senatorial caucus.

The session of New York's State Legislature of 1895 was opened Wednesday night with considerable enthusiasm and excitement. The only measure of general

interest introduced during the session was the Greater New York bill of Senator Reynolds. The Governor of the State, the Mayor of New York and the Mayor of Brooklyn are each to appoint three commissioners and the two Mayors are to act ex-officio. Twenty-five thousand dollars is to be appropriated and the commission is to proceed to frame a charter.

FROM WASHINGTON.

The District Court of Appeals at Washington affirmed the decision of the District Supreme Court, refusing to grant the Miles Sugar Manufacturing and Planting Company, of Louisiana, a mandamus compelling Secretary Carlisle and Internal Revenue Commissioner Miller to proceed under the law awarding sugar bounties notwithstanding its repeal by the new tariff law. The case was brought up as a test suit. An appeal to the United States Supreme Court is yet open to the planters, the case having gone against them in all inferior tribunals.

The currency bill was practically defeated in the House Wednesday. The demand for the previous question on the adoption of the rule to close debate on the measure was defeated on a rising vote of 92 to 101. A roll-call was ordered, resulting in a vote of 122 yeas to 129 nays.

The United States Patent Office is up to date with its work, for the first time in fifteen years.

FOREIGN.

Russian petroleum is said to be supplanting the American product in the Straits settlement.

A dispatch from Tokio states that the Kink of Korea is dead, another rumor being that he has had a fit.

United States Consul Campbell, at Newcastle, England, has called the attention of the State Department to a notice published in a newspaper in that city, purporting to give the results of the inquiry by the Ontario Agricultural station into the quality of American clover-seed. The article states that the seed is the most impure in the market, containing no less than 9 per cent. of wheat seed—mainly sorrel. In six pounds used to plant an acre there were no less than 700,000 weed seeds. Crushed and dyed quartz is also used as an adulterant. In view of these facts the paper warns farmers to be careful in their purchases of American clover-seed. As the United States exported in the last nine months over 130,000 hundredweight of such seed, valued at £2.6 shillings per hundredweight, the consul thinks the department should be informed upon the matter.

An official dispatch received at Yokohama says that the division of the Japanese army commanded by Major General Nogi made an attack on Kai Ping. The fighting continued for four hours, at the end of which time the town was in the hands of the Japanese. The first Japanese army, while moving its headquarters to Shen Yuen, was warmly welcomed by the inhabitants, who manifested a strong desire to remain under Japanese rule.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Three Chicago firms are about to establish mammoth department stores in New York City. They are Siegel, Cooper & Co., Morgenthau, Boland & Co., and a third whose name is not given. Two blocks and a half of Sixth avenue have been secured, at a cost of over \$5,000,000, on which buildings to cost nearly \$4,000,000 will be erected.

At a meeting of the Lake Carriers' Association at Detroit William Livingston, Jr., was elected president.

Governor McIntyre was inaugurated at Denver, Waite, the retiring Governor, kissed his hand at the close of the ceremony.

Greenbrier broom, at Ronceverte, W. Va., broke, and 11,000,000 feet of lumber went with the current.

A mob of hundreds of destitute men at St. John's, N. F., looted a store of all the provisions they could find. There is great suffering in the city, attendant upon the recent bank failures.

Katherine Drexel took the final vows as a Sister of Charity in St. Elizabeth's Convent at Philadelphia.

Available supplies of wheat in the United States and Canada decreased 906,000 bushels during the week.

There is much alarm at St. Stephen's College, Annandale, N. Y., over the mysterious disappearance of Edda, a Japanese student who has been attending that institution for three years past. He was suddenly taken ill on Saturday and became violent and delirious and refused to allow physicians near him. He imagined he was fighting the battles of his country and putting to flight hosts of stalwart Chinamen. On Monday at midnight he escaped from his room, almost nude, during a heavy storm. Nothing has been seen of him since.

Archbishop Katzer, of Milwaukee, has secured an injunction against the city to prevent collection of taxes on his residence.

Richard H. Neff began suit at Indianapolis against the Lake Erie and Western Railroad for \$25,000 damages for injuries received in a wreck Jan. 20, 1893, at a bridge across the Wabash River in Miami County. Neff, though badly injured, crawled up the bank and down the track in time to flag the second section. He asserts the company had known for ten days previous to the disaster the road was unsafe.

Hog cholera is raging near Eldorado Springs, Mo. One farmer has lost seventy-five head.

A bill has been introduced in the Missouri legislature prohibiting life insurance companies from taking risks on children under seventeen years of age.

In an address before the Indiana Board of Agriculture W. C. Waller charged ex-Secretary of the Treasury Foster with misstatements in his reports.

Fort Wayne, Ind., authorities are waging war against saloons, policy shops and improper pictures.

Sixteen thousand election clerks were found inefficient at New York and will receive no pay.

Martha McAnich, of Kokomo, has sued the "Clover Leaf" Railway for \$10,000 damages for injuries received a few weeks ago.

Equal suffrage does not mean jury duty in Colorado. This is the opinion of Judge Allen, of the District Court of Denver, who has refused to permit women to serve in that capacity. Some time ago, when the regular list of jurors for the January term was drawn, the names of two women, tax-payers, were included by mistake on the part of the County Commissioners. When the deputy sheriff made his summons he discovered that the names were those of women instead of

ROB AN IOWA TRAIN.

DARING ACT OF TWO BANDITS NEAR OTTUMWA.

Bind the Clerks and Take All of Value in Sight, Probably More than \$8,000—Robbers Thought to Be Local Desperadoes.

Rob the Express Car.

Probably the most daring train robbery ever committed in Iowa was perpetrated early Saturday evening, almost under the very eyes of the Ottumwa authorities. It was one of the most consummate in boldness and successful in execution in the annals of train robbery. No. 4 mail express train on the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Road was the train selected, and the Adams Express Company is the loser of a good sum of money, the exact amount of which cannot be definitely ascertained. It is thought, however, to be more than \$8,000.

No. 4 is the Burlington through train from Denver to Chicago. Its express business is largely local, but many times it carries large sums of money. If this train was rich in big amounts no one knew it, but the daring highwaymen evidently suspected so, and almost in broad daylight relieved the messenger of all the packages in the safe that looked like money.

Chillicothe, the place where the robbers boarded the train, is a little village eight miles west of Ottumwa. When the train arrived there two men jumped on the front platform of the express car, and were the same men, it is believed, whom the agent says he saw at that place early in the afternoon. The train leaves Chillicothe at 6:30, and arrives at Ottumwa just twenty minutes later, a portion of this time being consumed by stopping at the Milwaukee junction. The robbers evidently knew the custom of the train, as the consumption of their plan evidences.

When the train left Chillicothe Messenger John S. Page was sitting near the safe, and his assistant was chatting carelessly with Baggageman Ed Wright. Suddenly the front door of the express car, which is usually locked, was thrown open and two masked men, each with two revolvers, called on the men to throw up their hands. While one man covered the trainmen the other quickly bound and gagged them and threw them in one corner. Then they coolly rifled the safe, placed the contents in a big sack and waited ten minutes for the train to whistle for the stop at the junction.

Jump Off with the Booty.

While waiting Postal Clerk John Umphreys came in from the mail car and was treated like the rest of his fellows. When the train slackened its speed at the junction the robbers jumped off with their booty, crossing the Des Moines River on the ice to the island, which has been the rendezvous of highwaymen and tough characters from time immemorial. The mail clerk released the express messenger from his thongs, and when the train pulled into the station at Ottumwa he had unlocked all his comrades, and the word was given quickly to the sheriff and police.

Sheriff Stodgill, Chief of Police Vanderveer and one posse started out on an engine for Chillicothe. Detective Jim Harrison, who shot the bandit at Batavia two weeks ago, headed another posse to trail the robbers if possible to their hiding place. The robbers wore no hats, but hoods with masks seemingly attached. Both had brown overcoats and one wore gray jeans trousers, while the other had encased his legs in overalls.

It is the belief of the railroad men that they belong to a gang of moonshiners, counterfeiters and desperadoes generally who inhabit some of the abandoned mines in the eastern edge of Monroe County, and that they were met on the other side of the river by their pals who had horses in waiting and they easily escaped.

NORTHWESTERN OHIO SHAKEN.

Nitroglycerine Magazine Explodes and Wrecks Houses at Gibsonburg.

The nitroglycerine magazine of the Ohio and Indiana Torpedo Company, located twelve miles west of Fremont, Ohio, and about one and a half miles east of Gibsonburg, blew up Sunday morning about 3 o'clock. The magazine contained 1,500 quarts of the explosive, which was to be used in shooting oil wells in the oil fields surrounding, and went off with terrific force, the shock being felt plainly for miles around in all of the neighboring towns with more or less force.

In Fremont the people were awakened and half scared to death by the shaking of the houses and doors and rattling of windows. At the central telephone office all of the annunciators were dropped. No one was injured at the scene and no one appears to be reported missing, and if anyone was there when the explosion occurred nothing is left to tell the tale unless covered up by the falling snow. The magazine rested on a bed of limestone, and only a small hole shows where it formerly stood. An oil stove was burning at the time to thaw out frozen explosives, and the cause is attributed to this.

Gibsonburg, in close proximity, suffered the worst from the shock. Doors were blown from their fastenings, windows blown in, chimneys tumbled down, plate-glass fronts shivered, while the houses rocked and creaked, moved by the upheaval. People were terrified and huddled together. The damage to the company will perhaps reach \$5,000, while in Gibsonburg it cannot yet be accurately estimated.

Mayor Sutro, of San Francisco, announces that he will call a mass-meeting to protest against the action of Acting United States Attorney Knight in refusing to issue a warrant for the arrest of C. P. Huntington, charged with violating the interstate commerce law by issuing a pass to Frank M. Stone. At the meeting expressions of opinion on the appointment of Mose Gunst as police commissioner will also be made.

August Samuelson, formerly chef at the Brown Palace Hotel, Denver, committed suicide by cutting his throat. He had been jilted by a woman for whom he deserted his wife and children. Before committing suicide he draped his and the woman's picture in black.

Thomas Walsh, a collector of the Pacific Express Company, confesses at Salt Lake that he stole nearly \$2,000 from the company last August.

As a result of eating poisoned cheese twenty-seven people of East Bradford, Pa., were sick.

Geraldine



CHAPTER XI.

OUTSIDE A FISHMONGER'S WINDOW.

"In London, it folks ill-together are put,
A bore may be done, or a quiz may be cut,
We change without cut, and it hazy or ill,
All wants are at hand, and all wishes at will."

A few days after this, as Belenden was strolling up Bond street at an early hour—for he was an earlier man now than he had been wont to be—he saw coming toward him Geraldine and Miss Corinna on the same side of the pavement.

Who the latter might be he knew not; but he took off his hat, and half paused, as hoping that something more than a mere bow might be forthcoming from the light figure nearest to him.

Nothing was. The ladies passed on; and their appearance, or rather Geraldine's, having awakened a fresh train of thought becoming rapidly familiar to his breast, he stood still for a moment, absently gazing into a favorite shop window, without, on this occasion, seeing what it contained.

The shop was Grove's, well known to all lovers of angling, and it was never passed by Belenden without a thorough survey of its cool, fresh, shining, tempting contents. His footsteps ceased accordingly of themselves, and he was to all appearances completely engrossed, when, just as he was turning to proceed, Miss Campbell came tripping back, and alone.

She had dropped her companion at the Grosvenor Gallery, and was hurrying home in time to be ready for her ride. Belenden could hardly have avoided the meeting had he wished to do so, and, as it was, he looked her full in the face, and the look was such as could not be ignored. For there was something sad, affronted, almost piteous in it; and merciless and whole-hearted as the young girl felt, she could not pass on without impropriety. It was the first time she had ever seen any man look at her like that.

On the Sunday Belenden had been cheerful and sociable, and she had no idea that he had not felt as brisk as he had looked; on the Monday she had not seen him at all, except in the distance. The eager movement forward had not indeed been lost upon her, and it had been delightful so coolly to frustrate it; but she had not supposed she had been able to cause anything beyond a faint twinge of mortification. How soul-satisfying it would be if it should now prove that she had really the capacity to do more!

"I was thinking of you just now," said he, looking down upon her. He could still look down upon her, tall as she had grown.

"Well, yes, I passed a minute ago," replied Geraldine, promptly. "I suppose you are studying this fishmonger's window? Every one does, I think. I can never pass it by myself if I have a moment to spare—which I have not to-day," she was about to add, when he interrupted her.

"They remind me," he said, "of the whitening bank at Inchmaree."

"Which? The cod? Or the turbot? Or the lobsters?" cried Geraldine, merrily. "Surely you forget. We had done of these at Inchmaree. We have only common things there; but, of course, you have forgotten—"

"I have forgotten nothing."

"No, really? But I must run, or they will think I have forgotten what o'clock it is. I am to ride with my cousin, and I only just took a moment to see my old governess off on a picture hunt."

"Was that your old governess?" said Belenden, with still the same dangerously retrospective tone. "I should have looked at her with much greater interest had I known."

Whereat Geraldine—all credit to her—stared at him? Stared, as blankly and magnificently as though she had been born and bred in Belgravia. What on earth did he mean? the stare demanded. What was he thinking of? The man must have gone crazy.

"Good-bye," she said the next moment, no further comment seeming to be needed. "Good-bye," and away she stepped as light as a feather, looking prettier and friskier than ever in her dainty summer robe, with her little white sunshade bobbing overhead. As long as she was within sight, even though her back was towards him, she kept up the smile and a trace of the stare—but once within doors, and within her own room, the scene changed.

"You would, you hypocrite!" blazed forth the little vixen in sudden fury. "You would? And you think to make me now believe you dare almost openly to insinuate that you have kept up your interest in—in me through all these years? These years during which you have never vouchsafed one of us a word or thought? You would like to begin it all over again, would you not? You would get me alone, and whisper your soft pleasant things, and bring me gifts, and tell me to remember you by them, and draw me on to be so foolish and so hateful, that I cannot think of it now, now, without a cringe, within myself. No, sir—not again. Not a second time, Sir Frederick Belenden. I think I am a match for you now. What is more, you shall have to own it. I'll not avoid him; oh, dear, no. I'll speak to him; dance with him; ride with him; almost—but but flirt with him. I'll just not flirt with him, because granny would not like it. But if he ever tries again to be sentimental, or to make allusions and give hints, as he did just now, let him beware! He does not yet know little Jerry of Inchmaree."

The next thing was Jerry's first ball, and a famous ball she had of it.

Of course she could have had almost any partners she chose; for the fame of her had begun to be whispered, and the fashionable world was on the alert about the pretty heiress. Every one was asking his neighbor about her

comings and goings, the genuineness of her charms, and the extent of her rent roll. Old and young alike thought that an introduction, even if it went no further, could do no harm. Lady Raymond somewhat sourly warned her mother of the necessity of being careful.

"People are so outrageous," she declared. "Really one is ashamed of one's fellows nowadays. Directly a girl with money appears upon the scene, the men swarm after her like a hive of bees. And a fine, unnumbered estate like Inchmaree is not in the market every day. Pray be particular as to whose acquaintance you permit."

It did just occur to Mrs. Campbell that her daughter might have been some attraction for the bees save in the fine, unnumbered estate, and that she spoke with some acerbity when she described Geraldine as "a girl with money." It made her bride up, and cut Charlotte somewhat short in her next remark, so that Lady Raymond feared afterwards that she had not on the whole done quite so well as she had expected. She had meant to suggest that application as to the character and tenets held by the bees in question should be made by her mother to her son, and that Cecil alone should furnish the password to granny's good graces; but she was obliged to be satisfied with vaguely hinting at what she had intended putting into good round terms.

As for Cecil himself, he was perfectly satisfied with the situation as it stood. In the double character of his grandmother's aide-de-camp, and Geraldine's instructor and companion, he went about with the ladies everywhere; and on the occasion of the ball in question, had the honor of presenting his cousin with her betrothal ring, of facing her in the carriage, and of following her up the broad, red-carpeted steps into the festive halls.

The scene that here met her eyes was as new as all the rest had been to the little Highlander; but, true to herself, she now walked demurely through the banks of flower and shrub, and between the long lines of silvery lamps, looking neither to right nor to left lest Cecil should see aught amiss in her deportment. They were rather late, and dancing had begun.

Truth compels us to state that Geraldine was not a good dancer. All the running and climbing in the world will not teach the swing of the waltz without some pains being taken in its accomplishment; and, accordingly, although partners were rife, as we have said, they speedily discovered that the pretty heiress did not care to be long upon the floor, and that they might joyfully exchange the fatiguing exercise for a quiet stroll through the galleries, or, better still, a lounge under the awning of the balcony.

The latter was the most affected by the lady.

She had never done anything of the kind, and never seen anything of the kind before. To be sitting or standing outside a London ball-room, amidst a crowd of ball-goers, in her brilliant ball-dress, on a warm, sweet-scented summer night, while the music went tinkling on within the vast saloons, and the dancers were circling round, and soft voices and laughter and light pattering feet filled the air on every side—it was like fairyland. She wondered if all the girls there were having as good a time as she.

Some of them looked at her rather hard, she thought; and so, for that matter, did the men. What was it they saw?

With all her shrewdness and her inborn share of native self-importance, it did not occur to her that they were saying, "That is Miss Campbell. That is the great Scotch heiress," and that, thereupon, some fell a-musing, and some to picking her to pieces.

"My dear, you must positively stick a little closer to your grandmother, or to me," her Aunt Charlotte admonished her somewhat sharply at last. "Do as your cousins do. Ethel and Alicia are always coming backwards and forwards to us, they stay with us when they are not dancing."

"But I have been engaged for every dance."

"Where then have you been? You have not been in the ball-room."

"Outside. On the balcony," began Geraldine, but could proceed no further.

"That does not do, my dear; it does not—do," frowned her aunt, with a terrific whisper. "I thought you would have known better. Ethel and Alicia never go out on the balconies—never. I ought to have told you. Cecil ought to have told you."

"Why, I have just been there with Cecil," said Jerry, opening her eyes.

"Oh!" said Lady Raymond, wished she had held her tongue. "Oh—Oh—"

"—Oh?" she said, not knowing what else to say. "Well, of course, my dear, of course, that—them—makes a difference, to be sure, in an entirely altered tone, to be sure that—them—completely alters the case. It is only my anxiety that you should be the same as one of my own daughters, you know, Geraldine; and, no doubt, Cecil—Cecil, no doubt—floundering on, 'I dare say he took care as to whom you were with,' concluded, tamely."

"He introduced nearly all of them."

The next moment, however, brought a new introduction. "Geraldine, my love," said her grandmother's voice, "General Dacre wishes to know you."

He was a friend of your poor father's," added she, lower, "he asked of himself to be presented;" and there stood a fine, soldierly-looking man, with crisp, gray hair, a thick, gray moustache, an aquiline nose, and a magnificent star of diamonds on his breast. Jerry had never felt prouder in her life.

A general with a star, at whom, for all her eighteen summers, she would only have ventured to gaze in humble admiration, had he not himself solicited a nearer acquaintance. She did indeed feel honored, as she took his arm, and moved about here and there, fancying all around must gaze at the pair with wonder and with envy.

This fine old warrior, whose notice had been felt to confer such distinction, and for whom she had been racking her brains to find topics not too frivolous and foolish, proved to be neither more nor less than a flighty old fool, anxious still to play his part

among the dandies of the day, and in consequence, to be seen in attendance on any pretty girl who was the mode. That the reigning bell of the evening chanced to be the daughter of an old friend dead and gone, was a piece of luck not to be thrown away; but having made a stepping-stone of the fact, he had not had her ear many minutes ere he had thrown it aside. He had no notion of being longer looked upon in the light in which he had first presented himself, and, indeed, soon began to twaddle so foolishly and so flippantly, that the poor child, disgusted and ashamed, begged to be taken back to her chamber, with a peremptoriness which admitted of no denial.

She was very short and reserved with her next partner, an elegant youth, who forthwith began the usual prattle about Ascot Sandown, Hurlingham, and the like, to which she was now becoming accustomed. She would make quick work of him, Jerry thought; and with the tip of her pretty nose in the air, she all at once volunteered a piece of information which she had not hitherto been eager to impart.

"I know nothing of these places," she said. "I am just come up. My home is in the Highlands of Scotland."

Wonder of wonders, the effect was precisely contrary to that expected. The Highlands of Scotland? The Scottish Highlands were his Paradise, his Elysium. His whole face lighted up at the mere mention of their name. He was a born Highlander himself, born of bred within the wilds of Lochaber. Of course he had known that Miss Campbell must be Scotch, probably from Argyleshire—with a smile—but he did not know, he did not think, he thought girls cared for nothing but London, and—and—but did she really care for the heather, and the sea, and the tartan, and the pipes? He was learning the pipes himself. He belonged to a Highland regiment, and was learning from his own pipe-major, the finest pipe-major in the service. The pipe-major had himself composed a "Glenlivet" and a "Hornpipe," and was to play one or other of them, he was not sure which, at the Northern Meeting that autumn. Did Miss Campbell ever go to the Northern Meeting? No. Well, he could not say he cared for it very much himself, it was getting so very big and cockneyish. Still, he should go, as their pipe-major was to compete—and so on, and so on.

Never had he a more appreciative listener. There was a true ring in the lad's school-boy enthusiasm which delighted and exhilarated Geraldine, and which came like a breath of fresh air after the false, artificial vapors which before had been supposed to be her proper atmosphere.

It was not, moreover, lost upon her that she had been twice misled within one short half-hour; so granny was not wrong in thinking experience was gained, to which, we may here add, every succeeding evening brought its quota.

Belenden was never at the balls. He was not a dancing man, and never had been; so that having persistently declined invitations hitherto, he could not now have turned round and accepted them, even had he wished—for none were sent him.

Neither did he so wish; he only disliked to hear young Raymond incessantly reverting to things that had happened the night before, or the night before that, whenever it happened—and it happened pretty often—that he was in company with the two cousins. He met them on most mornings in the Row, pretty often in the afternoon, too, at one place or another—perhaps he noted where they were going—and now and then in Montague street. Not by themselves, of course; but what was grandmother, or ex-governess or cousin? Only some one standing by for propriety's sake, some one, too, sure to be engrossed with the pictures, or the music or the art treasures, or whatever it was that Geraldine had, by the way, gone to see, but which Belenden very much doubted whether she ever did see. She never looked at them after he was there, at any rate. She did not look at him much, neither. Her eyes, her ears, her nose, and answers were for Cecil—or so it seemed to Cecil's rival.

Still Belenden waited. There were times—solitary moments—when he did not feel quite so sure about this or that might have been. He had sometimes been himself shot a glance, a flash of the eye, a furtive, swiftly-withdrawn, searching, home-thrusting look, which puzzled him.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The End of a Duchess.

Mme. d'Abrantes did not seek her hero Napoleon on his brief return from exile. Such a meeting would have been trying even to her "Rome mental flexibility." She was in Rome during the Hundred Days, "surrounded," according to the Nouvelle Biographie Generale, "by artistic and literary friends."

Few and meagre are the particulars which can now be gleaned of her later years; there are hardly any materials for bridging the gulf between the Parisian Queen of society and the broken-down wreck of Chorley's lurid sketch.

The revolution of 1830 found her at the Abbaye-aux-Bois, whither the total loss of her fortune compelled her to retire. She says that on the reappearance of the tri-color she was "saisie d'une de ces joies sans mesure qui revalent le ciel," but it in no way alleviated her melancholy fate. From 1831 to 1835 her memoirs were in course of publication. She wrote some other books and many stories and papers, some of which appeared in The Revue de Paris.

Mme. d'Abrantes, reduced to utter destitution, died at Chaillot on June 7, 1839; two days after being admitted to a small hospital, having been refused shelter in one of more pretensions without payment in advance. "Abandoned by all whom she loved," (which would seem to imply that her children had forsaken her), "but receiving the last consolations of religion from the hands of the Archbishop of Paris."—Temple Bar.

Mudie's Library.

Mudie's circulating library in London has 3,500,000 books constantly in circulation and employs 178 people. Forty years ago its circulation reached 100, which caused a sensation.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

WORK OF CHRISTIAN MISSIONARIES IN CEYLON.

Nature's Luxuriance Adds Weight to the Belief that It Is the Site of the Garden of Eden—Christianity Must Triumph Over Hindoo Superstition.

The Isle of Palms.

In continuing his series of round the world sermons through the press Rev. Dr. Talmage has this week chosen for his subject "Ceylon, the Isle of Palms," the text selected being, "The ships of Tarshish first" (Isaiah lx., 9).

The Tarshish of my text by many commentators is supposed to be the island of Ceylon, upon which the seventh sermon of the round the world series lands us. Ceylon was called by the Romans Taprobane, John Milton called it "Golden Chersonese." Moderns have called Ceylon "the Isle of Palms," "the Isle of flowers," "the pearl drop on the brow of India," "the show place of the universe," "the land of hyacinth and ruby." In my eyes for scenery it appeared to be a mixture of Yosemite and Yellowstone park. All Christian people want to know more of Ceylon, for they have a long while been contributing for its evangelization. As our ship from Australia approached this island there hovered over it clouds thick and black as the superstitions which have hovered here for centuries, but the morning sun was breaking through like the gospel light which is to scatter the last cloud of moral gloom. The sea lay under the calm as the eternal purposes of God toward all islands and continents. We swing into the harbor of Colombo, which is made by a breakwater built at vast expense. As we floated into it the water is black with boats of all sizes and manned by people of all colors, but chiefly Tamils and Cingalese.

There are two things I want most to see on this island—a heathen temple, with its devotees in idolatrous worship and an audience of Cingalese addressed by a Christian missionary. The entomologist may have his capture of brilliant insects, and the sportsman his tent adorned with antler of red deer and tooth of wild boar, and the painter his portfolio of gorge 3,000 feet down and of days dying on evening pillows of purple cloud etched with fire, and the botanist his camp full of orchids and crocuses and gentians and valerian and lotus. I want most to find out the moral and religious triumph—how many wounds have been healed, how many sorrows comforted, how many embowed nations resurrected. Sir William Baker, the famous explorer and geographer, did well for Ceylon after his eight years' residence in this island, and Professor Ernst Heckel, the professor from Jena, did well when he swept these waters and rummaged these hills and took home for future inspection the insects of this tropical air. And forever honored be such work, but let all that is sweet in rhythm, and graphic on canvas, and imposing in monument, and immortal in memory, be brought to tell the deeds of those who were heroes and heroines for Christ's sake.

Site of Paradise.

Many scholars have supposed that this island of Ceylon was the original garden of Eden where the snake first appeared on an earthly mission. There are reasons for believing that this was the site where the first homestead was opened and destroyed. It is so near the equator that there are not more than 12 degrees of Fahrenheit difference all the year round. Perpetual foliage, perpetual fruit, and all styles of animal life prosper. What luxuriance and abundance and superabundance of life! What styles of plumage do not the birds sport! What styles of scale do not the fishes reveal! What styles of song do not the groves have in their libretto!

Here on the roadside and clear out on the beach of the sea stands the cocoanut tree, saying: "Take my leaves for shade. Take the juice of my fruit for delectable drink. Take my sugar for sugar. Take my fiber for the cordage of your ships. Take my oil to kindle your lamps. Take my wood to fashion your cups and pitchers. Take my leaves to thatch your roofs. Take my smooth surface, which I redden to print your books. Take my 30,000,000 trees covering 500,000 acres, and with the exportation enrich the world. I will wave in your fans and spread abroad in your umbrellas. I will vibrate in your musical instruments. I will be the scrub in brushes on your floors." Here also stands the palm tree, saying: "I am at your disposal. With these arms I fed your ancestors 150 years ago, and with these same arms I will feed your descendants 150 years from now. I defy the centuries." Here also stands the nutmeg tree, saying: "I am ready to spice your beverages and enrich your puddings, and with my sweet dust make insipid things palatable."

Here also stands the coffee plant, saying: "With the liquid boiled from my berry I stimulate the nations morning by morning." Here stands the tea plant, saying: "With the liquid boiled from my leaf I soothe the world's nerves and stimulate the world's conversation evening by evening."

Here stands the cinchona, saying: "I am the foe of malaria. In all climates my bitterness is the slaughter of fevers." What miracles of productiveness on these islands! Enough sugar to sweeten all the world's beverages. Enough bananas to pile all the world's fruit baskets. Enough rice to mix all the world's puddings. Enough coconut to powder all the world's cakes. Enough flowers to garland all the world's beauty.

Nature's Incense.

But in the evening, riding through a cinnamon grove, I first tasted the leaves and bark of that condiment so valuable and delicate that, transported on ships, the aroma of the cinnamon is dispelled if placed near a rival bark. Of such great value is the cinnamon shrub that years ago the who injured it in Ceylon were put to death. But that which once was a jungle of cinnamon is now a park of gentlemen's residences. The long, white dwelling houses are bounded with this shrub, and all other styles of growth congregated there make a botanical garden. Doves called cinnamon doves hop among the branches, and crows, more poetically styled ravens, which never could sing, but think they can, fly across the road giving full test of their vocabularies. Birds which learned their chanting under the very caves of heaven overpower all with their grand march of the tropics. The hibiscus dapples the scene with its scarlet clusters. All shades of brown and emerald and saffron and brilliance; melons, limes, mangoes, custard apples, guavas, pineapples, jasmine so laden with aroma they have to hold fast to the wall,

and begonias, gloriosas on fire and orchids so delicate other lands must keep them under conservatory, but here defiant of all weather, and flowers more or less akin to azaleas, and honeysuckles and foxes and fuchsias and chrysanthemums and rhododendrons and foxgloves and pansies, which dye the plains and mountains of Ceylon with heaven.

The evening hours burn incense of all styles of aromatics. The convolvulus, blue as if the sky had fallen, and butterflies spangling the air, arms of trees sleeved with blossoms, and rocks upholstered of moss, commingling sounds and sights and odors until eye and ear and nostril vie with each other as to which sense shall open the door to the most enchantment. A struggle between music and perfume and iridescence. Oleanders reeling in intoxication of color. Great banyan trees that have been changing their mind for centuries, each century carrying out a new plan of growth, attracted our attention and saw us pass the year of 1894 as they saw the generations of 1794 and 1694. Colombo is so thoroughly embowered in foliage that if you go into one of its towers and look down upon the city of 130,000 people you cannot see a house. Oh, the trees of Ceylon! May you live to behold the morning climbing down through their branches or the evening tipping their leaves with amber and gold. I forgive the Buddhist for the worship of trees until they know of the God who made the trees. I wonder not that there are some trees in Ceylon called sacred. To me all trees are sacred. I wonder not that before one of them they burn camphor flowers, and hang lamps around its branches, and 100,000 people each year make pilgrimage to that tree. Worship something man must, and, until he hear of the only being worthy of worship, what so elevating as a tree! What glory thrived amid its foliage! What a majestic doxology spreads out in its branches! What a voice when the tempests pass through it! How it looks down upon the cradle and the grave of centuries! As the fruit of one tree unlawfully eaten struck the race with woe, and the uplifting of another tree brings peace to the soul, let the woodman spare the tree, and all nations honor it, if, through higher teaching, we do not, like the Cingalese, worship it! How consolatory that when we no more walk under the tree branches on earth we may see the "tree of life" which yields fruit every month, and the leaves of the tree are for the healing of the nations!

A Cingalese Ceremony.

Two processions I saw in Ceylon within one hour, the first led by a Hindoo priest, a huge pot of flowers on his head, his face disfigured with holy lacerations and his unwashed followers heaving as many discords from what are supposed to be musical instruments as at one time can be induced to enter the human ear. The procession halted at the door of the huts. The occupants came out and made obeisance and presented small contributions. In return therefor the priest sprinkled ashes upon the children who came forward, this evidently a form of benediction. Then the procession, led on by the priest, started again—more noise, more ashes, more genuflection. However keen one's sense of the ludicrous, he could find nothing to excite even a smile in the movements of such a procession—meaningless, oppressive, squalid, filthy, sad.

Returning to our carriage, we rode on for a few moments, and we came on another procession, a kindly lady leading groups of native children, all clean, bright, happy, laughing. They were a Christian school out for exercise. There seemed a much intelligence, refinement and happiness in that regiment of young Cingalese as you would find in the ranks of any young ladies' seminary being chaperoned on their afternoon walk through Central Park, New York, or Hyde Park, London. The Hindoo procession illustrated on a small scale something of what Hinduism can do for the world. The Christian procession illustrated on a small scale something of what Christianity can do for the world. But those two processions were only fragments of two great processions ever marching across our world—the procession blasted of superstition and the procession blessed of gospel light. I saw them in one afternoon in Ceylon. They are to be seen in all nations.

American Missionaries.

Nothing is of more thrilling interest than the Christian achievements in this land. The Episcopal Church was here the national church, but disestablishment has taken place, and since Mr. Gladstone's accomplishment of that fact in 1880 all are doing mighty work. America is second to no other nation in what has been done for Ceylon. Since 1816 she has had her religious agents in the Jaffna peninsula of Ceylon. The Spauldings, the Howlands, the Drs. Poor, the Samuels, and others just as good and strong have been fighting back monsters of superstition and cruelty greater than any that ever swung the tusk or roared in the jungles.

The American missionaries in Ceylon have given special attention to medical instruction and are doing wonders in driving back the horrors of heathen surgery. Cases of suffering were formerly given over to the devil worshippers and such tortures inflicted as may not be described. The patient was trampled by the feet of the medical attendants. It is only of God's mercy that there is a living mother in Ceylon. Oh, how much Ceylon needs doctors, and the medical classes of native students under the care of those who follow the example of the late Samuel Fish Green are providing them, so that all the alleviations, and kindly ministries, and scientific accumen that can be found in American and English hospitals will soon bless all Ceylon. In that island are thirty-two American schools, 210 Church of England schools, 234 Wesleyan schools, 234 Roman Catholic schools. Ah, the schools decide most everything!

How suggestive the incident that came to me in Ceylon! In a school under the care of the Episcopal church two boys were converted to Christ and were to be baptized. An intelligent Buddhist boy said in the school, "Let all the boys on Buddha's side come to this part of the room and all the boys on Christ's side go to the other part of the room." All the boys except two went on Buddha's side, and when the two boys who were to be baptized were scoffed at and derided one of them yielded and retired to Buddha's side. But afterward that boy was very sorry that he yielded to the persecution, and when the day of baptism came stood up beside the boy who remained firm. Some one said to the boy who had vacillated in his choice between Buddha and Christ, "You are a coward and not fit for either side," but he replied, "I was overcome of temptation, but I repent and believe." Then both the boys were baptized, and from that time the Anglican mission moved on more and more vigorously. I will not say which of all the de-

nominations of Christians is doing the most for the evangelization of that island, but know this—Ceylon will be taken for Christ! Sing Bishop Heber's hymn:

"What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft over Ceylon's isle,"

Among the first places I visited was a Buddhist college; about 100 men studying to become priests, gathered around the teachers. Stepping into the building where the high priest was instructing the class, we were apologetic and told him we were Americans and would like to see his mode of teaching if he had no objections, whereupon he began, doubled up as he was on a lounge, with his right hand playing with his foot. In his left hand he held a package of bamboo leaves, on which were written the words of the lesson, each student holding a similar package of bamboo leaves. The high priest first read, and then one of his students read. A group of as finely formed young men as I ever saw surrounded the venerable instructor. The last word of each sentence was intoned. There was in the whole scene an earnestness which impressed me. Not able to understand a word of what was said, there is a look of language and intonation that is the same among all races. That the Buddhists have full faith in their religion no one can doubt. That is, in their opinion, the way to heaven. What Mohammed is to the Mohammedan and what Christ is to the Christian Buddha is to the Buddhist. We waited for a pause in the recitation, and then, expressing our thanks, retired.

Near by is a Buddhist temple, on the altar of which before the image of Buddha are offerings of flowers. As night was coming on we came up to a Hindoo temple. First we were prohibited going farther than the outside steps, but we gradually advanced until we could see all that was going on inside. The worshippers were making obeisance. The tom-toms were wildly beaten, and shrill pipes were blown, and several other instruments were in full hand and blare, and there was an indescribable hubbub and the most laborious style of worship I had ever seen or heard. The dim lights, and the jargon, and the glooms, and the flitting figures mingled for eye and ear a horror which it is difficult to shake off. All this was only suggestive of what would there transpire after the toilers of the day had ceased work and had time to appear at the temple. That such things should be supposed to please the Lord or have any power to console or help the worshippers is only another mystery in this world of mysteries. But we came away saddened with the spectacle, a sadness which did not leave us until we arrived at a place where a Christian missionary was preaching in the street to a group of natives.

I had that morning expressed a wish to witness such a scene, and here it was. Standing on an elevation, the good man was addressing the crowd. All was attention and silence and reverence. A religion of relief and joy was being commended, and the dusky faces were illumined with the sentiments of pacification and re-formation. It was the voice of Sharon after walking among nettles. It was the morning light after a thick darkness. It was the gospel after Hinduism.

Ancient Civilization.

But passing up and down the streets of Ceylon you find all styles of people within five minutes—Afghans, Kaffirs, Portuguese, Moormen, Dutch, English, Scotch, Irish, American—all classes, all dialects, all manners and customs, all styles of apparel. The most interesting thing on earth is the human race, and specimens of all branches of it confront you in Ceylon. The island of the present is a quiet and inconspicuous affair compared with what it once was. The dead cities of Ceylon were larger and more imposing than are the living cities. On this island are dead New Yorks, and dead Pekings, and dead Edinburghs, and dead Londons. Ever and anon at the stroke of the archaeologist's hammer the tomb of some great municipality flies open, and there are other buried cities that will yet respond to the explorer's pickaxe. The Pompeii and Herculaneum underneath Italy are small compared with the Pompeii and Herculaneum underneath Ceylon. Yonder is an exhumed city which was founded 500 years before Christ, standing in pomp and splendor for 1,200 years. Streetsways up which fifty men might pass side by side; carved pillars, some of them fallen; some of them aslant, some of them erect; Phidias and Christopher Wrens never heard of here performed the marvels of sculpture and architecture; aisles through which royal processions marched; arches under which kings were carried; city with reservoir twenty miles in circumference; extemporized lakes that did their cooling and refreshing for twelve centuries; ruins more suggestive than Melrose and Kenilworth; Ceylonian Karnaks and Luxors; ruins retaining much of grandeur, though ruins bombarded them and time put his chisel on every block, and more than all, vegetation put its anchors and pries and wrenches in all the crevices.

You can judge somewhat of the size of the cities by the reservoirs that were required to slake their thirst, judging the size of the city from the size of the cup out of which it drank. Cities crowded with inhabitants, not like American or English cities, but packed together as only barbaric tribes can pack them. But their knell was sounded. Their light went out. Giant trees are the only royal family now occupying those places. The growth of wild beasts where once the guffaw of wassail ascended. Anurajapura and Pollonnaruwa will never be rebuilt. Let all the living cities of the earth take warning. Cities are human, having a time to be born and a time to die. No more certainly have they a cradle than a grave. A last judgment is appointed for individuals, but cities have their last judgment in this world. They bless, they curse, they worship, they blaspheme, they suffer, they are rewarded, they are overthrown.

Preposterous, says some one, to think that any of our American or European cities which have stood so long can ever come through vice to extinction. But New York and London have not stood as long as those Ceylonese cities stood. Where is the throne outside of Ceylon on which 165 successive kings reigned for a lifetime? Cities and nations that have lived far longer than our present cities or nation have been supplanted. Let all the great municipalities of this and other lands ponder. It is as true now as when the psalmist wrote it and as true of cities and nations as of individuals, "The Lord knoweth the way of the righteous, but the way of the ungodly shall perish."

The crazy Italian theologian, Paoletti, wrote a book to prove that the North American Indians were the direct descendants of Satan and one of Noah's daughters, and that, consequently, they were incapable of repentance or salvation.

CHAT OF THE CHURCH

WHAT IS GOING ON IN THE RELIGIOUS WORLD.

News Notes from All Lands Regarding Their Religious Thought and Movement—What the Great Denominations Are Doing.

Jenny Lind.
THE great Swedish cantatrice, Jenny Lind, is affectionately remembered by many families in this country for her gentle devotion to her own people and her humble religious spirit as much as for her marvelous songs.

There still stands in Philadelphia an ancient church which was founded in the reign of Gustavus as a mission for the Swedish emigrants then dwelling in the Western wilderness. Queen Christina, in all her vagaries, never forgot to send aid to this little church. A pair of carved cherubs, which were her gift, still guard the organ loft. The church, oddly enough, remained a mission station, supported by the Swedish government until the early years of the present century.

When Jenny Lind visited Philadelphia, in 1852, the enormous prices charged for tickets to her concerts excluded most music-lovers of limited means. Her wonderful gift was a delight largely for the rich.

She had heard, however, of the little mission church, and on Sunday morning a plainly dressed woman entered and knelt among the poor worshippers, listening to prayers and sermon. It was only when she joined in the hymn that they knew they had entertained unawares, if not an angel, the woman of all the world who had the voice of one.

When service was over, she lingered in the churchyard to shake hands with her country-people and talk to them in their own tongue.

Her friend, Lady Taylor of Bourne-mouth, tells the following touching story of this noble songstress: She declared her intention of retiring from the operatic stage, giving as a reason that the pursuit was so engrossing that it hindered her devotion to higher things. Lady Taylor found her one evening sitting on the beach, her little Bible on her lap, and renewed the argument in favor of the stage.

"You owe your work to the world," she said.

"But when that work," replied the great singer, gravely, "makes me care little for this," touching the book, "and nothing for that," looking at the sunset, "it is time to give it up."

Not many women or men when the "hand" or "foot offends," as the Master expresses it, are strong enough to cut it off that they may not be hindered in earnest preparation for the "life that is to come."—Youth's Companion.

The Hero of To-day.

The agnostic, the Hebrew, the hermit in the Punjab and the Christian, judging the matter from a purely secular point of view, must agree, and do agree, that if the life and teachings of Christ were to be eliminated from our consciousness the world would suffer as from a great catastrophe. The German rationalist, the French iconoclast, and the American repudiator of any supernatural element in the scriptures cordially admit—though they shrug their shoulders at the creeds of the church—that the man Jesus has been accorded a dual immortality, for though He went from Calvary to Heaven his personality is projected into human affairs and exercise such controlling influence that we may say almost literally that He is a citizen of the world in this nineteenth century.

The sole purpose of His life was to teach some simple truths and to do it with such emphasis that they would leave their impression, just as the die in the mint leaves its design on the gold coin. These truths are not numerous and they should not be befogged by learned explanations. What all men are expected to live by all men ought to be able to understand without any great effort, and Jesus, who talked mostly to ordinary folk, said nothing which needs explanation by rabbi, priest, or pastor.

He taught that God is not implacable, but parental, thus appealing to the highest motives of which human nature is capable; that we are to mete out to others the measure of love He gives to us; that a gentle, guiding, and a solicitous providence is constantly active for our benefit, and that it "neither slumbers nor sleeps;" that sorrows, trials, and struggles are just as necessary to the soul as fire is when metals are to be purified, and that another life with a different environment awaits us when the heavy gates of death swing on their hinges and the golden bowl of time is broken.

There was not one listener in His vast audience, as He preached on hillside or seashore, who could possibly misunderstand His meaning. They have been astounded, but they comprehended His words, and felt that He was a protector and a friend.

These are the ideas which have been injected into the race, and been transformed into an impulse which leads us to look for the ideal and strive to attain it. These are the ideas which lie at the foundation of individual happiness and of national prosperity. These are the ideas which have made our civilization what it is, giving good cheer to discouragement and consolation to the afflicted. There is no power on earth which can destroy them or make us forgetful of them, for when a man has gold he forever after rejects

copper. We may be satisfied with darkness until the sun rises above the hill tops, but from that radiant moment no one can persuade us to sit in the shadow any longer.—New York Herald.

"The Kingdom of God is Within You."

A good platform surely, upon which to begin a religious life. Naaman's testimony, in the hour of his being cleansed from his leprosy, was to the effect that he knew the God of Elisha was the true God. How did he get this evidence? No doubt when he left Damascus he believed the God of the Israelites to be a myth, but something had happened to him and in him that killed all his doubts. Many a man has stumbled into a revival meeting, careless and full of unbelief, to whom God revealed himself in a way that completely changed his heart and life. The prophet gave Naaman a simple thing to do, with a promise that if he would do it a miraculous cure should be wrought in his body. He obeyed, and the instant his obedience was complete his leprosy was gone. It was on this that his faith was based that the God of Elisha was the only and true God. As surely and as truly as Naaman knew God by the cleansing of his leprosy, may a man know God to-day by what takes place in himself. In an instant he finds that all bitterness has been taken out of his heart. That he hates no one, not even his greatest enemy. That he loves everybody, and has nothing but good will in his heart toward all men. These things are not imaginary, but as real as anything in human experience. Enmity is killed, and love is born, and gratitude to God fills the heart. Therefore every man who knows God knows Him because he knows that a work has been done in his own heart that only God could do.

The Elder Brother.

Here comes the son who is too often held up an example to children; the boy who stayed at home to plow and plant and dig. See his weary look as he comes dragging his tired limbs toward the house, carrying his pick and dinner bucket. But suddenly he is stunned and pained to discover that somebody is having good time in the old home, for he hears music and dancing. He has been a hard worker, to be sure, but has been out of communion with his father, and that made his work all the harder. The father knew where to find the neighbors to invite them to the feast, but he didn't know where his oldest boy was. He may have been within a mile of the house, but in spirit he was farther from his father's heart than his brother had been in the country. When he finds out what has happened, he gets mad and is taken with the sulks. He falls into sensoriousness and begins to talk like a pharisee; misjudging his father and condemning his brother and boasting of how faithful he has been, and how little he has been paid for it. He has no love for his father, or he would not talk as he is doing, for "love vaunteth not itself, and is not puffed up." He is envious and bitter, and shows that he has a devilish spirit. There is nothing about him that should be held up as an example, for in every point he is the opposite of Christ.

Ram's Horn Wrinkles.

WRONG doing always begins with wrong thinking.

NOTHING God wants us to do is unreasonable service.

FIRE is one thing to the gold, and quite another to the dross.

HELL is as near to the palace as Heaven is to the death bed.

IT is dangerous to follow any man who does not follow Christ.

A SURE way to find a better place is to more than fill the present one.

WHENEVER two praying men come together God has a standing army.

THE man who is ruled by his feelings cannot travel in a straight line.

THE man who runs from trouble will never find time to stop and rest.

THE devil probably smiles whenever he meets a Christian with a long face.

CHRIST will not remain in any heart where His commandments are not kept.

IT is hard for Christ to find a door big enough to get into a stingy man's heart.

THE man who follows Christ in earnest is always ready to do it at his own expense.

IT may be that when God takes our friends away from us, it is to bring them closer to us.

WHEN a Christian goes wrong he makes it that much harder for some sinner to go right.

THERE is no such thing as receiving the Bible as the word of God, and keeping Christ out of the heart.

WE hear of people too poor to take a good newspaper, but who ever heard of one too poor to smoke a pipe?

THERE is a difference between sitting before the fire and thinking about doing good, and going in the cold and snow to do it.

THERE is something wrong with the religion of the man who walks with a lighter step toward the theater than he does toward the church.

False Economy.

An exchange reports the saying of a small boy who must be one of those unwise souls who withhold more than is meet.

At the supper-table he confessed that he had eaten a piece of pie that afternoon.

"Who gave it to you?" asked his mother.

"Mrs. Rich."

"Did you thank her?"

"No'm; I thought she would give me another piece, and I was going to thank her all at once."

If you are going to buy a trunk, get some baggage master to go with you to pick it out.

LET US ALL LAUGH.

JOKES FROM THE PENS OF VARIOUS HUMORISTS.

Pleasant Incidents Occurring the World Over—Sayings that Are Cheerful to the Old or Young—Funny Selections that Everybody Will Enjoy Reading.

Art Furniture.

"That stove," began the customer, with deadly calmness, "you sold me last week as an 'art stove,' I believe?" "Yes," admitted the dealer. "Isn't it?" "It doesn't know any more about art than a hog does about Sunday." "Eh? What?" "I say it doesn't know the first thing about art. I haven't tried it on painting yet but it can't draw worth a cent."—Indianapolis Journal.

A Broken Heart.

"This man," said the doctor, who was showing the visitor over the insane asylum, "is one of our most interesting patients. You will notice that he does nothing but weep all the time." "What sent him insane?" asked the visitor. "He was a Chicago man and his pocket was picked by a fellow from Philadelphia."—Indianapolis News.

An Urgent Appeal.

A Judge in crossing the Irish channel one stormy night knocked against a well known witty lawyer, who was suffering terribly from seasickness. "Can I do anything for you?" said the Judge. "Yes," gasped the seakick lawyer. "I wish your lordship would overrule this motion."—White Mountain Echo.

A Friendly Tip.

Native—Wall, who be you? Stranger—I am one of a committee appointed to investigate the question as to why so many lynchings occur in this section. Native—Wall, I'll tell you, honest. It's 'cause so many strangers came here a-poking their noses into other people's business.—New York Weekly.

The Young Hopeful.

Papa (after the seance in the back room)—Do you know that it pains me more than it does you to have to whip you? The Terror—No, papa, I didn't know it; but now that you have told me I feel better.—Harlem Life.

Time to Deal.



Jonas (thoughtlessly)—Who's cheat is it?

Where the Toothpicks Go.

Mrs. Wickwire—Goodness! there are fifty-two carloads of toothpicks turned out in this country every year. I wonder who uses all of them? Mr. Wickwire—About fifty carloads of them slip down into the lining of fellows' vests, I guess.—Indianapolis Journal.

Horror on Horrors.

Mamma (breaking it gently)—Ethel, your father has had a fit—Ethel—Oh, horrible! (Nearly faints.) Mamma—"—of economy. You can have but one Worth gown this winter." Ethel—Oh, most horrible! (Does faint.)—Town Topics.

Unpleasant Truth.

Mr. Soffie—Oh, I say, Miss Kitty, your friend says I am a gibbering idiot; isn't that cruel? Miss Kitty—Too bad, too bad. She couldn't have thought before she spoke. She knows the truth is not at all times pleasant.—Detroit Free Press.

An Old Maid Aunt.

The boy who has an unmarried aunt is in luck. She pets him, buys presents for him, and intercedes in his behalf when he gets in trouble. When the aunt has children of her own she pays less attention to her nephews.—Acheson Globe.

Unfair Discrimination.

Hobble—I notice that in some places the authorities have prohibited trolley parties on account of the noise they make. Lobble—That's queer. The authorities never interfere with theater parties.—New York Weekly.

Didn't Suit.

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

What Jack Would Do.

"Papa," said Jack, as he gazed at his week's allowance, 10 cents, "do you know what I'd do if I was an awful rich king? I'd increase my allowance to 25 cents a week!"—Harper's Young People.

Outlived His Fears.

Watts—So you don't believe that the good die young? Potts—That used to worry me a good deal when I was a boy, but I know better now.—Indianapolis Journal.

A Speculation.

Cholly Chumpleigh—Yes; gloves are worn in bed at night to make the hands soft. Miss Coldeale—Indeed! Do you wear nightcaps, Mr. Chumpleigh?—Exchange.

Thought He Was Sarcastic.

Nearsighted Old Gentleman—Little boy, how much does a bicycle like that one of yours—Young Woman (in bloomers)—Sir!—American Hebrew.

The Very Same.

Old Glumm—Ahem! I saw your old flame, the Count, down at the capital—Miss Yankeeprince—The dear old fellow! I presume he is the same affable, humble, polite old darling? Old Glumm—Yes. He was asking the governor's pardon.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

So It Was.

Radbourn—Stickney struck luck when he married that rich little Bond-stock widow. As her income comes in she hands every cent of it to him. Chesney—Yes. She told me that was what she called husbanding her resources.—New York World.

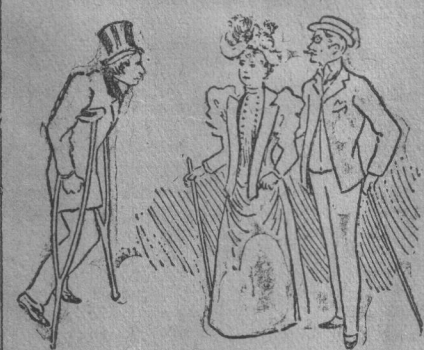
Always Unreliable.

Wife—I must go to the doctor; I fear I've got dropsy. I weigh 250 pounds. Husband—Where were you weighed? Wife—On your coal scales. Husband—Then don't worry; your weight is normal.—Truth.

Overdoing It.

Miss Dasher—Ah, my lord, you must stay here long enough to take in all the beauties of the country, you know. Lord Beggem—Bless me! What do you think I am—a mormon?—Exchange.

The Tourist Ticket.



Miss Farebrother—Good gracious, Mr. Gashley, whatever has done this for you? Railway accident? Mr. Gashley—No; tourist ticket. Europe in eight days, you know.—Sketch.

Would it Be Wicked.

Lucy (single)—Do you think it is wicked to smoke, dear? Fanny (married)—No, dear, I am sure it isn't. Lucy—Why are you so sure? Fanny—Because my husband doesn't smoke and if it was wicked I'm sure he would do it.—Hudson (N. Y.) Register.

The Coming Type.

"Why, Mrs. Jones, what a beautiful new hat you have!" "S-sh! My dear Miss Smith, don't tell. But it's only my last year's one newly trimmed." "And he did it so nicely. Ah! Mrs. Jones, that's the beauty of having a husband!"—New York Recorder.

A Plot that Failed.

O'Toole—There, begorra, I've tied Barry's goat on the railroad track and that train coming u'll kill 'um. Goat—Now, if I hadn't swallowed Mrs. Hoolihan's red petticoat yesterday I couldn't have coughed it up to flag that train.—Kate Field's Washington.

Near at Hand.

Staylate Kowler (arguing woman's rights)—I tell you Miss Bluntley, the day is surely coming—Miss Bluntley (glancing significantly at the clock)—You are right, Mr. Kowler. It can't be more than an hour or two away, I'm positive.—Buffalo Courier.

At Mrs. Sildmied's.

Appy Tite (looking at the Sunday dinner)—Well, Kieker, one of us has got to go hungry. I'll match you for that chicken.—Kate Field's Washington.

Regular Life Preservers.



"Gee whiz, Samantha! If I ever get out o' this, I'll never say any more agin these balloon sleeves."—Harper's Bazar.

Safe, Thank Heaven.

Philanthropist—Is not your heart touched by all these sights of poverty? Millionaire—Yes, indeed. But as long as my bank account isn't I can stand it, I guess.—New York World.

How It's Done.

Humorist—I have a joke here on Philadelphia. Editor—We don't buy single jokes on Philadelphia. We contract for them in lots of a gross each.—Kate Field's Washington.

"Or All Sad Words."

Algy (to jeweler)—I have to bring back this ring. Jeweler—Ah! but it is impossible that it should be a misfit. Algy (savagely)—No; but the engagement was.—Exchange.

He Didn't Have To.

Mother (sternly)—Kitty, didn't Charley Lee try to kiss you last night at the front door? Daughter (blushing)—Not very hard, mamma.—Detroit Free Press.

Losing Heart.

John—I'm beginning to lose confidence in my friends. Mary—What? John—There isn't one of them that will lend me \$5.—Detroit Free Press.

The End of the Quarrel.

Hubby—If you did not love me what did you marry me for? Wife—Nothing; but I didn't expect such an overwhelming bargain.

A Joke.

"Ha, ha." "What is it?" "A joke." "What's a joke?" "A simple turn of the humorist. See? Ha, ha."—Truth.

OPIATES FOR CHILDREN.

Present Danger and Subsequent Evil of Quieting a Child with Drugs.

Love of stimulants is inherited in very few children, but is a case inculcated during infancy; and not alone by nurses, but by mothers, who, through ignorance or indifference, run terrible future risks for sake of a little present quiet. It is in the medicine that the harm lies. No matter what the ailment may be, the remedies are near kin, drops, cordial, paregoric or laudanum, given with the intention not so much to cure as to soothe the child and induce sleep.

The prime factor of all these compounds is opium. Now, opium itself is a wonderful medicine, but a skilled practitioner hesitates to give it to a child because its results are impossible to foresee. While 10 drops of laudanum scarcely effects one child, it might, and often has, killed another.

Paregoric is laudanum and camphor, with two other ingredients, and while not so dangerous, yet it possesses great possibilities for evil. Drops and cordials are much like paregoric, only stronger, and soothing syrups also contain opium in some form.

I do not imply that these medicines should never be used for children. On the contrary, paregoric, especially, is essentially a child's remedy. But it takes a mighty sensible mother or nurse to tell when it is necessary to be taken. To put a child's crying down to hunger or illness is a tradition of the nursery that has survived many a better theory, and bids fair to outlast many more. A little discipline, rightly applied, often effects a rapid and lasting cure for unexplainable tears. Babies, as a general thing, do not need medicines other than pure air, cleanliness, and nutritious food.

The only time when a mother is really excusable for drugging a child is when one sleepless night follows another for weeks. Few babies sleep well until their second year, and when the mother has no one to relieve her, and, moreover, has both hands full of work through the day, it is no wonder she acts against her better judgment. Though did she but know it a harmless nerve sedative will serve the purpose far better. Bromide of potassium put up in a few grain powders, dissolved one in a wine glass of water and given the child through the day and evening, will insure good, healthy sleep. If the dose is too large the child will become languid and break out in pimples, but no harm will come of it. After a couple of days' treatment stop giving it, but put the child to bed at the same hour in a cool, dark room, and very likely he will fall asleep from force of habit.

Habit is the keynote of successful training for children. Regular hours for meals, regular bed hours, regular exercise! A regular bed hour strictly adhered to will do more to encourage sleep than medicine. A warm bath on retiring and a dark, cool room are better soporifics than opiates.

Opium taken in any form produces the same results. A little stimulates and seems to impart great vitality and brain power. The nerves are not rasped by little things and the system seems invigorated. A moderate dose to those unaccustomed to its use is almost certain death, while those habituated to its spasms, convulsions, and like complaints result. Children given opiates continually become stupid, stolid, and sickly, dull in lessons and uninteresting in conversation. A taste for liquor seems to follow as a matter of course, and the result in many cases is just what is seen every day. No terms are strong enough to inveigh against this practice that has sapped the strength and life of many a child and killed off many more whose deaths have been attributed to spasms and teething complaints.

VENDETTA LAW IN CORSICA.

undreds of Thousands Have Been Slain in the Mediterranean Island.

Corsica, much celebrated of late in type and pictorial illustration for its association with Napoleon, has a flaming record for assassination, one writer placing the number of murders there from 1350 to 1715 at 300,000. In thirty years, according to an authentic estimate, 30,000 were slain. A report to the council general in 1852 stated that since 1821 the number so taken off was 5,000, showing a considerable moderation of resentment or bad marksmanship during those years. The vendetta, or law of private blood retaliation, is as old as the island and was no doubt in full force in the days of Aeneas or Numa Pompilius. There are two sorts of vendetta, the direct, as the son avenging his father, or the indirect, where the feud is kept up by distant relatives. It seems always to have possessed the sanction of public opinion, according to the New York Tribune, and the Corsican who failed in any obligation which it imposed upon him was condemned and despised and very likely killed for not killing somebody else. In the middle ages anyone who backed out was fined, and if he remained contumacious, banished. Sometimes the quarrel extended to villages, which fortified and loop-holed their habitations and kept up a long siege across the street, potting and bringing down any casual wayfarer who ventured out.

During the second empire repressive statutes were enacted, with the design of curtailing or uprooting the practice, and for a time the only person in the island who was legally entitled to carry a gun was Prince Bonaparte, who set a peaceful example by not availing himself of the privilege. The illustrious Paoli during the last century studied in a darkened room where the window shutters were lined with cork and bullet-proof. He was besieged in a convent in 1756 by his enemies, and was rescued by one of them, whose patriotism rose superior to his resentment.

The priests carried guns and were accompanied by armed servitors, and one of them was shot dead while at mass by his enemy, who was hidden in the confessional. In the island were formerly peace-making magistrates whose function it was to patch up a truce between belligerents assembled for reconciliation, but these occasions frequently resulted in deepening and intensifying the old feuds. The situation of affairs there is much ameliorated in recent years, but the practice of assassination is still kept up in some degree, and is not likely to be entirely extirpated while the islanders retain their vivacity of temper and the influence of an old custom remains. Issuing from such a fighting stock, the warlike qualities of Napoleon are in some degree explained, and it was, perhaps, only the caprice of fortune which prevented him from making a dignified and satisfactory score at the national pastime.

Forestalled.

A London jeweller, quoted by Henry Vizetelly in his "Glances Back Through Seventy Years," says that Lord C. came into the shop one afternoon, accompanied by a footman who bore a small case of green baize. Lord C. announced that he wished to have a few words with the jeweller in private, and was conducted up stairs. He carried with him the green case.

"This case," said his lordship, when the two men were together, "contains the jewels worn by Lady C. on high days and holidays. At present her ladyship is in the country, where she is likely to remain for several months, until the next season begins. Now, what I want you to do is to make me an imitation set precisely similar to the originals, only, of course, with false stones. Lady C. is no judge of such things, and will never discover the difference.

"You can retain the originals and dispose of them among your customers allowing me the difference in value between the two sets. But I must asked you to let me have the larger part now, as I have pressing necessity for money."

The peer took out a key, unlocked the box, and produced the jewels. The jeweller looked at them and answered:

"My lord, it is the simplest thing in the world to match these jewels in the way you suggest; but I must inform your lordship that the difference in value between the two sets would not be a penny. The present jewels are counterfeit. I purchased the originals from Lady C. more than two years ago, and made her these imitations, which are such excellent ones that I am not at all surprised at their deceiving such an excellent judge of jewels as you lordship."

There was no more to be said, and his lordship withdrew.

Sensitive Royalty.

One of the most remarkable cases of "putting on a cap if it fits" is afforded by the history of a certain picture, painted during the last years of the second French Empire, by the artist Schenck, which has lately been bought by an American gentleman for a considerable sum.

This picture was shown at the Salon, the annual exhibition of the French painters. It represented simply a lot of donkeys deliberating gravely around a table covered with a green cloth. It was a very clever and amusing picture, and took the public fancy.

The Princess Mathilde, sister-in-law of the Emperor, was pleased with it, and had made arrangements to buy it, when it was noised about that the painting was intended to satirize the privy council of the Emperor. This stopped the sale of it at once, either to the Princess or to any other of the rich people of the time who were in sympathy with the court.

After this the picture went from pillar to post, and finally brought up at a sale exhibition in Munich. Here it was seen by the Empress of Austria, who was so much pleased with it that she began negotiations for its purchase.

At this stage of the proceedings, however, it was whispered to the Empress that the canvas represented the royal council of Bavaria.

"In that case," said the Empress, "I shall not buy it; I do not want any political pictures."

It is not known how many more royal councils the painting of the donkeys was taken to represent; but after more than twenty-five years of vicissitudes it has come to America under the name of "Napoleon III's Privy Council." And here, of course, it can never be taken for a satire of any American deliberative body!

Town and Country Air.

Country air of the purest kind can no more insure extreme old age than London's somewhat polluted atmosphere can deter a man from living to a hundred. Mary Burke, at 105, found Drury Lane perfectly suited to her lungs. Charles Macklin, the actor, who died in 1799 at 106, was in the same case. He enjoyed the theater at that age, and every evening breathed the hot, beery air of a tavern in Duke's Court.

In marked contrast to Parr, Macklin was neither methodical in his habits nor a lover of milk. He drank ale, porter, or wine thickened with sugar; ate spoonmeats and fish, and followed his own whim as to the hours at which he fed and slept. It appears, therefore, tolerably certain that rules for longevity are as futile as the maxims by which aspiring youth is tickled into the expectation of becoming a millionaire.

AD DORATHEAM.

I know where there is honey in a jar.
Meet for a certain little friend of mine;
And, Dorothy, I know where daisies are
That only wait small hands to intertwine
A wreath for such a golden head as thine.

The thought that thou art coming makes all glad;
The house is bright with blossoms high and low.

And many a little lass and little lad
Expectantly are running to and fro;
The fire within our hearts is all aglow.

We want thee, child, to share in our delight
On this high day, the holiest and best,
Because 'twas then, ere youth had taken flight,
Thy grandmother, of women loveliest,
Made me of men most honored and most blest.

That naughty boy who led thee to suppose
He was thy sweetheart has, I grieve to tell,
Been seen to pick the garden's choicest rose
And tattle with it to another belle,
Who does not treat him altogether well.

But mind not that, or let it teach thee this—
To waste no love on any youthful rover
(All youths are so, I assure thee, Miss.)
No, if thou wouldst true constancy discover,
Thy grandpapa is perfect as a lover.

So come, thou playmate of my closing day,
The latest treasure life can offer me,
And with thy baby laughter make us gay.
Thy fresh young voice shall sing, my Dorothy,
Songs that shall bid the feet of sorrow flee.
—W. E. Gladstone.

"NUMBER 29."

The vast, mud-colored building loomed out of the fog as the doctor's brougham drew up, with a jerk, under the portico. Against the dark lining of the carriage the set face of a man inside was visible by the light of a portable lamp. It was the face of a man whose mind is not at ease. There were irritable folds at the corners of the mouth, a restless look in the keen eyes, even as they traveled over the page he was reading. Sir Kenneth Brandon only shut his book as he stepped out and entered the Whitechapel Hospital. The doctor always read as he drove about London from one consultation to another. It was his habit to allow himself no leisure for idle thoughts.

Sir Kenneth Brandon was one of the few London doctors whose names are familiar abroad. He had made one big discovery, he had done a great deal of useful work, and at 50 he was already making a large income. His recent knighthood was popular—not only among his patients, but among his professional brethren—and his dinners were among the nicest in town. And yet many people—and, who knows? perhaps Sir Kenneth himself—missed a host's smile, a woman's winning phrases, at his brilliant dinner table in Wimpole street. Sometimes—if ever he had time to think—perhaps the great physician might have regretted the pretty, bad-tempered, foolish wife, whom he had scolded and neglected in the old days; the child—for she was little more—who had finally left their dingy suburban villa for good; the girl he might have saved before it was too late—for at first she had left his house after one of their miserable, sordid squabbles, and had gone back to her father and it was only after a humiliating scene with her husband that she had finally disappeared. She had disappeared, and she had never come back. The police had been unable to find a trace of her, beyond that she had first gone to Spain with some man who was unknown to him. After that all was a blank. To all intents and purposes his wife was as one who is dead. Yet the embittering quarrels of these early years; his severity when he should have been lenient; his carelessness when he ought to have watched over the foolish young life that he had sworn to cherish and protect—were facts which, though he seldom allowed himself to think of them, had left their traces written on the great physician's face.

Inside the large hall, where a marble statue of the Queen loomed chilly out of the vague half-light, a lady was already waiting for him—a fair, high-bred face, with something of the look of the student, modernized by a slightly bored air, such as is often seen in a cultivated woman of the world. Lady Sibthorpe was a widow of leisure, and was intermittently interested in a variety of questions. She occasionally wrote a short article for one of the monthly reviews, preferring such topics as do not usually commend themselves to the more tender-hearted sex, for she by no means posed as a philanthropist, and was understood to have views a little in advance of those of the British matron. Just now, for instance, she was interested in the hospitable question, and at a dinner party the night before Sir Kenneth had volunteered to explain the internal working of the "Whitechapel." The doctor never missed an opportunity of being useful to Lady Sibthorpe; she was just the woman he would have asked to be his wife.

They met as people meet who are more than interested in each other. For some time past Lady Sibthorpe had known that he liked her, and for some time past she had almost made up her mind that she might accept him, but there was no hurry; they were both of a certain age; they both had their occupations, their affairs. And now they turned up the stone staircase towards, on their way to the woman's ward. Lady Sibthorpe paused for an instant as they passed the operating theater. The doors were closed. Outside two porters were waiting with a stretcher. Suddenly the door was pushed ajar, and then there was a vision of anxious, interested faces, lit up by a strong glare of gas; of a surgeon's back bending forward, and of a surgeon's face blowing spray on to something that was invisible. Over all an intense silence, broken only by the hoarse whispers of the porters with the stretcher, wondering how long they would have to wait.

* * * Lady Sibthorpe was not emotional, but she shivered a little as she passed on.

In the "Catherine ward" the fifty blue coverletted beds effaced themselves in the gloom of the long room. Here and there the firelight illumined the bland, unemotional features of a nurse under her smooth hair and white cap—the sexless features of a woman who

has learned to witness suffering without a sign.

On seeing Sir Kenneth Brandon Sister Catherine, a long-nosed woman with bright eyes, hurried forward as superintendent of the ward.

The doctor introduced the two women to each other, and for a while Lady Sibthorpe, note book in hand, was absorbed with statistics.

"Now take me round to your patients, Sir Kenneth," she said when she had done. Sister Catherine moved forward, a professional look on her bright face. They stopped at every bed. Lady Sibthorpe asked questions in a business-like way, and Sir Kenneth, whose "hospital manner" was proverbial, addressed the patients in the same tone he would have employed to a duchess. His way with women was one of the things for which he was justly famous. They had come to the end of one of the lines of beds, and were now turning up the other side of the room.

"We have a new patient there, Sir Kenneth," said the sister; "No. 29—a hopeless case—the last stage of consumption, aggravated by want and dirt. They brought her in from one of the common lodging houses. Poor creature! she was in a terrible state when she came."

"Indeed!" ejaculated the great physician, in his sympathetic voice.

All three approached the bed. The patient's back was turned to him, but as steps approached she tossed over and lay on her back, her weekly vicious face, with its flush of color on each cheek bone, looking sharply emaciated against the witnesses of the pillow. There were streaks of gray in the dark hair, and the eyes—dull, slaty eyes, which had once been blue—were blood-shot and red-lidded.

Sir Kenneth leaned forward and their eyes met in a long stare. * * * The years seemed to roll away. * * * The doctor's heart stood still. Great God! Could this horrible wreck of womanhood be his wife? * * * And she was going to speak? It was a fateful moment.

But No. 29 only laughed—an un-mirthful, coarse and empty laugh. "Oh, Lord! Are you here?" she muttered, and tossed over.

The doctor drew a long breath; he had grown a little paler before he spoke. "Poor creature; she mistakes me for some one else. They often do at the last," he whispered, and then, taking down the usual card hung above the bed on which the patient's age, disease and diet, as well as the doctor's name in charge of the case, were written, he added urbanely: "Quite right—perfectly right. Dr. Brown has ordered everything that could possibly be of use. Sister, look after this case specially."

Lady Sibthorpe said something gracious and passed on. Not a feature of the strange scene had escaped her. It was evident that something extraordinary had happened. That these two—the fashionable physician and the pitiable outcast on the hospital mattress—knew each other she had now not the smallest doubt. But the three moved on to the next bed, smiling and chatting as they went. Presently Sir Kenneth Brandon urged a consultation at the other end of London at 5 o'clock and offered to drive Lady Sibthorpe back, as she had sent away her carriage. They were both rather silent as they were bowled along westward.

A few nights afterward they met, by accident, at a dinner. The talk, like the food, was stimulating; the wine, like the beauty of the women, was rare. It was in gracefully artificial moments like these that Sir Kenneth, pessimist though he was, felt tenderly toward all the world. Sir Kenneth, in fact, was delighted, for he was deputed to take Lady Sibthorpe down to dinner. She was a woman who looked specially well by candle light and at dinner time. Her teeth her shoulders, and her diamonds were proverbial—three things which, added to her native wit, made the widow a much-coveted dinner companion. Sir Kenneth, indeed, had never realized how devoted he was to her before. And yet there was an expression in Lady Sibthorpe's eyes to-night which he had never seen there, and which he could not quite understand.

"I see from the papers that you have been in Paris the last few days," she said, as they ate their soup; "I hope you have saved Europe one of its ex-crowned heads?"

"To anyone but you I am professionally tongue-tied," whispered the doctor, gallantly. "Her Majesty is now out of danger. I was, in fact, able to leave Paris by the 11 train—just in time to dine here to-night. But I haven't opened a single letter or telegram."

He kept the talk of the gossip of the day until he saw the corners of her mouth give way with a little tired droop.

"And your article on the hospitals," said the doctor, bending his head and smiling at the charming woman at his side, "I hope you're going to let us down easily."

"Ah, my article will be on quite another question," said Lady Sibthorpe. "I have been curiously interested in a case which is typical of one of the great problems of modern society. I have been three times to the 'Whitechapel' since that day."

"I wish to heaven you would not run any such risk! We doctors are hardened, you know, but there is always the fear of infection for delicate women."

"But that poor creature, No. 29?"

"Ah!" sighed Sir Kenneth, frowning slightly, as he reached out his hand toward his champagne glass. "Dear Lady Sibthorpe, these are terrible cases. They are cankerous, evils, eating away the very life of our social system."

"My dear doctor," urged the lady in her most delightful drawl, "you forget what Mr. Lecky says. No. 29, on the contrary, is the martyr of civilization."

"Possibly," replied the physician, dryly; "but meanwhile—"

"Meanwhile the woman has succumbed. She died last night."

There was a burst of laughter from each side of the table. A well-known Q.C. was telling the latest joke. In the pause that followed Lady Sibthorpe studied the menu and Sir Kenneth fingered some grapes on his plate. How much did she know? It seemed to him an eternity before she spoke again.

"I have taken 'No. 29' as a typical case. The woman seemed to be what we are now agreed to call a 'morally deficient' person. Yet, properly trained and protected, 'No. 29' might now be alive, well, and a tolerably useful member of society. Think of it! That pitiable woman was barely 40."

"My dear lady," said Sir Kenneth, slowly, "you have probably only heard half her story. Do you really know anything about her?"

"Yes," said Lady Sibthorpe, abruptly. And, as she looked him straight between the eyes, the doctor knew that she was aware of the whole story. "I'm not sentimental," she added, with a smile, "but I have taken a fancy to have this wretched creature decently buried—in some little country churchyard. She shall rest now for good. Shall I undertake the necessary arrangements, or would you perhaps prefer—?"

The ladies were rising to go. Brandon bowed his head.

"I—I think I would rather see to this thing myself."

Nothing more was said. He sat down again when they were gone, staring blankly at the fruit-strewn plates and the half-drained glasses. Her crumpled napkin fell across his knee, and as it fell he saw with a shudder a vision of a stiff, silent figure in the hospital mortuary. He could hear the ladies' silken trains and high-bred voices as they trailed upstairs. And the doctor knew that when that suave, desirable, but unrelenting woman had passed out of the door, she had also passed finally out of his life.—London World.

"JUST LIKE A MAN."

One Application of That Sort of Treatment Cured Her.

Miss Banks, the young American journalist, who, in her "Campaigns of Curiosity," has worked as a housemaid, a flower girl and a crossing sweeper, declares that not one of her campaigns has "taken it out of her" like addressing the Pioneer Club.

"They would have me speak upon the servant question, and when I got onto my feet I was so weak that I should have dropped if the president had not supported me. I am not an 'advanced woman,' you know."

"Why are you not?"

"Because I can never forget that I am a woman and that spoils the business. I think that women are a great deal cleverer and quicker than men, but I like a man to take off his hat while I tell him so. Somehow they object to that."

"You do not want equality and no chivalry?"

"No; I tried that once and I didn't like it. I was the only woman reporter on a paper, and was accustomed to lenient treatment from the editor, an old Southern colonel; you know how chivalrous the men of the Southern states are. If I wanted to see my dressmaker or go to an entertainment nothing was said about keeping office hours. But one day I overheard one of the staff complaining to the editor that I ought to be treated like the men, and not favored because I was a woman. I rushed into the office in a fury, and told the old colonel to treat me like a man in future. Next day I was summoned to the editorial office, and there sat the editor on the only chair in the room, his hat on the back of his head, his feet on the table and a cigar in his mouth. 'I want you to go out at once and report a meeting,' he said. 'But it is pouring with rain. Why don't you send one of the men?' 'Because I tell you to go,' I got quite angry at last because he still sat with his hat on and puffing his cigar. At last it struck me that the dear old colonel was joking. 'Well,' he said, 'how do you like being treated like a man?' 'I don't like it at all.' 'Would you like to be treated like a woman?' 'Yes, if you please, sir,' I replied quite meekly. My opinion is that if we women want to do any good for ourselves we must not fight the men, but make them love us."

Won by His Wits.

The persistence of a street urchin who wishes to earn money is sometimes annoying, but generally excusable. Now and then it becomes amusing and almost irresistible.

"Say, mister, do you want your valise carried?" asked such a boy, running after a man who was hurrying along the street, evidently bound for the depot.

"No, I don't," answered the man, a little sharply.

"I'll carry it to the depot for a dime," persisted the boy.

"I tell you I don't want it carried," said the man, quickening his pace.

"Don't you?" said the boy, breaking into a trot to keep abreast of his victim.

"No, I don't!" said the man, glancing fiercely at his small tormentor.

"Well, then, mister," said the urchin, with an expression of anxious and innocent inquiry on his round, dirty face, "what are you carrying it for? Why don't you set it down?"

In spite of himself, the man's mouth twitched, and with a "There, take it!" he passed over the bag to his persistent companion, who staggered rapidly along without another word until the depot was reached, where he received the coveted 10-cent piece with a beaming smile.

EVERY man who works schemes finally pulls his own leg.

TRAGEDY OF A WESTERN MINE.

Two Dead Men Disinterred After Fifteen Years—The Unheeded Warning.

In Butte County there is a quartz mine which has been abandoned for many years, says the San Francisco Chronicle. Only the oldest residents of the vicinity remember the names of the locators and scarcely a trace of the shaft and buildings remains to mark the spot. The ledge was discovered away back in the early days, when quartz first attracted the notice of the prospectors; when many worthless ledges were worked because the miners had not yet learned how to read the value of such ore by the minerals in it, its location, dip and contact with other formations. The Sunset ledge was small, flinty and absolutely worthless, but the men who discovered it thought it worth development. They put down a shaft 100 feet in depth in wet and treacherous ground, and they used no timbers. Then they let a contract to two men, a Cornishman and an Irishman, to construct a tunnel 100 feet in length from the bottom of the shaft.

Sometimes untimbered ground will stand apparently firm and safe for a time, and then, with no perceptible cause, suddenly get shaky and fall or close in. This was just what occurred at the Sunset mine. The two men in the tunnel had almost finished their contract and were "squaring up the face" of the tunnel, when one of the men employed on the surface was lowered rapidly, ran to them and told them to leave the mine instantly because the shaft was closing in. Why the men refused in the face of a certain horrible death to heed the warning is a mystery. The messenger begged and threatened, but they were obdurate. They laughed at him, told him to sit down and smoke a pipe with them, and said they would leave the tunnel only when they had "finished her up in shape." Perhaps they imagined the man was playing a joke on them, or that it was a scheme to get them to leave the mine before their contract was fulfilled. At any rate they refused to leave the mine, and the man who warned them returned to the surface only just in time to escape the fate of the men below. The shaft, with a roar and a rumble, closed in, and they were entombed.

No effort was made to rescue the buried men. It was impossible to save them if they were not killed by the cave, and it was supposed that the tunnel had also collapsed. To sink a shaft 100 feet through treacherous ground would take a long time, even in these days, when all the "modern appliances" for such work are at our disposal. The mine was abandoned. Fifteen years went by. The story of the mine and the buried men became an old one. There names were forgotten. They were like men who go down to the sea in ships and perish in sight of their homes. Their friends know that somewhere in the sea their bones are bleaching somewhere in a great sepulcher upon which they may look, but into which they cannot see.

Fifteen years after the caving in of the mine some prospectors overran the locality. They were told the story of the Sunset ledge, and they went to its croppings and to the dump where the shaft had been and tested the ore they found there. Whether they found any gold is not known, but they found something which encouraged them. Perhaps they were not well versed in quartz, and believed that any ledge would pay if developed. They resolved to reopen the mine. It was their opinion, they said, that the Sunset company had not put their shaft down in the right place or sunk it deep enough. They (the new company) would choose a better spot, sink their shaft much deeper and tap the ledge on the pay shoot. Old men who heard of it shook their heads and prophesied a failure; they said no luck could come from disturbing dead men's bones, but the new company began and finished their shaft, hoping and expecting to strike the ledge where judgment had led them to believe the pay shoot was.

One day when they fired a blast there was a rush of water down the incline and the miners were driven out. After much trouble and expense and larger pump was put in and the middle cleared, and the cause of the sudden flow was explained. The upraise of the new company had entered the old tunnel of the Sunset company about twenty feet from its face. And there, on a heap of rock, leaning against the walls, were two grinning skeletons. The bones of the contractors who had sat there, grinning at their fate and for fifteen years patiently waiting to be found, were removed from the mine and given a decent burial. The mine was again abandoned and will probably never be again opened.

Learning by Sight.

Danton, the celebrated caricaturist, had a wonderful power of modelling from memory. After one long look at his subject, he could go to his studio and make a bust quite perfect in its resemblance.

One day a young man came to him, saying that his sister was ill and about to die, and that, although the family wished her bust modelled, they dared not excite her by mentioning it. Would he undertake to reproduce her features after seeing her once? Danton agreed, and next day the brother informed his sister that he intended to present her with some jewels, and that a young man would bring some specimens for her approval.

Danton brought in the jewels, and, going home, modelled a bust of striking resemblance. Next year an old gentleman, the father of the young woman, came to order a bust of the brother, who also had died. This, too, was a marvellous success.

The result of such planning, however, was not always as satisfactory to his patrons as in these cases. A gentleman who could not persuade his wife to sit asked Danton to enter a certain

omnibus one day, and fix in his memory the features of the lady opposite him.

He did so, modelled a beautiful bust, and sent it home. It proved, however, to be, not the mistress, but the maid, who had also taken the trip in the omnibus.—Youth's Companion.

Russian Courts.

In the poorer parts of Russia justice is administered in a primitive yet effective fashion, says a recent writer who had the fortune to be present at a sitting of one of the peasant courts in a Government of Central Russia. The Judges, chosen from the peasants, were unlettered. The session was held in a log cabin—a small, low room. A picture of the Emperor decorated the wall, and as in every Russian house, in the corner hung the holy icons. Three judges and a scribe were present. The day was Sunday, a day of idleness for the peasantry. The hall, the judges, and the public all had an air of simple dignity, almost of rude majesty.

Two cases were tried. Parties and witnesses, as they entered, bowed low to the holy images. The judges spoke and questioned by turns, or all at once, each loudly expressing his opinion. I admired the patient persistence with which they tried to bring the litigants to an amicable understanding. One case was characteristic.

A woman, a large, robust virago, complained of having been beaten by a man. The man's defence was that the woman had struck him first. Plaintiff and defendant stood before the judges volubly pleading each his or her case and appealing to their witnesses at their sides.

"Varvara Petrova," declared one witness for the defendant, "has said that with a vedro of vodka she was sure of winning her case."

This statement did not appear to astonish or scandalize the court. The judges gravely nodded their heads, and after a brief rebuke went on with the case.

"Come to terms; make up between you," they repeated over and over, trying to get the parties themselves to suggest a sentence, instead of pronouncing one ex cathedra.

"Well, now, Varvara Petrova," said one of the judges, at last, "how much indemnity do you want?"

"Three roubles."

"Ah, three roubles! That's too much. You won't get that," muttered the Judge. Then turning to the defendant, "And you, how much are you willing to give her?"

"Nothing," replied the man.

"Ah, again muttered the Judge, 'that's not enough. How much will you give her?'"

"Well, then, one rouble."

"One rouble and a shloff!" interrupted the woman.

"Shloffs and whisky are not to be mentioned here," remarked one of the judges, whose austerity may have been increased by our presence. "Out of here you may drink all you want, but that has nothing to do with the decisions we render here."

The woman, on this, looked resigned; the scribe read the sentence, the two litigants bowed in acquiescence, then again to the holy images, and withdrew with their friends and relatives.

Lover and Piano.

"I would like another room, landlord," said a mild young man at the office counter of a private hotel according to the Detroit Free Press.

"What's the matter now?" asked the landlord, "anybody committed suicide next door?"

"Worse than that," said the mild young man; "the next room is the parlor of a suite occupied by a widow and her daughter."

"Exactly; you've hit it right the first time."

"The daughter has a piano."

"Well, do you object to the piano?"

"Not in the least; but wait a moment. The young lady also has a lover."

"Oh!" said the landlord, "is he the obstacle?"

"Let me state the case plainly. He bought her a new waltz, which they practise together every evening, but they will never learn it, never!" and the mild young man sighed.

"Why? Too difficult?"

"Too difficult? No, sir; it's too easy. It's called the 'Kiss Waltz,' and at the end of every bar I hear him say, 'Now we kiss,' or she suggests, 'Here is more kissing.' Now, what I want to know is, why don't they give up either the music or the kissing? It's the combination that's killing me by inches."

The landlord told him that No. 13 was the only room vacant, but he said he'd take the chances, and moved in.

He Carried the Basket.

Men who have been married ten or a dozen years are too seldom famous for extreme courtesy to their bitter halves; but sometimes they are, nevertheless, very "thoughtful."

That was the case with Mr. Silas Perkins, who took his wife with him to the Pike County Fair. Mrs. Perkins had on her arm a basket containing the dinner and supper for the pair.

The crowd grew dense, and Mr. and Mrs. Perkins began to be jostled a good deal.

"Here, give me that basket, Sairey," said Mr. Perkins.

"That's real kind of you, Silas," said Mrs. Perkins, giving up the basket.

"Kind of me!" exclaimed Mr. Perkins, resenting the insinuation. "Gosh! I was afraid you'd git lost!"

There are now fifty-five towns and cities in England which destroy their garbage and solid refuse by burning, using an average of about ten furnaces each for that purpose. The combustion of the material is used for the generation of steam, by which the streets are electrically illuminated, and other cities are reported to be considering the propriety of reducing their municipal expenses by this means.—Inventive Age.

THE COUNTRY ROAD PROBLEM.

[Extract from a paper read at a Wisconsin Farmers' Institute.]

The present system of paying highway taxes, figuratively designated as "working them out," is admittedly bad and can easily be remedied, but an attempt to make a change in this direction would undoubtedly meet with opposition, hence I have avoided discussing that subject, preferring to let the several propositions stand alone and be discussed and considered on their respective merits. The subject of good roads has received so much discussion in the public press lately, and there seems to be such a uniform consensus of opinion that something must be done in this direction, little more remains to be done than to devise some general plan which shall not only be feasible, but generally acceptable. Good roads mean a great deal more than mere convenience. They mean more than saving money, which, however, is a matter of no small importance. They mean a more intimate relation between the city and country people, to the mutual advantage of both. They mean that living in the country for six months in the year shall not be practical isolation.

Poor roads keep the farmer and his family at home at that season of the year when they have the most leisure, when time hangs heavily, when it could and would add to their enjoyment socially, and advantage educationally, if a frequent drive to the town or city, or a visit among the neighbors and friends living at a distance of a few miles could be taken.

The longing of many young men and women to escape from the farm is largely traceable to the isolation caused by the mud embargoes. Good roads mean better prices for the farmers located a few miles away from the market town because the present condition of the highways compels the marketing of the production of such farms at the times when the roads are good and the market prices usually lowest. Good roads would permit the average purchaser of farm produce living in towns and cities to buy his stock of such articles at lower price than at present.

Indeed it seems to me that no more important topic in a financial and social way has of late engaged the attention of the public. If then, this subject is of such prime importance, the necessity of moving with great care will be apparent. As indicated above, it seems to me wisest to commence with a system of country roads branching out from the county towns, ultimately to extend from county seat to county seat. The enterprise being of such general public interest to the people of the whole State, uniformity in plan and entire freedom from local influence in the selection of a route or the acceptance of work done being so important to general success of the undertaking of the plans and the surveys, and in a measure the general superintendence, should be under the direction of a State engineer, whose expenses should be borne by the State at large. Subject to the general supervision of the State engineer, the management of the improvement should be under the control of the county board or other county officials within their respective counties.

Misjudging.

"You can't always tell," Miss Cobbe, the English author, has a lively remembrance of the inanity of the men, many of them officers of the cavalry, with whom she danced at Dublin halls, when she was a very young woman. They seemed to her empty-headed coxcombs, and their dull silliness made it wearisome to converse with them.

Her dentist told her that half the officers in the Dublin garrison had come to him to have their teeth looked after before they went to the Crimea, and had behaved abominably in his chair, groaning and moaning, and kicking his shins. But through the Crimean War these moaning coxcombs fought like heroes, and some of the most inane charged with the "Six Hundred" at Belaklava.

Elliot Warburton, the author of "The Crescent and the Cross," was often a guest at the house of Miss Cobbe's father. He was so refined that she and other members of the family considered him effeminate. But, confessing how sadly she misjudged the pale, puny man, she writes:

"How grand, even sublime, was he in his death. On the burning Amazon in mid-Atlantic he refused to take a place in the crowded boats, and was last seen standing alone beside the faithful captain at the helm as the doomed vessel was wrapped in flames."

Discouragement.

The first man who ventured to suggest coal for fuel, steam for locomotion, gas for lighting, electricity for power, the inventors of the plough, the spinning-wheel, the printing-press, the sewing-machine, the discoverer of every new country, the founder of every new enterprise, have all had their hopes derided, their plans discouraged, their failure prophesied. Had it not been for the firm faith, the courage, the patient persistence of these men, triumphing over their cruel discouragements, we should not now be enjoying the results of their labors. But, although they succeeded in spite of opposition, how many unnoted failures may not have been due to a similar influence! How many humble souls may have had great thoughts and hopes burning within them that have been quenched by the cold waters of discouragement and forever lost!

WHEN a girl puts a sprig of mistletoe in her hair, it is a dead open invitation.

MARRIAGE means buying five or six pairs of shoes every year instead of one.

The New Woman.



It has been stated, and very truthfully, too, that women as a rule dress to please men. Certain it is that more thought is given to a toilette which is to grace an assemblage at which both men and women are present than for a function which resembles an Adamless Eden. In so dressing women forget in striving after effect to be particularly careful in the matter of detail, and, after all, it is the men who are the greatest critics in this line.



FIVE IMAGES ON ONE PLATE.

An investigating photographer has recently produced a queer result with mirrors, i. e., he has taken five distinct photographs of one head, five different views of it, with one exposure. The subject is placed with her back to the camera. In front of her are two mirrors, forming

Blank, is it possible that you would put on such a handsome gown over such a soiled petticoat?

The writer then noticed that the figure that was being arranged in the most exquisite evening creation had on as a foundation for all that silk and lace a petticoat which may have been white once, but which at that time was sadly bedraggled. The man who had noticed this turned to the writer and said: "Isn't that just like a woman?"

Now, sisters mine, was he truthful or was he not?

We have but to question our own inner selves to answer this query. It is humiliating to admit that, in our desire to please with the outer semblance of elegance, we are apt to slight the loose button on the shoe or the frayed flounce on the petticoat.

Innate breeding shows in these trifles and the genuinely refined woman would as soon think of going out with a dirty face as to slip on her outer garments over petticoats that were not spotlessly white.

If you cannot wear silks don the plainer fabrics with the knowledge that even though you are not regally clothed you are at least well groomed from head to foot.

There is no elegance in silk attire that covers untidy linen and soiled lace. Be dainty; be scrupulously neat, and you will possess a beauty far more potent than can be attained through the medium of shoddy finery.—Exchange.

Are Women Abused by Men?

It seems to be a fact that a majority of women, married or single, believe they are abused by the men just because the latter happen to have control of business affairs, run politics and do the courting.

The woman of marriageable age who is still living at home feels that men are not doing right by her. She naturally wants to marry, have a big wedding, go on a tour of the Eastern States or Western, as the case may be. But she has to go on waiting because no man asks her to join him in these festivities. For this reason she feels that she is an abused creature.

The old maid who settles down to earn her own living just hates the men, because they allow her to wear her finger-nails off scratching for bread. The sight of a man walking comfortably along the street, or driving, or even lounging around some resort, causes

her indignation to rise to the top notch. Why do they thus continue to abuse her?

The shop girl wonders why the boys do not gather round her and ask her to choose one of them to be her defender and supporter. She is quite certain that she should not be permitted to live by the sweat of her brow, and the whole of the blame is placed on the young men who are earning money enough for two and spending it for their own comfort.

Married women are the loudest complainers and their complaints are generally against their husbands. 'Tis all right during the honeymoon, but when that is over and they turn to face the realities of life they feel that they are being abused. Her household duties are heavier than when she was at home, her husband is not the singing lover who filled her heart with joy and her days are not as thickly interspersed with picnics as when she was a girl.

As she thinks over this she becomes more and more deeply convinced that she is a much-abused woman; that husbands are not half as nice as beaux and is quite certain that she never would have married had it not been for the men.

A Fault in Piano Playing.

A well-known piano teacher says that one of the most common faults in piano playing is the practice of playing the two hands out of time with each other. Nine players out of ten permit the left and to lead the right, when the two should strike the keys simultaneously. It is a sort of swagger that produces a very inartistic effect. Of course there are rare cases where this dilatoriness of the right hand may be legitimate, but it should be remembered that in general it is reprehensible and should be carefully avoided. If the composer indicates the simultaneous performance of the notes belonging to the two hands, let not the slightest discrepancy be manifest. To play the two hands out of time with each other is to be not only inaccurate, but to appear affected.



FIVE IMAGES ON ONE PLATE.

Shallow players resort to such devices to cover up the lack of ability to play with expression. It takes the place of slading and phrasing with the superficial.

Muffs Are Small and Dainty.

Muffs are fancier and smaller than they were last winter, and, like other articles of dress, are made of all sorts and kinds of materials—velvet, fur, lace, feathers and flossers.

Those sketched here show fashion's latest caprice in London. One is made half of fur and half of velvet, with the inevitable bow at the top. In the fur muff a boa would seem to have been turned to account, both the head and tail of the animal being "in evidence." A border of Thibet fur trims a satinated black velvet muff, with a butterfly bow on top.

To Please the Baby.

A pretty baby's rattle is easily constructed by winding a steel or ivory ring with colored ribbon. Sew to this at regular intervals short ends of blending tints in ribbon. Attach tiny bells to the pointed ends of these ribbons.

An English Peeress, Lady Carlisle,

is training an entire staff of women to take charge of the grounds of her extensive estate in York.

THESE MUFFS ARE SMALL AND EXQUISITE.

fly bow on top. The last is intended for dressy occasions. The band in the center is fastened with a Rhinestone buckle. Feather aigrettes appear on the left side, while on the right the velvet bow forms a cushion, as it were, for a bouquet of flowers.

Notes.

Banish non-essentials.

Do not teach in rooms too cold.

Be faithful in scientific temperance teaching.

See that children are dry and warm before they study.

Prepare early for Washington's Birthday exercises.

School enrollment in the United States, 1890, 12,688,973.

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MAY HELP THE HOME

SCHOOLS SHOULD TEACH US HOW TO LIVE.

Three Chief Elements in American Education—The Children Must Be Interested—Brief Hints to Teachers—General Educational News.

Subject for Consideration.

Three chief elements may be distinguished in American education—the practical, the disciplinary, and the ornamental or conventional. The practical element is designed to equip the pupil for gaining a livelihood. The most rudimentary knowledge that a boy gets in school enables him to read street-signs, advertisements, written directions and orders, etc., to write letters, and to keep track of his earnings and expenses. The practical studies of the grammar and secondary schools make him capable of a higher grade of work, and the college and professional school carry this process still further. Girls are taught the same things as boys in the lower schools, and their higher education is imitating that of men as closely as circumstances will permit. Now, with all this preparation for getting a living, there is almost no teaching how to live. The definition of education that calls it "a preparation for life" is not fulfilled by American schools; they give only a preparation for business life, leaving the home life almost unprovided for.

Due credit should be given to the schools for teaching the care of the health, which is the foundation of the art of living. It is not long, however, that even physiology has had a place in general education. The teaching of literature and the language, too, prepares young persons to enjoy their leisure, and may be regarded as the peaks and turrets of the educational structure. But a house consisting only of foundation and the roof is not a comfortable one to live in. The most important element in the art of living that the school neglects is conduct, or morals. The discussion of this defect now going on gives hope that it will be remedied before long. What is needed is not the memorizing of a lot of cold philosophical laws nor of any catechism of doctrinal beliefs; but pupils should be habituated to right conduct in every act of their school life. They should be brought to prefer right to wrong through the exercise of their reasoning faculties, rather than be put under the restraint of a set of autocratic commands.

Another important matter in daily life is the use of money. He who has little and spends it wisely is as well off as he who spends much carelessly. How often do we see a young man with a splendid faculty for making money, but quite unable to keep what he gets, or to use it so as to obtain the worth of it? A sad amount of waste, leading even to poverty in extreme cases, must be the result.

The choice of a wife or husband is a matter that profoundly affects the whole after life of the individual. Unhappy marriages are continually being made solely through the ignorance of young persons as to what sort of mates are adapted to live happily with them. Of course many foolish matches are prevented by the authority of parents, but on the other hand, some of the most wretched marriages have resulted from the paltry ambition of scheming mammas or to relieve the financial straits of speculating fathers. I am aware that I am here treading on delicate ground, but it is at least conceivable that some instruction on this subject could be given in a dignified, instructive manner, and yet avoid the reproach of making the schools flirtation-halls or matrimonial agencies.

Close after the selection of a life partner comes the selection of a dwelling-place, and here a knowledge of sanitation is demanded. When a young pair set out house-hunting, whether they intend to buy or hire, they should know how to select a dwelling with dry foundation, not too much screened from the sun, and without defective waste-pipes, poisonous wall-paper, or the taint of infectious disease left by former occupants. This knowledge might readily be included in the course of physiology and hygiene now given.

Girls should be taught the scientific principles relating to diet and cookery. The choice and preparation of food is a matter that intimately concerns the health and expenses of every family. Bad management in the kitchen often sends a man to his club or a saloon, to get something "for his stomach's sake," thus leading to evils which the women temperance reformers like to charge wholly to other causes than the incompetence of their own sex.

The care of children is another element of home life for which preparation should be made. It is notorious that multitudes enter upon the duties of parenthood wholly ignorant, or with positively erroneous notions, as to how children should be cared for, the result being an enormous waste of young lives and the imperfect physical and mental development of each successive generation. It is not a new suggestion that this knowledge should be taught, and the rejoinder has been made, "Yes; but not to children." There is, nevertheless, good reason for giving such teaching to the older school children—say, the pupils of the secondary schools.

Most of them have younger brothers and sisters that they wholly take care of, and such instruction would enable them to do this more intelligently, and thus be more helpful to their parents. In this way, too, they have opportunities for applying the principles taught them so that these would not be forgotten before the pupils come to the duties of parenthood.

Trouble is continually arising in

many homes from ignorance of the proper relations between employees and servants. Our public schools contain boys and girls who will join the ranks of both these classes, and much better feeling would doubtless prevail between the givers and receivers of wages, if both had received a common course of judicious instruction concerning this relationship. Each class would know that the other understood its position and requirements, and neither would expect impossibilities, as is now too often the case.

One of the functions that woman has taken on herself in civilized society is the directing of social intercourse. The happiness and elevation of the race can be greatly helped or hindered, according as this function is exercised, intelligently or otherwise. If the occasions when people meet together in society are dominated by arrogance, jealousy, and snobbishness, if they are characterized by vanity and deception, then those who shun society will be best off. A valuable addition to the higher education of women would be a training that would enable them to enter upon their social duties with high aims, generous feelings, and competent knowledge.

It will doubtless be objected that the schools are already overburdened and the teacher overworked so that loading all these new subjects upon them is out of the question. It may be so; but let us at least see what can be done in aid of the home life, which, with the vast majority of people, is the part of life best worth living. Perhaps some of the subjects now taught could be dropped or presented in less detail. The new studies need not be taken up all at the same time; some could follow one another in the successive years of the high-school course, others would best be relegated to the college curriculum. The recommendations in this article are merely tentative, and the consideration of educators and parents is invited in order to sort out those subjects that it is practicable to teach in the schools, and also to show clearly what other matters should be left to home training. This much may be confidently asserted—that the subject to which I have called attention ought no longer to be ignored.—The New Educator.

Interest the Children.

Before all else the little ones must be interested. We can start with no more fundamental axiom than this. It is the law of their nature. Interest is not the end, but it is the essential means. With the child's interest thoroughly aroused, his sense and faculties are alert and he is in the best condition to receive and develop. With interest lagging, the entrance to the heart and soul and mind are only partially opened and both impression and expression must be deficient.

If your pupils are not interested something is wrong. Either your material or methods are not adapted to your pupils. Change them. At first, even if apparently nothing else is accomplished, the work may be considered well done, if the children are kept interested.

You ask: How can we best interest children, and keep them interested?

First—Select for study that material which is nearest to the child and most a part of his environment. Wherever you are the plants most common are most interesting for study.

Second—Study first that phase of the plant which most appeals to the child—the side of life and function of energy and action rather than mere forms or structure. In the fall the opening and closing of the flower and its work, the formation, protection and dissemination of the seeds will interest much more than the mere structure of flower or seed.

Third—Put the child to work and do not do for him what he can do for himself. The more the child feels that he is getting the material for study, the more he feels that he is doing, the more he sees and investigates and discovers for himself, the more he will be interested.—Primary Education.

Schools of Japan.

The schools of Japan have made a favorable impression upon no less an educator than Prof. George T. Ladd, of Yale University, who has recently arrived home from a visit to Japan, during which he lectured before several universities. He says: "There are two kinds of institutions—the private schools, which are carried on by enterprising citizens, many of which are surrounded by Christian influences, and the Government schools, which are carefully graded, and which are maintained with considerable strictness, and follow somewhat the German. There are the primary schools and Koto Chu Gakko, which, translated, means the 'higher middle schools.' At the head of these is the Imperial University, situated in Tokio. There is no Latin or Greek taught here, Chinese being the classical tongue. The Government institutions are not seats of the Christian religion, although there are many Christian teachers in them. There is no looseness in the curriculum, everything being strictly attended to."

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THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

AN INTERESTING AND INSTRUCTIVE LESSON.

Reflections of an Elevating Character—Wholesome Food for Thought—Studying the Scriptural Lesson Intelligently and Profitably.

Lesson for Jan. 20.

Golden text—"He gave them bread from heaven to eat."—John 6: 31.

Christ the Bread of Life is the subject of this lesson, which is found in John 6: 25-35. "And when they had found him." The last words of the preceding (24th) verse on "seeking for Jesus." "Seek and ye shall find." And yet it was a blind sort of seeking. They were surprised when they saw him, for they did not know of his miraculous passage of the sea. "Rabbi," they say, "when comest thou hither?" It is the word of startled wonderment that springs, tell-tale, to our own lips, even when we have been long seeking and praying for him.

And the finding; it was not whole and complete. It was only the charitable Rabbi that they sought, and they found according to their seeking. The words of our Saviour, in the light of this truth, have a "grave and searching force." "Whom seek ye?" What is the character of your quest, friend? Stop and think a little. Our Saviour's answer to their query is strangely arresting and revealing. He knows how to interpret questions, and he answers the heart oftener than he does the tongue. "When comest thou hither," they were saying. And his answer, as he looks them in the eye, is, "Ye seek me, not because ye saw the miracles, but because ye did eat of the loaves, and were filled."

There is something better than eating; it is seeing, discerning, or rather eating with discernment, as Paul says, "discerning the Lord's body." We all of us, in a sense, are permitted to eat and partake of Christ's benefits here. None in this day and generation and on the farther hills of the Christian dispensation are wholly deprived of the blessings that come with the Christ life. But O, how few eat with spiritual sight, discerning the Lord's body, partaking and perceiving! Is there any emphasis to be laid on the word "filled"? Perhaps so, and perhaps it may explain a bit the crossness and dullness of the people. The word literally means gorged. They filled themselves to the full, as if there were nothing else to do but eat. Well, so a great many do with the good things of this world and of this Christian dispensation, and indeed of the Lord's house. Is there not a caution lurking in these words of the Master?

And possibly there was a little scrambling for it, or, at least, a reaching out. Certainly there was a wild flight across the sea to somehow come up with this beautiful hand again. "Labor not" (Greek: ergazo; to strive), says Christ, "for the meat which perisheth." Alas, look about. What are the most of us doing all the time; and all of us the most of the time? We may wisely pause with the expression, "Meat which perisheth." In the original it stands, the meat, the perishing, i. e., the meat of perishing, that which is connected with this body of death. To be of the earth, earthy, and to court death we need but go on feeding this lower, sensuous nature. "To be carnally minded is death."

But there is meat that "endureth" or remaineth. We recall the twelve baskets that remained over. Here in another and larger sense is a remainder unto life everlasting. Ah, the baskets full that we shall gather up yonder, after all the multitudes on earth's hillside shall have been fed! "Him hath God the Father sealed." But a seal signifies a purpose, a designation, or a destination. Sealed for what? Sealed for bread. Such is evidently the system here. There at the Jordan came the Spirit and the Voice saying, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased"—the seal of designation or adoption. But then later came that other voice at the transfiguration, which said, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased, hear ye him." Sealed for service, the seal of purpose or destination. Bread.

Faith is evidently first and foremost. "What shall we do?" they were saying. "Believe," answered Christ. "What works?" they cried, thinking possibly both of signs of attestation and deeds of service. "This is the work of God," said Christ, that "ye believe on him whom he hath sent," i. e., let him in, and let him work. In other words, "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and his righteousness (the righteousness that is in Christ) and all these things shall be added unto you."

But how? Straightway they talk of Moses and the manna, or traditionalism and ceremonialism. Not that, said Christ, nor even the word of Scripture, save as it conveys the thought and life of Christ. "Moses gave you not that bread from heaven; but my Father giveth (is giving) you the true bread from heaven." And now they are looking straight at him, and our Saviour answers the hunger of thine eyes rather than of thine lips as he speaks the word that tells it all. "I am the bread of life." Here we pause. What does he mean? Take him for what he says he is to us and know. Take him on his word, take him in faith, daily, hourly, live in him and by him.

"I cannot tell how precious the Saviour is to me.

I only can entreat you to come and taste and see."

"Christ the blessed one gives to all,

Wonderful words of life.

Sinner, list to the loving call,

Wonderful words of life.

All so freely given,

Wooing us to heaven;

Beautiful words, wonderful words,

Wonderful words of Life."

Next Lesson—"The Great Confession."

Matthew 16: 13-23.

—Fischbein, the painter, spent his childhood in a baker's shop. His first signs of a taste for art were shown by his skill in giving peculiar and sometimes very artistic shapes to the little cakes his father baked. The shop became famous for them.

—Handel, the composer of the "Messiah," was educated among the pill boxes of his father, who was a country doctor, and intended George Frederick to follow the same profession, which, however, the latter soon deserted for music.

Horsepower.

The difference between nominal, indicated and effective horsepower after puzzles people. Nominal horsepower is an assumed quantity, used for the convenience of makers and buyers in describing the dimensions of the engines. Indicated horsepower is the amount shown by computations of the indicator diagram. Effective, or actual, horsepower is the work an engine can do, or the difference between the indicated horsepower and the horsepower required to drive the engine when unloaded.—New York Tribune.

Very Much off Color.

Are people who are troubled with chronic liver complaint. Bile in the blood tinges the cuticle and even the eyeballs, and also manifests its presence by uneasiness in the right side and beneath the right shoulder blade, furred tongue, nausea, sick headache and a unpleasant breath. It is usually accompanied by costiveness and dyspepsia. For the present itself, and its various manifestations, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is a speedy and complete remedy. This standard medicine also prevents and cures chills and fever, rheumatism, nervousness and the infirmities incident to declining years. It builds up enfeebled physique and fortifies it against disease. Appetite and nightly slumber is promoted by it, and it is a protector against the effects of a wetting, of overwork, of exposure and unwholesome food or water.

How Chinese Cities Fight Fire.

When a fire starts in a certain locality in cities protected by walls, extending from one end of the town to the other, a large wooden gate swung across the street. In this way the fire is confined to definite limits. Generally the fire is uninterrupted until there is nothing left within the enclosure but ashes, and in the ashes the owner must seek his property. He has no insurance methods, and unless helped by his own family is left to start anew. The rebuilding is not a difficult matter, as there are no foundations or cellars.

Send your full name and address to Dobbins' Soap Mfg. Co., Philada., Pa. by return mail, and get free of all cost, a coupon worth several dollars, if used by you to its full advantage. Don't delay. This is worthy attention.

JUDGMENT in extreme cases should be guided by precedent.

At Every Twinge

Of Rheumatism you should remember that relief is at hand in Hood's Sarsaparilla. Rheumatism is caused by lactic acid in the blood, which settles in the joints. Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies the blood and relieves.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

moves this taint. Therefore Hood's Sarsaparilla cures rheumatism when all other remedies have failed. Give it a fair trial.

"I suffered intensely with rheumatism, but Hood's Sarsaparilla has perfectly cured me." HARRY F. PITTEARD, Winterville, Ga.

Hood's Pills are the best family cathartic.

WORLD'S FAIR

HIGHEST AWARD!

"SUPERIOR NUTRITION—THE LIFE!"

IMPERIAL GRANUM



THE GREAT MEDICINAL FOOD

Has justly acquired the reputation of being

The Savior for

Invalids

and The-Aged.

AN INCOMPARABLE ALIMENT for the

GROWTH and PROTECTION of INFANTS and

CHILDREN

A superior nutritive in continued Fevers,

And a reliable remedial agent

in all gastric and enteric diseases;

often in instances of consultation over

patients whose digestive organs were

reduced to such a low and sensitive condition

that the IMPERIAL GRANUM was

the only nourishment the stomach

would tolerate when LIFE seemed

depending on its retention;—

And as a FOOD it would be difficult

to conceive of anything more palatable.

Sold by DRUGGISTS. Shipping Depot,

JOHN CARR & SONS, New York.

W. L. DOUGLAS

IS THE BEST.

\$3.00 FIT FOR A KING.

\$3.00 CORDED LEATHER.

\$3.00 POLICE & SHERIFFS.

\$3.00 BOYS SCHOOL SHOES.

\$3.00 EXTRA FINE.

\$3.00 BEST DONGOL.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

W. L. DOUGLAS, BROOKTON, MASS.

Over One Million People wear the

W. L. Douglas \$3 & \$4 Shoes

All our shoes are equally satisfactory

They give the best value for the money.

They equal custom shoes in style and fit.

Their wearing qualities are unsurpassed.

The prices are uniform, everywhere.

From \$1 to \$5 saved over other makes.

If your dealer cannot supply you we can.

One of my children had a very bad discharge from the nose. Physicians prescribed without benefit. After using Ely's Cream Balm a short time the disease was cured.—A. O. Cory, Corning, N. Y.

ELY'S CREAM BALM

Opens and cures the Nasal Passages, Alleviates Pain and Inflammation, Heals the Sore, Protects the Membrane from Colds, Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell. The Balm is quickly absorbed and gives relief at once.

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at druggists everywhere.

ELY BROTHERS, 36 Warren Street, New York.



LEAVES ITS MARK

every one of the painful irregularities and weaknesses that prey upon women. They fade the face, waste the figure, ruin the temper, wither you up, make you old before your time.

Get well: That's the way to look well. Cure the disorders and ailments that beset you, with Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

It regulates and promotes all the proper functions, improves digestion, enriches the blood, dispels aches and pains, melancholy and nervousness, brings refreshing sleep, and restores health and strength. It's a powerful general, as well as uterine, tonic and nerve, imparting vigor and strength to the entire system.

Mrs. Anna Ulrich, of Elm Creek, Buffalo Co., Neb., writes: "I enjoy good health thanks to Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and 'Golden Medical Discovery.' I was under doctors' care for two years with womb disease, and gradually wasting in strength all the time. I was so weak that I could sit up in bed only a few moments for two years. I commenced taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and his 'Golden Medical Discovery' and by the time I had taken one-half dozen bottles I was up and going wherever I pleased, and have had good health and been very strong ever since—that was two years and a half ago."

A book of 168 pages on "Woman and Her Diseases," mailed sealed, on receipt of 10 cents in stamps for postage. Address, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

French English.

"And speaking of tight money," said the traveled man, "I remember, hearing that word 'tight' used in a funny way in Paris once. It was at a party in a hotel, as they call their houses over there, that was much too small for the crowd they had there. My host spoke his best English to me as I pushed through a jam for a how-do-you-do, and this is what he said the first thing: 'I am afraid you will find we are very much too tight here!'"—Boston Transcript.

"THINGS are getting lively in this region," says the Atlanta Constitution. "We have been turned out of the church because we couldn't pay for the organ, blackballed in the Farmers' Alliance because we didn't know how to manage a male, arrested on suspicion of having collected \$6, put off the top of a freight train because we didn't have our pass with us and sued for breach of promise by seven aged widows. We are growing up with the town and the town means business."

Ailing Women, Why Do You Hesitate?

"All I have to say is, any woman who continues to suffer with any of those trying diseases peculiar to our sex is largely responsible for her own suffering, for if she will only apply to Mrs. Pinkham, relief will follow at once. "This I know absolutely from my own personal experience. Her Vegetable Compound is a miracle. I have seen it cure womb troubles when all the wisest doctors failed. "My sisters, don't hesitate. Write at once; relief is waiting for you."—Mrs. Jennie Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Get Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound from your druggist. It will save you. Twenty years of unparalleled success.

The Greatest Medical Discovery of the Age.

KENNEDY'S MEDICAL DISCOVERY.

DONALD KENNEDY, OF ROXBURY, MASS.,

Has discovered in one of our common pasture weeds a remedy that cures every kind of Humor, from the worst Scrofula down to a common Pimple.

He has tried it in over eleven hundred cases, and never failed except in two cases (both under humor). He has now in his possession over two hundred certificates of its value, all within twenty miles of Boston. Send postal card for book.

A benefit is always experienced from the first bottle, and a perfect cure is warranted when the right quantity is taken.

When the lungs are affected it causes shooting pains, like needles passing through them; the same with the Liver or Bowels. This is caused by the ducts being stopped, and always disappears in a week after taking it. Read the label.

If the stomach is foul or bilious it will cause squishy feelings at first.

No change of diet ever necessary. Eat the best you can get, and enough of it. Dose, one tablespoonful in water at bedtime. Sold by all Druggists.



FOR DURABILITY, ECONOMY AND FOR GENERAL BLACKING IS UNEQUALLED. HAS AN ANNUAL SALE OF 3,000 TONS. WE ALSO MANUFACTURE THE SUNPASTE STONE POLISH. FOR AN AFTER DINNER SHINE, OR TO TOUCH UP SPOTS WITH A CLOTH. MAKES NO DUST, IN 5 & 10 CENT TIN BOXES. THE ONLY PERFECT PASTE. MORSE BROS. PROP'S. CANTON, MASS.

SHOW UP THE SOUTH.

PREPARATIONS FOR ATLANTA'S GREAT EXPOSITION.

Arrangements for the First International Exhibition Which the Cotton States Have Ever Held—Show to Open Next September.

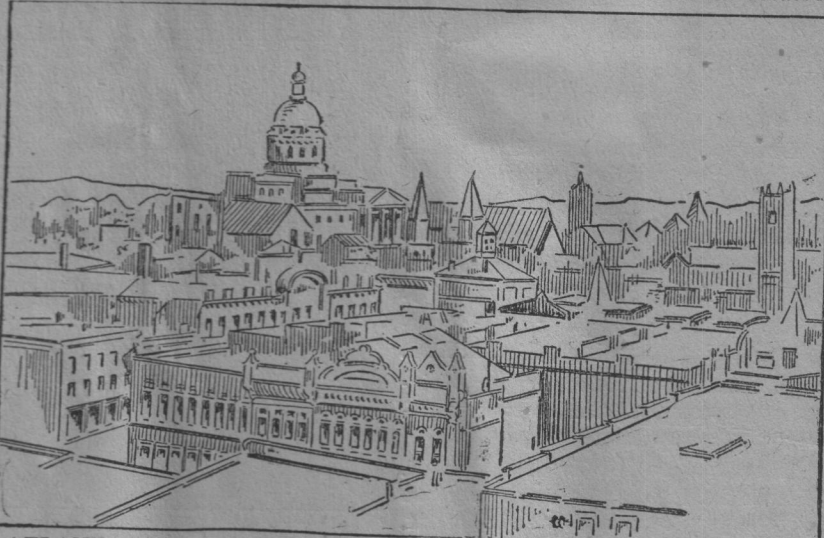
Site and Buildings.

Atlanta, Ga., correspondence:

When in the face of hard times, with cotton a drug on the market at five cents a pound, Atlanta said, "Let us have an exposition," people

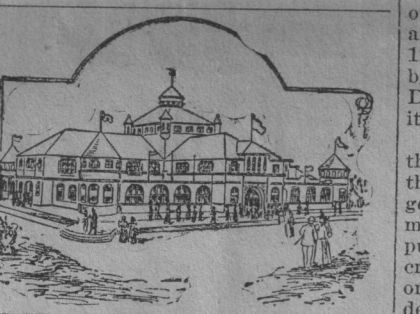
were thunderstruck with the audacity of the proposition. When the Queen City of the South went further, and said, "Let us make our exposition national—in character and scope," then the people thought it was a mammoth joke. But Atlanta has gone on with the project, and as a result all those who once laughed so loud at the idea have been struck with awe by the wonderful success which seems assured for the Cotton States and the International Exposition which will open its gates to the world September 18 next, to close them on the last day of 1895.

There is every prospect that the Cotton States and International Exposition will be ahead of the Centennial Exhibition in splendor and usefulness. Even with its excellent exhibit at the World's Fair in 1893 the South could not hope to bring as prominently as it wished before the world its advantages in the industrial and agricultural fields, and so a fair for the special reason of attracting wide attention to these things will be of especial utility. And if superior organization were all that were needed to insure its success that is a foregone conclusion, for the men and women in whose hands the management of the exposition has been placed stand at the head of the business people of the South. All things of a purely local character have been put in the background as far as Atlanta and Georgia are concerned, and the aim of the exposition will be the advancement



ATLANTA, LOOKING SOUTH FROM THE EQUITABLE BUILDING.

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UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT BUILDING.

of the interests of the country in general and the South in particular.

Site of the Exposition.

Piedmont Park, the site of the exposition, is located two miles from the geographical center of the city. The 189 acres within the exposition enclosure stretch over immense hills of gentle acclivity and vales of surpassing loveliness. The landscape gardening, rich in the profusion of Southern foliage and flowers, which will form part of the display, will be one of the most pleasing attractions. A beautiful artificial lake, to be navigated by electric launches and gondolas, will be to the exposition what the lagoons were to the World's Fair. The main buildings, with their dimensions, are as follows: United States Government Building, 180x260 feet; Manufactures and Liberal Arts, 216x370 feet; Machinery, 100x500 feet; Minerals and Forestry, 80x220 feet; Agriculture, 150x300 feet; Transportation, 126x413 feet; Woman's Building (according to the original plans to be 124x134 feet, but these dimensions will probably be materially increased); Fine Arts, 100x245 feet; Negro Building, 100x300 feet.

One of the novelties of the exposition will be a building, as above mentioned, for the use of the negroes and to contain exhibits for their benefit. The negroes of the South will probably form no small part of the attendants at the exhibition, and the forethought of the management in thus providing for them is to be commended.

A different plan as to the construction of the exposition buildings will be followed from that adopted by the World's Fair managers, for the buildings are to remain after the close of the fair to adorn the park and form one of the future attractions of this city. Georgia pine will be the principal material employed, the inside of the buildings being for the most part finished in yellow pine. The exposition will not be without its Midway Plaisance, that part of the grounds devoted to such exhibits as were to be found on the Midway of Jackson Park in Chicago being known as the Terrace. The principal features of the Chicago Midway and many others will be there to furnish amusement to those surfeited with sight-seeing of a higher order in the other parts of the grounds.

The Demand for Space. There need be no fears that all the space which can be furnished will be in demand,

for already applications are in for much more room than can be set apart for exhibitors. The management is wisely putting these applications through a sifting process and will grant space only to the best of those who desire to exhibit. Not alone is the United States expected to have splendid exhibits at the exposition, but other countries as well will without doubt take advantage of it to show the world what they can grow and make. The three months and a half through which the exposition will be open are those during which the greatest number of people from the North and West and from other climes are seeking the South-east for health and pleasure, and these people will aid materially in making the exposition a success financially. Its success along other lines is already assured.

Charles A. Collier, the President and director general of the Cotton States and International Exposition, has had a large experience in public affairs and in exposition work. He was born in 1848, being the son of one of the pioneers of Atlanta. Most of his life has been devoted to business enterprises, in which he has been uniformly successful. His greatest achievement was the successful conduct of the Piedmont Exposition of 1887. Only 104 days elapsed from the first suggestion to the opening day of this exposition. At the close of the exposition, after paying all expenses, the treasurer had a balance of \$56,000.

CURRENCY BILL IS DEAD.

Carlisle-Springer Measure Ignominiously Killed in the House. Washington special: The Carlisle currency bill, which has been under debate in

the House for about two weeks, was ignominiously ditched Wednesday. It had not strength enough to surmount the first parliamentary obstacle placed in its path. The Committee on Rules, in obedience to the decree of the Democratic caucus on Monday, brought in an order to close general debate and proceed under the five-minute rule until Saturday, when the final vote should be taken, but the supporters of the bill showed lamentable weakness. They were unable to order the previous question, the demand therefore being refused, first by a rising vote of 92 to 101, and then on a yeas and nays vote of 124 to 129.

The advocates of the bill were dumfounded when they discovered that they had been beaten in the parliamentary skirmish, and the order was withdrawn. This was the first reverse the Committee on Rules had suffered in four years. An analysis of the vote showed that all of the 124 votes in favor of the motion were cast by Democrats, while 82 Republicans, 33 Democrats and 8 Populists voted against it.

Mr. Bland and others loudly protested that the adoption of the rule would cut them off. Mr. Outwater rejected all suggestions for amending the rule and demanded the previous question. The Republicans voted solidly with the Democratic opponents of the measure against ordering the previous question and it was defeated on a rising vote, 92 to 101. Among the Democrats who voted against ordering the previous question were Cockrell, of Texas; McGann, of Illinois; Hooker, of Mississippi; Ellis, of Kentucky; Money, of Mississippi; Bailey, of Texas; Bland, of Missouri; Hall, of Missouri; Holman, of Indiana, and Conn, of Indiana.

Mr. Outwater hurriedly demanded the yeas and nays and the roll was called. The roll call was watched with intense interest, but announcement of the result of the vote only confirmed the defeat of the advocates of the measure. The supporters of the bill made a desperate effort to secure a majority of the votes, but the previous question was again rejected, 124 to 129. The advocates of the bill had suffered their first parliamentary reverse. The failure to order the previous question threw the special order open to amendment. Though there was no demonstration from the opponents of the bill, its advocates were panic-stricken, realizing that the vote given probably sealed the doom of the currency bill. Mr. Outwater immediately arose and withdrew the special order.

News by Wire.

William Jackson was killed by a boiler explosion in Selma, Ala.

Ivy Bobo, colored, was hanged at Friars Point, Miss., for the murder of his wife. He confessed on the gallows.

N. C. Blankenship has been arrested at Texarkana, Ark., and charged with being an accomplice in holding up a St. Louis Southwestern train.

Judge G. B. Kinkead and William N. Lane resumed their feud at Lexington, Ky., but no blood was shed. Lane is a friend of Desha Breckinridge.

While attempting to save a raft of saw logs in Salt River, Ky., W. S. Bowman, Tom Maclure and Willie Prentwood were carried away with the tide and drowned.

Thomas Albert, a member of Company C at Bradford, Pa., was found dead near the rifle range with a bullet in his heart. It is not known whether it is an accident or not.

The Coroner's jury at South End, Ok., has returned a verdict of justifiable homicide in the case of Chief of Police Williams, charged with killing Frank Smith and James Brown.

The Cotton-growers' Protective Association met at Jackson, Miss., to devise means for reducing the cotton acreage. A resolution in favor of the Hatch anti-option bill was adopted by a vote of 237 to 10.

The Colorado River Irrigation Company elected officers in Denver and the James H. Beatty faction was defeated by the John C. Beatty people. New bonds for the canal work in Southern California will be issued.

The Rise of the Buckwheat Cake

The leaven of yesterday ruins the cake of to-day. Don't spoil good buckwheat with dying raising-batter—fresh cakes want Royal Baking Powder.

Grandma used to raise to-day's buckwheats with the souring left over of yesterday! Dear old lady, she was up to the good old times. But these are days of Royal Baking Powder—freshness into freshness raises freshness.

And this is the way the buckwheat cake of to-day is made: Two cups of Buckwheat, one cup of wheat flour, two tablespoons of Royal Baking Powder, one half teaspoonful of salt, all sifted well together. Mix with milk into a thin batter and bake at once on a hot griddle.

Do not forget that no baking powder can be substituted for the "Royal" in making pure, sweet, delicious, wholesome food.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., NEW-YORK.

Tallest Building in the World.

The famous Capitol at Albany, which has cost so much money already and is not yet finished, according to the American Title and Register Journal, is nothing in some respects compared with the new Philadelphia City Hall, now nearing completion. The New York State building is famous chiefly for the millions which have been absorbed in building and rebuilding it, and it has cost more than twice what the Philadelphia structure will require when done. Some phases of the Philadelphia building are worthy of special note, and among them is the fact that when finished it will be the tallest building on this continent, with the exception of the Washington Monument, which can hardly be called a building, and therefore is not to be compared with it. There is a great bronze statue of William Penn which goes on top of the tower, and the cap upon that statue will be 520 feet from the street below.

Flower Ghost.

Anyone who wishes to see a ghost of a flower has only to make a very simple experiment. Let him go up to a cluster of blossoms and look very intently for several minutes at one side of it. Then very suddenly he must turn his gaze upon the other side of the same cluster. He will at once distinctly see a faint and delicate circle of colored light around this second half of the cluster. The light is always in the hue which is "complementary" to that of the flower. The spectre of the scarlet poppy is of a greenish white. The ghost of the primrose is purple. The ghost of the blue fringed gentian is of a pale gold tint. In these circles of color the shapes of the flower's petals are always faintly but clearly seen.

Curiosities of Courage.

There are curious subdivisions both of moral and physical courage. Marshal Saxe, the victor of Philsburg and Fontenoy, had an absurd fear of assassination, and in his fortified place of Chambord kept two constables for the purpose of scrutinizing every unknown visitor. The Duke of Alva got nervous at the mere sight of a dog, and during his residence at Ghent ordered his patrols to shoot every unmuzzled specimen of the obnoxious quadruped. There are men whose actions defy the wrath of public opinion, but who turn pale with thought of seeing their names in the local newspapers; and others who advance fearlessly to the brink of a precipice, but shudder at the sight of a spider.—Lippincott's.

Somewhat of an Anachronism.

A peripatetic exhibitor of the phonograph in Holland seems determined to outdistance all competitors as regards the excellence of his records. He was exhibiting the machine in the streets of Utrecht, and a number of customers were listening to selections of tunes. Suddenly the tune ceased, and there was a pause. Then in a loud, clear tone was heard the one word: "Halt!" delivered in a tone bespeaking authority. "What is that?" asked one of the listeners. "That," was the reply, "is the voice of Napoleon Bonaparte giving an order at the battle of Waterloo!"—London Daily News.

IN OLDEN TIMES

People overlooked the importance of permanently beneficial effects and were satisfied with transient action; but now that it is generally known that Syrup of Flax will permanently cure habitual constipation, well-informed people will not but other laxatives, which act for a time, but finally injure the system.

EDISON says there is practically no limit to the speed that can be attained on a railroad. He thinks the greatest speed will come when electricity is obtained direct from coal.

MANY men wreck both fortune and health trying to earn a dollar they do not need.

Not of a Nervous Temperament.

A good story is told of a lazy and loquacious farmer whose farm lies just outside Worcester. He called at a neighbor's house recently. "Sit down, sit down," exclaimed the neighbor, "I don't know as I ought," replied the farmer; but nevertheless he sat down. After some talk about the crops and the value of an adjoining piece of ground the farmer said, slowly: "I don't know as I ought to be sitting here. I came to see if I could get a ladder; our house is afire!"—London Telegraph.

Catarrh Cannot Be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, price 75c.

In Germany and Hungary magic qualities are attached to the lime or linden tree. In some villages it is usual to plant one before a house to prevent a witch from entering.

Market Gardeners Grow Rich!

There is lots of money made in early vegetables. Everybody admits that the very earliest vegetables are produced from Salzer's Northern Grown Seeds. Think of having radishes in fourteen days; lettuce in twenty days; potatoes in forty days; peas in forty-six days, and splendid cabbage in fifty-five days from day of sowing seed!

If You Will Cut This Out and Send It with \$1 money order to the John A. Salzer Seed Company, LaCrosse, Wis., you will get free thirty-five packages earliest vegetable seeds and their great seed catalogue, or for six cents postage a package of Fourteen Day Paris Radish seed and their seed catalogue. C. N. U.

A MAN is always indignant at other men who treat their wives as mean as he treats his.

Are You Car-Sick When Traveling?

Car-sickness is as trying to most people as sea-sickness. It comes from a derangement of the stomach. One of Ripans' Tablets is an insurance against it, and a box of them should be in every traveler's outfit.

SOME people would be awfully nice if they could get over one or two bad habits.

SOONER OR LATER a neglected Cold will develop a constant cough, shortness of breath, failing strength, and wasting of flesh, all symptomatic of some serious lung affection, which may be avoided or palliated by using in time Dr. D. Jayne's Expecto-rant.

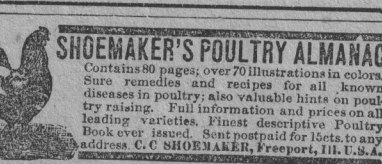
By the time a couple reaches its golden wedding, you bet it needs the gold.

We think Piso's Cure for Consumption is the only medicine for Coughs, JENNIE PINCKARD, Springfield, Ill., Oct. 1, 1894.

It is the popular belief that pugilists should travel in a box-car.

ATTEND the Fort Wayne Business College.

A MAN never knows how to be a son until he has become a father.

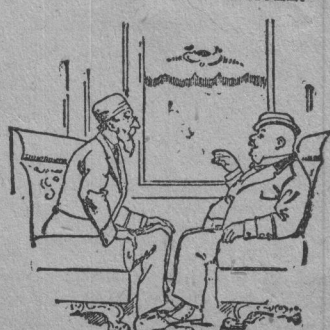


SHOEMAKER'S POULTRY ALMANAC. Contains 80 pages; over 70 illustrations in colors. Gives remedies and recipes for all known diseases in poultry; also valuable hints on poultry raising. Full information and prices on all leading varieties. Must describe poultry book ever issued. Sent postpaid for 10c, to any address. C. C. SHUBERT, Editor, Freeport, Ill., U.S.A.

KIDDER'S PASTILLES. Sure relief. Price 35c. ASTORIA, OREGON. Charles W. W. & Co., Charles W. W. & Co., Charles W. W. & Co.

WANTED. Traveling Salesman for Liquor Trade. C. K. HITCHCOCK & CO., Evansville, Ind.

HE SWALLOWS IT WHOLE.



Better than mineral waters? Well, I should smile. Three dozen in a box, and you can carry six in your vest pocket.

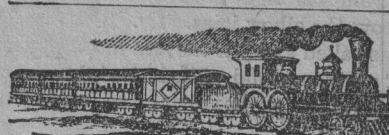
Take one every night, After dinner, or at bed time. It beats Congress water all hollow. Or Kissengen.

You always have it handy. The effect is better, and When you travel it saves freight.

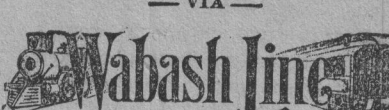
I am an old traveler And I get things done fine.

A o Ripans o Tabule

Is worth more Than any spring in existence—except a door spring—That a draught!



TEXAS, MEXICO and CALIFORNIA. — VIA — Wabash Line.



In connection with the St. Louis, Iron Mountain & Southern Railway, Texas & Pacific Railway, International & Great Northern Railroad, and Southern Pacific Railway, known as the ONLY TRUE SOUTHERN ROUTE, has placed in service a Through First-Class Sleeping Car and Tourist Sleeping Car, leaving Chicago daily at 10:30 A. M., via St. Louis to Little Rock, Maumery (Hot Springs), Austin, San Antonio, Laredo (where a direct connection is made with through sleeping car for the City of Mexico), El Paso, Los Angeles and San Francisco. This is the only line from Chicago which can offer this excellent service. Call or write to any ticket agent of the Wabash or connecting line for printed matter showing time, route, rates, description of cars, etc., or

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...EVERY...

Home-Seeker

SHOULD READ The pamphlet recently published by the Passenger Department of the Illinois Central Railroad, entitled "Southern Home-Seekers' Guide for 1894," contains over 50 excellent letters from Northern farmers now located in the South and other authentic and valuable information. For a FREE COPY address the undersigned at Manchester, Iowa: J. F. MERRY, Assistant General Passenger Agent.

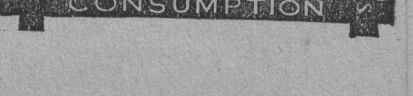
PATENTS. TRADE-MARKS.

Examination and Advice as to Patentability of Invention. Send for Inventors' Guide, or How to Get a Patent. PATRICK O'FAIRRELL, Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP for Children teething; softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.

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When Writing to Advertisers, say you saw the Advertisement in this paper.



PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION. Cures Cough, Spasms, Hoarseness, Indigestion, and all other ailments of the Throat and Lungs. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

HOLLY.

From the Advertiser.

Circuit court proceedings adjourned Tuesday until the next term.

William Green and wife of Austin, who have been visiting friends at Midland and Flint, returned home Monday.

Will T. Mathews, register of deeds, found a \$305 draft on his floor last Thursday morning, however he had no difficulty in finding the owner.

The examination of Henry West, charged with the murder of Mrs. Mad-dock, was held at Pontiac Tuesday. An adjournment was taken to Jan. 24th.

Miss Florence Blakely left yesterday for a four months visit in the East. While absent she will visit at Union City and Jarrard, Pa., also at New York City.

Invitations have been issued to the friends of Miss Eunice Grub, announcing her marriage to Stanley E. Olcott which will take place at Morrice, Jan. 23rd. Their home will be at Bowling Green, O.

At a meeting of the stockholders of the Orion Review, held at Orion last week, Fred Wieland was elected president and James A. Neal, treasurer. The paper will be under the direct management of J. A. Neal the coming year.

The Battle Creek Moon says that a Marshall woman got so much faith in mind readers and faith cures that she threw away her false teeth, expecting her natural teeth to grow in again. She waited six months and now has neither faith nor teeth.

The adjourned examination of John Grimes, charged with shooting a man named Bruce, at Royal Oak, November 23rd last, was called in Justice Lillis' court, Pontiac, Monday. After the swearing of Grimes the examination was adjourned till January 22nd.

John Covert found a pocket-book in front of the post-office last Monday. From the outward appearance it looked as though there was a million in it, and with one big lunge John made for it, but on examination it was found to contain but little money and some valuable papers. John set about to find the owner and soon located him. He was from Flint.

The Northville Record says that during the year of 1894, eighteen new houses were built in that place and that these together with other improvements, amounted to about \$25,000. Each year, the list of improvements as published in the Record, shows that Northville is one of the best towns of its size in the State and is fast forging to the front.

A very serious accident happened to Ray, son of Will Shultz of Groveland, one week ago Sunday. He mounted a horse to go to Horton church, and while riding, the horse slipped and fell on the lad's foot, breaking it back of the big toe. Dr. Manly was called and reduced the fracture and he is getting along as nicely as might be expected.

Last Monday, William H. Smith, who resides on east Maple street, stepped on a pile of wood and fell backwards, falling on his right arm and breaking it above the elbow joint. Dr. Bartholomew was called and put the arm into a plaster of paris cast, and while he is eighty years old, yet he is improving as rapidly as could be expected. He is the father of Mrs. L. G. Buell.

S. D. Mosher has commenced a mortgage foreclosure on the A. W. Prescott stock of goods and Edward R. Lacy has been placed in charge of the store. It seems that Mr. Prescott gave Mr. Mosher a mortgage for \$900 some time ago and Mr. Mosher not being satisfied with the manner in which payments were being made and store conducted, he asked the court to place someone in charge which was done. The stock will probably be closed out.

Whenever you hear a man finding fault with his local paper, open it and ten to one he hasn't an advertisement in it; five to one he never gives it a job of printing to do; three to one he does not take the paper; two to one if he is a subscriber, he is a delinquent. Even up to that he never does anything in any way that will assist the publisher to run a good paper, and forty to one he is the most eager to see the paper when it comes out.

The editor of a paper is the most closely criticised individual of any in the community. To escape criticism he would have to be a member of all the churches and of none; a prohibitionist and a drunkard at the same time; a philanthropist and a miser; at once a saint and a sinner; a genius and a fool; a hypocrite, a backbiter, rascal and the opposite of each. No one can fill the bill, and the fellow who would try has our sympathy.—Ex.

The annual meeting of the Lincoln Club of Oakland county, will be held at Pontiac, Tuesday evening, Feb. 12th. The following officers have been appointed: President, Mayor Chapman; chaplain, Rev. W. S. Jerome; toastmaster, Hon. Geo. W. Smith. On the reception committee, the name of James Slocum of this place appears and on the list of vice presidents also appears the name of Charles Baird of this place. The indications are that the meeting set for that date will be one of the most pleasant and successful in the history of that organization.

Word has been received here noting the death of Mrs. John Ford, which occurred Tuesday morning, at Wolverine, from congestion of the lungs. Mr. and Mrs. Ford for many years were residents of Holly and for a long time lived on a farm one mile southeast of this place. Later, they moved to Holly and bought a place in the eastern part of the village, owned by George Fenwick. Mrs. Ford was a woman who was very much respected and leaves a great many friends in this locality to mourn her sudden death. She was a very prominent worker and one of the organizers of the W. R. C. The funeral will take place at Wolverine.

There are many children in this town who go to the post-office perhaps a dozen times a day to enquire for mail. Of course, those who go oftenest are usually the ones whose parents receive a paper once a week and a letter about once a month. This is a decided nuisance to the postmaster, and the parents should not allow their children to do it. Often several children from one family go into the office and enquire for mail within a few minutes of each other. Parents should impress the nonsense of this running to the postoffice on their children. If the children are expected to carry mail, let one in each family be appointed to the task and let him be instructed as to what time he should go to the office.

DAVISBURGH.

Ben Bradley gave Clarkston a call last Saturday.

Hattie Lyons made a business trip to Holly, Saturday.

Mrs. Marion Powel and children spent last week at Linden.

Cora Babcock of Anderson Settlement, spent Sunday with Miss Augusta Cross.

Mark Frisbie spent a few days of last week with his brother, James Frisbie.

LeVern Davis and sister, Heppie, visited friends in Flint Saturday and Sunday.

The drama, "Nevada or the Lost Mine," will be played at Clarkston, Friday evening, for the benefit of the band.

J. Vinton died at his home in this village Jan. 11, of typhoid fever, age 67 years. Funeral services were held at the brick church Sunday Jan. 13th. He leaves to mourn his loss a wife, three children and two brothers, one of whom resides at Oxford and one at Holly; but their loss is his gain.

CLYDE.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Jay Mascho on Monday last, a girl.

Theodore Goodfellow is home from Cass City for a few days.

Mrs. R. E. Rosell of Montrose, is visiting her children in this vicinity.

Frank Maxfield of the Ridge, was quite seriously kicked by a horse at the elevator here last Monday.

The boys of the Epworth League will give a pancake social in the Opera House tomorrow (Friday) night.

Geo. Willoughby returned from Pontiac last Saturday, where he had been all the week on the Board of Review work.

Postmaster Flynn has moved into the new postoffice rooms and Frank Burk into his new barber shop in the Johnson block.

The L. O. T. M. and K. O. T. M. gave an oyster supper in the Odd Fellows' hall last Wednesday evening. All had a good time.

The baby girl of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Lewis died last Thursday, after a brief illness of congestion of the brain. The parents have the sympathy of the entire community.

Ed. Lawrence, who has been closing out a stock of general merchandise in the northern part of the state, for Burnham, Stoppel & Co. of Detroit, is home on a vacation.

Considering the stormy night, the Opera House was well filled with an appreciative audience to witness the play last Saturday night. The play was staged and put on the boards by home talent and met with such a success that it was decided to repeat it Wednesday night of this week. We will give particulars of last night's performance in next week's items.

TWO LIVES SAVED

Mrs. Phebe Thomas, of Junction City, Ill., was told by her doctors she had Consumption and that there was no hope for her, but two bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery completely cured her and she says it saved her life. Mr. Thos. Eggers, 139 Florida St. San Fran, cisco, suffered from a dreadful cold, approaching Consumption, tried without result everything else then bought one bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery and in two weeks was cured. He is naturally thankful. It is such results, of which these are samples, that prove the wonderful efficacy of this medicine in Coughs and Colds. Free trial bottles at C. A. Wilson's Drug Store, Holly or at F. Hammond's Drug Store, Clarkston. Regular size 50c. and \$1.00.

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, Bucklen'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 C. A. Wilson's Drug Store, Holly, or at F. Hammond's Drug Store, Clarkston.

ORTONVILLE.

Good sleighing here.

Oscar Vantine of Detroit, was in town last week.

Storm Arnold was in Detroit last week on business.

Jerome Mills of Gaylord, is spending a few days here.

George Engel was in Davison this week on business.

Mary and Roy Wolfe of Oxford, were home over Sunday.

Vin Richmond was in Detroit the latter part of last week.

Wilson Westerby of Caro, is visiting friends here for a short time.

The G. A. R. gave an oyster supper last Wednesday evening. Proceeds \$20.

Mrs. Webster and family have returned home from Indiana and are moving their goods in Fred Wilder's house.

The L. O. T. M. gave Mr. and Mrs. George Engel a surprise Tuesday evening. There was a large attendance and a good time was had by all.

WHITE LAKE.

Jay Dewey was at Milford one day last week.

John Brendell is quite ill at this writing.

John Cole and family spent last Friday at John Gulick's.

Albert Gundrey of Ortonville, was the guest of Mr. Kelley last week.

The bride and groom returned to this place last Friday, being absent over a week.

It is very nice sleighing at this time, hence we will hear the sleigh bells ring once more.

Mrs. Pierson and Mrs. Frank Cuthbert were calling on friends at White Lake one day last week.

Frank Williams has purchased a very fine, new cutter, also Lewis Garner is the owner of a new carriage.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Pepper were very pleasantly surprised by a large number of their friends last Tuesday evening.

Mrs. Pepper, who has been quite ill, is better at this writing. Robert Garner is also much better although not able to be out.

The dance at the Hall last Friday night was a success in every particular. The next will be given Jan. 25th. Boys, don't forget the date.

J. & L. McGrain have a very nice line of cutters now on hand and if any of the boys contemplate purchasing one, we would advise you to call on these gentlemen.

The ladies of the L. O. T. M. gave the K. O. T. M. a very pleasant surprise last Saturday evening at the K. O. T. M. Hall. All reported having had a very enjoyable time.

AUSTIN.

Loren Carson is on the sick list.

H. Lee Wright went to Detroit Friday.

Burt Shepard went to Detroit Saturday.

John McKeachie has rented John Bird's place.

Miss Jessie Carson went to Detroit Saturday to visit relatives.

Mrs. Abe Shepard of Detroit, is visiting relatives in this vicinity.

John McKeachie and Irrie Snyder are cutting wood for H. Lee Wright.

Mrs. W. H. Gibbs visited at F. C. Green's of Clarkston, Wednesday.

Austin Taylor and wife of Seymour Lake, visited at John Starring's Friday.

A number from this place have been attending the meetings at Davisburg.

Burt Crosby has been trading horses. He now drives a white and a black. Whew!

Johnnie Wilson hauled a load of wood to Pontiac Monday. Quite a way to draw wood.

James Atkinson went to Pontiac Monday to attend the meeting of the Monitor Insurance Company.

Deloss Starring, who has been working at the Northern Michigan Asylum, is visiting his brother John. Deloss looks healthy and well.

Mrs. Chas. Knox started Wednesday for Topeka, Kan., where she intends spending a few weeks with her parents, and visiting old friends.

SPRINGFIELD.

Miss Lizzie Kerton is visiting friends at this place.

Lizzie Kerton and Addie Bartlett were at Groveland Friday.

CLINTONVILLE.

John Stewart gave a pedro party on Tuesday evening.

George Douglas and wife Sundayed at Chas. Morgan's.

Another surprise on the docket. I won't mention where.

Plenty of snow at this writing and a great deal of sleigh riding.

Edwin Walter is going to put up a lot of wire fence this season.

George Owen and family have returned to their home in Illinois.

Quite a number fishing on the pond and some very fine pickerel are being caught.

John Davidson is not in the mill any more, Clarence Bradley of Waterford, having taken his place.

Clark Earls and wife and daughter, spent last week in Detroit visiting their daughter, Mrs. Heights.

One of the largest surprise parties of the season occurred at the residence of Mills Beardslee on Friday evening. Over 150 persons enjoyed the occasion, cards and dancing being the order of the evening and after a hearty repast, the company dispersed to their homes having spent an enjoyable time.

WATERFORD.

Stella Fair called on friends here Monday.

We are all glad to hear the sleigh bells ring.

Bird Cooley started for Chicago Monday with potatoes for George Gross.

The lecture given at the M. E. church Friday evening was very well attended.

Mrs. John Friday visited her mother at White Lake, Saturday and Sunday.

Mrs. Wolf and daughter of Williamston is visiting her sister, Mrs. A. Bird.

The musical and elocution entertainment given at the M. E. church Tuesday evening was largely attended.

There was no service at the M. E. church Sunday as the roads were so bad the people were not able to be out.

All who attended the pedro party given at the home of Flora and Ella Bird, Wednesday evening, enjoyed a very pleasant time.

GROVELAND.

Frank Berry and wife have moved on to the Knowles' farm in Davison.

Mrs. Milton Swift of Flint, is visiting at her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Almon Barrons.

James and John Algeo are drawing logs to A. D. Perry's saw mill, as are many others.

There was 20 inches of snow on the ground on the 15th of January, the most that has fell this season.

Ed. and Joe have a law suit about two dollars. It will cost them many times that. Better settle without a law suit.

Lucius Barron lost a valuable cow recently. Some of the members of the family are seriously ill. He is very unfortunate of late.

Asher Terry and Dell Husted were out with their teams and snow scrapers, fitting the roads for the school children to travel, in Dist. No. 1. Let others do likewise.

Much feeling is manifest in town by reason of laying out an unnecessary road through the farm of H. D. Phelps, at great cost to this town and damage to Mr. Phelps.

The deep snow and drifts have interfered with the attendance at the revival meetings at the "little church around the corner." Rev. Hoyt is an earnest and able preacher. Let all attend these meetings.

The debate at the school house in Dist. No. 4, was decided in the negative. Resolved that the annexation of Canada would be beneficial to the United States. Next question, at the same place on the evening of the 25th. Resolved, that emigration is injurious and ought to be restricted. Affirmative, John W. Taylor; negative, Sam B. Narrin.

CAPITAL, \$100,000.

Surplus and Undivided Profits, \$6,000.

ORGANIZED DEC. 21, 1892.

THE FIRST COMMERCIAL BANK

LEGITIMATE SUCCESSORS TO

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK

OF PONTIAC, MICH.

JOHN D. NORTON, Pres.

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DIRECTORS:—J. D. Norton, G. Jacobs

Ben. S. Tregent, Charles Dawson

A. Parker, C. G. Freeman, C. M. Crofoot.

CLOTHING.

MY NEW WINTER STOCK which has been selected with special reference to the trade of this locality, will probably surprise all who see it, by the extensive variety it offers in every line of goods which I carry. It includes the pick of the market in fresh Winter Styles, and not less astonishing, than the goods, will be the

ASTONISHING LOW PRICES

I have put on them.

Please call and examine before you buy.

F. E. STARKER,

PONTIAC'S CLOTHIER.

For good goods and fair prices, call on E. A. Urch, dealer in general merchandise.

Drugs carefully compounded.

E. A. URCH,

Clarkston, Mich.

EVERYONE KNOWS

and nobody denies that the place to get your Photographs, generally, is where they can be procured the cheapest and of guaranteed quality, and preeminently that place is at **W. C. PETTY'S ART STUDIO,** Clarkston, Mich.

The Quality Is Right

And The Price Is Right

on Blend Roasted Coffee at 30 cents a pound and on Best Uncolored Japan Tea at 45 cents a pound. For sale by

M. BOWER.

I am now prepared to offer to the public a first class line of

HARDWARE

and **FARM MACHINERY,** at lower prices than can be obtained a any other general hardware store in the county. Gasoline, Wood and Coal Stoves at reduced prices.

Remember the place and see the bargains I offer.

Yours truly,

A. R. CARRAN,

Clarkston, Mich.

Pure Drugs and Medicines.

Choice Family Groceries, Sponges, Combs, Perfumery, Toilet Articles, Physicians' Prescriptions Carefully Compounded.

F. HAMMOND.

CORN.

The undersigned wishes to announce to the farmers that he has now on hand and will keep, a first-class grade of corn, which he will sell at all times at the lowest market price. Highest market price paid at all times for wheat, rye, barley, etc.

E. JOSSMAN.

SPECIAL BLANKET

SALE

—AT THE—

BEE - HIVE

PONTIAC, MICH.,

—ON—

Tuesday, January 8th and

Wednesday, Jan. 9th, 1895.

Special sale for two days only. John Pound will dispose of for cash and below cost of manufacture, ninety-one pairs of Bed Blankets. They are a sorted in red, white and gray and of various qualities, some very nice pairs among them. Do not miss this special sale nor ask for them at the special prices afterwards. We shall not carry over a pair of these. We want all to see them. Remember: Jan. 8th and 9th, '95. Two days only. Down stairs in large front window.

JOHN POUND.

DRUGS.

For good goods and fair prices, call on E. A. Urch, dealer in general merchandise.

Drugs carefully compounded.

E. A. URCH,

Clarkston, Mich.