

Mr. E. M. Clark

# The Clarkston Advertiser.

AN INDEPENDENT WEEKLY NEWSPAPER.

VOLUME 1, NO. 23.

CLARKSTON, MICH., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 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.

ROBERTSON  
AND  
SUTHERLAND,  
PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS,  
CLARKSTON, MICH.

OFFICE DAYS  
Wednesday and Saturday.

ROBERT REID,

Dealer in Light and Heavy Har-  
nesses, 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 guar-  
anteed.

THOS. YARWOOD,

VETERINARY SURGEON.

CLARKSTON, - - - MICHIGAN.

Address, Clarkston House.

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

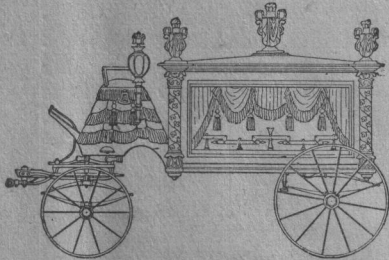
can do your cartage and  
draying at any time.  
Satisfaction guaranteed.  
All orders for wood and  
coal promptly attended  
to.

## 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 Clark-  
ston 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.



J. W. MCKINNEY,

FUNERAL DIRECTOR.

HOLLY AND CLARKSTON, - - - MICH.

Clarkston office in charge of Mr. R. Broomfield,  
or telephone at my expense.

## WEEKLY MARKET REPORT.

Prices Clarkston Merchants are Paying  
for Products of the Farm.

CLARKSTON, Mich., Jan. 31, 1895.  
The following quotations are the latest market  
reports obtainable, up to Thursday morning of  
each week:-

WHEAT—Red, 48c. White 48c.  
BEANS—\$1.00 to \$1.40.  
BARLEY—90c., to \$1.05.  
OATS—30c.  
RYE—46½c. to 48c.  
VEAL—46 to 50c.  
HIDES—Green, No. 1, 3c  
LARD—10c.  
TALLOW—4c.  
BUTTER—Choice, 15c., to 17c.  
EGGS—18c. to 20c.  
CHICKENS—Live, 5c., Dressed, 7 & 7½c.  
TURKEYS—8 and 9c.  
DUCKS—8 and 9c.  
HOGS—Live 4. Dressed, \$5 to \$5.15

## MERE MENTION.

Good weather for colds.

R. Johnson is very low at this writ-  
ing.

Will Hammond was home over Sun-  
day.

Miss Ada Pierce is visiting friends at  
Caro.

Dewain Glebe is quite sick with lung  
trouble.

Mrs. Thair has returned to her home  
at Detroit.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Joseph E. Dor-  
land, a girl.

Charley Wilds of Waterford, was here  
Wednesday.

G. C. Selden has sold his timber for  
railroad ties.

Rev. Walker of Seymour Lake, was in  
town Monday.

A. Myers of Flint, was in town on  
business Tuesday.

Indications point very strongly to a  
boom in business.

A. L. Craft made a business trip to  
Pontiac Saturday.

W. Jacobs of Lapeer, was in town on  
business Saturday.

Fred Holcomb of Seymour Lake, was  
home over Sunday.

Mrs. Stephen Nichols is quite ill at  
the present writing.

W. H. Horton was at Goodrich on  
business Wednesday.

Runaway in town Wednesday, how-  
ever no one was injured.

Read our advertisements and see the  
bargains that are offered.

A. E. Vantine and wife of White  
Lake, were here Tuesday.

Mercury stood at twelve degrees be-  
low zero Monday morning.

W. C. Petty made a business trip to  
Pontiac one day last week.

Charlie Jones of Bay city, was in  
town on business Saturday.

Petty's gallery will be open for sit-  
tings on Saturday's hereafter.

Miss Martha Jossman returned from  
her visit at Davisburg Monday.

William Austin and wife returned  
from their bridal tour Saturday.

Sam Jossman and Ray Plumb were  
at Pontiac on business Tuesday.

A large number took supper at the  
Baptist church Tuesday evening.

Clayton Taylor of Rochester, was the  
guest of friends in town Sunday.

Miss Lucile Beardslee spent Tues-  
day evening with Miss Eva Walter.

H. M. Church and wife of Brown  
City, are visiting at Joseph Lowery's.

Henry Jossman and Miss Lena Ham-  
mond spent Sunday at David Miller's.

Miss Mollie Mason was the guest of  
Miss Lena Hammond last Friday even-  
ing.

Miss Almira Gibbs has gone to Aus-  
tin to spend a week with her brother,  
Will.

A large number of teams in town  
Saturday notwithstanding the snow  
storm.

George Walter and Mortimer Clark  
made a business trip to Pontiac Wed-  
nesday.

Ella Bird and a lady friend of Water-  
ford, were in town calling on friends  
Tuesday.

Mrs. Frank Otto returned Monday  
from an extended visit with friends at  
Saginaw.

Homer Lowrie, who is attending the  
Business College at Pontiac, was home  
over Sunday.

Thomas Yarwood is meeting with  
good success in this vicinity as a vet-  
erinary surgeon.

We understand that William Green  
of Holly, will cut the ice for Daniel  
Addis' ice house.

William Serace has purchased some  
very fine bred Plymouth Rock fowls of  
Frederick Foster.

Byron Beardsley of Pontiac, called  
on relatives and friends at this place  
one day last week.

Mrs. O. F. Green has purchased the  
old school building in District No. 6,  
Consideration \$21.

Several large pickerel have been  
caught in the lakes in this vicinity dur-  
ing the last few days.

If you have any items of interest,  
please hand them in as we would be  
glad to publish them.

The recent heavy winds have drifted  
the snow so as to make some of the  
roads nearly impassable.

Gertie, Anna and Ed. Miller of Ma-  
hopac, were guests at A. A. Ham-  
mond's Friday evening.

Loan Walter and family of Orton-  
ville, were guests of friends and rela-  
tives at this place Sunday.

F. Long and family of Caro, were  
calling on their many friends and rela-  
tives at this place last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Lowery and  
Mr. and Mrs. Henry Church of Brown  
City, spent Sunday at Holly.

Leroy N. Brown attended the in-  
stallation of K. O. T. M., officers at  
Waterford Saturday evening.

Henry Kinsley returned from New  
York City Monday, where he has been  
for several days on business.

Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Hammond and  
Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Craft spent Friday  
evening at Jay Lessiter's at Orion.

Dan Addis has purchased the Bower  
ice house and will move it on his own  
land and use it for the same purpose.

C. W. Horton of Pontiac, was in  
town Tuesday attending the Independ-  
ence Township Sunday School Con-  
vention.

Lewis Demain died very suddenly,  
Monday, at his home one and one-half  
miles north of this place, aged eighty-  
five years.

Three sleigh loads of young people  
from Davisburg, gave Elmer E. Beards-  
lee and family a complete surprise last  
Friday evening.

John Mc. Ilvene and Miss Martha  
Bellitt were united in marriage at Pon-  
tiac, Wednesday, January 23rd., Rev.  
Pillsbury officiating.

Everybody seems to be enjoying the  
sleighting this fine weather, judging  
from the large number of sleighs seen  
on our streets every day.

Charles Dresser returned from near  
Amy, this county, last Saturday, where  
he has been finishing and decorating a  
new house for Mrs. Dowling.

A certain young man in this town  
owns a dog which came home lame one  
day last week and wishing to do some-  
thing to relieve the dog's suffering, the  
young man put a bandage on the  
(wrong) leg.

Timothy Hoxsie of Anderson Settle-  
ment, died at his home, Sunday morn-  
ing, January 27th. The funeral was  
held at the Anderson Settlement Pres-  
byterian church Wednesday and con-  
ducted by Austin Lodge, No. 48, F. &  
A. M.

Charles Green, while on the mail  
route between this place and Seymour  
Lake, last Saturday, overturned three  
times within a distance of a quarter of  
a mile on account of the immense snow  
drifts. The last time the cutter over-  
turned it was almost a complete wreck.

John Loan, formerly of this place, is  
now permanently engaged at the Bee-  
hive, Pontiac, where he will be pleased  
to meet all of his numerous friends and  
acquaintances and show them the  
many new goods recently received by  
that well known dry goods establish-  
ment.

H. R. Babcox will give a free lecture  
at the Waterford M.E. church Mon-  
day eve., February 4th, 1895 at 7:30 p. m.  
All should attend this lecture as he  
tells much in regard to the cul-  
ture of fruit trees and the keeping of  
grapes and other fruits through the  
winter.

The K. O. T. M's., gave a genuine old  
surprise party on their Commander,  
Sir Knight Filmore Coon, Friday even-  
ing, January 25th. Sleigh load after  
sleigh load kept pouring in until he  
was fully aware of his surprise. Of  
course he was glad they came and  
invites them to repeat it again.

Miss Myrta Easton was pleasantly  
surprised last Friday evening by about  
twenty of her young friends who had  
come prepared to have a grand time,  
the programme for the evening being  
a royal candy pull. Everyone was so  
immensely gratified by the way it was  
conducted that they are very anxious  
to call again.

John G. Owen, a well known Sag-  
inaw lumberman, has filed bills of sale  
of property aggregating \$78,000 to Fred-  
erick Foster, of this place and John S.  
Owen of Eau Claire, Wis. His finan-  
cial embarrassment is due to the loss  
of his saw mill at Owendale, Huron  
county, by fire, coupled with a stag-  
nant market for lumber products.

## FORESTER PARTY.

The Foresters have made arrange-  
ments to give an old fashion dance at  
Clark's hall, February 22nd, 1895 and  
Dewey's full orchestra will furnish the  
music. This lodge has only been organ-  
ized a short time and we would like to  
see their, their first attempt made a suc-  
cess. They are surely capable of get-  
ting up a first-class party and we al-  
ready feel safe in saying that this will  
be the popular party of the season.  
Let everybody attend.

## A POPULAR LECTURER.

Frederic C. Lee gave the fourth num-  
ber of the lecture course at the M. E.  
church, Tuesday evening, January 22nd,  
subject, "The Lady or the Tiger." His  
lecture was very pleasing and his audi-  
ence was kept in good cheer until this  
end had been reached. Mr. Lee is one  
of the best lecturers on the American  
platform and his lecture is sure to  
please the most critical audiences.  
The church was well filled as usual and  
all departed feeling that the fourth  
number of our lecture course was duly  
up to the standard and their time and  
money was well spent. We trust that  
the remaining numbers will be as in-  
teresting as have been the former ones,  
and we feel safe in saying our wishes  
will be affirmed.

## LYCEUM FOR CLARKSTON.

A number of citizens and others of  
this place are advancing the idea of  
organizing a lyceum or debating so-  
ciety where those who are fond of de-  
bating can have an opportunity of  
giving their views on the various pop-  
ular questions of the day. Such a so-  
ciety is very interesting and entertain-  
ing as well as instructive, and can be  
held these cold winter evenings to pass  
away the dull hours with little, if any  
expense.

There are a number of good debaters  
in our town, who, if they would ex-  
ercise a little energy in this direction,  
could organize a society with a large  
number of members. It would be very  
instructive to all to have a debate once  
each week and hear opinions on both  
sides of the question. All interested  
should give this matter their deepest  
thought as it will benefit each and  
everyone of us.

## MARRIAGE LICENSES

John Miller, Novi.....	24
Anna Voigt, Novi.....	24
Edward R. Smith, Birmingham.....	26
Zilpha N. Bailey, Birmingham.....	26
John H. McIlveen, Brandon.....	25
Martha Bille, Independence.....	25
Frank Carpenter, Oxford.....	25
Margie Strubbel, Addison.....	23

## A SUCCESSFUL MEETING.

A very successful meeting was the  
first annual meeting of the Independ-  
ence township Sunday school associa-  
tion which was held at the Baptist  
church Tuesday afternoon and even-  
ing, January 29th, 1895 and will long  
be remembered by all in attendance.  
A fine programme was rendered both  
in the afternoon and evening as ex-  
cellent subjects were chosen for de-  
livery. Several vocal selections were  
also rendered which was duly appre-  
ciated by the large audience.

As this is the first meeting of the  
kind ever held in this township, the  
success of this one is enough to prove  
to all that there are a good many in  
this locality that are interested in Sun-  
day school work. A number from  
Pontiac, Ortonville, Seymour Lake,  
White Lake and various other places  
were also in attendance, encouraging  
this great work. Supper was served by  
the ladies of both churches which  
was very tastefully gotten up and all  
strangers were made to feel at home by  
the way in which they were entertained  
by the various committees. It is hoped  
by the officers and others connected  
with this association that the second  
annual meeting will be as profitable,  
instructive and entertaining.

## A DRAMATIC CLUB.

A number of the enterprising young  
people of this place are making ar-  
rangements for the organization of a  
dramatic club. This is a good move  
for the young people as it will afford  
much amusement and enjoyment for  
themselves and others who may attend  
their entertainments. They have al-  
ready gone to quite an expense in order-  
ing several finely written plays and  
hope to have them perfected so as to  
give us the first entertainment in the  
near future. We have plenty of good  
talent in this village, that with a little  
training, would hold as good a sized  
audience as any of our neighboring  
home talent dramatic clubs.

There is no reason whatever but that  
we could have a good home talent dra-  
matic club as well some of the other  
towns and villages that are even small-  
er than ours where they are giving  
entertainments to large sized audiences.  
If all the interested young people will  
work together in harmony, there is no  
doubt but what we will have a good  
club.

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder  
Awarded Gold Medal Midwinter Fair, San Francisco.

From the Holly Advertiser.

## HOLLY IN MOURNING.

### JOHN M. BAIRD DIED LAST NIGHT.

DEATH WAS SUDDEN AND UN-  
EXPECTED.

His Death a Great Loss to Holly.

The news of the death of our most  
esteemed citizen, John M. Baird, has  
cast a gloom over the entire community,  
and Holly is today in mourning. One  
week ago Mr. Baird was taken suddenly  
ill, however no grave fears were enter-  
tained of his recovery. While he did  
not recover as rapidly as was hoped, it  
was expected that he would be about  
in a few days.

At one o'clock last night he was  
noticed as breathing heavy. Dr. Mc-  
Donald, who lives next door, was called,  
but all efforts to revive him without  
avail, and he passed peacefully away.

Mr. Baird was born in Monroe county  
N. Y., on the Hudson river, in 1827,  
where he lived until 25 years of age.  
He taught school for a while, then  
learned the cooper's trade. He came to  
Holly in June, 1857, representing a  
Rochester, N. Y. nursery and invested  
in five acres of land. In 1858 he return-  
ed to New York where he married  
Euphrasia Humphrey. In the spring of  
1859 he returned to Holly and built a  
home near the old Exchange Hotel.

September 19, 1861, when a young  
man, he enlisted in the First Michigan  
Cavalry and was assigned. Their term  
of service was one year. Although an  
non-combatant, being connected with  
the band, he, with two of his comrades,  
volunteered to go out with Maj. Towne  
to do regular soldier's duty. These com-  
rades were George Leline of Holly, and  
Charles Sheldon of Clinton. Their first  
battle was at Winchester or Carnstown.

While pursuing "Stonewall" Jackson  
our subject received an injury from a  
runaway horse and for three months was  
compelled to go on crutches. He was  
mustered out September 14, 1862, and  
soon after returning home re-enlisted in  
the Eighth Michigan Cavalry, and being  
detailed by Col. John Stockton, he en-  
gaged in recruiting for Company C, of  
that regiment. He had such good suc-  
cess in this that he next recruited for  
Company K, and was then honored by  
being given the commission of First  
Lieutenant of that company. This regi-  
ment was connected with the Western  
army and took part in many battles in  
Kentucky, Tennessee and Georgia. The  
company with which our subject was  
connected, with other troops, started  
out for Camp Nelson, in Kentucky, to  
capture the rebel Scott, who was raiding  
that State and stealing cattle after the  
John Morgan raid. They struck his  
band south of Lexington, and for five  
days and nights kept up a running fight.  
On the morning of the fifth day they  
came up to, and charging him at Leban-  
on, Ky., four hundred and twenty-seven  
men with seven commissioned officers  
were captured, including the noted  
Lieutenant-Colonel Nixon of the Louisi-  
ana Cavalry, who was in command. The  
surrender was made to our subject, and  
for this meritorious accomplishment of  
the quest on which he set out, Gen. San-  
ders gave to the young Lieutenant the  
duty of taking the prisoners back to  
Camp Nelson.

Lieut. Baird was in nearly all of the  
battles in which his regiment was en-  
gaged until appointed Quartermaster,  
doing much valuable service for his  
regiment. He was promoted to be Brig-  
ade Quartermaster, and served as staff  
officer with Gens. Hobson, Shackelford  
and Capron. He was honored with three  
commissions from the War Governor of  
Michigan, Austin Blair, and received his  
final muster out at Pulaski, Tenn., July  
20, 1865. His services in connection  
with the War of the Rebellion were  
greatly appreciated by his commanding  
officers and made him a noted man in  
army circles.

After his return home Capt. Baird  
engaged in private banking business for  
two years. He then organized a  
State Bank, of which he was Vice Presi-  
dent; also was the prime mover in or-  
ganizing the Merchants' National Bank.  
He also started the Monitor Mutual In-  
surance Company with D. H. Stone and  
Lewis Collier. This was the Farmers'  
Fire Insurance Company of Oakland  
county, and our subject was its secre-  
tary for four years.

In 1872, Mr. Baird was one of the  
three who organized the Monitor In-  
surance Co., which has grown to be a  
very large company and the farmers of  
Oakland county owe him the credit for  
this. The Monitor was a strictly  
farmers insurance company and there

seemed to be a field for another which  
would take in city property as well, and  
it was through his efforts that in 1874  
the Citizens' Mutual Fire Insurance Co.,  
of Oakland, Genesee and Shiawassee  
counties was organized. At that time he  
was elected secretary and treasurer and  
has since held that office. At the last  
meeting of the board of directors of this  
insurance company, Mr. Baird mapped  
out a new line of work which would  
make it one of state reputation and he  
was giving the new plan great thought  
and cherished fond hopes for its future.

Mr. Baird has carried on an insurance  
and real estate business since he severed  
his connection with the banking busi-  
ness. His life has been a busy one. He  
was never idle and always looked ahead  
to where something for the good of the  
town might be accomplished. Any en-  
terprise that was started in Holly where  
his subscription was needed, Mr. Baird's  
name was always at the head. He has  
erected more buildings and done more  
for the general good of Holly than any  
other citizen.

In 1870, Mr. Baird built the Balcony  
block in which the ADVERTISER office,  
Mr. Baird's office and other business  
places are located. This was the largest  
block ever built in Holly.

The deceased leaves a wife and three  
children, John, an engineer on the C. B.  
& Q. at Wymore, Neb., Chas. H., who  
has been associated with his father for  
some time past in the insurance business,  
and Belle, an only daughter, who is at  
present visiting in New York City. Mr.  
Baird was prominent on the School  
Board for twelve years and many times  
a member of the council and village  
clerk. He was a Chapter Mason and  
served fourteen years as Secretary of  
the three Masonic bodies of Holly. He  
was a prominent member of the Grand  
Army of the Republic and holds the  
position of Adjutant in the J. B. Mc-  
Pherson Post, No. 182, at the time of his  
death.

The funeral will be held at the late  
residence on Maple street at two o'clock  
Sunday afternoon. It has not been  
decided at this writing whether it would  
be conducted by the G. A. R. or the  
Masonic bodies. Mr. Baird held an in-  
surance on his life in several companies,  
in favor of Mrs. Baird, mostly Masonic  
insurance.

## SCHOOL NOTES.

Several foreign pupils have been ab-  
sent this week on account of the heavy  
fall of snow.

Over 160 pupils are enrolled in the  
school at the present time; a much larger  
attendance than in many years.

From an enrollment of 56 in high  
school, the daily average attendance  
last month was 54, being nearly 97 per  
cent.

The members of the book-keeping  
class are preparing work for the school  
exhibit to be held at Pontiac on the  
2nd of March.

Over 75 per cent of the pupils aver-  
aged 80 in their last monthly standing,  
thus doing away with the regular  
monthly examination.

## A PENNY SOCIAL.

The Epworth League will give one  
of their enjoyable and interesting so-  
cials at the home of Mrs. Peter Green,  
Friday evening, February 1st, 1895.  
This social will be a very novel one and  
all should be in attendance. Each  
person is to bring a penny with them  
and a paper containing twenty ques-  
tions with blanks for answers will be  
handed each one present. These ques-  
tions are asked about this small piece  
and the answers are found on the face  
and also on the back of the coin. As  
this social is a new and novel one it  
promises to meet with great success.  
The league is doing good work in this  
village and also growing larger as well  
as in many other places. Refresh-  
ments will also be served for the small  
sum of 10 cents. Let all attend and  
enjoy a very pleasant evening.

## PLAYING BOY.

That is What the Pontiac Doctors are  
Doing.

The Pontiac doctors seem to display  
very poor sense in getting into a fight  
over a local case of small-pox. It seems  
that a fellow by the name of Brooks  
came down with something of the nature  
of small-pox. Several physicians went  
to diagnose his case and were undecided  
as to what the disease might be. Dr.  
Galbraith was called and said he con-  
sidered the patient had neither small-  
pox nor varioloid and his statement was  
published in the Daily Gazette and now  
comes Drs. LaBaron, Colvin and others  
who are bitter enemies of Dr. Galbraith,  
and say that the case is small-pox. It is  
indeed tiresome to see doctors pulling  
and hauling in this way. It would seem  
very much as though their age would  
make them feel that they should be very  
dignified and get down to business.



# The Clarkson Advertiser.

CLARKSTON, MICH.

JAMES SLOCUM, Proprietor.

The only man in Nebraska who has made any money this year has just been arrested for counterfeiting.

The estate of Senator Fair, it is said, will not pan out more than \$15,000,000. Well, that's a pretty fair estate.

A New England man is to be hanged for roasting his wife. He claims that his wife roasted him until he had to do it.

Times are hard, but the fact that Chicago aldermen are quoted at only \$600 apiece in that cigarette deal tends to discredit the whole story.

"Good stuff well sold." Farmers who live up to that motto are making money in crops that others produce at a loss. Paste the words over your desk and think out the details for yourself.

Ex-Senator James G. Fair, the Bonanza King, is dead. With his millions he ranked no better than the wretchedest of the poor when the grim cleaner got ready to scoop him in.

Emperor William finds the name of Bismarck one to conjure with even when deprived of power by his majesty's own act. Bismarck was father of the German navy and chief architect of its colonial policy. The Emperor, in his speech asking money to put the navy on a proper footing, felt constrained to ask it in the name of the retired statesman, whose influence is still potent even with his enemies.

Theft is a profession is accomplished constantly by improvement in methods and by new qualities of a dress, craft, alertness and daring. The other day four or five persons drove up in an express wagon in front of one of the finest residences in a Chicago suburb and backed their wagon to the curb. They then entered the house and dismantled the parlor, taking valuable paintings, bric-a-brac, ornaments, vases, rugs and other movable articles, which they loaded into the wagon and then drove away. The family were at dinner at the time, with the door between the dining room and the parlor closed. Neighbors saw the wagon in front of the house and the thieves loading their plunder into it, but did not suspect that a daylight burglary was being committed in their presence. The robbers got completely away, leaving no trace for a successful pursuit.

Perhaps, after all, the newspaper judgment as to the value of a rich man's estates may not be so far out of the way, notwithstanding the popular belief that the newspapers are prone to exaggerate in these matters. After the death of Jay Gould the newspapers kindly took a hand at the business of posting his books and striking a balance for the benefit of their readers. The result of this arithmetic was the concurrent journalistic opinion that Mr. Gould had left about \$72,000,000 and some odd cents. Now it appears that the newspapers did not place too large a value on the estate, but, according to the figures of Appraiser McClure, under-estimated it by nearly \$9,000,000, the actual value being \$80,964,580.79, instead of \$72,000,000. If you see it in the newspapers you may set it down as a careful statement, based on an investigation as to all the ascertainable facts. Generally speaking, you might bet on it.

Man may be able to withstand the charms of woman. He may shut his eyes to her beauty and turn a deaf ear to her brilliant talk. But when woman and Fate advance upon him hand in hand, as it were, it is time for him to begin studying the marriage service. Miss Ance Marston, of New York, as an illustration, had no chance of becoming the wife of Edward Tallman until Fate took a hand in the game. Mr. Tallman did not even know her until he caught her pony one day when he tried to run away. Even then he gave the matter no further thought, and Fate had to try it all over again. On the second trial the young lady sprained her ankle in front of the young man's home, and he again came to her rescue. Then he capitulated and proposed. Procrastination seemed to be dangerous. In an endeavor to bring about the union Fate might make a slip and kill the young lady or maim her in some way. As a matter of safety they were married.

The Chinese method of dealing with army officers who lose battles or prove false to their trusts possesses some unique features of retributive justice. A dispatch from Shanghai states that General Wei Yu Kwel, who at the battle of Ping Yang failed to bring his troops upon the field in time to assist General Tso, has been beheaded at Peking. There were no inquiries as to the causes of his negligence. He simply did not arrive at the battle field and take part in the fight. Probably in order that he may never have a chance to repeat the mistake the Emperor has ordered his head chopped off. The dispatch adds with grim humor that should the Japanese succeed in taking Port Arthur there is no doubt that Li Hung Chang will pay for it with his head. Whether Li will be responsible for the loss of Port Arthur does not appear to cut any figure in the matter. It was his business to prevent its capture. This plan of dealing with those in command of a nation's armies, though a trifle harsh, certainly has its advantages. Knowing that if he loses he is going to be executed is calculated to make a general fight desperate battles,

John Burns announces that he will return in a few months for a prolonged stay. Just as soon as he can get out his book slandering America, probably.

The Minneapolis Tribune refers to "an old man 90 years of age." Young men of 90 years are so common in Minneapolis that the adjective is necessary.

A red-hot stove was stolen from the sentry box on the White House lawn the other night. This shows how expert some of our trained Congressmen have become.

"If a man tells a lie," said Chief Two Sticks on the witness stand, "that moment he drops down dead." He seems to have been totally ignorant of the ways of civilized life.

The statistics show that 132 persons were removed in the United States in 1894 by means of the rope and electrocution. But there was a big lot left that needed similar treatment.

A pugilist in Springfield, Ohio, died from the effects of a blow on the nose, received in a prize fight. But the books will be balanced by crediting one death to "excessive hemorrhage." It sounds better.

George Gould says his foreign yachting tour last year cost him \$600,000, an average of \$4,615.38 a day. We believe he could have more fun and get more action for his money if he would stay at home and buy a daily newspaper.

## TOO MUCH ELBOW GREASE.

Washing Need Not Be Laborious Work It Is Ordinarily Found. "I have found," said one of those modern housekeepers whose ideas, according to the Milwaukee Journal, would horrify her maternal ancestors if they could but hear them, "that elbow grease, when applied to laundry work, is not the much to be praised thing that I have always been brought up to believe it was, and that in some cases it is a detriment to successful and careful washing. By dint of many experiments I have discovered that a small scrubbing brush will work wonders. I can take an ordinary garment with collar and sleeves badly soiled and cleanse it by this process in one-third of the time and with infinitely less hard work than the average laundress. I make a mixture of soap and kerosene oil and let it stand over night, or prepare it and keep it in a stoppered jug or bottle. With a soft brush rub the collar and cuffs and all of the soiled places, then roll the garment up for a few minutes while others are being done. When all are prepared begin with the first and rinse and brush the surface with hot soapsuds. In nine cases out of ten the garment will need no further rubbing. I do not approve of clothes being merely scalded. They need not be boiled for any length of time, but should have about one or three minutes in actually boiling suds. This dissolves any gummy substances that may not rub out of the fibers, and makes the clothes more clean and certainly more healthful. Clothes soaked over night in warm suds made with the soap and kerosene mixture will wash easier and look better, to say nothing of wearing much longer, than those laundered in the ordinary way."

## In the Occident.

It was at a little soiree, and the man to whom this refers had on a dress suit with a red satin four-in-hand and a black satin vest with white polka dots as big as a copper cent. It was his duty to call out the changes for the dances, and this was the way he did it: "Swing 'em ag'in!" "All a man left!" "Right hand to partner an' grand right and left!" "Git out o' the wilderness!" "Ladies in the center and gents sashay round!" "Cheer or swing!" "All dance!" "Swing 'er if she'll let you!" "First lady to the left an' gent foller after!" "Lady in the center an' three hands 'round!" "Dor-see-doe!" "Ev'rybody dance!" "Cage tr queen!" "Grand right an' left!" "Whoop 'em up! Tiddy-diddy-dee an' a dum-di-doe! Hoe it down!" "A drum promenade to yer seats!"—Detroit Free Press.

## Rats Are His Friends.

Thomas Williams lives near Vanceburg, Ky., in a little log cabin where he has resided for many years in complete isolation. He has many queer tastes, the most extraordinary being a fondness for rats. These rodents he keeps about him in swarms, and he looks to their rearing as one would a lot of chickens. When he wants a dish that is particularly toothsome he decoys a rat into a little box and kills it. Strange to say, his rats are all on the best of terms with him. He feeds them regularly and enjoys their bold sportiveness about the house. The place is literally alive with rats.

He talks about his rats just like a fine stock breeder would talk about his cattle.

## A Famous Sword.

Gen. Wolfe's sword, which he wore when he met his death at the capture of Quebec in 1759 and which its owner, Maj. Dunn, used in the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava, has just been bought by the Canadian Minister of Militia.

## CRIME AND CASUALTY.

Edward Rivers, living near Brownsville, Edmondson County, Ky., killed his two children, a boy of six and a girl of eight years, and fired a bullet into his own brain. Rivers was addicted to the habitual use of morphine and labored under the delusion that his family, if allowed to live, would become hopelessly insane. At the time of the tragedy his wife was absent from home on a visit, and upon her return the bloody spectacle threw her into convulsions, which imperiled her life.

Edmund Nichols is under arrest at Belleville, Ind., charged with being one of the Hinshaw murderers.

The bold robbery of the Sugarland, Texas, railway and express office has aroused the town. A band of masked men rode to the office and demanded of Agent Adams the safe's contents. After a severe beating Adams opened the safe and the robbers took \$1,500 in cash. A number of citizens undertook to intercept the robbers and a sharp battle ensued, but the highwaymen escaped to the Brazos swamps. A posse started in pursuit and returned with four men under arrest—Crane, Thompson, Denton and Flowers. The posse is still scouring the country for the others.

Albert G. Davis, wanted in Chicago for the embezzlement of \$3,000 in 1892 from the Hibbard-Spencer-Bartlett Company, was arrested in Boston, Mass.

One of the men engaged in the lynching of Barrett Scott, of Nebraska, has confessed the crime, implicating many others.

Mrs. Bessie Webb Loughbridge, wife of Professor R. H. Loughbridge, of the University of California, committed suicide by drinking carbolic acid at Berkeley, Cal. Ill-health was the cause.

Two masked men held up the Cotton Belt train near McNeil, Ark., and robbed the express car of \$25,000.

Two Chinamen were killed during a quarrel in Monterey, Cal., and the authorities anticipate a highbinder war.

At 3 o'clock Friday afternoon the main building of Henning's brewery in Merdota, Ill., was wrecked by a boiler explosion. Every building in the city was badly shaken. The building destroyed was five stories in height and filled with machinery. The force of the explosion completely demolished it, killing six men and badly injuring six others. The dead: Lemuel De Shazo, iceman; David Gheci, engineer; John Kennedy, a well-bored casker; Henry Pet, laborer; C. Seifer, foreman; David Wells, fireman. The injured are: F. M. Carpenter, badly hurt; William Long, badly hurt; James Lovi, of Chicago, arm broken and head badly cut; A. McLeod, of Chicago, head and face cut; George Parker, of Chicago, head cut; Henry Varmore, badly hurt. The loss of property amounts to over \$100,000, and a large number of men are thrown out of employment. The explosion seemed to have an upward tendency, lifting the building, and then everything fell in a huge heap in the center of the inclosure.

Edwin Quigley, the New York municipal bond forger, was sentenced to fifteen years and six months' imprisonment by Recorder Goff.

Two members of a Middleburg, Pa., sleighing party were instantly killed and five others badly injured by being struck by a train on the Pennsylvania Railroad. The party was returning from a trip to Sunbury and the noise made by the sleighbells prevented their hearing a train.

Another murder is charged to the New Orleans Mafia. The victim was Tony Chiesi, lately from Chicago.

## THE FIRE RECORD.

The Waco (Texas) cotton palace, recently destroyed by fire, is to be rebuilt.

Forty persons were aroused from their beds by fire in the large double boarding-house at 319-320 Michigan avenue, Chicago, Thursday. Defective heating apparatus caused the blaze, and the old wooden structure burned with such rapidity that several persons were taken from the upper stories of both buildings by firemen.

Two hundred inmates of the Hotel Vendome, in New York, were driven out by a fire. Two firemen were injured.

Incendiaries started a fire in Petersburg, Ind., which destroyed a large furniture store and adjoining buildings.

## PERSONAL MENTION.

Obituary: Ae Ottawa, Ill., Almoed Thomas; at Champaign, Ill., Buell Sander; at Dubuque, Iowa, A. W. Kemler; at Coon Rapids, Iowa, O. W. Jack, of Beloit, Wis.; at Indianapolis, Hiram S. Herbert; at Springfield, Ohio, Rev. J. L. Roberts.

A. T. Hay, lawyer and inventor, died at Burlington, Iowa. He built the first all-steel bridge in the world.

Gen. James N. Bethune, former owner of Blind Tom and ex-Solicitor General of Georgia, is seriously ill at Washington. He is 91 years old.

## POLITICAL.

A bill has been prepared at the instance of Hartford labor unions for a law to prevent the employment in shops of married women whose husbands are able to support them. The reason is that many married women are crowding out young girls who cannot obtain employment.

Resubmission was carried in the South Dakota Senate by a vote of 26 to 19. It had previously passed the House.

Lucien Baker was elected Senator from Kansas. George E. Perkins was re-elected in California, and in Wyoming Frands E. Warren and Clarence D. Clark were selected.

Both houses of the Illinois Legislature balloted for Senator, the Republicans vying for Cullom and the Democrats for MacVeagh.

The lower house of the Indiana Legislature adopted a resolution favoring the annexation of Hawaii and defeated the bill to place flags on all the schoolhouses of the State.

Knute Nelson, three times a member of the national House of Representatives and twice chosen Governor of Minnesota, was Wednesday elected United States Senator for the term beginning March 4, 1895. The vote stood: Nelson, 102; Washburn, 36; Donnelly, 13; Comstock, 9; Mitchell, 4; McCleary, 2; Lind, 1.

Senator Dolph failed of re-election in the joint session of the Oregon Legislature, losing four votes from the ballots in separate sessions of the two houses.

## FROM WASHINGTON.

An order received at Vallejo, Cal., from the Department at Washington has put the naval officers and men, and all others

to whom the news has been made known, in pleasurable excitement, and their activity is as great as if a declaration of war had come to their knowledge. The order is for the immediate preparation of the cruisers Ranger and Alert for a sea voyage. The same order extends to the cruiser Boston. The work of coaling and provisioning the warships is being pushed as rapidly as possible, and the equipments put into perfect condition and with the utmost care. It is thought that the destination of the vessels is Honolulu. The reason for the belief is the report that Great Britain is determined to make an imposing show of naval strength in Hawaiian waters consequent upon the arrest of certain British subjects caught red-handed in the recent revolt against the republic of Hawaii. The United States, it is thought, does not, under the circumstances, care to have the warship Philadelphia, already on the way, the only representative of the American navy present when England's fleet of gunboats drops anchor in the harbor of Honolulu.

Among the important cases decided by the United States Supreme Court recently was one determining the century-old question, "Are juries judges of the law as well as of facts in criminal cases?" It was decided in the negative, with two dissenting opinions. The question came before the court on an appeal from the judgment of the United States Court for the Northern District of California in a murder case. Justices Gray and Shiras were the dissenters.

The House of Representatives has appropriated \$100,000 for a national military park at Gettysburg, Pa.

Washington dispatch: When President Cleveland and the members of his cabinet met Friday the treasury situation was bad enough, but while they were talking reports came from the treasury of enough gold withdrawals to make the day's total loss about \$7,000,000. A gold reserve of less than \$7,000,000 has only \$11,000,000 of this in free coin, and this, with the yellow stream flowing outward at a rate of more than a million a day, combined to make up a situation which greatly alarmed the President and his cabinet. What the President wants is authority to retire the legal tenders as they are presented for gold and means to redeem them with. He says nothing short of this will afford any permanent relief. To this he is willing to add a measure for the enlarged use of silver such as coinage of all the gold now in the treasury, amounting to \$180,000,000. Without authority to redeem and retire the legal tenders the President says the endless chain will still be in operation and a new issue of bonds will be needed every five or six months. Mr. Cleveland is satisfied nothing can be secured from Congress unless a concession is made to silver. He has never said, even in his cabinet councils, that he is willing to go so far as the coinage of all the silver in the treasury. But it is considered by those familiar with the President's views and aims that he will, if necessary, go as far as this.

## FOREIGN.

The lower house of the Spanish cortes has passed a bill restoring American products to the second column of tariff duties.

Dr. Saens Pena, president of the Argentine Republic, has resigned because of differences with congress on the subject of a general amnesty.

Cord Randolph Churchill died at London a little after midnight Wednesday. The family desires to deny the report that extra doctors had been summoned to attend Lady Randolph Churchill.

A dispatch from Che-Foo says that sailors from all the foreign warships have been landed to protect the consulates of the different countries they represent. Advice to the Pall Mall Gazette report that a panic existed there among the inhabitants of Che-Foo on account of the proximity of the Japanese soldiers to that city, and the Chinese troops were said to be upon the point of mutiny.

Edward Solomon, the well-known composer of operas, and at one time the husband of Lillian Russell, the comic opera singer, died in London of typhoid fever.

British government barge Petrel, loaded with stores of ammunition, was blown up at Gravesend and two men killed.

Investigation shows that the Bank of Wales has been plundered of \$2,500,000, apparently the work of the officials.

Unemployed persons in Buda-Pesth, Hungary, marched through the principal streets and were dispersed after a serious fight.

The output of iron ore for the German Empire during the year 1894 was 5,550,322 tons, an increase of 606,174 tons over the output of 1893.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

Fort Worth (Texas) business men have organized with \$1,000,000 capital to hold an exposition next year to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of the admission of Texas into the Union.

Aid is asked for 100 destitute families in Yuma County, Colo.

The attempt to impeach Judge A. J. Ricks, of Cleveland, failed in the House Judiciary Committee by an adverse vote of 9 to 7. In place of the resolution of impeachment one will be presented denouncing the fee system, which made the proceedings possible. This action was taken after a personal explanation by Judge Ricks.

Speaker Russell's bill to make train robbery a capital offense has been favorably reported to the Missouri House.

May wheat got below 55 cents in Chicago on Tuesday, the lowest point on the crop and the lowest price for the future ever reached.

The Rev. J. L. Brant, of Toledo, Ohio, has assumed the role of a Parkhurst in attacking the police force from his pulpit. The Chief started out to chastise the minister, but was dissuaded by his friends. An investigation is promised.

Representatives from every city of consequence in the State attended the good roads banquet at Milwaukee.

James W. Dudgeon and F. X. Devlin, managers of Pittsburg pool-rooms, have been arrested for using the mails to carry on a scheme to defraud.

Stewart Menzies will commence suit in the name of the State to oust "Mose" Gunst from the office of Police Commissioner of San Francisco, Cal.

The School Board of St. Joseph, Mo., has voted unanimously to expel any pupil using cigarettes, whether on or off the school grounds.

Chicago went to sleep Friday night—many hours earlier than usual—under a blanket of snow which refused to remain stationary, except in spots, for more than twenty minutes at a time. A shrieking forty-mile an hour gale blew "the beau-

tiful" from sky to earth, half way back again, and in more directions than the average compass has points. And when the snow did settle down it settled for keeps—settled into drifts as solid as if packed by strong-armed laborers. Transportation companies waged the same old battle for supremacy. Down-town they managed to keep things moving, but in the suburbs it was another story. All schedules and time tables were lost as effectively as the rights of way, and cars only jogged along at irregular intervals by grace of the snow-plows and through the efforts of from four to six horses. Electric lines suffered principally through the coating of the trolley wires with ice. Hardly a passenger train reached its depot on time and the delay ranged from one to five hours. Outgoing trains got away, but all ran slowly. Communication with the West was badly broken, but enough was learned Saturday morning to tell that the West had experienced the worst blizzard known in years.

Father Paradis, a noted Roman Catholic colonization missionary, was in Montreal in connection with the repatriation of 572 families of French-Canadians, comprising 2,895 souls, now residing in the County of Houghton, Michigan. These people now contemplate returning to Canada. They are French-Canadians, many of whom commenced to settle there as far back as 1850. The Canadian Pacific authorities have promised reduced rates for the settlers, and Father Paradis left for Ottawa to interview the Government.

John H. Harvey, formerly a San Francisco waiter, has eloped with his pretty seventeen-year-old stepdaughter, leaving his wife in destitute circumstances. Harvey married his present wife in 1886. She was a widow and had three children, the eldest of whom, Florence, is the heroine of the present elopement. Mrs. Harvey is prostrated.

J. D. Luttrell, of Spokane, Wash., received the welcome news that he is one of four heirs to an estate in Ireland valued at \$8,000,000.

## FINANCIAL AND INDUSTRIAL.

A million and a half in gold was withdrawn from the New York sub-treasury for export Tuesday, leaving the treasury reserve at \$68,591,893.

D. H. Dougherty & Co., of Atlanta, Ga., dealers in dry goods, have made an assignment to H. B. Claflin & Co., of New York.

In an encounter between troops and strikers in Brooklyn Henry Abnes, a spectator, was shot. Linemen have been ordered to strike.

Employees of the Britton Rolling Mill Company, at Cleveland, Ohio, decline to go to work at the wages offered.

Judge Gaynor, of the New York Supreme Court, rendered a sensational decision regarding the Brooklyn trolley-car strike Thursday which places the situation in an entirely new light and will rank with the most important utterances of the year on the labor problem. Joseph Leader, a Brooklyn citizen, applied for a mandamus compelling the Brooklyn Heights Railroad to operate sufficient cars to accommodate the public. In granting the petition Judge Gaynor went into the strike question and dealt the companies the severest blow they have yet suffered. He declared that whatever the cause of the stoppage of traffic they are liable to a forfeiture of charter rights unless they maintain an adequate service. Their first duty was to the public and the desire of the stockholders was of only secondary importance. The absence of competent men to operate the cars could not act as an excuse for a cessation of traffic. The court held that if the street car company could not afford sufficient service at the rate of wages it was willing to pay it must pay a higher rate. If its men were unwilling to work under certain conditions imposed by the company it must remove the conditions or immediately secure men who will bear them. The public is not required to wait for it to secure a new force. It must keep up the service at all hazards or lose its privileges.

The People's Savings Institution of Northeast, a suburb of Erie, Pa., made an assignment to E. A. Davis, the cashier. The bank was incorporated fifteen years ago. The president was Sampson Short and the treasurer Alfred Short. The deposits are about \$193,000 and other liabilities make a total of \$359,000. The bank officers claim assets of \$500,000.

The big Brooklyn trolley strike is nearly over. Trolley cars are running on nearly all the lines, though not the full complement, but the great tie-up has been broken. The situation became so serene Friday that the Ninth Regiment was ordered home.

The Norton Iron Works, at Ashland, Ky., announced a 20 per cent. cut in wages of all tonnage men. It will be accepted without opposition and work will be resumed at once.

Seventy-five Haverhill, Mass., shoe manufacturers have agreed to submit the strike to arbitration.

## THE MARKETS.

Chicago—Cattle, common to prime, \$3.75@5.75; hogs, shipping grades, \$3.00@4.50; sheep, fair to choice, \$2.00@4.25; wheat, No. 2 red, 50¢@51¢; corn, No. 2, 43¢@43½¢; oats, No. 2, 28¢@29¢; rye, No. 2, 51¢@52¢; butter, choice creamery, 23¢@24¢; eggs, fresh, 18¢@20¢; potatoes, car lots, per bushel, 60¢@70¢.

Indianapolis—Cattle, shipping, \$3@5.50; hogs, choice light, \$3@4.50; sheep, common to prime, \$2@3.50; wheat, No. 2 red, 53¢@53½¢; corn, No. 1 white, 40¢@41¢; No. 2 white, 32½¢@33½¢.

St. Louis—Cattle, \$3@5.75; hogs, \$3@4.50; wheat, No. 2 red, 50¢@50½¢; corn, No. 2 white, 40¢@41¢; oats, No. 2, 29¢@30¢; rye, No. 2, 52¢@53¢.

Cincinnati—Cattle, \$3.50@5.50; hogs, \$3.50@4.75; sheep, \$1.50@4; wheat, No. 2, 53¢@54¢; corn, No. 2 mixed, 42¢@43¢; oats, No. 2 mixed, 31¢@32¢; rye, No. 2, 54¢@55¢.

Detroit—Cattle, \$2.50@5.50; hogs, \$4@4.50; sheep, \$2@3.25; wheat, No. 1 white, 53¢@54¢; corn, No. 2 yellow, 42¢@42½¢; oats, No. 2 white, 33¢@34¢; rye, No. 2, 51¢@52¢.

Toledo—Wheat, No. 2 red, 52¢@53¢; corn, No. 2 mixed, 41¢@42¢; oats, No. 2 white, 32¢@33¢; rye, No. 2, 52¢@53¢.

Buffalo—Cattle, \$2.50@5.50; hogs, \$3@4.50; sheep, \$2@4.25; wheat, No. 2 red, 57¢@57½¢; corn, No. 2 yellow, 46¢@46½¢; oats, No. 2 white, 35¢@35½¢.

Milwaukee—Wheat, No. 2 spring, 51¢@52¢; corn, No. 2, 43¢@44½¢; oats, No. 2 white, 32¢@32½¢; barley, No. 2, 53¢@55¢; rye, No. 1, 51¢@52¢; pork, mess, 10.25@10.75.

New York—Cattle, \$3@5.50; hogs, \$3.50@4.75; sheep, \$2@4; wheat, No. 2 red, 59¢@60¢; corn, No. 2, 50¢@51¢; oats, white Western, 37¢@41¢; butter, creamery, 16¢@21¢; eggs, fresh, 21¢@23¢.

## FUNERALS IN ARGENTINE.

Strange Advertisement from That Far-Off Country.

The following advertisement appears in a recent number of an Argentine newspaper:

M. MIRAS, UNDERTAKER AND COACH REPOSITORY. Calle Balcorce 212-626.

Between Calles Alsina and Moreno. This establishment is the first and only one to reduce to fair limits the price of interments, thus allowing families of moderate resources to honor their dead suitably, and it publishes tariff in order that the public may compare prices with those of other houses.

TARIFF. Special Category—Splendid hearse, six horses, mutes, etc., engraved coffin, with double metal case and bronze handles, landau for wreaths, 3 special mourning coaches, 35 carriages, service for waking corpse, Gothic or Roman, silver plate for coffin, servants to receive mourning cards, advertisements in papers, permit of registry, coach for errands at disposal. Price \$1,000, in which everything is included.

Louis XV. Style—Hearse and horses, 3 mourning coaches, mutes, etc., landau for wreaths, 25 carriages, wroubly coffin with metal case and European handles, service for wake, Gothic plate for coffin, permit, advertisements, etc., servants and coach for errands, etc. Price \$950.

European Style—Hearse, 4 horses, 3 mourning coaches, mutes, etc., 20 carriages, wrought coffin, double metal case, European handles, plate for coffin, service for wake, permit, advertisements, service, coach for errands, etc. Price \$800.

First Category—A. Hearse, 4 horses, mutes, 2 mourning coaches, coffin with double metal case and European handles, table, clothes, etc., house arranged in mourning, permits, advertisements, etc., coach for errands. Price \$650.

B.—Hearse, 4 horses, 2 mourning coaches, mutes, 15 carriages, coffin with metal case and European handles, table, clothes, etc., permit, advertisements, etc., coach for errands. Price \$500.

C.—Hearse, 4 horses, mourning coaches, 10 carriages, coffin imitation ebony with double metal case and bronze handles, nickel-plate for coffin, table, linen, etc., permit and advertisements, servants, coach for errands. Price \$430.

Second Category—A. Hearse, 2 horses, mourning coach, 8 carriages, plate for coffin, clothes, candlesticks, etc., permit, etc. Price \$320.

B.—Hearse, 2 horses, coffin imitation ebony, mourning coach, 6 carriages, candlesticks. Price \$250.

C.—Hearse, 2 horses, cedar coffin, leaden case, mourning coach, 5 carriages, clothes, candlesticks. Price \$200.

This establishment undertakes the transference of remains from any part of the world, also from one cemetery to another, from the camp to city. Church services with catafalque, masses, and without any additional charge. Families may rest assured that they will be scrupulously attended to, and will not be in the slightest inconvenienced, owing to the employees being thoroughly trained. An order by telephone is quite sufficient to promise the attendance of an employee with a detailed tariff.

## BIGGER THAN RHODE ISLAND.

Mrs. Richard King's Vast Farm in Southern Texas.

A million and a quarter acres of land owned by one woman! All in one body and under fence. Reaching into three counties in Southern Texas, and pastured by 150,000 head of cattle, horses, and sheep.

An empire in which the State of Rhode Island could be put and there would still be nearly half a million acres outside the State line. Eighteen thousand and seventy-five square miles of absolute domain, in which one woman's will is law. This seems incredible, but such are the reality holdings in farm lands alone of Mrs. Richard King, of Corpus Christi, Texas. The whole of Southern Texas is divided into a few great estates, one of which belonged to Capt. Richard King. He, dying in 1885, left the enormous area to his widow.

Mrs. King is 60 years of age, a lady of kindly instincts and admirable characteristics that have made her greatly beloved by the community. She lives very plainly and does not spend a tithe of her income.

The division of these pastures, which the increase in population will soon render inevitable, will be of great benefit to the country, but it will destroy the entirety of as remarkable a property as exists in the United States today. The land alone is worth full \$5,000,000 as it is. It will be worth untold millions when it is devoted to viticulture, a possibility of the near future, for which it is better suited than it is for the purpose of raising "scalawags" or long-horned steers.

## Cheer Up, Ye Men.

How fortunate it



# Geraldine



CHAPTER XII—Continued.

Bellenden was now, she told herself, less than nothing to her. She could meet him on the most perfectly easy and equal footing, and so far from being dazzled by his perfections, and panting for his notice, she could now coolly receive in any opportunity which offered for disconcerting and perplexing her childish hero.

She had hardly hoped to have met with one at her aunt's. It had been a surprise to her when he had walked in, and still graver one when he had offered her his arm. Oh, what that offer would once have meant!

Now, she had risen, as self-possessed as any woman there, and had rippled forward across the room, and down the broad staircase, looking her prettiest, and smiling her gayest, and laughing within herself at the merry time she meant to have of it.

For she could see that he was grave and rather anxious. That meant that he would be sure to stumble on to dangerous ground presently, and then—and then she would lead him gaily on, wily, witching Will-o'-the-wisp that she was!—until she had got him fast in a quagmire, hopelessly fast and bound, when she would mock him to his face, leaving nothing but darkness behind.

She could bide her time, she would not hurry anybody.

Very demurely passed the first courses.

Miss Campbell was engaged with her soup, her fish, the pretty flowers on the table, the heat of the evening, the forthcoming reception at the foreign embassy, the concert she had been to in the afternoon.

Sir Frederick was quietly listening, and when he ceased responding. So far he had not afforded any sport.

Nor did he by any means seek to engross her, as she had somehow fancied he would have done; on the contrary, he allowed long intervals to elapse without speaking at all, and when they were seated upon and made use of by Geraldine's garrulous neighbor on the other side, she was provoked to find how indifferent he seemed to be towards taking up the reins again.

But one thing he neglected utterly, and this, of which he himself seemed absolutely unconscious, was taken notice by her at once. He entirely omitted the necessary civilities towards the lady on his other hand. If addressed by her, he would rouse himself with a start, as though unaware of the presence of any one so near, and when he had replied to her overture, he would drop the subject. At length she gave over taking notice of him, and Geraldine marked this also.

"I wonder, I very much wonder what he is thinking about," quoth the little cat to herself at last.

Now perhaps Bellenden hardly knew himself.

Almost from the first moment, from his first sight of her on her presentation day he had been conscious of a new feeling about this lovely girl. There had been a burst of recollection, of tenderness, and of resolve.

He would renew the old friendship, make up for the past, and make his way in the future.

Then he had been thrown back on the very threshold of the pretty castle in the air, and had found himself shut out from entering at every point. Had she been one whit less beautiful, less charming, less tantalizing, he would have turned his back and been off, shrugging his shoulders; but Geraldine had played, and was still playing her part too well. She was never quite cold enough to drive him from her. She never was gentler than when she was loveliest, and most sought after. And, at times, now and again it had so happened that when with velvet hand she had delt the little stab, the wound which had been meant to rankle and fester presently, and had seen him turn from her to bite his lip, and flush with mingled shame and vexation, her heart had so smote her for the light, cruel stab, that she had sought him out, and set to work to undo what had been done so humbly and wistfully that for the moment he had almost been happy enough to believe anything.

For he was now in love with Geraldine, and knew it.

"It is because I know that she is as good and true as she is beautiful," he would sigh with regret all unavailing. "The woman whom I marry must be unspotted by all the folly and heartlessness of this miserable world of fashion. What is it to a man that his wife knows how to dress, and dine, and parade herself from house to house, if she cares nothing for him, nor her home and children and the things that good women love? Who wants a fashion plate for his daily companion and the mother of his little ones? I am sick of seeing girl after girl brought smirking out, and instructed how to dance, and chatter, and show off her points, and trot out her accomplishments. One is exactly like another. They all dote on country life, on gardening, and riding, and old women's cottages, and the next moment it slips out that there in a dreadful fright lest papa should hurry them home before the season is quite over, and that they thought it so cruel of him to stop down in the shires so long at Easter and Whitsuntide. Not one but would exchange a country home with glee for Homburg, or Monte Carlo, or Brighton, or Scarborough. But I knew once a girl different to that." Bellenden would say, with animation, when with some intimate on whom such revivings had been vented, "I knew one child she is a woman now—who, if she be not utterly changed, would make any man, any home happy. Pshaw! She is not for me. I should have but a poor chance, even if I meant to go in for one, I tell you. And

I don't mean it. But the man who wins her—"

and the speaker would here break off abruptly, and his auditor would know what to think with tolerable accuracy.

He would tell the next person he met that Bellenden was hit at last, and that the poor fellow was very far gone, but would give no hint in what direction.

Had the speaker been present at Lady Raymond's Thursday dinner-party he would not have needed much of a hint.

Bellenden's silence, his abstraction, the quick glances he cast round from time to time, his fair partner looked towards him or moved towards him, the lingering gaze which still hung upon her lips after she had ceased to speak all meant the same thing. He was anxious, puzzled, curious, ill at ease; but he would not have been anywhere but where he was for the world.

The custom of having flat decorations on the dinner table had not obtained at the time we write of, and in front of Geraldine and her partner large flowering plants formed an effectual screen from the eyes of those opposite.

"I like a lot of flowers," observed he once; "these are pretty, aren't they?"

"Very pretty. But," amended the beauty, afraid that her voluble friend on the other side was about to strike in before she could continue, and beginning to be a little desirous for one of those encounters of wits which had always a certain exhilarating effect upon her, especially when they left Bellenden looking blank and perturbed, "but for my own part I love the sweeter scented flowers. These are very showy, very handsome; but I like—" Then she caught his eye and stopped.

He knew what she liked, and she knew that she was thinking he did so.

"My grandmother had our window-boxes filled with large ox-eyed daisies before I knew anything about it," proceeded Geraldine, going on at all hazards. "I did feel vexed when I first saw them. Oh no, it is not that I dislike daisies, only I wanted to have had mignonette, and—"

"Yes, I think I know what. I saw some charming window gardeners today. The best I have seen yet."

"Have you any boxes yourself?"

"At my rooms on yes. Both my rooms are full of the scent to-day. It was delicious just now. I know you would have liked it—" Then he, too, stopped, warned by her face.

"Indeed, may I ask what the scent was?" said Geraldine lightly. "I don't like every scent, you know."

"I know."

"Then why should I have liked you?" "What is it? What have you got in your boxes?"

"Am I to tell you truly?" said he in rather a low voice. "Perhaps I had no right to say that. I meant no harm."

"Then, tell me," and her voice was almost a echo of his. She could not help it, she told herself afterwards.

"They are full of pure heliotrope," he answered, and turned his face away from her.

## CHAPTER XIII.

LADY RAYMOND'S STAWBERRY TEA.

Cecil told his mother that she had managed very badly.

"For boy, he really had some cause for complaint, for, as he did not fail to point out, in spite of the defection of Lady Dawlish, Bellenden could still have handed in his sister Ethel, while the deserted Mr. Le Masserer would have been equally, if not still better pleased to have had the pretty heiress.

He did not add that in this case he would have been satisfied on his own account, laying all the stress on his friend's having been separated from his sister; but Lady Raymond understood him perfectly, nevertheless.

The poor woman had not a word to say for herself.

Of course, she too could have seen the better arrangement had one minute's time been given her to think about it; but how could she, or how could anyone have been expected to take in all the bearings of the case in the buzz of a full drawing-room, with the dinner imminent, and a husband signalling the one thing of importance, to which all besides must give way?

She had not even eyed her own dinner, that she knew, and whether the turbot were fresh or stale, or the whitebait fillet well done, she had not cared an atom. She had only eyes for two things. Cecil's unhappiness, and Ethel's discontented faces and neither of them ought to have cast a stone at her, she was so truly penitent.

Now, Cecil would not have minded one half as much had it not been for a certain increase of spirits on Bellenden's part, visible after the meal. Bellenden, usually somewhat grave and distrustful of late, had on the recent occasion been almost merry after the ladies had gone upstairs, and had shone forth as one of the talkers and entertainers of the room. Lord Raymond had told his wife afterwards that Sir Frederick Bellenden had been a great success. Mr. Le Masserer had expressed his pleasure at meeting him; they must have him again. Where had he disappeared to when the gentlemen came up to the drawing-room?

He had disappeared, certainly, and—oh, he had gone to the foreign reception, had he? With Cecil?

No, Cecil had gone with the Campbells. Lady Raymond did not know, and Cecil did not tell her, that the further shadow on the young man's brow after that evening was due to another cause beside that of the disarranged dinner-table, namely, to what had transpired during the small hours that followed.

Bellenden had appeared at the embassy soon after he and his grandmother and cousin had taken up position near the head of the grand staircase. They had seen him coming; and he had felt a rash of conviction that by one at least of the party he had been expected. Geraldine had expressed no surprise, and on his own suggestion of an adornment to one of the rooms—a suggestion which experience had taught him to believe would be acceptable under the circumstances—she had obstinately told her ground. It was too hot to go inside, she had alleged, and the crowd was too great, and she was sure granny did better, where she was.

Geraldine's eyes, meanwhile, had been following Bellenden slowly making his way up the staircase, as though impatient of his tardy progress, yet she had not spoken his name, nor told her grandmother of his proximity. He had come straight to them directly it had been possible. Still there has been nothing definite, nothing tangible, nothing that a rival could take hold of. Mrs. Campbell had received Sir Frederick courteously, but still with something of the stately dignity lately assumed in his presence, and Geraldine had merely honored him with a casual remark or two, such as might have been made to any one. There had been no chattering, no flirting, no picking up of threads dropped at the dinner-table. He would have told himself he was a fool for his uneasiness, had it not been for what took place presently.

Bellenden had been with them for about a quarter of an hour, quietly assuming his place as one of the party in a manner he had never done before, when some acquaintance of the Raymonds had claimed Cecil's attention, and had for some minutes completely diverted it from his cousin. He had had to tell them how he came to be there, and how his "people" were not there, what they were about, where they were to be met, and where they were not to be met. He had had to put some questions on his own account. The new-comers were great folks whom he did not often chance to meet—people who seldom frequented fashionable resorts, but who would be noted wherever seen; the sort of acquaintances, in short, that young Raymond approved of, and with whom he would not for the world have cut short an interview.

For full five minutes he had been thus completely engrossed, and when he had looked around at the expiry of that period neither Bellenden nor his cousin had been anywhere to be seen.

"They have only gone to hear the band," Mrs. Campbell had said placidly. "I told them that I should remain here, and that you would take care of me."

How long the strains of the band had been heard thereafter he could not have told. It had seemed ages, and mostly really been during a considerable length of time, since directly Geraldine had reappeared, it had been time to go.

Geraldine had seemed hurried and apologetic, and there had been a good deal said about the crowds, and the number of rooms, and the difficulty of making way through them; but all the talking had been done by her.

Bellenden had said nothing, but had stood by with a sort of a smile on his face, which it had not cheered poor Cecil's heart to see.

He had, indeed, left all the excuses and explanations to his fair companion, but there had been that in his air which had said so plainly as words could have done, that she was herself his excuse, and one sufficient for him or for any man. No wonder the son spoke sharply and sulkily to the parent who had, as it were, opened the way to so much; for that Bellenden had, by some means or other, now contrived to break down the barrier which had existed for so long between him and his quondam "little friend," and which had, up to the present, seemed so impregnable, was only too obvious.

Geraldine herself was bitterly indignant with herself during the summer morn which had set in ere the party quitted the festive halls, and which, gathering strength and glory, was blazing forth in its full tide of light and life as the weary girl sought in vain the slumber that had fled her pillow. She wondered what she had been thinking of, dreaming of? She had gone on so well until now. Never until this evening had she really faltered; scarcely ever had she been tempted to falter. She had, indeed, been aware of being eyed more constantly on the look-out for him—but what of that? He had had nothing from her but gay, mocking words, and sharp, two-edged jests. Only once or twice, only when she had been really too unkind, too barefaced, had she wheeled about and murmured the gentle after-word and cast the soft glance which had undone the rest. But to-night? To-night there had been nothing to undo. She had tried to be sarcastic, flippant, and unfeeling, and had failed, and had failed utterly. For the future she must beware.

And there was yet something further.

Bellenden had offered a box at the opera, and she had almost accepted it. How should she now escape the consequences of such imprudence?

"The only thing will be to make granny refuse," she ruminated, tossing hither and thither on her fretful, feverish couch; "Granny must just say we have not an evening, or that the weather is too hot, or that I can show her that I do not care to go, and that will be enough to make her not care. Then I can tell Sir Frederick what she says."

But when it came to telling Sir Frederick the message, somehow, took another form. Granny was very much obliged, and would like immensely to go, and either Tuesday or Wednesday would suit her, as they had no engagements for those evenings.

Now, how was this? Let us hearken to the preceding dialogue, and judge to whom the apparent inconsistency is due.

Granny—Well, my dear, Sir Frederick is very kind, and I dare say we shall enjoy it.

Geraldine—It is the one opera that I have not seen, which I should really care to see.

Granny—I am told it is very good. Geraldine—The Raymond girls say it is beautiful. Even Uncle Raymond has been to it.

Granny—Well, what night shall we fix?

Geraldine—Why, if you really think of going—

Granny—My dear, I am ready to go or not, as you decide. I thought you would certainly wish to go—

Geraldine—Ye-es.

Granny—Do you not wish it? Of course if you do not—

Geraldine—Oh, but I—I—I do.

Granny (smiling)—Then let us say Tuesday or Wednesday, for we ought to give him a choice of days, as he may not be able to get a box or the first.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The better men and women know each other, the less they say about ideals.

The only social occasion at which married men are allowed to assist, is a funeral.

## DAVID'S RASH WORDS

"I SAID IN MY HASTE, ALL MEN ARE LIARS."

Rev. Dr. Talmage Preaches to a Great Multitude on the Dangers of Pessimism—The Gospel of Cheerfulness—A Place of Safety.

### Pessimism a Sin.

When Rev. Dr. Talmage came upon the stage in the Academy of Music at New York Sunday afternoon, he found before him an audience such as is seldom seen in any public building in America. The vast space was crowded from auditorium to topmost gallery, and the aisles and corridors literally blocked, while many thousands who had come to hear him preach crowded 14th street and Irving place, unable to gain admission. He took for his subject "The Dangers of Pessimism," the text selected being Psalm cxvii., 11, "I said in my haste, all men are liars."

Swindled, betrayed, persecuted, David, in a paroxysm of petulance and rage, thus insulted the human race. David himself falsified when he said, "All men are liars." He apologizes and says—was unusually provoked, and that he was hasty when he hurled such universal denunciation. "I said in my haste," and so on. It was in him only a momentary triumph of pessimism. There is ever and anon, and never more than now, a disposition abroad to distrust everybody, and because some bank employees defraud to distrust all bank employees, and because some police officers have taken bribes to believe that all policemen take bribes, and because divorce cases are in the court to believe that most, if not all, marriage relations are unhappy.

There are men who seem rapidly coming to adopt this creed: All men are liars, scoundrels, thieves, libertines. When a new case of perjury comes to the surface, these people clap their hands in glee. It gives piquancy to their breakfast if the morning newspaper discloses a new exposure or a new arrest. They grow fat on vermin. They join the devil in hell in jubilation over recidivism and pollution. If some one arrested is proved innocent, it is to them a disappointment. They would rather believe evil than good. They are cultures, preferring carnage to find something wrong. They wish that, as eyeglasses have been invented to improve the sight and ear trumpets have been invented to help the hearing, a corresponding instrument might be invented for the nose to bring nearer a malodorous.

### A Glowing View.

Pessimism says of the church, "The majority of the members are hypocrites, although it is no temporal advantage to be a member of the church, and therefore there is no temptation to hypocrisy." Pessimism says that the influence of newspapers is only bad, and that they are corrupting the world, when the fact is that they are the mightiest agency for the arrest of crime, and the spread of intelligence, and the printing press, secular and religious, is setting the nations free. The whole tendency of things is toward cynicism and the gospel of Smashup. We excuse David of the text for a paroxysm of disgust because he apologizes for it to all the centuries, but it is a deplorable fact that many have taken the attitude of perpetual disgust and anathematization.

The theory of the pessimist were accurate, society would long ago have gone to pieces, and civilization would have been submerged with barbarism, and the wheel of the centuries would have turned back to the dark ages. A wrong impression is made that because two men falsify their bank accounts those two wrong-doers are blazoned before the world, while nothing is said in praise of the hundreds of bank clerks who have stood at their desks year in and year out until their health is well nigh gone, taking not a pin's worth of that which belongs to others for themselves, though with skillful stroke of pen they might have enriched themselves and built their country seats on the banks of the Hudson or the Rhine. It is a mean thing in human nature that men and women are not praised for doing well, but only execrated when they do wrong. By divine arrangement the most of the families of the earth are at peace, and the most of those united in marriage have for each other affinity and affection. They may have occasional differences and here and there a season of pout, but the vast majority of those in the conjugal relation chose the most appropriate companionship and are happy in that relation. You hear nothing of the quietude and happiness of such homes, though nothing but death will tear them apart. But one sound of marital discord makes the ears of a continent, and perhaps of a hemisphere, alert. The one letter that ought never to have been written, printed in a newspaper, makes more talk than the millions of letters that crowd the postoffices and weigh down the mail carriers with expressions of honest love.

### Hark, from the Tombs.

Tolstoi, the great Russian author, is wrong when he prints a book for the depreciation of marriage. If your observation has put you in an attitude of deprecation for the marriage state, one of two things is true in regard to you—you have either been unfortunate in your acquaintanceship, or you yourself are morally rotten. The world, not as rapid as we would like, but still with long strides, is on the way to the scenes of beatitude and felicity which the Bible depicts. The man who cannot see this is wrong, either in his heart or liver or spleen.

Look at the great Bible picture gallery, where Isaiah has set up the pictures of abstinence, girdling the world with cedar and fir and pine and boxwood, and the lion led by a child, and St. John's pictures of waters and trees, and white horse cavalry, and tears wiped away, and trumpets blown, and harps struck, and nations redeemed. While there are ten thousand things I do not like, I have not seen any discouragement for the cause of God for twenty-five years. The kingdom is coming. The earth is preparing to put on bridal array. We need to be getting our anthems and grand marches ready. In our hymnology we shall have more use for "Antioch" than for "Windham," for "Ariel" than for "Naomi." Let "Hark, from the Tombs a Doleful Cry" be submerged with "Joy to the World, the Lord Is Come!" Really, if I thought the human race were as determined to be bad, and getting worse, as the pessimists represent, I would think it was hardly worth saving. If after hundreds of years of gospelization no improvement has been made, let us give it up and go to something else besides praying and preaching. My opinion is that if we had enough faith in quick results and could go forth rightly

equipped with the gospel call the battle for God and righteousness would end with this nineteenth century, and the twentieth century, only five or six years off, would begin the millennium, and Christ would reign, either in person on some throne set up between the Alleghanies and the Rockies, or in the institutions of mercy and grandeur set up by his redeemed people. Discouraged work will meet with defeat. Expectant and buoyant work will gain the victory. Start out with the idea that all men are liars and scoundrels, and that everybody is as bad as he can be, and that society, and the church, and the world are on the way to demolition, and the only use you will ever be to the world will be to increase the value of lots in a cemetery. We need a more cheerful front in all our religious work. People have enough trouble already and do not want to ship another cargo of trouble in the shape of religiosity.

### The Gospel of Cheerfulness.

If religion has been to you a peace, a defense, an inspiration and a joy, say so. Say it by word of mouth, by pen in your right hand, by face illumined with a divine satisfaction. If this world is ever to be taken for God, it will not be by groans, but by hallelujahs. If we could present the Christian religion as it really is in its true attractiveness, all the people would accept it and accept it right away. The cities, the nations would cry out: "Give us that! Give it to us in all its holy magnetism and gracious power! Put that salve on our wounds! Throw back the shutters for that morning light! Knock off these chains with that silver hammer! Give us Christ—his pardon, his peace, his comfort, his heaven! Give us Christ in song, Christ in sermon, Christ in book, Christ in living example!"

As a system of didactics religion has never gained one inch of progress. As a technically it begets more than it irradiates. As a dogmatism it is an awful failure. But as a fact, as a re-enforcement, as a transfiguration, it is the mightiest thing that ever descended from the heavens or touched the earth. Exemplify it in the life of a good man or a good woman, and no one can help but like it. A city missionary visited a house in London and found a sick and dying boy. There was an orange lying on his bed, and the missionary said, "Where did you get that orange?" He said: "A man brought it to me. He comes here often and reads the Bible to me and prays with me and brings me nice things to eat." "What is his name?" said the city missionary. "I forget his name," said the sick boy, "but he makes great speeches over in that great building," pointing to the Parliament House of London. The missionary asked, "Was his name Mr. Gladstone?" "Oh, yes," said the boy, "that is his name, Mr. Gladstone." Do you tell me a man can see religion like that and not like it?

### An Illustration.

There is an old-fashioned mother in a farmhouse. Perhaps she is somewhere in the seventies; perhaps 75 or 76. It is the early evening hour. Through spectacles No. 8 she is reading a newspaper until too bedtime, when she takes up a well worn book, called the Bible. I know from the illumination in her face she is reading one of the thanksgiving psalms, or in Revelation the story of the twelve weary gates. After awhile she closes the book and folds her hands and thinks over the past and seems whispering the names of her children, some of them on earth and some of them in heaven. Now a smile is on her face and now a tear, and sometimes the smile catches the tear. The scenes of a long life come back to her. One minute she sees all the children smiling around her, with their toys and sports and strange questionings. Then she remembers several of them down sick with infantile disorders. Then she sees a stone grave, but over it cut in marble, "Suffer them to come to me." Then there is the wedding hour, and the neighbors in, and the promise of "I will." And the departure from the old homestead. Then a scene of hard times and scant bread and struggle. Then she thinks of a few years with gusts of sunshine and flittings of dark shadows and vicissitudes. Then she kneels down slowly, for many years have stiffened the joints, and the illnesses of a lifetime have made her less supple. Her prayer is a mixture of thanks for sustaining grace during all those years, and thanks for children good and Christian and kind, and a prayer for the wandering boy, whom she hopes to see come home before her departure. And then her trembling lips speak of the land of reunion, where she expects to meet her loved ones already translated, and after telling the Lord in very simple language how much she loves him and trusts him and hopes to see him soon I hear her pronounce the quiet "Amen," and she rises up—a little more difficult effort than kneeling down. And then she puts her head on the pillow for the night, and the angels of safety and peace stand sentinel about that couch in the farmhouse, and her face ever and anon shows signs of dreams about the heaven she read of before retiring.

In the morning the day's work has begun down stairs, and seated at the table the remark is made, "Mother must have overslept herself." And the grandchildren also notice that grandmother is absent from her usual place at the table. One of the grandchildren goes to the foot of the stairs and cries, "Grandmother!" But there is no answer. Fearing something is the matter, they go up to see, and all seems right—the spectacles and Bible on the stand, and the covers of the bed are smooth, and the face is calm, her white hair on the white pillowcase like snow on snow already fallen. But her soul is gone up to look upon the things that the night before she had been reading of in the Scriptures. What a transporting look on her dear old wrinkled face! She has seen the "King in his beauty." She has been welcomed by the "Lamb who was slain." And her two oldest sons, having hurried up stairs, look and whisper, Henry to George, "That is religion!" and George to Henry, "Yes, that is religion!"

### Religion Defined.

There is a New York merchant who has been in business I should say forty or fifty years. During an old-fashioned revival of religion in boyhood he gave his heart to God. He did not make the ghastly and infinite and everlasting mistake of sowing "wild oats," with the expectation of sowing good wheat later on. He realized the fact that the most of those who sow "wild oats" never reap any other crop. He started right and has kept right. He went down in 1857, when the banks failed, but he failed honestly and never lost his faith in God. Ups and downs—he sometimes laughs over them—but whether losing or gaining he was growing better all the time. He has been in many business ventures, but he never ventured the experiment of gaining the world and losing his soul. His name was a power both in the church and in the business world. He has drawn more checks for

contributions to asylums and churches and schools than any one, except God, knows. He has kept many a business man from failing by lending his name on the back of a note till the crisis was past. All heaven knows about him, for the poor woman whose rent he paid in her last days, and the man with consumption in the hospital to whom he sent flowers and the cordials just before ascension, and the people he encouraged in many ways, after they entered heaven kept talking about it, for the immortals are neither deaf nor dumb.

Well, it is about time for the old merchant himself to quit earthly residence. As it is toward evening, he shuts the safe, puts the roll of newspapers in his pocket, thinking that the family may like to read them after he gets home. He folds up a \$5 bill and gives it to the boy to carry to one of the carmen who got his leg broken and may be in need of a little money; puts a stamp on a letter to his grandson at college, a letter with good advice and an inclosure to make the holidays happy, then looks around the store or office and says to the clerks, "Good evening," and starts for home, stopping on the way at a door to ask how his old friend, a deacon in the same church, is getting on since his last bad attack of vertigo. He enters his own home, and that is his last evening on earth. He does not say much. No last words are necessary. His whole life has been a testimony for God and righteousness. More people would like to attend his obsequies than any house or church would hold. The officiating clergyman begins his remarks by quoting from the psalmist, "Help, Lord, for the godly man ceaseth, for the faithful fail from among the children of men." Every hour in heaven for all the million of years of eternity that old merchant will see the results of his earthly beneficence and fidelity, while on the street where he did business, and in the orphan asylum in which he was a director, and in the church of which he was an officer, whenever his geniality and beneficence and goodness are referred to, bank director will say to bank director, and merchant to merchant, and neighbor to neighbor, and Christian to Christian: "That is religion. Yes, that is religion."

### A Changed Man.

There is a man seated or standing very near you. Do not look at him, for it might be unnecessary embarrassment. Only a few minutes ago he came down off the steps of as happy a home as there is in this or any other city. Fifteen years ago, by reason of his dissipated habits, his home was a horror to wife and children. What that woman went through with in order to preserve respectability and hide her husband's disgrace is a tragedy which it would require a Shakespeare or Victor Hugo to write out in five tremendous acts. Shall I tell it? He struck her! Yes, the one who at the altar he had taken with vows so solemn they made the orange blossoms tremble! He struck her! He made the beautiful holidays "a reign of terror." Instead of his supporting her, she supported him. The children had often heard him speak the name of God, but never in prayer, only in profanity. It was the saddest thing on earth that I can think of—a destroyed home!

Walking along the street one day, an impersonation of all wretchedness, he saw a sign at the door of a Young Men's Christian Association, "Meeting for Men Only." He went in, hardly knowing why he did so, and sat down by the door, and a young man was in broken voice and poor grammar telling how the Lord had saved him from a dissipated life, and the man back by the door said to himself, "Why cannot I have the Lord do the same thing to me?" and he put his hands, all a-tremble, over his bloated face and said: "O God, I want that! I must have that!" and God said, "You shall have it, and you have it now!" And the man came out and went home a changed man, and though the children at first shrunk back and looked to the mother and began to cry with fright they soon saw that the father was a changed man. That home has turned from "Paradise Lost" to "Paradise Regained."

The wife sings all day long at her work, for she is so happy, and the children rush out into the hall at the first rattle of the father's key in the door latch to welcome him with caresses and questions of "What have you brought me?" They have family prayers. They are altogether on the road to heaven, and when the journey of life is over they will live forever in each other's companionship. Two of their darling children are there already, waiting for father and mother to come up. What changed that man? What reconstructed that home? What took that wife who was a slave of fear and drudgery and made her a queen on a throne of affection? I hear a whisper all through this assemblage. I know what you are saying: "That's religion! Yes, that's religion!" My Lord and my God, give us more of it!

### Seeking Capital.

The drummer was going over a jerk-water railroad in the South to a little town where he had a customer. It was rough riding and at one extra jar and scrape he turned to a man in the seat behind him.

"Is it always like this?" he inquired.

"Mighty near it," was the reply.

"Does it ever go off the track?"

"It used to, and I'm hoping it will again."

"Thunderation, man!" exclaimed the drummer, "what do you mean?"

"No harm to you, I hope."

"Well, you don't talk like it. I'm sure I don't want any wrecks."

"I could stand a fair-sized one."

The drummer couldn't understand his fellow traveler and asked for explanations.

"Well, it's this way," said the man.

"Last year I got busted up in one about a mile from here, and I had an accident policy that paid me \$25 a week for six months. Then I sued the company for \$5,000 and got \$4,500. That set me up in business, and I done so well that I spread out till about a month ago I felt like I needed more capital, so I've been making a trip every day for the last three weeks over the road in the hopes that the lightning would strike me again. I never knowed it to go this long before without somethin' happenin' and I'm thinkin' mebbe my luck's changin'."

When the drummer took the train the next morning he heaved a sigh of relief when he found he was the only passenger.

### Foolish Fellow.

A man is in the hospital at Canton, Ohio, in consequence of having sawed off a limb against which his ladder was resting.



## OUR SUNDAY SERMONS

### A FEW SUBJECTS FOR ALL TO PONDER OVER.

**Unselfishness the Keynote of Christianity—Do You Appreciate the Blessings Given?—Dr. Talmage Speaks of the Love of Christ.**

**Each Has a Mission.**  
There's never a rose in all the world,  
But makes some green spray sweeter;  
There's never a wind in all the sky  
But makes some bird wing fleetier;  
There's never a star but brings to heaven  
Some silver radiance tender;  
And never a rosy cloud but helps  
To crown the sunset splendor;  
No robin but may thrill some heart  
His dawnlight gladly voicing.  
God gives us all some small, sweet way  
To set the world rejoicing.

**Thy Kingdom.**  
Thy kingdom come, we pray, but do we ever pause and ask ourselves precisely what we mean by it? If the kingdom of the Master is to dawn at last, as most assuredly it will, amid this homely, common life of which your life and mine make up so integral a part, what can be plainer than that, in order to hasten it, it belongs to us to do anything and everything that will make that life clearer, nobler, freer and more loving? Oh, we are looking to find in some romantic call to distant climes, or to monastic renunciation, or to conspicuous self-sacrifice the means for hastening the Master's kingdom when, in fact, these means are at our very doors in opportunities that invite us every day.

**The Truest Martyrs.**  
One of the stones cut out for Solomon's temple seemed to have no place in the building. They tried it one place and another, but it did not fit, and finally they threw it to one side. During the years the temple was building it became covered with moss and rubbish, and was the laughing stock of the workmen as they passed by. But when the temple was almost completed, and the multitudes were assembled to witness the dedication, inquiry was made for the top stone, the crowning beauty of the whole. They found it in this despised and neglected stone; they lifted it to its place amid shouts of joy, and it became the crown and glory of the temple. So it was with Christ. So it will be with the doctrines and principles of Christ. So, too, the greatest heroes will be found, not on historic fields, but on the silent battlefields of the heart. The truest martyrs are often those crucified on unseen crosses.

**Helpful People.**  
"The unselfishness of the modest, helpful people makes them willing to do the hard work and the obscure work, and often the disagreeable work for the solid satisfaction of doing good. If they invite an impenitent friend to a prayer meeting, or talk with him about the interests of his soul, they are listened to with respect for their sincerity. When they say a few words in a social meeting their words weigh a pound apiece, for behind their lips there stands a noble, consistent life. They are the mainstay of their church in times of revival; they are too solid to volatilize into mere excitement. It is not brain power that gives them weight; it is heart power. They love Jesus and they love their fellow-men, and this gives them a prodigious momentum. They move others by it. They constitute the most effective force in all our churches. Sadder and more loving tears I have never dropped over a coffin than when I looked into the silent face of that noble and unselfish helper whose right hand is now for the first time motionless."—Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler.

**The Deepest and Highest Life.**  
"Some one has said that the most spiritual people are the easiest to get along with. When one has a little of the Holy Ghost, it is like a little learning, a dangerous thing; but a full baptism of the Holy Spirit, and a really disciplined, established and tested spiritual life makes one simple, tender, tolerant, considerate of others, and like a little child.  
"James and John, in their early zeal, wanted to call down fire from heaven on the Samaritans. But John, the aged, allowed Demetrius to exclude him from the church, and suffered in Patmos for the kingdom and with the patience of Jesus. And aged Paul was willing to take back even Mark, whom he had refused as companion in his early ministry, and to acknowledge that he was profitable to him for ministry."—Rev. A. B. Simpson.

**Unnumbered Blessings.**  
How can we enumerate all our blessings, temporal and spiritual? They are more numerous than the pulsations of our beating hearts. Some of these blessings we have at the time of their bestowment, but in addition to these a vast multitude has been showered upon us without our being aware of their coming. How powerfully, though without our knowledge, all these have effected our lives. God has been in them, seeking through them to draw us toward Himself. We have always lived in the dispensation of the Holy Spirit, under a system of mercy, the chief glory of which is in the fact that the Father in heaven is revealed to us through His beloved Son. How the visitations of the Holy Spirit have given authority to the motions of our consciences, have deepened moral sensibility, and have suggested to our minds the motives that should prompt us to right living. How often through the Holy Spirit the reading of the scriptures has served to change the current of our thoughts, turning them from the earthly to the heavenly. God has been with us in a sense far more real and intimate

than we have ever dreamed of. "Thou preventest us with the blessings of goodness." We may not realize all this now, but hereafter, when the veil has been drawn aside and the secret influences that have molded our characters in the present life are disclosed to us, we shall behold how, in the minute concerns of our daily life, God has "compassed our path and our lying down" with His unfailing care and love.

Let us fear, therefore, lest we should make final shipwreck, sailing on life's treacherous seas. To meet all dangers and insure absolute safety the blessings of the gospel are ours. He will keep us in security, since the provisions of the gospel are for us. How does this appear? The gospel unites all the powers of judgment, memory, conscience, principle, and affection to God, and thus brings all under a purifying influence; the gospel purifies everything outward by purifying the principle in which it originates; the gospel produces words, not of imitation piety, but seasoned with grace and bright with truth; the gospel produces actions, not of affected sanctity, but of sober worth, rooted in principle, and diffusing the natural fragrance that belongs to them.

**Think for Yourself.**  
A man's creed determines his character. It is equally true that his character largely determines his creed. It is self-evident that a person's mature beliefs are voluntary. From among many possible views he chooses one that either seems most reasonable or best accords with his desires and tastes. Diversity of choice indicates diversity of character. One man is a Christian, another a materialist, another an agnostic, another an infidel, not because truth is incapable of discovery, but because men believe as they are. As soon as man begins to think for himself, he finds that he already has strong predilections and affinities, and that his choice in creed and conduct only gives spontaneous and natural expression to these affinities.

**A Spirit of Good Will.**  
A spirit of universal good-will, a generous heart, an open hand, will place you in the ranks of the highest nobility. But if you are exclusive, if your hand is kept closed except when pried open by shame or stout appeal, if you go about in a spirit of caution and reserve and secret disdain of all but your set, you are out of our high category; neither money, nor birth, nor rank can smuggle you in.

**Blasts from the Ram's Horn.**  
Whenever you are blessed it means that God wants you to be a blessing. Water that does not overflow soon stagnates.  
There are no such thing as having much of a growth in grace as long as we insist on keeping our hands in our pockets.  
The devil would rather start a fuss between a couple of God's people than to sell a drunkard a barrel of whisky.

There isn't much lifting power in your religion if it doesn't make you do your best to pay one hundred cents on the dollar.  
Every man has an idea that if he had been in Adam's place the whole earth would now be a Garden of Eden.

The only people who can be poor in the next world will be those who have not taken God's way to become rich in this.  
When the devil sees church members wrangling with one another, he knows it will be safe for him to sit down and rest.  
The fact that God can be seen in us ought to be enough to make us willing to be unknown and misunderstood all our lives.

There are people who pray in prayer meeting that God will bless everybody who are not willing to do a thing to help him do it.  
If the follower of Christ could only know the truth as God knows it, there would never be another tear of sorrow shed on earth.

Whenever we pray in earnest for the conversion of the world we will be willing to go to the ends of the earth to accomplish it.  
No man can pray for himself aright until he has first asked God to bless his brother. Saying "Our Father" always means "My brother."

Whenever a preacher goes into a pulpit he ought to remember that his errand is the same as that which brought Christ into the world.

The devil gets many a man to go clear to the pit with him who didn't think, to begin with, that he would go farther than the next corner.

"They that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing." This is God's check for something away beyond what any bank can hand over to you.

Had the leper who came to Christ insisted on being cured one scab at a time, as many church people do in these days, he would never have been cleansed.

If we only had a millionaire's name fixed to the promises of the bible, how many of us would stop worrying about the troubles we expect to have to-morrow.

The church that is getting hold of the sinners in its own membership and bringing them to Christ is taking the longest kind of a step toward reaching the masses.  
It is a singular fact that those who are the hardest to awaken to the fact that they are sinners, are those who have had the most evidence that the word of God is true.

**Edible Rats.**  
In some parts of Cuba field rats are considered a great delicacy. They are scarce and bring a high price in the markets.

## SUPPOSE WE SMILE.

### HUMOROUS PARAGRAPHS FROM THE COMIC PAPERS.

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

**A Boarding House Drama.**  
He drew a long breath. Being a skilled draftsman, he did this with comparative ease.

"I beg your pardon," he said to the landlady with some severity, "I'd like to know, madam, when I'm ever going to get anything to suit me in this house."

"When you pay your board bill," replied the landlady with charming aplomb.

He assumed a business air at once. "Please be a little more definite," he said, and resumed his labors on the steak in front of him.

**In the Same Boat.**  
The Successful Novelist (contemptuously)—I understand you made your money betting on horses?

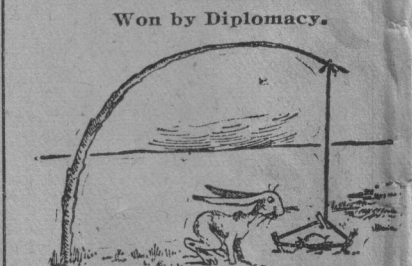
Successful Plunger (complacently)—Yes; like yourself, I have played the race for all it was worth.—Exchange.

**Very Sick.**  
Yeast—Was that the doctor I saw coming out of your house a little while ago?

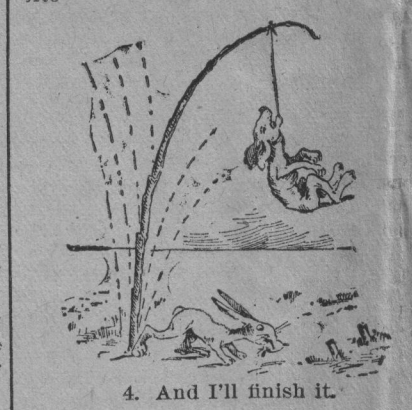
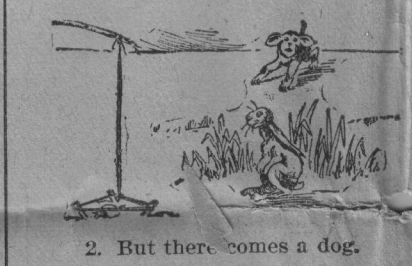
Crimsonbeak—Yes, it was.  
Yeast—Is your brother worse?  
Crimsonbeak—Yes; \$10 worse.—Yonkers Statesman.

**Cause for Apprehension.**  
"Why so glum?" asked his friend. "Aren't you doing a roaring trade?"  
"Yes, I am," admitted the basso, "but it is all on notes."—Cincinnati Tribune.

**Social Customs in Atchison.**  
Two men in town have the same dress suit. One goes to a party and returns at 10, when his roommate puts on the suit and goes and stays until the affair is over.—Atchison Globe.



1. Hare: Hello, that turnip looks good—



**Real Devils.**  
Cholly—Won a hundred dollars on the game to-day.

Chappie—Good; let's go on a regular tear.

Cholly—All right. Waitah, a couple of chille-sauce cocktails and a bunch of cigarettes.—Life.

**One of Charlie's Characteristics.**  
Trivvet—You knew Charlie Dummit, didn't you?

Dicer—Yes. He went west and was lynched.

"Is that really so? Well, Dummit always was high strung."—Harlem Life.

**Tit for Tat.**  
Scraps—I don't want to borrow \$10, but I know a fellow who does.

Scads—And I can't lend \$10, but I know a fellow who can.—Detroit Free Press.

**A Mean Girl.**  
He—I wish I could take a nap every afternoon, because it makes me so much brighter in the evening.

She—What a pity you can't.—Detroit Free Press.

**The Remedy.**  
"My wife is unfortunately a kleptomaniac, but she is undergoing treatment for it."

"What does she take?"

"Oh, she takes everything she can lay her hands on."—Judge.

**Her Reason.**  
Wife—The price of the clock was \$10, but I got a discount, so it only cost me \$8.

Unsnad—Yes, but you could have got the same thing at Beezle's for \$5.

Wife—That may be, but then Beezle wouldn't have taken off anything.—Boston Transcript.

**Where It Does the Most Good.**  
The discreet Chinese warrior now wears his breast plate across his shoulders.—Washington Star.

**No Temptation to Fib.**  
"And didn't George Washington ever tell a lie?" asked little Willie.

"No, dear," said his mother; "why do you ask?"

"I was just thinkin'," said little Willie, "that his mother must have been a mighty poor hand at puttin' up preserves or else she always kept 'em locked up where George couldn't get at 'em."—Brooklyn Eagle.

**A Good Vocation.**



She—Why not be a barber?—Texas Siftings.

**A Co-Operative Job.**

"Yes, we preserved a lot of fruit last summer," said Mr. Wickwire to the visitor.

"We?" said Mrs. Wickwire in surprise. "I did every bit of the work myself."

"Yes, you cooked and canned the fruit, my dear, but you must not forget that I had to put up the sugar."—Indianapolis Journal.

**Not in Any Case.**

He (angrily)—Do you take me for a fool?

She—No; I wouldn't take you under any circumstances.—Hudson (N. Y.) Register.

**Consolation.**

"Why, what's up, Cholly?"  
"Toothache, confound it! I'm going to have 'em all out. If this keeps on I'll be dead soon and it won't matter."

"Oh, yes, it would. You'd need 'em to gnash with."—Life.

**In Chicago.**

Miff—Is this divorce good for all other States?

Lawyer—All but one.

Miff—Which one is that, and I'll keep out of it?

Lawyer—The married state.

**Bachelor's Logic.**

"Why don't you get married?" said X to a friend of his.

"Because, in the first place I detest women on principle; secondly and finally, because marriage would interfere with my literary work."

"What class of work?"

"I am writing love stories."—Tit-Bits.

**The Retort Courteous.**

Americus—An Englishman's cigars are like his humor; dry and withered.

Britannicus—An American's cigars are like his humor, also; mostly cabbage.—Truth.

**A Valuable Accomplishment.**

She (at the masquerade)—You say you don't care much about talking?

He—No.

She—And you don't dance?

He—No.

She—May I ask what your accomplishment is?

He—Certainly. I earn my own living.

**Modest.**

Clara—I think I shall wear my bloomers on my wheel to-day.

Maud—Why?

Clara—I don't like to attract attention.—New York Sun.

**Not Talkative.**

Ada—Is Jack Rogers a talkative man?

Helen—I've been trying for two years to make him speak.—Life.

**Authority on the Tariff.**

Visitor (in newspaper office)—Who is that man who just went out?

Boy—He writes on the tariff.

Visitor—What else?

Boy—Nuthin'. I guess he doesn't know enough to write on anything else.—Good News.

**Relatively.**

Maud—Do you like Mr. Dinwiddie?

Ethel—Oh, yes, I like him, relatively speaking.

Maud—Relatively speaking! What do you mean by that?

Ethel—You see, I promised to be a sister to him.—New York Journal.

**As We All Well Know.**

Drummer—Whatever induced you to put in that line of neckties? No man east of the Rocky mountains would wear such scarfs.

Haberdasher—Why, those are just the kind women pick out for presents.—Life.

**Never Got So Far.**

"You say that you have played Macbeth?" said a New York theatrical manager to an applicant for a position.

"I have acted the role of Macbeth fourteen times."

"Well, let me hear you repeat his defiance of Macduff."

"Oh, I never got so far as that. The audience always made me quit before I got to that part."—Texas Siftings.

**She Did the Work.**

Bashful Bachelor—Say, didn't you find it pretty hard work to pop the question?

Bold Benedict—Not at all; you see, I married a widow.—New York Mining Journal.

## RESTLESS CHILDREN.

### The Fact Explained from a Scientific Standpoint.

The movements and habits of a young baby seem so strange to us because they are so different from those made by adults, and because they are so unconsciously performed. Joy is expressed by muscular movements, by wriggling of the hands and toes, or by convulsive beatings of the arms, when it is small; by "jiggling" when it is larger. These movements are expressive of joy because to any animal of highly-developed muscular energy, movement is absolutely essential, and particularly pleasurable, while stillness is the reverse. It is muscular excitement, chiefly no doubt electrical, a heritage from ancestors who knew not what it was to be still, that gives that restlessness to children and causes them to find so much pleasure in mere motion and muscular exertion of any kind.

Jumping for joy is very literally correct of a child's expression of pleasure. The prospect of a sweet will excite a series of leaps to indicate delight, and they further serve the purpose of relieving the tedium of waiting the half second necessary to the donation. The pleasure of finding a bird's nest with the egg in it—a pleasure which must have been very real sometimes in the case of hungry monkeys and savage man, but is now only a survival of the instinct thus formed—this pleasure a boy expressed by a series of convulsive leaps into the air, and during the performance not only were the arms and legs moved as much as possible, but the muscles of the stomach and vocal organs had to be utilized to cause accompanying shouts.

It may be remarked that in adults, when limb movements are less active, shouts are, on account of the muscular action involved, a necessary accompaniment of joy, noticeable in "Arry on a bank holiday; while in some cases excitations are symptomatic of joy and not of anger. All these outward signs have had their origin in that nerve-excitation inducing muscular action which is a heritage from ancestors who, impelled by hunger, by love, or by war, led more active lives, and thereby obtained a desire for motion as a second nature.

Children and young lambs are very familiar examples; and so strongly will the latter pursue their gambols and racings that a broken heart is sometimes a cause of death in the middle of a sudden gallop. If children have to be still it is torture to them—positive torture in some cases—and grown-up people are unaware how much, or they would not thoughtfully inflict it on young children. Muscular ache, the fidgets, growing pain in the limbs, are all the result of enforced inactivity in children. It is similar with athletes; their muscular excitement is so strong that movement is a pleasure, stillness means pain, and they are noted for restlessness.

### IT WAS A SURPRISE.

#### Two Young Women Swap News in a Street Car.

Two sweet young things met in a steam-car. They hadn't seen each other for ages, and they had to retail the ages' accumulation of news.

"Oh, do you know," said the one in brown, "that Harry Flitters is to marry Blanche Hilton?"

"I hadn't heard of it," said the one in gray. "Tell me about it."

"Well, I've heard it from several sources, and I must say that I don't think Blanche is to be congratulated."

"Why not?"

"Why, don't you know what a wretched flirt Mr. Flitters is?"

The one in gray shook her head.

"Well, it is so. And that isn't the worst of it."

"What else?"

"He's awfully fast."

"Yes, everybody knows it. Goes with the rapidiest set of men in the city. Gambles, bets on horse races, drinks."

"Oh, surely not!"

"Fact. Drinks like a fish. Was carried home in a very mellow state one night last week."

"I can't believe it!"

"Oh, it's true. They say Blanche won't believe it either. Aren't you sorry for her?"

"No."

"Well, perhaps she doesn't deserve any sympathy for marrying such a fellow. I don't sympathize much with her myself."

"I don't believe she is going to be married to him," said the one in gray.

"Because I am to be married to him myself next month. This is my corner. Good-by."

And the sweet young thing in gray stepped off the car, leaving the sweet young thing in brown gazing after her in wide-eyed amazement.

### Lost.

Monsieur Blouet, Max O'Rell, in "John Bull & Co.," narrates an incident which came under his own eyes, in Australia. It needs no commentary. It is one of those stories which show nature in all her terrible capacity of avenger, and he who can make light of the warning conveyed by it is not a brave man, but foolhardy and ignorant.

A man of about forty, with drawn face, haggard eyes and the sad and sinister expression of a Chinaman in an opium den, presented himself, at 9 o'clock in the morning, at the private bar of the hotel where I had put up. He laid down sixpence, and was served with a glass of whisky. He added a little water with a shaking hand, carried the glass to his lips, and at one draught swallowed the contents. Then silent and without lifting his dull and staring eyes from the ground, he went away. Half an hour later he returned. His hand trembled more and more, and seemed to refuse to lend itself longer to the task imposed upon it. The hotel

### Late, as Usual.

St. Peter—"Are you all up?" Gabriel (taking another blow on his trumpet)—"Yes, everybody except the Philadelphians."—Free Press.

keeper, who had noticed my interest in the scene, said to me:

"In the intervals he goes to another hotel and gets a drink. If you have nothing particular to do, remain where you are, and you will see something that will repay you for your trouble."

At about half-past 12 the poor wretch appeared at the bar for the seventh time. The sixpence was laid down, the glass filled. The hand went to the glass, but had no longer the power to take it. After many efforts, however, the glass was grasped, but even then the drink could not be conveyed to the mouth.

The drunkard darted a furtive glance from right to left. It seemed to him that no one was looking.

He drew a long silk handkerchief from his pocket and passed it round his neck. With his two hands he held the two extremities. In his right hand he grasped the glass, and drawing the end which was in his left hand, the ingenious drunkard made a pulley of the handkerchief, and succeeded in conveying the whisky to his lips.

He put down the glass, dragged himself to the door, and, edging along by the walls, found his way home to get a few hours' repose.

"This thing has been going on for three years," said the landlord, "but the pulley trick he only took up a month ago. It is the last stage. Soon he will no longer be able to swallow, and delirium tremens will carry him off."

### SENT HOME FOR HIS COFFIN.

#### The Strange Request Cabled from England by a Dying Canadian.

It is very seldom that a man gives instructions how his body is to be embalmed after death and sends across the Atlantic for a Canadian-made coffin, yet such precautions have been taken by a well-known business man in the province of Ontario. The details, as related to a Montreal Gazette representative, are of more than ordinary interest. In August last W. P. Prower, of Bowmanville, who has been Reeve of the town for eighteen years, and also for a long time warden of the united counties of Northumberland and Durham, decided to take a trip to the old country for the benefit of his health, which had been considerably impaired for the last two years or more. Mr. Prower was an undertaker by trade and a native of Devonshire, England. His medical advisers thought that the air of his native heath would bring him back to health and strength. He was accompanied to the old land by his wife and family, and when relatives and friends were expecting them back to Canada sad news reached Bowmanville, as well as a most singular request. Mr. Prower, feeling that he had little time to live, personally cabled to his brother-in-law a few days since to send over their foreman undertaker, the dispatch enjoining the latter to bring with him embalming instruments. While the friends of the absent gentleman were making preparations to send the man over to England another more pressing cablegram arrived asking the foreman to hasten his departure and also bring a metal-lined coffin. As a matter of course, there was no time to lose, and Mr. Denmet came to Montreal on Friday, taking passage on board the Dominion liner Vancouver on Saturday morning. Carrying out his master's instructions, the faithful servant is taking over with him the coffin and other articles required, and the poor man is sad enough in having to depart on such a mission.

### Big Game for a Youngster.

The largest bear killed in this vicinity for many years was brought to town by James Campbell, of Dean Township, Cambria County. It is of the genuine Black Mountain variety, and tipped the scales at 350 pounds. It is a magnificent specimen and attracts a great deal of attention. It met its death at the hands of Mr. Campbell's son, a lad only 14 years of age, says an Altoona (Pa.) dispatch.

"We had been after the fellow for several days," said Mr. Campbell. "The snow was just right for tracking, and we followed him to his lair several times, but could not dislodge him until yesterday morning. Another man and I got him out of his bed and gave him a hot chase through the woods. He gained on us, and we would have lost him had it not been for the boy. We had posted him at a point on the public road where the bear had crossed before, and sure enough bruin took the same track this time. We saw the bear scramble over the fence and he had just cleared the road when we heard a shot. The boy had sent a bullet through his heart."

### To Tell Your Fortune.

A pretty way to tell fortunes is to hang a gold ring—a plain one is best—on a long hair just taken from some one's head, and, resting your elbow on a table where a glass tumbler or goblet is set, let the ring hang down until it swings just below the top of the glass. Hold the ends of the hair firmly between the thumb and forefinger, and keep the hand perfectly still. In a little while the ring will begin to swing back and forth, going faster and faster until it strikes the side of the tumbler with a tingling sound. Now the questions must be asked by the one holding the ring or any one watching the performance. All questions must be such as can be answered by yes or no. For example, you could not ask "When am I going away?" but "Am I going away at such a time?" One tap of the ring on the glass means "No," two means "It is uncertain," three means "Yes." This game is having a great popularity, and makes great sport.

### Late, as Usual.

St. Peter—"Are you all up?" Gabriel (taking another blow on his trumpet)—"Yes, everybody except the Philadelphians."—Free Press.



## THE HOUR OF PEACE.

Upon the doorstep sat the wife,  
The twilight falling,  
And far below the whippoorwills  
Were softly calling.  
The sweet winds dropped upon their way  
Their honeyed plunder,  
And slow and clear the night built up  
Its house of wonder.

Within the child dreamed deep, and saw  
Four angels keeping  
Their gentle watch with drooping wings  
About his sleeping.  
While singing from the steep below,  
Where shadows slumbered,  
Her true love climbed, and in his heart  
His treasures numbered.

And sighing faintly to herself  
With purest pleasure,  
Life brimming at her lips to full,  
O'erflowing measure,  
She marvelled if the happy earth,  
This summer even,  
Were not the paved world laid before  
The courts of heaven.

And yet a cold wind from the cloud  
To snatch in blowing  
The little breath between the lips  
So lightly flowing;  
A pebble under foot where sheer  
The rock descended—  
Ah, Fate! What slender chances held  
Her heaven suspended!  
—Harper's Bazar.

## ON CHICAGO LIMITED

It is the twilight time of the busiest, gladdest, most hurried day in all the year—the day before Christmas. The scene is the Grand Central depot, that portal through which, in the morning, pour the countless thousands who are as the sands of the shore in the midst of the great city; through which at night these countless thousands depart, and the city knows not that they have gone. On this evening the crowd is a glad and a merry one, and though there is much pushing and jostling every one is good-natured; for, indeed, is not this the eve of gladness—that gladness which is the touch of nature making the whole world kin?

In the waiting-room of that road which leads to Chicago, on the edge of the crowd forcing its way through the narrow gateway leading to the limited train, is a little lady, who to a keen-eyed observer shows a notable lack of the holiday atmosphere. She is faultlessly tailor-made as to garb, she is gloved and booted and hatted in the most exactly correct of the smart styles; and she carries a small handbag which looks as assured and self-contained as does the little lady herself. She waits until she can pass the gate without being crowded, then shows her ticket, walks through, finds her car, hands her little bag to the porter saying, "Section No. 9," and is presently comfortably seated facing the engine.

Altogether a very well regulated and systematic little lady, but evidently a little lady who either does not know it is Christmas eve or, knowing, is for some reason trying to forget it. As the train moves out of the great depot and the little lady watches the lights flashing rapidly by, two great tears creep out of her beautiful eyes and gleam for a moment on the veil that falls from the jaunty traveling hat. Soon dinner is announced in the dining car, and the little lady walks calmly through the train, eats her dinner, then as calmly returns to her place. As the porter passes she glances at the unoccupied section opposite and inquires pleasantly:

"Porter, is No. 10 not taken?"

"Reserved for a party at Albany, Miss," is the reply.

"Then I may sit there for a while and watch the river," says the little lady, and she takes the seat by the window and looks out across the Hudson and watches the lights coming out one by one along the Palisades. After a time she returns to her own place, takes a novel from her satchel and settles herself to its perusal, but by and by she discovers that it is all about a husband and wife who become estranged, and then make it all up and live happily evermore, and the little lady signifies her disapproval by closing the book with a vicious bang and saying, after a moment's thought, "Never!" She then called the porter and had her section prepared for the night.

Ere long she had drifted to that land where dreams take possession of us, and whether she would or not her dreams were all about a tall, dark man with merry eyes, which could look severe, and with a pleasant voice which called her Edith, and all through the dream was a little dog, a skye terrier, for which she did not seem to care at all, but which seemed to have a great deal to do with everything—and then a pleasant voice said briskly:

"Porter, is No. 10 ready?" And the voice somehow seemed to go with the tall, dark man in the dream, and she half awoke with a dry little sob, and murmured sleepily, "Never!" and went back to her dreams until the sunshine of Christmas morning came through the curtains and brought her again to the world of real things. As she emerged from her seclusion to complete her toilet she discovered that the opposite section had been made up and the occupant had departed to the smoking compartment.

A dress suit case and a traveling coat were lying on the seat. As her eye was caught by the initials on the dress suit box her heart seemed to stand still, then she looked hastily at the coat and gasped, "It is Philip," then, becoming conscious of her disheveled condition, she made a frantic rush for the end of the car. When she appeared again she was as fresh and blooming as a rose. Her section meanwhile had been made up, and she settled herself comfortably and gazed out at the beautiful snow-touched country through which the train was hurrying, and in her eyes was a look of expectancy.

Presently she turned to find a tall,

dark man coming down the aisle toward her, and then she heard a voice with a wealth of love in its tones say, "Edith," and the voice was that of the tall, dark man in her dream. Then the pretty face hardened and the bright eyes grew cold and the little head lifted haughtily as she said: "Sir, you have made a mistake."

The tall man paused a moment, looking down at the averted face, and then said, softly: "Edith, will you not come to breakfast with me and talk it over?"

"Certainly not," was the reply, in frosty tones; "I prefer to breakfast alone," and with that she rose and stalked past him directly away from the dining car. It was humiliating to be obliged to retrace her steps and pass him again, but she did it bravely, trying not to see that he sat with his head pressed close against the window. When after breakfast, she returned to her seat, her neighbor was not to be seen.

The great train rolled on, and the car wheels whirled and sung their Christmas carol, but to the little lady in section 9 they brought no thought of "peace on earth, good will toward men." She had taken another book from her satchel, and appeared greatly absorbed in it. A very dear old lady in the section back of her had been watching all the proceedings, and now, glancing over the shoulder of the little lady she noted that the leaves of the book were never turned, and she said to herself, with a kindly smile: "Poor children! a lovers' quarrel." Soon the book boy came through the train with his armful of books; he paused at section 9, and laid a volume of poems on the seat beside the little lady, as he said: "The gentleman in the smoker said I was to hand this to you, ma'am."

Edith glanced at the book, then out of the window for a moment, then again at the book. She saw that a leaf was turned down, and her hand went slowly out toward the little volume, and the very dear old lady in the next seat looked on and smiled. Edith turned to the indicated page, and found a verse marked; it was part of a poem that the pleasant voice of the tall, dark man had many times read to her, and now it came to her as a message, and this was the message:

Alas, how easily things go wrong!  
A word unsung in a lover's song,  
There comes a mist and a blinding rain,  
And life is never the same again.

Alas, how hardly things go right!  
A storm may come in a summer's night!  
The stars will fade in the gloom away,  
And the summer's night is a winter's day.

She read the verse softly through, and a tender light came into her eyes; then, as the book dropped to her lap, she saw something was written on the flyleaf, turning to it she read: "Edith, from Philip; merry Christmas," written in the strong, manly hand that had written her so many words of love. If Philip could have come to her then all would have been well; but such is the perverseness of fate we do not know when to "come back and be forgiven," and in the smoking compartment Philip sat, glowering out of the window, twisting his mustache fiercely and saying to himself:

"Poor little girl, she is awfully hard with me, and all about a beggarly dog. Confound the beast, anyway. I always did hate little dogs!"

And the car wheels still whirled and sang, and all their song was "Peace on earth," and at every station the passengers leaving the train, laden with their pleasant-looking parcels, were met and greeted by those who needed them to complete their Christmas circle, and the train hands were greeted by their friends in passing, and everyone was happy and full of holiday cheer save only the little lady in section 9 and the tall, dark man in the smoking compartment. Philip made another effort at luncheon time; he came slowly down the aisle and said: "Edith, shall I get you some luncheon?" The little lady, seeing him approaching, had seized her novel, and, in response to his question, glanced coldly up from its pages just long enough to say, with extreme frostiness: "Thank you, no."

Philip noticed the book of poems on the seat, apparently untouched, but he gained some trifling comfort from also noting that the novel in Edith's hands was upside down. He returned to the smoker, and Edith, throwing her novel pettishly down, sat gazing out of the window. Presently she had the porter bring her a cup of tea, and just as she had finished it she felt a light touch on her shoulder as a sweet voice said: "My dear, don't you want to come and talk to a tired old lady?"

After they had chatted a while the very dear old lady said: "I have been watching you all day, my little girl, and you must pardon an old lady if she asks you some questions. Is the tall young man your lover?"

"No," said Edith, "I am sorry to say he is my husband."

"Sorry!" said the old lady; "oh no, my dear, not that. And I am sure he is still your lover as well as your husband. Don't you want to tell the old lady all about it? I have had a lot of experience, and perhaps I can help you."

Edith looked into the very dear old face and then said: "Oh, thank you so much! Yes, I will tell you. But it is too late to help us. I can never forgive Philip."

And then she told to this sympathetic listener the whole story; of her marriage six months before, of her dear little home in New York, of her happy life with Philip until—and here she paused, with a slightly shamefaced expression—well, until she had one day spent an absurd sum for a fancy terrier. Philip had objected, half laughingly, half seriously; then things commenced to go awry. The little dog carried off Philip's slippers, chewed up his razor strop, knocked his silk hat about the floor, and had done a thousand other annoying little things; and every time anything happened Philip was disagreeable, and

Edith had retorted; and so the little rift in the lute widened.

Then there came a day—and here the eyes of the little lady flashed—when Philip, in a burst of temper, had said: "Edith, either that dog leaves this house or I do," and Edith had—in a fine temper also—answered: "Do as you please. Dandy shall not go." And Philip had packed a satchel and left, and all that was a week ago. Edith had waited two days, becoming more alarmed and less bad-tempered all the time, and had then paid a visit to a cousin in Brooklyn, where she remained until deciding to go, on the day before Christmas, to her mother in Chicago.

What Edith could not tell, because she did not know it, was that Philip, after three miserable days at a hotel, had returned, penitent and loving, to the little apartment, to find Edith gone, the servant gone—even the wretched little cause of all the trouble gone—and not a word of any sort for him. He had gone back to the hotel. He spent several days arranging business matters, then went to Albany to consult his married sister, who said: "Edith has probably gone home to Chicago; I would go there at once." And that was how Edith and Philip happened to be passengers on the limited on Christmas Eve.

The very dear old lady listened without comment until Edith had finished, then she laughed a merry little laugh as she said: "And so it was all about a little dog; what a very inadequate cause for so much trouble! By the way, my dear, what did you do with the dog?"

The corners of the pretty mouth twitched a little as Edith said, "I gave it to my cousin in Brooklyn."

Edith and the very dear old lady looked at each other a moment, then they laughed together, until the tears stood in their eyes, and Edith hastened to say, "You see, it wasn't the dog entirely, it was the principle I was thinking of."

"Nonsense," said the old lady, "you thought of nothing but having your own way, and from my point of view, you will be a very lucky young person if that fine-looking, manly Philip will take you back at any price. Think of weighing a miserable little dog in the balance against the love of such a man! Why, my dear, I could shake you."

"But," faltered Edith, "do you think a woman should give up everything to her husband?"

"Certainly not," said the old lady, "and no true man will ask her to. You give up much, of course, and you ought to. Sacrifice is the essence of true love, and it is the essence of selfishness as well, because you are far happier in sacrificing to one you love than you are in withholding. Now, my advice is, make it up with your Philip as soon as ever you can, and live happy ever after, and always remember how near your happiness came to going to the dogs. And now, do you realize that it is dusk? Let us go to dinner together."

As they were coming out of the dining car they passed a tall, dark man at one of the tables; the little lady, leading the way, passed him with her eyes straight ahead, but as the very dear old lady reached him she paused for a moment as she whispered:

"Do not worry, it is coming out all right."

Philip looked his thanks, then turned to his dinner with more hopefulness than he had felt in many days.

A little later Edith and her new friend still sat side by side talking, and the wheels were singing and humming in merry meter, for the train was making up time.

"We shall soon be in Chicago now," said the very dear old lady; "will you speak to him before you leave the train?"

"Oh, I think not," said Edith, and then added, with a little return of the haughty manner: "He must come to me."

The old lady looked at Edith a moment indulgently, and said: "Don't wait too long."

Soon they were gathering up their small traps, and the train was running into the city. The wheels seemed now to have ended their song and to be saying: "Well, if you have not had a merry Christmas it's not our fault; we've sung to you all day long."

Just as Edith was pulling down her veil and drawing on her gloves Philip hurried in, threw his coat over his arm, picked up his satchel, and without a glance at her left the car. Edith looked startled, then turned toward the old lady, who, having made a shrewd guess as to Philip's plans, said: "Well, my dear, good-by and God bless you! I think you may have a merry Christmas after all; now run along and get your cab," and the very dear old lady watched her tenderly as she hurried out into the busy station. Just as Edith found a desirable looking cab she noticed Philip almost at her side, and in her agitation she got into the cab without giving any orders to the driver. Philip stepped quickly up, handed his satchel to the man, saying, "Drive to the Auditorium Hotel," and turned toward the cab.

"But, Philip, my trunks," gasped Edith.

"You darling," said Philip, as he jumped in and slammed the door. And the cab rolled away into the night.—New York Commercial.

**Don't Peel Potatoes.**  
It is a great mistake to peel potatoes before cooking them. The skin, like the bark of all medicinal roots, is the richest part of the tuber. Potatoes baked are more nutritious than prepared in any other form, because the valuable mineral salts are held in solution by the pellicle of the skin. If it is desired to remove the skin it should be done by rubbing with a rough cloth, which preserves the true skin.

## SAVED BY A BELT OF GOLD.

Luck of an Englishman Attacked by Robbers in Tehuantepec.

"Gold has a variety of uses," said Thornton Decker, an English engineer, to an American who met him in Tlalcala, "but I fancy my experience when I first went over this route between Oaxaca and Tehuantepec was rather novel. A lot of \$20 pieces served very well as a coat of mail—so well that they saved my life."

"As I said, I was bound down to Tehuantepec for a look at the railroad across the isthmus. I had heard that women there use your double eagles for jewelry and paid a very high premium for them, so I got forty or fifty and sewed them into the form of what you might call a porous plaster. When I had them stitched into place on a bit of cotton there were two rows across my back and a third row overlapping the other two. By putting straps over my shoulders they carried very comfortably."

"I got the gold up at El Paso, Texas, but in some way one of the beggarly crew at the hotel at Oaxaca saw that I was carrying something in the small of my back, and the result of that was that I was followed when I set out for Tehuantepec. They allowed me to go on unmolested until I was within a day of San Carlos, and then one of them seems to have taken a short cut through the mountains and concealed himself in the brush until I passed. Then he gave it to me with a shotgun loaded with slugs of lead, and I caught it in the small of the back."

"The force of the blow knocked me down over the pommel of the saddle. When there I had presence of mind enough to keep on falling slowly as if entirely done for. Meantime I got one of your American revolvers in my hand and cocked it."

"The beggar that had shot me, seeing me fall, came running from the brush, machete in one hand and gun in the other, while his partner appeared around the mountain, with his horse on the gallop. They yelled at my horse to stop and my guide to go on, and both obeyed promptly. I was still clinging to my horse's neck and could see them through its mane very well. I let them get within ten feet of me and then dropped to my feet on the ground and took my turn at shooting. They were so close I couldn't miss, but luckily, as I think, one caught his bullet in the knee and the other in the fleshy part of the arm, while their horse was killed outright by a bullet in the head."

"Seeing them both down and begging for their lives I had a mind to kill them for their cowardice, but I let them off with a good kicking apiece, and then called back the guide and had him carry water and wash and dress the wounds as well as possible. Then I gave the man with the hurt arm a stiff horn of brandy and sent him back for help, while I continued on my journey. The slugs had hit the gold pieces, three of them. I had a lame back for a week or so, but I was otherwise unhurt. What became of them? I afterward learned that they were in the knee. He was going about the market in Oaxaca on a peg leg peddling reboses and telling the people he had lost his leg in a fierce encounter with highwaymen. He said his partner was on a journey, but I fancy that he meant he had been detected in some rascality and sent to prison."

## Japan Ahead of China.

Japan, in spite of her mistakes, stands for light and civilization; her institutions are enlightened; her laws, drawn up by European jurists, are equal to the best we know, and they are justly administered; her punishments are humane; her scientific and sociological ideas are our own. China stands for darkness and savagery. Her science is ludicrous superstition, her law is barbarous, her punishments are awful, her politics are corruption, her ideals are desolation and stagnation.

In thousands of Yamens throughout China men are tortured every day, hung up by the thumbs, forced to kneel upon chains, beaten with heavy bamboo, their ankles cracked, their limbs broken. Every week men are publicly crucified and hacked to death by the "thousand cuts." How is anybody to desire the extension of the sway of the latter rather than that of the former, without avowing himself a partisan of savagery?—Contemporary Review.

## In a Peanut Factory.

When the peanuts arrive at the factory they are rough and earth stained, and of all sizes and qualities, jumbled together. The bags are first taken up by iron arms projecting from an endless chain to the fifth story of the factory. Here they are weighed and emptied into large bins. From these bins they fall to the next story, into large cylinders, fourteen feet long, which revolve rapidly, and by friction the nuts are cleaned from the earth which clings to them, and polished, so that they come out white and glistening.

From this story the nuts fall through shoots to the third and most interesting floor. Imagine rows of long, narrow tables, each divided lengthwise into three sections by thin, inch-wide strips of wood. These strips also surround the edge of the table. Each of these sections is floored with a strip of heavy white canvas, which moves incessantly from the mouth of the shoot to an opening leading down below at the further end of the table. These slowly moving canvas bands, about a foot wide, are called the "picking aprons."

Upon the outer aprons of each table dribbles down from the shoot a slender stream of peanuts, and on the other side of the table, so close together as scarcely to have "elbow room," stand rows of negro girls and women picking out the inferior peanuts as they pass and throwing them into the central section. So fast do their hands move at this work that one cannot see what they are doing till they cast a handful

of nuts into the middle division. By the time a nut has passed the sharp eyes and quick hands of eight or ten pickers one may be quite certain that it is a first-class article, fit for the final plunge down two stories into a bag which shall presently be marked with a brand which will command for it the highest market price.

The peanuts from the central aprons fall only to the second story, where they undergo yet another picking over on similar tables, the best of those forming the second grade. The third grade of peanuts, or what remains after the second picking, is then turned into a machine which crushes the shells and separates them from the kernels. These are sold to the manufacturers of candy, while the shells are ground up and used for horse bedding. So no part of this little fruit, vegetable or nut, whichever it may turn out to be, is finally wasted, but all serve some useful purpose.—From Blue and Gray.

## Glass Houses.

Experiments recently made with waste slag from glass factories prove beyond question that the material is the very best possible for building purposes. It is run into blocks of convenient size and shape, which are laid in cement mortar. The cement incorporates itself with the surface of the glass, uniting the blocks into one mass. The glass may be tinted to any color, and the mortar being similarly tinted, the wall can be made of a perfectly uniform hue without joints or seams. The wall thus laid is impervious to moisture, a bad conductor of heat and cold, and practically indestructible. Nearly all building material in use is, if metal, subject to oxidation; if stone or brick, to infiltration of damp and the expansion of frost, or the slow gnawing of microscopic mosses. A glass wall is free from these sources of decay; and, indeed, it is difficult to imagine anything except an earthquake or an explosion that would destroy such a wall.

Objects made of glass are exhumed from very ancient ruins in perfect condition, with the exception of a change of color, due to some slow chemical process, probably in the vast length of time. The material has, besides, the advantage of cheapness; and, even were it compounded especially, which it would have to be were it to come into common use, and the demand exceed the supply of waste slag from the glass factories, it could still be manufactured cheaper than cut stone, good brick or iron. Yet another advantage is the wide scope for ornamentation. The glass blocks could be made hollow, if necessary, reducing weight when desirable, with little reduction of strength.

## Sir John's Advice.

Many years ago, the late Sir John Macdonald was present at a public dinner at which he was expected to deliver a rather important speech. In the conviviality of the occasion he forgot the more serious duty of the evening, and when, at a late hour, he rose, his speech was by no means so luminous as it might have been. The reporter, knowing that it would not do to print his notes as they stood, called on Sir John next day and told him that he was not quite sure of having secured an accurate report. He was invited to read over his notes, but he had not got far when Sir John interrupted him with "That is not what I said." There was a pause, and Sir John continued, "Let me repeat my remarks." He then walked up and down the room and delivered a most impressive speech in the hearing of the amused reporter, who took down every word as it fell from his lips. Having thanked Sir John for his courtesy, he was taking his leave, when he was recalled to receive this admonition: "Young man, allow me to give you this word of advice: Never again attempt to report a public speaker when you are drunk."

## Thrice Blessed Is She.

The daily luncheon procession at Delmonico's presents to the eye of the impudic male foreigner the most gilded vista of hope to be unrolled within any quarter of New York.

A young Englishman was the guest the other day of two women of fashion, who, as the various women of society passed to their tables, posted him promptly on their names, fame and, above all things, fortune. Not one woman passed within an hour who was not either the heiress or the mother to the heiress of a seductive harvest of gold.

"Ah, there goes Miss Caroline Duer," said one lady at last. "Beautiful, isn't she? Good, charming, clever, a writer of no mean ability, a maker of the daintiest verses, artistic, pretty—everything."

"And rich," said the Englishman, "of course?"

"No," interposed the other lady. "Caroline Duer has simply everything which money cannot buy. She comes nearer physical and mental perfection combined than any other woman I know in New York society."

## Bound to Have It.

Mrs. Gotther—My dear, pardon my frankness, but really I fear your daughter can never be a social success.

Mrs. Otter—Why?

Mrs. G.—Well—she has no—no aplomb at all.

Mrs. O.—Is that all? She shall have one. Me and John will spare no expense with Mollie. She shall have the best article of ap—whatever that is—that can be had.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

## Why Is This?

Watchmakers rarely suffer from weak eyes.

The young people who attend colleges and seminars learn how to wear their college honors becomingly, if they don't learn anything else.

The Atlantic Ocean takes its name from Mount Atlas.

## THACKERAY DID NOT WRITE IT.

Graphic Chapter in "The Virginians"

Penned by John P. Kennedy.  
Many American readers of Thackeray have wondered how he was able to write so graphic and correct an account of George Warrington's escape from Fort Duquesne and his journey through the wilderness to the banks of the Potomac, as Thackeray had never seen the magnificent valley through which his gallant hero fled after his daring escape. It will be a surprise to many people to hear that Thackeray did not write the chapter at all, says the Baltimore News, but that the well-known author John P. Kennedy did. This is the story as Col. John H. B. Latrobe used to tell it:

Kennedy was at a dinner in London with Thackeray, Anthony Trollope, Wilkie Collins, and other celebrities.

The dinner was over and the guests were settling down to the wine and cigars, when Thackeray, always at his best upon a jovial occasion like the present, who was entertaining the company with his wit and satire, suddenly stopped, and looking at his watch, exclaimed: "Gentlemen, I must leave you, I have promised the printer a chapter of the 'Virginians' to-morrow morning, and I haven't written a line of it yet. I hate to go, but I must; the printer is inexorable; so, wishing you all another meeting when I can be longer with you, I bid you a good evening."

Thackeray had almost reached the door, when Kennedy called him back and said:

"Perhaps I can write the chapter for you. What are you going to describe?"

The great novelist seemed a little astonished at this bold proposition, but, as he was a perfect man of the world, he was too polite to say what he thought.

"Kennedy, you are exceedingly kind and gladly would I let you write the chapter for me, for I hate to leave a jolly party in the midst of the fun."

"Then don't," all the party cried. "Stay with us and let Mr. Kennedy write the proposed chapter."

"I am half a mind to let you do it just for the fun of the thing. It is a chapter chiefly of description, giving an account of George Warrington's escape from Fort Duquesne and his journey to the Potomac."

"If that's what you are writing about I can do it, for I know every foot of the ground."

"All right, then," said Thackeray, resuming his seat at the board. "Let me have it early to-morrow morning."

Mr. Kennedy withdrew and, going to his hotel, wrote the fourth chapter of the second volume of the "Virginians," and thus it happened that George Warrington's narrative of his flight was so accurate as to the topography of the country through which he passed.

## Automatic Fire Extinguisher.

A new method of extinguishing fires by means of an automatic chemical process is proposed and tests have been made in which the inventor claims to have proved the value of his device. He argues that if the oxygen can be dispelled from the atmosphere combustion will be arrested and the fire immediately die out. An insulated wire is run in the ceiling of a room and connected to a thermostat. When the temperature of the room rises to a certain point above the normal, say 105 degrees Fahrenheit, an alarm bell is sounded and the wire is parted. This sets free a number of weights arranged at set intervals, which fall on small vials of chemically prepared solution. This disengages a gas that forces oxygen from the room through valves fixed for the purpose. As soon as the oxygen is forced out the valves swing back into place and the room becomes airtight. The fire is extinguished at once, but twenty minutes is allowed before pure air is admitted, and the idea is to connect the wires running to the various apartments in a large building in the general office, so that when the alarm is sounded the fire is instantly located. A special arrangement is also provided by which all windows that might be opened at the outbreak of a fire are immediately closed when the thermostat indicator reaches the warning point.

## No Doubt About It.

"Do you play by note?" inquired one of the summer residents of Blueville, of the violinist of the "Berry Corners Orchestra," which had been discoursing ear-piercing strains at a lawn party.

"Nivver a note do Oi play by, sorr," replied Mr. Flaherty, mopping his heated brow with a handkerchief of sanguinary hue.

"Ah, by ear, then?" said the summer resident, with a smile of gracious interest.

"Nivver an ear hilps me, yer honor," responded Mr. Flaherty, returning his handkerchief to his capacious pocket.

"Indeed! May I ask how you—what you do play by, then?" persisted the inquirer.

"By main strin'th, be jabbers!" said Mr. Flaherty, with a weary air, as he plunged his ancient instrument into its green bag; "an' it's moighty dry wurrk, an' that's the thruth, sorr!"

## In Fiji.

The Fijians believe that in case a marriageable youth or maiden dies, without having gone through with the elaborate nuptial knotting ceremony of the islands his or her soul is doomed to wander about forever in an immediate region between heaven and hell. When anyone dies—man, woman, or child—a whale's tooth is placed in the hand of the corpse, the missile to be thrown at the tree which stands as a guide-post to point out the road that leads to heaven and the one that leads to hell.

## Plenty of Flags.

Every American warship has an outfit of over 150 flags.



## BEYOND.

Never a word is said,  
But it trembles in the air,  
And the truant voice has sped,  
To vibrate everywhere.

Never are kind acts done  
To wipe the weeping eyes,  
But, like the flashes of the sun,  
They signal to the skies.

—[Henry Burton.]

## HE AND SHE.

A TALE OF A LONDON SUBURB.

He lived at No. 12 Woodman street, Chelsea. She lived at No. 13. For ten years they had been opposite neighbors, each occupying the drawing room apartments. She had taken up her abode there six weeks after He was installed, and in a dull, uninterested way he had watched the unloading of the cab, the taking in of the luggage, the bustling to and fro of the small, slim woman whose face he got a very imperfect glance at. She looked about thirty; not that He cared whether she was twenty or seventy. His heart just then was heavy and sore; he had lost the one relation he had left, the only being in the world he cared for—his old mother—and in place of home and her he was simply now "the drawing room lodger." \* \* \*

And thus ten years stole by, each reflecting the other so exactly that, excepting the Christmas visit and the summer holiday, there were no landmarks to point the course of time to Nos. 12 and 13, and then fate, fortune, or whatever name we give to the good providence who disposes those trivial circumstances that lead to great events in our lives, arranged that on a certain afternoon in May there were so few letters to write that the typist clerk could leave her Bedford street office at a much earlier hour, and, full of anticipation that she would be able to put the finishing touches to a gown she was renovating, she tripped into the Strand, hailed the first omnibus she saw, clambered to the top, and took the only vacant seat. In her anxiety to secure this, she did not notice more than that it was a man next to her, but that man being He, and he having watched her from the time she hailed the 'bus, was now in a flutter, for she was only just settled when they were at Charing Cross, where he always got down, which he could hardly do now, as, without an explanation, which he could not give, it would seem so very peculiar—some what offensive, indeed. By the time his hesitation was over they were on their way again, and the conductor was collecting the money. She paid her fare. He silently held out the extra two pence, which the man, taking with a nod of surprise, she turned her head, and instantly there mounted to her cheeks a rosy color. He, being of the old school, looked on a blush as one of the most becoming features of a woman.

It was the signal of the weakness of her sex to be answered on the part of the man by a desire to protect, and without hesitation he said, "I think you are d I are going the same way?" "Yes," and her color deepened, "we live opposite each other in the same street."

"Quite two of the oldest inhabitants, I should say."

"It is ten years since I came," and she gave a sigh.

"Yes, but I was there before you. I remember your coming."

"I had always lived in the country, and I suppose I thought this would go on the same for ever, but in the four years I lost every one belonging to me; home and means were swept away, and I had to begin life alone."

"Terribly hard on a woman," he said, sympathetically.

"Yes, I've never been away but once—to spend Christmas with a school friend, who has since gone to India. That was an excitement for me! I looked up and saw you and very nearly nodded, and then I was so frightened that jumped into the cab and told the man to drive as fast as he could."

"And I thought you were late, and it quite fidgeted me, and I gave you a mental scolding, just like I often do on Sundays when you will go out without an umbrella."

"Well, but last Sunday you went out without yours, and, more than that, you left the window open on your bird, and I said to Totty—my cat—"Now that is very thoughtless, for if the sun goes in, Dicky will catch cold."

"And I fear he did catch cold, for he has sat with all his feathers ruffled up, looking very reproachfully at me. You know he is six years old."

"My cat is ten; I can never bear to think of her age, for when she dies—well, people will think her mistress a very foolish woman."

"Not those who live alone won't."

His tone of sympathy brought a pleasant expression into her eyes. "You find your bird company, don't you?" she said, looking at him.

"That summer when you went away I was quite anxious, fearing the landlady might not look after him properly. You know we missed you dreadfully, Tottie and I."

"I can quite believe it. I felt very dull when you were absent."

They both laughed heartily. Suddenly the horses stopped.

"Why, here we are!" he said, looking at her amazed.

It was the corner leading to the street in which they lived.

"The way has seemed very short," she said, preparing to get down.

"Usually I think our omnibuses go so slowly."

"Do they? I always walk from Charing Cross. I was just going to get down to-day when you got up and sat down next me."

"Yes, I felt my face get quite red when I saw it was you. I wondered would you speak, and I was so glad when you did."

"I hope, now, whenever we meet you will allow me to speak to you."

"I shall be very glad," she said cordially; "it seems so much nicer to have exchanged a few words with one another."

"Well, we were not like strangers to each other, were we?"

"Certainly not; I have felt as if you were almost a friend for nearly ten years."

On the very evening of the day week on which they had met, drawing aside his blind to look at the opposite window—why, there was no light there. How very odd! Thinking he might get from Miss Bates whether she had noticed any departure he said, as she was setting the teapot down: "Lovely weather for the time of year."

Miss Bates was in a lugubrious frame of mind. "Plenty o' sickness about, I hear. They say," she added with a sniff and a sigh, "the children's dying like sheep, with measles, and some parts whole houses is down with influenza. I'm sure I trust we shall be spared, but I doubt it, for there's one o' em ill opposite.—I saw the doctor to-day going in there."

The sudden change in his face assured her that she had thoroughly drenched his vivacity, and following the axiom that having made an impression you should go, Miss Bates left the room. He buttered his toast and poured out his tea, and some minutes later, finding plate and cup empty, he reasonably surmised that he had eaten and drank, but he had done so mechanically, while his thoughts were occupied by the words of his landlady. Poor little woman! Now he knew why the window was dark and the blind remained down. She was ill.

He walked about the room, he looked out of the window; in short, for over an hour he fidgeted over a score of things, and then that inward tormentor refusing him any peace, he suddenly put on his hat, crossed the road and knocked at the door, determined to ask what was the matter with the lady on the drawing room floor. He had arranged his words, and the door open, was about to utter them, when, why—no—yes—it was she, she herself, who had answered the door and was standing before him. "I am so glad," he said, taking her hand and giving it a hearty shake. "I thought you were ill."

"And you came over to see? Oh, how good and kind! That anybody should care cheers me more than I can say."

"There was no light in your window last night, and this morning the blind was down, and while I was wondering what had become of you my landlady told me she had seen the doctor here."

"Yes, but happily not for me. But you must come in and hear the story. It's poor Kezia, the servant here. She tripped on the stairs and fell down, and has broken some tendon in her leg. And Mrs. Jenkins is away and the lodgers were out, so that when I got home I found her lying, groaning, helpless, on the mat."

"But why did you not come over for me?"

"I wish I had now. I did think of doing so, but fortunately I was able to help her. I managed to get her to bed, but I had to sit up all night with her, and this morning I got the milk boy to go for the doctor, and take a telegram telling them I could not go to Bedford street. It was impossible to leave her alone, but now her sister has come, and Mrs. Jenkins will soon be here, so I am free again. Won't you come up stairs to my room?"

She did not wait for a reply, but led the way, saying, as she ushered him in:

"What a pity it is not light; then you could see my view of your window."

"Oh, but what a cozy room!" He had halted just inside the door and was looking round.

"Does it look so? I tried as much as I could to make it like my old home. A few friends bought in some of the furniture for me, and when I was really settled it was sent up. Lodging house rooms are so dreary."

His answer was a half-stifled sigh. In that moment he had compared the block horsehair-covered chairs and sofa of Miss Bates's drawing-room—the rigid back of each one protected by a wool antimacassar—with the homely snugness which reigned here.

"As you see," she said, pointing to the table, "I was just making myself a cup of tea. Now won't you sit down and join me. That would be showing yourself neighborly."

"I think I have had my tea."

"Well, I know my landlady brought it to me, because it was then she spoke of having seen the doctor here, and I at once jumped at the conclusion that you were ill, because for a week past I have never caught sight of you at the window."

"And I have never seen you."

"No; we don't see unless we look."

"But I have looked."

"Not from where you usually stand, or I must have seen you, I began to feel a little huffy. I thought, she never fancies I mean to presume on that little chat we had together?"

"Why, of course not. How could I? I was only afraid I might have let my tongue run too quickly."

"Come, come!" he said, smiling. "It has taken us ten years to break

the ice. It must not take us ten more before we thaw."

While he spoke his eyes were following her—watching her measure out the tea, pour the water from the kettle. He did not offer to help her; the sight of a woman doing these trifling acts brought to him a pleasurable sense of her.

"You are looking very tired," he said as she sat down waiting for the tea to draw.

"That is partly because I was up all night, and then during the day I have felt rather anxious about being away from the office."

"Oh, don't worry about that. They'll get on all right without you."

"Yes, I know they will, but I don't want them to find that out. There are so many women out of employment, and some know French and German, which I don't and others have a home with their parents, and could take a smaller salary. Oh, it does not do to stop away. When I found that poor thing lying helpless on the mat I thought supposing this was my case, what would become of me? It isn't death I fear—sooner or later that comes to all—but old age, sickness, sends a shiver through me."

"Then have you nothing put by?"

"A few pounds only. How could I? I get thirty shillings a week. That is not quite £80 a year."

"And you manage to live here on that?"

"I pay my way. Why? Does that sound to you very little?"

"Very little."

"I suppose they do pay men better, and it's well they do, for you want more than we do, and you are not able to manage as well."

"I am in a fire insurance society," he said. "The salaries there vary from one hundred to three. When I had £100 it did not matter to me. My mother was living then, and in addition to a pension she had a little put away, which at her death came to me."

"I am glad you need not be troubled with my anxiety."

"No, and yet I have as great a dread of sickness and of old age. Each year I live the sense of my loneliness oppresses me."

"I know. Why, I can't tell you the pleasure it gives me to have somebody drinking tea with me, to be able to speak of things we feel—things that give one sorrow or joy. The men at the office are all good fellows, and very kind to me, but I should never dream of talking to them as I have to you. They would not understand."

He did not answer in words, but he gave her a nod of sympathy, and stooped down to stroke the cat.

"Now, Totty, get up and be friendly to Mr. —" She stopped.

"That reminds me," he said, "we have not exchanged names yet. My name is Robert Morley."

And mine Elizabeth Davidson."

"Elizabeth!" he repeated, softly. "My mother was called Elizabeth."

"And my father Robert—Robert is a very dear name to me. He had such a generous, sweet nature. When I think of his trust I feel ashamed of my despondency. Not that I am despondent long. My disposition is buoyant. I am very like a cork—if I go under water one minute the next up I bob again."

"You always struck me as being very cheerful."

"What! did I seem cheerful from over the way! Dear me! How little I dreamed that any one was taking the tiniest bit of interest in me. I am so glad I know now—so glad that we have spoken to each other, and that we are so friendly!"

He had risen from his chair and seemed suddenly about to go. She, a little embarrassed that he had not responded, added, "At least that is my feeling toward you."

"Is it!" he said stiffly. "I forgot it was so late, I really must go. Good-by."

And before she had recovered from her surprise he was gone.

A wave of hot color went over her. What did it mean? What did he think? Surely at her age no one could misunderstand her! The tears sprang to her eyes and fell in a quick shower. \* \* \* The door being opened made her look up. It was He back again.

When I got into the street I found I had left my hat behind," he was saying; and she, making an effort at regaining her self-possession, answered, "Oh, what a pity! Did you. Where?"

This brought him into the room, and nearer to her. "Why, you are crying!" he exclaimed.

"I? No, no"—and she forced herself to smile.

"But you are. Your face is wet; your eyes are full of tears. What is the matter? Have I offended you?"

"No, but I thought that perhaps I had offended you—you seemed to go so suddenly; but please take no notice. Women's tears come very readily. It must be feeling so tired that makes me so silly."

He stood for a moment irresolute, turned toward the door, came back, and standing in front of her said: "Silly! If you think yourself silly what will you say of me? You were surprised to see me. It was because I feared you would think I had taken leave of my senses if I stayed."

"Why?"

"Why? Because all at once [the truth flashed upon me. Suddenly I knew why I had felt so angry because I had not seen you at your window; why I was so anxious when I thought you were ill; what made me come over to find out the truth about you; the reason that seeing you here made me rejoice and feel happy. It is that I love you. Oh, it has not come now; for years it has been growing upon me, only I did not know. How should I? No other woman but you has ever had

the slightest interest for me. For ten years I had blamed you, pitied you, scolded you, worried myself about you. What more could I do? And now it has come to this. Will you marry me? I must know."

"But I feel sure you are making a mistake. I have been talking to you, and you feel sorry for me. No, no; forget what you have said. In the morning everything will look different to you. Pity is not love."

"But it is akin to it. If I give you love can you not give me pity?"

"I pity you! Why, you have brought all the sunlight I have known for years to me. When you spoke to me on the top of that omnibus I could have hugged you."

"Hug me now," he said—for the temerity of quiet men is remarkable—and he took her hands and placed them on his shoulders, and looking at her, continued: "We are two very lonely beings; a kindly Providence, as it seems to me, has brought us together. Can you trust yourself to me? I would strive to make you happy."

She tried to speak, tried to force back her tears, but the happy flow would come. "It is because I am so happy," she said; "for I must tell you that often and often, years ago, when I felt so solitary, I have drawn aside my blind and looked over at your window, and, picturing you sitting there alone, I have said: 'Why couldn't it be that we took a fancy to each other? He looks so nice and kind, but if he married it would be to a young girl, not to me.'"

"But you are young."

"I—I am 38."

"And I am 45. We have no time to spare, you see. Already we have wasted ten years. I shall put up the banns immediately. You must give notice that you are going to leave at your office and I will tell them at mine that I want my holiday."

"It must be a dream," and she put up her hand and pushed back her hair. "It cannot be reality. Of late I have felt quite frightened, thinking how sad it would be if you went away."

"A similar dread has haunted me, especially to-day, when I saw the blind down. But now we shall leave together, and we will go down to Putney. The old house I lived in from a boy is there, and it is vacant, too, and we will make it our home, and, as before, the dear name of its mistress will be Elizabeth Morley."

A Mischievous Duke.

As a boy the Duke of York was thoroughly mischievous. Many of his pranks were played on that famous voyage round the world. We all know how, at a great state dinner at Hong Kong, he was discovered covertly pulling the pig-tails of the Chinaman butlers who were waiting at the table. Another time, I think it was at Bombay, when a large entertainment was given in honor of the young princes, between the parts of an orchestral concert, Prince George hopped away from the supper to change the music of the bandmen, so that when they returned to their places a poor bewildered flutist found the score of the cornet upon his music stand, and the violinist the page of the pianist. But the prince had always another side to his character. An Australian minister, at whose house the princes stayed for a week or two, offered a Bible to both as a parting gift. Quite recently the bishop was invited to Sandringham, the Prince of Wales showed him the Bible he had given Prince George and remarked that it was well worn. "I do believe," added his royal highness, "that my son has read a chapter from that book every day since you put it into his hands."—Chicago Times.

The Indians of Maine.

Maine's two Indian tribes, the Penobscots and the Passamaquaddys, wear the dress of the whites, and far the most part have adopted there ways of living. But the nomadic spirit is still strong within them, and the summer finds parties camped at the various Maine watering places making and selling beaded purses and woven grass and basket-work trinkets, while the squaws turn many a silver piece by telling fortunes. In some wood lot, where the ash tree that supplies them with working material is plentiful, they sometimes build their camps of logs and sapplings, roofed with bark or shingles and well climbed with moss. There is a feeling among owners of forest lands in Maine that the Indians, as first proprietors, have a claim to reside in the wilderness wherever they choose, and, as they are peaceable and do little damage to valuable forest growth, permission to occupy a piece of woodland is seldom refused them.

A Valuable Primer.

Last week at a Boston auction a little primer brought \$825. The primer which brought this almost fabulous sum consisted of an Indian translation and the English version, printed on opposite pages, a little book which our forefathers prepared for circulation among the Indian children.

The book measures hardly more than 4x2 inches, if that, and is bound in its original calfskin. The English title page reads as follows: "The Indian Primer, or the First Book by Which Children May Know Truly to Read the Indian Language, and Milk for Babes. Boston: Printed MDCCXLVII." It was bought by Littlefield, a Boston dealer, whose hot competitor was Eames, of the Lenox library in New York, where is the only other copy known to exist, with thirty pages missing.

Helped to Dissect Her Husband?

Mrs. Dr. S. J. Kenfield arrived at Fort Scott from Denver the other evening and identified the body of G. W. Kenfield, who died suddenly in a chair in his room at the Interstate Hotel, as that of her husband, who was formerly a druggist at Galesburg, Ill. She assisted in a post-mortem examination of his remains to-night, and found the cause of his death to be a disorder of the stomach, which produced heart failure.—Kansas City Times.

An Expensive Fire.

A Moorestown (Pa.) man stored \$300 in bills in a stovepipe for safekeeping. His wife, knowing nothing of it, started a fire in the stove.

An Old Church.

The First Dutch Reformed Church of Brooklyn is celebrating the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of its organization.

The less praying you do for the poor the better they will like it.

## CHICORA GOES DOWN.

LOST WITH ALL HANDS IN LAKE MICHIGAN.

Owners of the Vessel Identify Debris Thrown Up by the Waves and Give Up Hope for the Safety of the Boat—Probably Crushed by Ice.

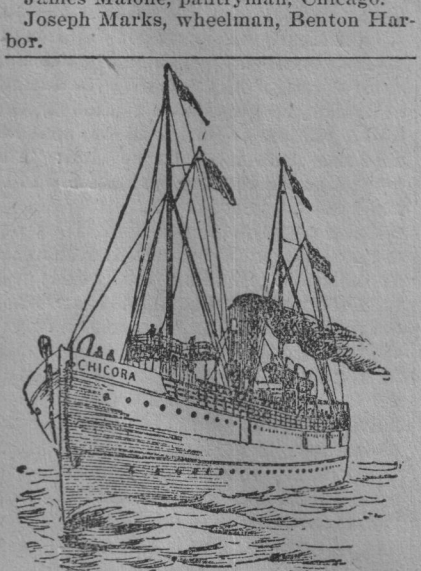
Twenty-six Men Drowned.

Wreckage, identified as belonging to the missing Graham & Morton propeller Chicora, was discovered in the ice off South Haven, Mich., proving without a question that the famous passenger boat, once the pride of Lake Michigan, has gone to the bottom. This settles the awful doubt that has been hanging over the fate of the vessel since she was first reported lost. By the sinking of the Chicora twenty-six lives were undoubtedly lost. The Chicora carried, including Captain Stines, a crew of twenty-five, and there is said to have been one passenger, Mr. Pearl, of the drug firm of Howard & Pearl, St. Joseph.

The list of those lost, so far as known, is as follows:

James R. Clark, clerk, St. Joseph. Jesse Davis, porter, Benton Harbor. Grant A. Downey, oiler, Detroit. John Hodges, watchman, Baltimore. Nate Lynch, cook, St. Joseph. Robert McClure, chief engineer, Detroit.

James Malone, pantryman, Chicago. Joseph Marks, wheelman, Benton Harbor.



STEAMER CHICORA.

M. W. Morgan, head waiter, Benton Harbor.

Joseph Pearl, passenger, St. Joseph. Thomas Robertson, watchman.

C. D. Simons, first mate, Benton Harbor.

Ed Stines, captain, St. Joseph.

Ben Stines, second mate, St. Joseph, son of the captain.

A. Wirtz, second engineer, Detroit.

Eight deck-hands, names unknown.

Two firemen, names unknown.

One coal passer, name unknown.

Captain Stines, Mate C. D. Simons, Engineer McClure, Nate Lynch, the cook, and Clerk James L. Clarke have families. The rest of the men are single.

The anxious eyes of Lighthouse Keeper Charles Dougherty, at South Haven, which have for days been looking to the west over the ice-bound lake for signs of the missing propeller Chicora, with her human freight, were rewarded on Wednesday afternoon, by discerning several merrit off specks that through the glass were soon seen to be pieces of wreckage. They were only specks, but to the mariner's quick eye they told of the unquestionable loss of a vessel and all on board.

The wreckage was about two miles out from shore, most of it directly opposite the harbor. The ice appeared to extend half a mile further out into the lake. Mariners at once organized a relief party to go out and investigate the wreckage. Captain Matthews, of the United States life-saving service, led the party of searchers that braved the wintry wind, blowing in their faces at a rate of upward of thirty miles an hour. The trip out from land was a perilous one, for the ice, while driven into a compact mass by the gale of the last two days, was still dangerous, and in places uncertain on account of its roughness and the liability of its breaking up.

Wreckage Found in the Ice.

After the two miles, which seemed to be ten, had been covered Capt. Matthews and his party came to a mass of wreckage imbedded in the ice, but apparently of a boat that had but recently met with disaster. There were a number of pieces that appeared to belong to the upper works of some large vessel, probably a propeller or steamer of some large line. Much of the wreckage was under the ice or water, which made it difficult to reach in order to closely describe. The men hunted around for pieces of the pilot-house, by which the name of the vessel could be learned, but they were unsuccessful. Portions of the wreckage were secured and carried back to the land, where experienced seamen who knew the Graham & Morton vessel identified them as belonging to the Chicora.

Among most of the seamen the opinion is that the Chicora has foundered. The discovery of the wreckage proves that she has at least lost her upper works, and those who know the vessel say that a storm severe enough to carry these off would be more than any vessel could stand, even though she be so staunch as the Chicora. They also state that the twenty-six men supposed to be on board are undoubtedly lost. If they did not go down with the vessel it would be impossible for them to have escaped in the teeth of the gale with the lake full of ice. Mr. Morton, of the Graham & Morton Transportation Company, and Clerk Hancock, who arrived at South Haven late at night, examined the wreckage, which they think without doubt belongs to the Chicora. Both expressed the belief that the Chicora is still afloat and perhaps disabled, and has lost a part of her upper works.

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## TO IRRIGATE 300,000 ACRES.

An Immense Canal to Be Constructed in Northern Nebraska.

One of the most stupendous industrial projects ever set on foot in Western America is now taking definite shape in O'Neill, Neb. A company composed of many of the leading business men of Nebraska has been organized for the purpose of constructing an immense irrigating ditch over 200 miles long, which will water over 300,000 acres of land and open up to settlement, cultivation and prosperity an area of country larger than Massachusetts, Connecticut and Rhode Island. The cost of the undertaking is estimated at from \$1,000,000 to \$2,500,000. To secure the capital necessary to undertake this great work the company is making contracts with the owners of real estate along the main line and its laterals stipulating for the payment of \$8 per acre in ten yearly installments for the construction of said canal and an annual water rental of \$1 per acre for the use of the water. It is believed the coming summer will see this great river of liquid prosperity pouring on its way to the homes and homesteaders of Northern Nebraska and ushering in an era of prosperity and progress throughout all the region along its line.

Like many other of the world's great projects a rigorous necessity was its mother. The settlement of Northern Nebraska began fifteen years ago. In an incredibly short space of time several towns sprang up and thousands of acres were given over to the cultivation of crops. Up to 1890 prosperity smiled upon the hardy settlers. The fertile fields yielded an abundance of crops, the cattle fattened and it seemed to them that no fairer region ever blossomed under the rays of the summer's sun. But during the last five years a great cloud of adversity has been projected across the landscape of those fair Nebraska fields and a succession of crop failures has followed year after year. The farmers and business men became discouraged and at length turned toward their streams for salvation. The Nebraska River, which runs 300 miles from east to west, was selected as the means of bringing into new life their barren fields. The plan of the present company is to tap this stream at a point south of Rushville, Neb., and send its waters through an irrigation canal, which will run almost parallel to it, throwing out its laterals right and left to carry their blessings to regions which have suffered so long from drought.

MAN OF STRONG WILL.

Senator Chandler, of New Hampshire, Nominated to Succeed Himself.

William E. Chandler, of New Hampshire, who has been nominated to succeed himself in the United States Senate for the term of six years, is





## Purify Your Blood

strengthen and invigorate your nerves and muscles, tone your stomach and digestive organs, and build up your whole system by the use of Hood's Sarsaparilla if you would avoid the grip, pneumonia,

**Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures**  
diphtheria and typhoid fever. These diseases seek for their most ready victims persons who are weak, tired, debilitated and all run down, owing to impure and impoverished blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies and vitalizes the blood and thus wards off disease.

Hood's Pills cure nausea, sick headache.

### It Was Pure Affection.

Two Mexicans were standing in the door of the little railroad station, each in-lining, with infinite bows and flowing compliments, that the other should precede him.

"Oh, how deliciously polite!" twittered the tourist lady. "Why can't our American men learn such politeness?"

"It isn't so much politeness, mum," explained the resident American gentleman, "as that no Greaser don't like to give no other Greaser a chance to get close behind his back."—Indianapolis Journal.

### The Nicaragua Canal.

The project of the Nicaragua Canal has been debated in the U. S. Senate very vigorously. One thing should be remembered about that climate, it is death to almost every foreigner who goes there, and laborers especially succumb. It is said that the Panama Railroad cost a life for every tie. What an idea of pains and aches is in this sentence. It is mostly due to carelessness. Every laborer provided with St. Jacobs Oil would be armed against these troubles. Men's muscles there are cramped with rheumatic pain and they ache all over. That's just the condition where this sovereign remedy can do its best work. The fearful malady is very much like the break-bone fever in certain parts of America.

### 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.

### 1,000 Bu. Potatoes Per Acre.

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

### A Scotchman's Self-Control

Charles Mathews used to tell a good story in support of the truth of the remark about a Scotchman, a joke, and a surgical operation. When "starring" in Edinburgh, his landlord, who seldom attended any other public meeting save the "kirk," asked Mathews if he would oblige him with "a pass for the playhouse." This favor being readily granted, the "guid mon" donned his cheerful black suit and witnessed Mathews' two great performances. Sir Charles Goldstream in "Used Up" and Plummer in "Cool as a Cucumber," both downright "stale-splitters." Meeting his landlord on the stairs as he proceeded to his room after the performance, Mathews was cordially greeted by that gentleman, of whom he then inquired how he had enjoyed the entertainment. "Aweel," said the Northerner, "it pleased me verra much, ye ken, and I consider you played unc' naturally; but, heigh mon, I'd a hard matter to keep irae laughing."

### Mothers, Watch Your Daughters.

"Nature has provided a time for purification, and if the channels are obstructed, the entire system is poisoned, and misery comes. "Irregularities from any cause, at any age, are sure indications of organic trouble. With irregularities come disturbances of the stomach and kidneys, violent headaches, shooting pains, extreme lassitude, waxy complexion.

"Remove the trouble at once, or a whole life will be sacrificed. "Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will accomplish the work speedily.

"It is the most effective remedy for irregular or suspended action known to the world."—Mrs. Chas. Hines, Box 212, Duncannon, Pa.

THE NEW SHOE.

panied by twelve dozen calks, which, it is said, will outwear three sets of ordinary shoes.

The Possibilities of Sorghum.

The sorghum crop is one that ought to be more generally grown than it is. The crushed canes, after all the sweetness that can be got out of them is extracted, make a good feed for stock.

Joshua Daniel, a Kansas farmer, this past year made 183 gallons of syrup from sorghum grown on six square rods, less than an acre. The sorghum also produced forty-four bushels of seed, worth 50 cents a bushel. The fodder, syrup and seed from this plot of land sold for \$73.75, which is more than most Eastern farmers get from an acre of land. There are comparatively few localities in the Eastern States where machinery can be found to work the sorghum into syrup. Such machinery requires that a good many farmers grow sorghum, so as to keep it employed during the season.—Exchange.

Grooming for the Cows.

Horses have more often been made pets than cows have been. So far as grooming goes the average cow gets very little of it, except what she can do herself by rubbing her shoulders and neck against the sides of the stable in which she is confined. Try a curry comb and brush on the cow as well as on the horse. Unless the cow is very

thin the curry comb will be liked even better than the brush. The dirt in a cow's hair is always liable to get into the milk pail, as it is brushed out when the milker rubs against the animal in getting out of the narrow stall.

The Farmer's Boy.

Has wide-open eyes. Is mirthful and jolly. Gets up with the sun. Is generous and kind. Is truthful and square. Has a voice like a bell. Is not vulgar or coarse. Grumbles hardly at all. Likes to frolic and play. Is prompt and obedient. Is always ready to help. Is his mother's chief joy. Has clean hands and face. Is his sister's great chum. Has a mind like a sponge. Thinks his father is great. Is near the head of his class. Seldom whimpers or whines. Never loafs at the "corners." Keeps himself tidy and sleek. Wants to grow up a true man. Often asks the wherefore and why. Says "I thank you" and "Please, sir." And grows like a turnip in June.

Has Five Legs.

There is no part of the world that produces stranger things than can be found in southeastern Missouri, and a sheep that is owned by C. R. Fulcher,

A FIVE-LEGGED SHEEP.

of De Soto, is one of the oddities in the freak line. This sheep, now 20 months old, has five legs, four where they ought to be and a fifth that projects from the shoulder of one of the others. The fifth leg is of no more use than would be a fifth wheel to a wagon. The fifth leg is also a freak in itself, for it has a double set of hoofs. It has attracted a great deal of attention among the farmers, and recently Mr. Fulcher had the sheep photographed.

Fall Pasturing Winter Grain.

Some of our Western exchanges are giving opinions about the effect of fall pasturing winter wheat. We have seen wheat that made too heavy a growth in the fall, which was materially benefited by pasturing with sheep while the ground was dry and before the frost had injured the feed. Sheep are better for this than any other stock. They are light in proportion to their feed, and their tramping over light, porous soil makes it compact. Then, what they eat off the fall is only what would be a constant drain on the root whenever the weather is mild. The wheat grower wants a large growth in the fall mainly to get a vigorous root. If the top growth is cut or eaten off the root is none the worse for the fact.—American Cultivator.

Seed Germination.

It has been ascertained by an extended series of experiments that rye and winter wheat germinate in soil the temperature of which is as low as 32 degrees. Barley, oats, flax, clover and peas will sprout at 35 degrees. The turnip is as cold-blooded as the rye and winter wheat, but the carrot needs 38 degrees and the bean 40 degrees before they will make the initial effort to send the life-shoot in search of air and light.

Farm Notes.

Many substances which will go into the manure heap add nothing thereto, but serve as absorbents, which save the valuable portions of the manure and avoid loss.

Many fruits are not self-pollinating, and fail to give a crop. The remedy is not to depend on a single variety, but to have several kinds, growing them close together whenever it can be done.

The keeping qualities of fruit should be the first consideration. Size and flavor are important, but some of the largest and most highly flavored fruits of all kinds will not bear shipment to market as well as other varieties that are inferior in quality.

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It is quite possible to feed bees in the winter on sugar syrup, and to take most of the honey in the fall. Sugar is much cheaper than honey, pound for pound, and honey is more than half water. The purest white sugar is used and boiled to a thin syrup. This prevents souring, which would otherwise occur, and would be fatal to the bees, as it produces dysentery.

## HOME AND THE FARM.

### MATTERS OF INTEREST TO FARMER AND HOUSEWIFE.

To Make Hens Lay in Winter—New Varieties of Potatoes—Give the Cows a Grooming—Sheep with Five Legs—A New Horseshoe.

#### Eggs and Cold Weather.

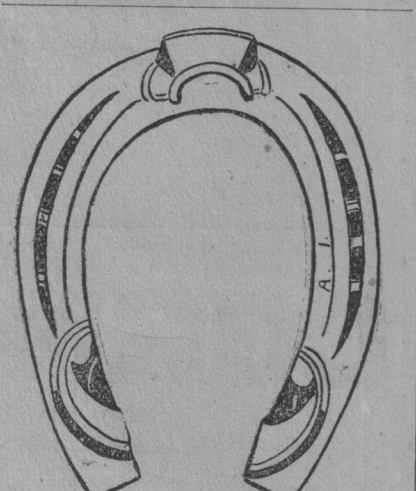
When the farmer throws down corn and feeds his hens liberally he may secure but a few eggs, as he is then feeding for the market and not for eggs. A fat hen will not lay, and is as unprofitable as a fat sow for breeding. What the hens mostly need is nitrogenous matter, for they can, if fed any grain at all, easily provide the yolk, lime, phosphoric acid, etc., but the large amount of albumen in an egg calls for more nitrogenous food than is usually allowed. Some, improperly, ascribe the failure to secure eggs to a lack of green food. While some kind of bulky food (such as clover hay chopped fine and scalded, as well as cooked potatoes and turnips) is excellent, yet the desideratum is animal food, and if less grain be fed, and more meat, either raw or cooked, there will be more eggs. Milk and curds are also suitable, but meat is better than anything else. As a pound of meat daily will be sufficient for a dozen hens, and almost any kind of meat will do, the expense is a small matter, compared to the high prices obtained for eggs in winter. It is not necessary to feed grain more than once a day. A morning meal of scalded, chopped hay, with some kind of animal food and wheat at night, will give more eggs, if the hen house is kept warm, than any other method, and it will be cheaper than feeding three times a day on grain. A pan of warm water in the morning should always be allowed.—Farm and Home.

#### New Varieties of Potatoes.

The tubers will sometimes, though rarely, "sport" and produce a different variety from the one planted, giving the impression that they will "mix in the hill." The only way to be certain of producing new varieties is to plant the real seeds, those found in the fruit or "ball," that succeeds the flowers at the top of the vine. Each seed in a ball may produce a distinct variety. That wonderful seed ball which contained the seed from which came the early rose also produced several other varieties, some of which were good enough to be propagated. People have been deterred from trying to raise potatoes from the seed by the statements in the books, copied from English writers, that the tubers first obtained were very small, and required several years of cultivation before their quality could be ascertained. Mr. Breese, who was the fortunate originator of the early rose, and has had much experience in raising seedlings, informed us that he treated the potato seeds just as he did those of the tomato, sowing the seeds in the same manner, and setting out the plants at the same time. If a seedling did not at the end of the first season show some tubers of an eatable size, he did not bother with it any farther. Some seedsmen offer potato seeds, but unless it is known what variety produced them we should prefer to wait and secure seed next fall from known varieties, and thus be sure of the pedigree of the seedlings.

#### A New Horseshoe.

Here is a new idea in horseshoes. It is a shoe fastened to the hoof in the ordinary way, but provided to receive calks that can be removed and replaced by new ones when worn. This can be done by any ordinary stable hand. Each set of these shoes sold is accom-



THE NEW SHOE.

panied by twelve dozen calks, which, it is said, will outwear three sets of ordinary shoes.

The Possibilities of Sorghum.

The sorghum crop is one that ought to be more generally grown than it is. The crushed canes, after all the sweetness that can be got out of them is extracted, make a good feed for stock.

Joshua Daniel, a Kansas farmer, this past year made 183 gallons of syrup from sorghum grown on six square rods, less than an acre. The sorghum also produced forty-four bushels of seed, worth 50 cents a bushel. The fodder, syrup and seed from this plot of land sold for \$73.75, which is more than most Eastern farmers get from an acre of land. There are comparatively few localities in the Eastern States where machinery can be found to work the sorghum into syrup. Such machinery requires that a good many farmers grow sorghum, so as to keep it employed during the season.—Exchange.

Grooming for the Cows.

Horses have more often been made pets than cows have been. So far as grooming goes the average cow gets very little of it, except what she can do herself by rubbing her shoulders and neck against the sides of the stable in which she is confined. Try a curry comb and brush on the cow as well as on the horse. Unless the cow is very

thin the curry comb will be liked even better than the brush. The dirt in a cow's hair is always liable to get into the milk pail, as it is brushed out when the milker rubs against the animal in getting out of the narrow stall.

The Farmer's Boy.

Has wide-open eyes. Is mirthful and jolly. Gets up with the sun. Is generous and kind. Is truthful and square. Has a voice like a bell. Is not vulgar or coarse. Grumbles hardly at all. Likes to frolic and play. Is prompt and obedient. Is always ready to help. Is his mother's chief joy. Has clean hands and face. Is his sister's great chum. Has a mind like a sponge. Thinks his father is great. Is near the head of his class. Seldom whimpers or whines. Never loafs at the "corners." Keeps himself tidy and sleek. Wants to grow up a true man. Often asks the wherefore and why. Says "I thank you" and "Please, sir." And grows like a turnip in June.

Has Five Legs.

There is no part of the world that produces stranger things than can be found in southeastern Missouri, and a sheep that is owned by C. R. Fulcher,

A FIVE-LEGGED SHEEP.

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—Epworth Herald.

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of De Soto, is one of the oddities in the freak line. This sheep, now 20 months old, has five legs, four where they ought to be and a fifth that projects from the shoulder of one of the others. The fifth leg is of no more use than would be a fifth wheel to a wagon. The fifth leg is also a freak in itself, for it has a double set of hoofs. It has attracted a great deal of attention among the farmers, and recently Mr. Fulcher had the sheep photographed.

#### Fall Pasturing Winter Grain.

Some of our Western exchanges are giving opinions about the effect of fall pasturing winter wheat. We have seen wheat that made too heavy a growth in the fall, which was materially benefited by pasturing with sheep while the ground was dry and before the frost had injured the feed. Sheep are better for this than any other stock. They are light in proportion to their feed, and their tramping over light, porous soil makes it compact. Then, what they eat off the fall is only what would be a constant drain on the root whenever the weather is mild. The wheat grower wants a large growth in the fall mainly to get a vigorous root. If the top growth is cut or eaten off the root is none the worse for the fact.—American Cultivator.

#### Seed Germination.

It has been ascertained by an extended series of experiments that rye and winter wheat germinate in soil the temperature of which is as low as 32 degrees. Barley, oats, flax, clover and peas will sprout at 35 degrees. The turnip is as cold-blooded as the rye and winter wheat, but the carrot needs 38 degrees and the bean 40 degrees before they will make the initial effort to send the life-shoot in search of air and light.

#### Farm Notes.

Many substances which will go into the manure heap add nothing thereto, but serve as absorbents, which save the valuable portions of the manure and avoid loss.

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## To the Younger Cooks,

the beginners in the art of bread and cake making, there is no aid so great, no assistant so helpful, as the

## Royal Baking Powder.

It is the perfect leavening agent and makes perfect food. Do not make a mistake by experimenting with any other.

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

### The Gospel in South Africa.

Fifty years ago Protestantism was an unknown quantity in South Africa. When it first began to make its influence felt it was received with scorn. Business and professional men of that church were boycotted by the natives. The work of Bible distribution was carried on in the face of the strongest opposition. It was next to impossible to rent a house for religious purposes or worship. To-day churches may be built almost anywhere throughout the continent. Gospel work is encouraging, particularly in Chili and Brazil. Ecuador is about the only country as yet uninfluenced by Gospel agencies! The chief difficulty that the missionaries find is the condition of the people themselves. But even this obstacle is fast being overcome by the establishment of mission schools at every available point.

### Michigan Furniture in New York.

On or before November 1, Branch Postoffice, Ohio, now on Thirteenth street, between Fifth and Sixth avenues, will be moved to the first floor of the building occupied by the D. Appleton's Sons. Both sides of Fifth avenue between Thirteenth and Fourteenth streets are now devoted very largely to the sale of Michigan-made furniture, an industry which has made enormous strides in the last few years, in fact, nearly all the chief furniture now sold in New York comes from Michigan. The mills of that State turned out last year more than five thousand million feet of lumber, the capital invested in the milling and furniture-factory business there being over \$50,000,000.—New York Sun.

### Poor Indeed!

The prospect of relief from drastic cathartics for persons troubled with constipation is poor indeed. True they act upon the bowels, but this they do with violence, and their operation tends to weaken the intestines, and is prejudicial to the stomach. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is an effective laxative, and neither gripes nor entitles. Furthermore, it promotes digestion and a regular action of the liver and the kidneys. It is an efficient barrier against and remedy for malarial complaints and rheumatism, and is of great benefit to the weak, nervous and aged. As a medicinal stimulant it cannot be surpassed. Physicians cordially recommend it, and its professional endorsement is fully borne out by popular experience. Appetite and sleep are both improved by this agreeable invigorant and alterative.

### Tinware.

Tinware is simply thin iron plated with tin by being dipped into the molten metal. In theory it is an easy matter to clean the surface of iron; dip it into a bath of boiling tin, then remove it, enveloped with a silvery metal, to a place for cooling. In practice however the process is one of the most difficult in the arts. It was discovered in Holland and guarded from publicity with the utmost vigilance for more than half a century. England tried in vain to discover the secret, until James Sherman, a Cornish miner, made himself master of it, and brought it home.

### \$100 Reward, \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of Testimonials. Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

THE man who deals at the fero table is a vice president.

"A God-Send to Humanity" is what Wm. Snyder, District Court Clerk and U. S. Commissioner, of Carter, Colo., says No-to-bac is, in writing to the Sterling Remedy Co., of Chicago, after taking one and a half boxes of No-to-bac which he purchased of his druggist, and being absolutely cured of the tobacco habit. Mr. Snyder says he now has no desire for the filthy weed.

It is surprising how well we can stand the misfortunes of our friends.

Not Sick Enough for the Doctor, but a little out of sorts. Rhinns Tabules would serve in your case. It is well to have them on hand for just such occasions.

It is better to give than to receive, especially in a personal encounter.

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

ALWAYS serve a game supper after a card party.

ST. JACOBS OIL is the Perfect CURE for

NEURALGIA

WITHOUT RELAPSE, COLLAPSE, MISHAPS or PERHAPS.

BADUN—It always annoys me to read about St. Anthony. Razoo—Why? Badun—I can't help thinking of the opportunities he let slide.

### 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 Figs will permanently cure habitual constipation, well-informed people will not buy other laxatives, which act for a time, but finally injure the system.

Riggs—And they married and he is now living! Riggs—Oh, she got a divorce and married me.

### How I Made \$1,200

By not sowing Salzer's seeds! That is what a jolly farmer said as he entered our sanctum. How is that? Why, says he, Salzer's seeds not only grow but they produce enormously. Had I planted a few acres more of his oats, wheat, corn, potatoes, grass and clover seeds, I would have had to double the capacity of my barns; that would have cost me \$1,200. It is a fact that if you want big, rousing farm, grass and vegetable crops, you must sow Salzer's seeds.

If You Will Cut This Out and Send It with 7c postage to the John A. Salzer Seed Company, La Crosse, Wis., you will get free a sample of Grass and Clover Mixture and their seed catalogue. CNU

SOKER—I wonder who first invented whisky. I suppose he is forgotten in the dim and distant past. De Tanque—Yes, but his spirit still lives.

DON'T ALLOW YOURSELF to trifle with a Cold, and so encourage the development of some latent Pulmonary and Bronchial disease, which often ends fatally. You had better cure your Cough or Cold by promptly resorting to Dr. D. Jayne's Expectant, an old-time remedy for all Coughs, Lung and Throat affections.

PRYS-FIGHT—a battle with hand-spikes.

ATTEND the Fort Wayne Business College.

A SUGAR trust—kisses on credit.

He was madly, passionately in love—won by the matchless beauty of her complexion. Glenn's Sulphur Soap had imparted the charm.

OUT of place—a "crick" in the neck of a toper.

## GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY

Many years ago Dr. R. V. Pierce, chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., compounded this medicine of vegetable ingredients which had an especial effect upon the stomach and liver, rousing the organs to healthful activity as well as purifying and enriching the blood. By such means the stomach and the nerves are supplied with pure blood; they will not do duty without it any more than a locomotive can run without coal. You can not get a lasting cure of Dyspepsia, or Indigestion, by taking artificially digested foods or pepsin—the stomach must do its own work in its own way. Do not put your nerves to sleep with so-called celery mixtures, it is better to go to the seat of the difficulty and feed the nerve cells on the food they require. Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Biliousness and Nervous Affections, such as sleeplessness and weak, nervous feelings are completely cured by the "Discovery." It puts on healthy flesh, brings refreshing sleep and invigorates the whole system.

Mrs. K. HENKE, of No. 86 North Halsted St., Chicago, Ill., writes: "I regard my improvement as simply wonderful. Since taking Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery in connection with his 'Pleasant Pellets' I have gained in every respect, particularly in flesh and strength. My liver was dreadfully enlarged and I suffered greatly from dyspepsia. No physician could give relief.

Now, after two months I am entirely relieved of my disease. My appetite is excellent; food well digested; much improved."

Important to singers: Cures La Grippe, Cough, Croup, Cold in Head, and Croup. Handy as a knife. This INHALER is approved by Physicians and Medical Journals. By Druggists.

No. 410 Michigan Street, Buffalo, New York.

PATENTS. TRADE-MARKS.

Examination and Advice as to Patentability given free. Send for Inventors' Guide, or How to Get a Patent. PATRICK O'FARRELL, Washington, D. C.

W. H. SMITH & CO., Proprietors.

W. L. DOUGLAS'S \$3 SHOE

IS THE BEST FIT FOR A KING.

\$5. CORDOVAN, FRENCH ENAMELLED CALF.

\$4.35 FINE CALF & KANGAROO.

\$3.50 POLICE, 3 SOLES.

\$2.50 \$2. WORKINGMEN'S.

EXTRA FINE.

\$2.15 BOYS' SCHOOL SHOES.

LADIES.

\$3.25 \$2.15 BEST DONGOLA.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

W. L. DOUGLAS, BOSTON, 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 give custom shoes in style and fit.

Their wearing qualities are unsurpassed.

The prices are uniform, stamped on sole.

From \$1 to \$3 saved over other makes.

If your dealer cannot supply you we can.

SHOEMAKER'S POULTRY ALMANAC

Contains 80 pages, over 70 illustrations in color.

Shows remedies and recipes for all known diseases in poultry, also valuable



Friday, February 1st, 1895.

**HOLLY.**

From the Advertiser.

A horse balked with a Clyde woman the other day and she quietly took out her knitting and sat there for nine hours, when the horse concluded he'd better be going along. He had never had any experience with a woman before.

It is very evident that creameries are not a very paying property in Michigan. At a meeting of the Genesee county creamery at Flint, Tuesday, their statement shows that they had lost considerable money during the past year.

Representative Kimmis desires to acknowledge the receipt of a petition from the citizens of Holly and vicinity and to say that he will take pleasure in presenting the same to the Legislature immediately upon the re-assembling.

All interested in pension cases will be glad to learn that Judge Bradley granted a mandamus commanding Commissioner Lochren to vacate his order of March last, and pay Judge Long at the rate of \$72 instead of \$50 as per the out rate.

The Pontiac insane asylum is filled to its utmost capacity. There are six people in the state who have been judged insane and booked for the Pontiac asylum, who are today in the city jail, awaiting for an opening at the asylum.

Judge Patterson, of Oakland county, has invited Judge Taylor of Flint, to hold a session of the probate court at Pontiac for him on February 1st. The case to be heard involves a lost will, and Judge Patterson is one of the witnesses and is disqualified to hear the case.

Dr. and Mrs. Hunter are making arrangements for a trip to the South and West and will be gone four months spending a greater portion of their time in California. The doctor's health has been very poor for sometime and he hopes to be benefited very much by the trip.

Miss Harriet Lovell, daughter of Judge Lovell of Flint, died in Turkey, Dec. 27th, at which place she went as a missionary in 1892. She was but 26 years old and considered a very bright young lady who gave up her friends and associates to go there to do missionary work.

Charles Hamilton of Novi, appeared before Justice Lillis at Pontiac Saturday with his head done up in bandages, as the result of a family fight in which his wife, son and hired man took part. The charge was for assault with intent to do great bodily harm. Prosecuting Attorney Wieland did not think the case one in which the people should interfere or be put to expense, and it was nolle prossed.

Mrs. Phebe Ann VanWagoner, sister of George Tindall of Independence, J. K. Tindall of Springfield and Mrs. S. Lawrence of Clyde, died at her home, 1. Reed Place, Detroit, Saturday night last. The deceased was the widow of Philo Van Wagoner, who for many years was a resident of Orion. The funeral was held at the home in Detroit, at 11:30 Tuesday, and the remains were taken to Oxford for interment.

An editor is a man who lives on what other people owe him till he starves to death. A subscriber is one who takes the paper and says he is well pleased, and he tells everybody else "you ought to subscribe." After he has subscribed two years and a half, the editor writes to him to let him have \$2.50, and the subscriber writes back to the editor and tells him not to send his old paper any more for there is nothing in it, and then the poor editor goes and starves some more.

William Sexton has bills out announcing an auction sale of his stock and farm implements on the farm known as the Reynold's property, four miles southeast of this place, on Thursday, Feb. 7th. The sale is one of the largest that we have noticed for sometime. A large number of horses and cattle are advertised, the cattle being of a high grade, Holstein, Guernsey and Jerseys, and nearly all registered. There are also a number of swine and some sheep to be sold. The sale commences at 10 o'clock a. m., with lunch at noon, and anyone desiring to purchase either stock or implements should be in attendance.

It looks very much as though Judge Moore in this circuit would receive the nomination for Judge of the Supreme court, and in such case, his place as Circuit Judge would have to be filled this spring and there is no doubt whatever but that George W. Smith, formerly prosecuting attorney of this county, would be appointed to succeed Judge Moore and the ADVERTISER will unhesitatingly say, that there is not a man more competent in this circuit for this position than Mr. Smith. He made one of the best prosecuting attorneys of Oakland county ever had, as well as being posted in law and would make an impartial judge. It is needless for us to say very much in Mr. Smith's favor as there will not be the least doubt but that he will receive the appointment as when the time comes, his friends, and he has no enemies, will all rise up and ask for his appointment.

**WATERFORD.**

Mrs. G. G. Bird visited her daughter a part of this week.

R. Bradley and W. Howland left for Buffalo with stock Saturday.

The social at the M. E. church Friday evening was largely attended.

Mr. and Mrs. Mc. Cann had a surprise Saturday night. It was a boy.

Mrs. John Friday and Miss Flora Bird visited friends at White Lake Tuesday.

The heavy snow storm Saturday prevented some of our scholars attending school Monday.

A very pleasant surprise was given Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Jones by their friends at the home of Mrs. Jones' sister, Mrs. E. G. Robbins on Tuesday evening of last week.

Miss Shattuck, our primary teacher, started from her home at Pontiac at seven o'clock Monday morning and did not reach here until three o'clock in the afternoon. Miss Mary Van Zandt took charge of the room until she arrived.

**CLINTONVILLE.**

Tom Day of Mahopac was to the mill Friday.

Fred Smith and wife spent Friday at John Morgan's.

Horses must be well shod as the roads are quite icy.

George Linderman has named his little daughter, Mabel.

Snowing very hard at this writing and drifting very badly.

The distemper or sort of cold is prevalent at this place and locality.

Some have sold their potatoes at 40 cents and will ship next week.

Jack Stewart talks of leaving the old place. Sorry to have you leave us.

Jay Hitchcock was here Thursday. Perhaps he is taking music lessons.

I wonder where the next surprise will be, it is getting rather dull again.

Quite a number from this vicinity took in the Drayton party Thursday evening.

Mrs. Charles Bowlby and granddaughter, Irene Allison have been spending a few days at Lute Morgan's.

**SPRINGFIELD.**

Miss Addie Bartlett has been visiting friends at Pontiac.

H. R. Bearseley and A. Stafford were at Detroit one day last week.

Martin Hope of Lapeer, was the guest of Austin Phillips last Friday.

A number from this place attended the prayer meeting at Clarkston Station, last Friday night.

Will Shults of Groveland, was in town last Thursday and presented Miss Fannie Stafford with a very fine Shepherd dog.

Norman Kerton has returned from New Lathrop, and reports his cousin, Will Urch, a former resident of this place, as being in very poor health.

Chet Urch had the misfortune to hurt his foot quite badly last Friday afternoon, by falling from a load of wood. He has nearly recovered at this writing.

The social at Mrs. Bartlett's last week, for the benefit of the B. Y. P. U. of Clarkston, was largely attended and a pleasant time was had by all present. Proceeds, \$5.42.

**WHITE LAKE.**

Frank Steinbaugh was at Holly one day last week.

Harry Everts made a business trip to Milford one day last week.

The dance at the Hall last Friday evening was well attended.

Mr. Brindle is some better at this writing, being able to set up.

Mr. Garner and Mr. Kelley have taken the job of sawing logs for Mr. Howland.

There will be a donation at the Hall next Tuesday evening. All are invited.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Griswold of Oklahoma, I. T., are visiting friends at this place.

C. H. Craft and Harry Everts made a business trip to E. Howland's last Wednesday.

Robert Neil and wife have returned from the West, and will probably remain in Michigan.

A. Kelley and R. Garner are drawing logs to E. Howland to be sawed for potato crates.

Blacksmiths are very busy now-a-days. The ring of the anvil may be heard from early morn till late at night.

We had a very bad storm last Friday and Saturday. The roads were blocked and had to be shoveled out.

There will be a social at A. Garner's on Friday evening, Feb. 1st. The proceeds will be used toward purchasing a flag for the school.

Last Thursday while the L. O. T. M. were installing their officers, they were very pleasantly surprised by the K. O. T. M. who brought the oysters with them and an oyster supper was served. Among the number we noticed Mr. Stinson of Holly.

**ORTONVILLE.**

Geo. Engel has moved his family to Otisville.

Mrs. John Paddison is very sick with lung trouble.

John Ogg, who has been up north, has returned home.

Mart Woolman has two sisters visiting him from New Haven.

The Missionary meeting was held at Sam Ender's Wednesday.

Mr. Callis and wife of Lapeer visited friends in town last week.

Mrs. Herrick, who has been visiting at Geo. Engel's, returned to her home at Flint, last week.

Rev. J. D. McCall of Grand Ledge, will preach at the Baptist church next Sunday morning.

Mrs. Elizabeth Westerby died last Friday, at the age of 74 years and four months, at the home of her son, Benjamin Westerby. She leaves four children to mourn her loss. The funeral was held Sunday at the Baptist church and the remains were interred in the Ortonville cemetery by the side of her husband, who died December 5, 1892.

From the Holly Advertiser.

**WILL ENFORCE THE GAME LAWS.**

James Slocum, Deputy Game Warden for Oakland County.

The editor of this paper has received a letter from Chase S. Osborne, the newly appointed Game Warden, whose duties commence Feb. 1st, offering him the deputyship for Oakland county and after mature deliberation he has decided to accept same. There is not a county in southern Michigan where there is more need of a game warden than Oakland. We have 500 lakes, all of which would be good fishing, providing the law was observed but it is not, and Detroit parties who have any hunting or fishing to do make for Oakland county first and pay no attention whatever to the laws. In accepting this appointment, Mr. Slocum will make an earnest effort to see that the laws of the State of Michigan regarding fish and game are observed to the letter, and without fear or favor, will prosecute anyone violating same. Any information sent Mr. Slocum will be gladly received and considered strictly confidential. Communications not signed will receive no attention whatever but if the friends of law and order have any complaints to make and will make them to us, either by letter or in person and sign their name, name will be withheld. A general notice will be given through the papers of Oakland county of the appointment and we trust that there will be no occasion for making arrest. It would seem to us that the class of people would be in favor of living up to the laws as laid down for the governing of state affairs, and it would seem that this is a very important one and worthy of the most careful attention.

**MIGHTY POOR PAY.**

Supervisor N. E. Springstein of Royal Oak, is afflicted with small-pox. On Jan. 12, he drew the funds from the county treasurer to reimburse the township of Royal Oak for the expenses in the care and treatment of small-pox patients. On Jan. 14, he went to Detroit to pay physicians and nurses and took small-pox as a receipt.

From the Holly Advertiser.

**GOOD IDEAS**

Are Those of W. H. S. Wood of Howell.

W. H. S. Wood of Howell, was in town Monday. In conversation with the editor he said: "It is my belief that much would be gained in Michigan legislative matters if there was a limit of any number of days for introduction of bills and then one day each week for introduction of bills throughout the session. They have one day each week for bills in Congress. Now here it often happens that it is deemed necessary to get in some important measure after the limit has expired and then there is a hunt for some bill with an adjustable title already introduced which will fit the case and often it results in a crude effect.

Again, probably many bills are introduced during the limit with no design of passage but simply to save a title. I really believe one day each week for bills would save time to the Legislature.

Again, in Congress the appropriation bills limit in detail the number of clerks in each Bureau and Department and salary allowed.

Here the salary can be anything inside a thousand dollars and there is no enactment limiting the number. It's all in the caprice of the State officer provided his monthly pay roll is allowed by the Auditor General.

A dozen extra clerks added to the pay roll possibly beyond the requirements of the work, and to appease politicians, would not be possible if the law provided the number as is done at Uncle Sam's headquarters."

**BUCKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE.**

The best salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chillsbains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by C. A. Wilson, Holly or F. Hammond Clarkston.

**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.

**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 Francisco, 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.

**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.

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.  
G. JACOBS, Vice-Pres.  
B. S. TREGGET, Cashier.  
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DIRECTORS:—J. D. Norton, G. Jacobs  
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4 PER CENT Per Annum paid upon Certificates of Deposit, if left for Three Months. The A. Savings Department has been added, with rules governing same, and real estate loans will be taken. Especial attention will be given to the funds of Estates, Minors and any other trust funds.

ESTABLISHED A. D. 1870. 1895.  
THIS YEAR OUR QUARTER CENTURY.

—THE—  
**BEEHIVE, PONTIAC.**

NO BUSINESS CONNECTION WITH ANY OTHER HOUSE IN THE STATE.

MID-WINTER ANNOUNCEMENT.

PONTIAC, Jan. 23, 1895.

To the Ladies of Oakland County:

Instructive—entertaining—profitable—useful. We furnish the

**IMPERIAL,**

A Monthly Journal for the Home, at 50 cents per annum. **IMPERIAL PINNED PATTERNS**—the newest patterns, can now be obtained through the Beehive with pinned models, thus obviating all mistakes. Orders taken at the Beehive. This is a new and very handy feature of our growing business. In this way our customers can be furnished at a very moderate cost with the very newest and latest styles. The "Imperial Mode," a monthly fashion sheet, furnished GRATIS. Apply to

**JOHN POUND, The "Beehive,"**  
Second Door South of Court House.

**DRUGS.**

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.

Open on Saturdays for sittings only.

**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 at 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.**

**Furniture Goes Down!**

I have a few more goods to dispose of before the spring trade opens, consisting of

Chamber Suits in Maple	\$12 00
Chamber Suits in Antique Oak	18 00
Odd Dressers, formerly \$10 00 and \$12 50 now	\$8 00 and 10 00
Odd Comodes, formerly \$5 and \$5.50, now	\$4 00 and 4 50
Chiffonier, formerly \$10, now	8 00
Spring Cots	\$2 00 and 3 00
Couches and Lounges at less than wholesale price	
Parlor Tables	75c to \$6 50
Parlor Cabinets	5 00

I have one of the best Springs in the market. Mattresses in all varieties and prices.

These articles must be sold to make room for my spring goods. Remember this as it will not appear again. I also handle the Victor Extension Table, the best in the land.

**JEP. LINABURY.**