

Cass City Enterprise.

VOL. X. No. 4.

CASS CITY, MICH., FRIDAY, JAN. 9, 1891.

BY BROOKER & WICKWARE.

CASS CITY BANK

C. W. McPHAIL, O. K. JAMES,
Proprietor. Cashier.

REAL ESTATE LOANS. - Old System.

Make the loan due in two, three, four or five years after date with no privilege of making payments.

New System.

Adopted by Cass City Bank.

Make the loan due on or before five years with the privilege of making small payments each year, said payments to be endorsed on note given with the mortgage and interest in the amount paid to stop. Borrower not bound to pay any specified amount before maturity of loan; but lenders bound to accept any amount, large or small, (not under \$25) which borrower may be able to raise.

I ask every intelligent farmer who has a mortgage to contend with to carefully consider the merits of these two methods. It is not necessary for me to point out why the New System is by far the better, every thinking man can see its many advantages.

We are making these New Farm Mortgages at the Cass City Bank. We will loan you one-half the cash value of your land, not considering buildings, or one-third the cash value of your land and buildings, at the lowest rates.

If you are thinking of changing your loan, or for any reason are expecting to borrow money on land, I would be pleased to see you, and if I cannot save you money I shall not expect you to deal with me.

C. W. McPHAIL,
Banker

Professional Cards.

E. L. ROBINSON,
VETERINARY SURGEON—Office at residence,
Cass City.

HENRY C. WALES,
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE. Agent for Caro
City, Mich. Money to loan on Real Estate
Also abstracting.

A. D. GILLIES,
NOTARY PUBLIC. Deeds, mortgages, etc.,
carefully executed. Office, Main street, Cass
City, Mich. Money to loan on Real Estate
Also abstracting.

DR. N. McCLINTON,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON and Acconchur.
Graduate of Vic. University 1865. Office
first door over Fritz's drug store. Speciality—
Diseases of women and nervous debility.

DR. J. H. McLEAN,
CANCERS Cured without the knife. Tame
worms removed in three hours. Piles, fistulas
and fissures cured by a new and painless
method.

INSURANCE.
Fidelity Mutual Life Association, of Phila-
delphia, issues policies to males or females,
for ten, twenty years or for life at very low
rates.
J. B. THOMPSON, State Agent. J. H. McLEAN,
Medical Examiner.

Lodges.

I. O. O. F.
Cass City Lodge, No. 201, meets every Wed-
nesday evening at 7:30. Visiting brethren cor-
dially invited.
W. B. FREDMORE, N. G.
D. McGLIVARY, Secretary.

K. O. T. M.
Cass City Tent, No. 74, meets the first Friday
evening of each month, at 7:30. Visiting Sir
Knights cordially invited.
H. C. WALES, RECORD KEEPER.
JAS. OUTWATER, COMMANDER.

Tyler Lodge.
Regular communications of TYLER LODGE,
No. 317, P. & A. M., for 1891, Jan. 24, Feb. 21,
Mar. 21, Apr. 18, May 23, June 20, June 27,
(St. John) July 18, Aug. 15, Sept. 12, Oct. 17,
Nov. 14, (election of officers) Dec. 12.
HENRY STEWART, W. M.
A. H. ALE, Secretary

CLOSING OUT!

—I will sell everything—
EXCEEDINGLY
CHEAP!
For the next Thirty Days.

All parties in debt to me
must settle either by note or cash
within the next ten days, as I
have rented my store and busi-
ness to W. J. Campbell, and will
close my books by Jan. 5th, 1891.

Large Stock of
Cutters and Sleighs!
Give me a Call.
J. H. STRIFFLER

CASS CITY MARKET'S.

RECORDED EVERY THURSDAY NOON.

Wheat, No. 1 white.....	88
Wheat, No. 2 white.....	83
do No. 2 red.....	88
do No. 3 red.....	83
Oats.....	39@40
Beans hand-picked.....	140@160
do unpicked.....	100@130
Potatoes.....	60@70
Rye.....	40@45
Barley.....	110@125
Clover seed.....	340@400
Peas per bushel.....	50@65
Buckwheat.....	30@35
Pork, live weight.....	2 75
Pork, dressed.....	3 50@4 00
Butter.....	roll 16
Eggs.....	20
Wool, unwashed.....	15 @ 23
Wool, washed.....	25 @ 33

Truancy.

Written for the ENTERPRISE.

Oh! there's music in the air,
As the school boys saunter forth;
Late he may be but he's singing,
Running, jumping, coaching, swinging,
Is one happier on earth!

At length he's at the school room stairs,
He's at the foot, but where's the master?
Now his thoughts came fast, and faster,
As he hurls a moment there.
Up he looks with anxious stare,
Starts—then halts again—a minute—
And wonders if the morning prayer
Is said, was there forgiveness in it?
Wonders if as truant he may share
That self-same grace brought in prayer.

Oh! youth is youth and ever learning,
The faults of youth do wear away,
And who among the more discerning
But see the faults of yesterday?
But see them with a sense and vision
With a knowledge and precision
Born of time. Born of to-day.

But not in nursery or in college,
Could we attain the fuller knowledge,
Nor learn to teach nor from a master,
Could we apprehend it faster.
Time was teacher, time was master,
That made the vision stronger, faster.
And time did wait and kindly stare:
Waited kindly on the truant.
On some folly still pursuing,
'Till he halted at the stairs—
Now careful to improve each minute
Wondering how the late shall fare,
Lies telling anxious for the prayer,
Wondering if there's mercy in it,
Can truant hope the grace to share?

And the teacher and the master
Who would save from fell disaster,
How two wayward erring mortals
Opens wide the shining portals
That are seen above the stairs,
Cares not to recite their sinning;
But, as children of his care
Crosses wiser ways of winning,
And the faults become more rare
When wisdom born of each to day
Becomes at length the shining way.
SOLOMAN SILENT.

Caught On The Fly.

W. J. Wallace has returned from
Battle Creek.

Jake Seely took a trip over to Elkton
last Tuesday.

Prof. Conlon visited Vassar, Saginaw
and Caro last week.

T. H. Fritz's bible class took tea at his
place New Year's night.

B. B. Raymond returned from his
Capac visit Monday noon.

Revival meetings are being held in the
German Church this week.

Miss Ormsby, of London, Ont., is the
guest of Mrs. O. K. James.

Dr. Truscott visited his daughter Mrs.
Smith, at Lakeside last week.

A. A. McKenzie and T. H. Fritz are
our rheumatic citizens this week.

Anthony Mahoney, of near Gageton,
visited in this vicinity last week.

Jas. Tennant and wife spent a happy
New Year with relatives at Oxford.

Lib. Wickware, of Cincinnati, Ohio, is
now the proud father of a baby girl.

Our schools were opened again last
Monday, after a two weeks' vacation.

Albert Brown is on the road nowadays,
taking orders for and delivering pumps.

Geo. Kane, of Dallas, Texas, is here on
a visit to relatives and old acquaintances.

Edgar Davis has returned from the far
west, after having labored there for about
a year.

Miss McLean, of Detroit, a sister of Dr.
McLean, is visiting at the home of the
latter.

Daniel Cogswell and son Clark left
Monday night for a few weeks visit in
York State.

The G. A. R. Post contemplate giving
one of their popular hard tack socials in
the near future.

Perry L. Fritz left on Monday after-
noon for the Detroit Medical College, to
resume his studies.

Mrs. O. McConnell returned last Satur-
day from Detroit, where she has been
visiting for some time.

Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Schooley invited a
number of their married friends to their
residence New Year's night.

The roller mill at Marlette was entirely
consumed by fire last week. How the
fire originated is unknown.

Mrs. J. Mankin and Miss Jane McKen-
zie made relatives at Detroit a visit last
week. They returned Saturday night.

Perry Buckley and family, of Pontiac,
are stopping at the Cass City House.
Mr. B. is a brother-in-law of Mr. Kile.

T. H. Hunt was taken quite sick last
Friday night. H. C. Wales managed
affairs in the store for him on Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Jesso Withey returned
from their wedding trip on New Year's
Day.

Mrs. McGee, of Farmington, Mich., is
here visiting her daughter Mrs. Dr.
Truscott.

Miss Salome Striffler has returned from
Flint, where she has been for the past
few months.

Mrs. Myra Metcalf returned from Det-
roit Saturday night, after having visited
there for about two weeks.

John McGee, of Detroit, was a visitor
at Dr. Truscott's last week Tuesday. He
is a brother of Mrs. Truscott.

Elliott Metcalf and John Atwell were
in Caro one day last week, being exam-
ined for an increase of pension.

Mrs. Yerkes, sister of Mrs. J. D. Cros-
by, returned to her home at Ypsilanti
last Friday morning after a few days'
visit.

Nina, youngest daughter of Mr. and
Mrs. O. A. Briggs, of Kingston, was visit-
ing her young friends in this place last
week.

Miss Jennie McIntyre returned from
Canada last Saturday night. She has
been visiting there for the past two
weeks.

Another wild-cat was killed by Henry
Ball's boy last week. This makes the
fifth one killed in this vicinity this
season.

Thos. Welsh, of Elmwood township,
has purchased one of A. B. Humes regis-
tered short horn bulls, "Third Duke of
Almer."

Mrs. Murray, of Vassar, slipped down
on the sidewalk at that place last Friday
and broke one of her limbs. She was
90 years old.

W. J. Gamble and H. C. Edwards left
on Monday for Ann Arbor where they
will again take up their studies in the
State University.

Jos. Frutchey and A. A. Hitchcock
have returned to Ypsilanti, where they
will complete a course in the Commercial
College at that place.

We notice by the Findlay Union,
published at Findlay, Ohio, that Dr. N.
L. McLachlan has been appointed sur-
geon for the C. H. & D. railroad.

A. J. Macklem and Arthur Mackley, of
Armada, Mich., were the guests of W.
Elevier and family over Sunday. The
latter is a nephew of Mr. Elevier.

Mr. Alice, of Pt. Row, Ont., is
here with a view of embarking in the
mercantile business at this place. He
is a brother-in-law of James Reagh.

A printer at Caro also tested the tem-
perature and depth of the water under
the ice in the Cass river at that place last
week. Printers were always inquisitive
fellows anyway.

W. Elevier talks to the public in a
poetical strain this week. Prudent
purchasers will positively profit by per-
using his new ad headed, "Practical Hints
Poetically Put."

Rev. Jas. McArthur has a call to accept
the position of pastor in Ont., near his
native home. The elder has not fully
desided as yet whether to accept the
position or not.

Hugh Seed Jr. resumed his duties as
teacher in the "Williamson school" north
of Gageton, on Monday last. Hugh is
having good success and is giving excel-
lent satisfaction.

Elisha Deming, a brother of Dr. and
Henry Deming of this place, is here with
his wife and contemplates moving on a
farm of the Dr.'s in Novesta. He has
heretofore resided in Dakota.

Last week Ira K. Reed and Ella Dill-
man were united in the holy bonds of
matrimony at Mr. Dillman's residence,
two miles west of Cass City. They have
the best wishes of the ENTERPRISE.

A new scheme of the Louisiana lottery
company has come to light in Vassar.
The company is now circulating alman-
acs containing information. The mat-
ter has been reported to the authorities.

The Davison County Gazette, (South
Dakota) chronicles the marriage of
Edward Thomas and Mabel Randall at
Yanktown. Miss Randall is a step-sister
of J. D. Tackley and formerly lived near
here.

W. J. Campbell & Co. will have an
auction sale of stock and implements on
the Striffler farm, one-half mile east of
Cass City, tomorrow (Saturday) at 1
o'clock p. m. J. H. Striffler is the auc-
tioneer.

The tide came in at this place New
Year's Night, and the cellar under Stev-
enson's up-town store was filled with
eighteen inches of water. Charlie was
equal to the emergency, however, and at
the risk of his life(?) succeeded in rescuing
a large number of bushels of potatoes and
a considerable quantity of other produce
from a watery grave.

The Caro Dramatic Club are getting
ready to produce "Shamrock and Rose."
Why not organize a dramatic club here?
We have as good talent here as any of
our sister villages. A few entertainments
this winter would be appreciated.

The following battled officers were
elected and installed as officers last
Wednesday night by the Cass City Lodge
No. 203, I. O. O. F.: J. C. Laing, N. G.; I.
A. Fritz, V. G.; J. D. Crosby, Treas.; D.
B. Graham, Secy.; H. S. Wickware, F.
Secy.

Wm. Jamison and Miss Ada Butler,
both of this place, were married by Rev.
Frazee at Caro on December 31st. We
understand that they will take up their
residence on a farm near North Branch.
They have the best wishes of the ENTER-
PRISE.

One of Thomas Parker's sons was acci-
dently struck on the head with an axe
yesterday morning, cutting quite a deep
gash, two inches long. His brother was
splitting wood and he stooped down to
pick up an armful, when the axe glanced
with the above result.

Chas. Striffler returned home last
Saturday noon. He took a car load of
saddle to Buffalo and went from there to
Syracuse, thence to Watertown; thence to
Morristown; thence to Brockville
where his wife has been visiting some
time, and thence to Cass City.

Mrs. Wm. H. Belles died at her home
in Oakland township last Saturday even-
ing, Dec. 28th, of broncho-pneumonia,
aged 20 years. The remains were taken
to Hammond, N. Y. for burial—that place
being the deceased's old home.—Orion
Review. Mr. Belles at one time resided
at this place.

The G. A. R. Post at Bad Axe will give
a hard tack social on the evening of the
19th, inst. The Tribune warns the citi-
zens to guard their hen roosts, as a for-
giving party of ops corporal and three
privates will be sent out and it is expect-
ed that the boys will be up to their old
tricks.

There is scarcely a day passes when we
do not see some one, often a lady, hur-
rying to get out of the way of a fast coming
team. It would be well for such drivers
to remember that under the laws of Mich-
igan and the decisions of our supreme
courts, pedestrians have the right of way
on all regular cross-walks and sidewalks
and are not obliged to run to get out of
the way.

Following is a list of advertised letters
remaining in the postoffice at Cass City:

James A. Maule, Hon. L. Leach,
John Hudson, Joseph Bonotte,
William Hodgins, A. J. Reolier,
Lako Butler, John Fletcher,
Miles R. King, Charles Tyrel,
Nathan Smith, Ellice Reed,
Alex. McMillan, L. C. Miller,
Kristaf Neuman, Miss J. Groaton,
Mrs. Harry Fisher, Miss N. Enlow,
Mrs. James Wellen.

If not called for before February 1, 1891,
will be sent to the dead letter office at
Washington, D. C.

A. W. SEED, P. M.

The mercury in the thermometer drop-
ped down to the zero mark last Friday
night. We were in the fire engine room
on the aforesaid night at about 10 o'clock
and the atmosphere in the room was
quite frigid; the stove was also "chilled
through" owing to the lack of fire there-
in. The council should, if they have not
already, make arrangements with some
person to keep a fire in the engine room
during the cold weather, as this is the
time of year when a fire is very liable to
break out, and the fire apparatus should
be kept in the best condition possible.

The citizens' debating club met last
Monday night and discussed the question
as was announced last week. T. A. Con-
lon and James McArthur were the affir-
mative speakers present, Henry Butler
and S. Jamison the negative speakers
that were in attendance. Edwin Eno,
Mrs. R. E. Gamble and Mrs. E. K. Wick-
ware were the judges selected from the
audience, two of whom gave their vote in
favor of the "yes" side. A large number
of citizens whom you would suppose
would be interested in discussions of this
kind were conspicuous by their absence.

The Detroit Journal Year Book for
1891, just issued, is indeed a gem of art.
The cover is of rich blue and gold, beau-
tiful in design, the engravings of State
institutions and public men are exquisite,
the latter including members of the su-
preme court, leading G. A. R. and other
society officers, etc. All the leading
topics are clearly and concisely treated
in alphabetical order, besides the full
1890 census and complete election and
other statistics. The book is handsomely
printed on plate paper, has 150 pages,
and no home is complete without a copy.
Every subscriber to The Detroit Journal
gets one free of charge. The price for
extra copies is 25 cts., by mail 30 cts.
Send 30 cents in two cent stamps to The
Detroit Journal, Detroit, Mich., and re-
ceive a copy of this valuable work by
return mail.

Caro Democrat:—Master Merril At-
wood was the victim of a gunning acci-
dent on Friday last, which may result in
making him a cripple for life. It seems
that Merril, who is about eight years of
age, accompanied his brother Newton,
and Harry Thompson on a hunt through
the woods near this place. While the
latter was reloading his Winchester rifle
the hammer slipped from his fingers and
the weapon was discharged. The ball
struck Merril's left leg just above the
knee plowing its way through the flesh
and sinews. He was immediately taken
to his home and the wound dressed and
at this writing is resting as comfortably
as could be expected.

H. R. Henderson and his solicitors will
be in town next week and endeavor to
establish a circulating library. Members
select their books and own them at the
end of the year; also belong to the Cit-
izens' Co-operative Library Association
of Chicago, through which they can pur-
chase books, music and stationery at
wholesale rates. He has recently estab-
lished a library at Bad Axe and this is
what the Tribune at that place says about
the scheme: "Harry Henderson has
been meeting with splendid success in
his library scheme. He now has in this
place about 75 members. This plan for
a circulating library meets the demands
of the public the best of any plan we have
ever met with and furnishes the members
a vast amount of reading at an exceed-
ingly nominal cost. Russell Watkins
will act as librarian."

We hope that our delinquent subscri-
bers in turning over a new leaf this year
turned to the page where it reads, "Re-
solved, that hereafter I will promptly
pay my subscription to the ENTERPRISE
and all arrearages that have accrued.
The reader can better understand why
we so earnestly hope that the above reso-
lution has been adopted by our delin-
quents, when we make known the fact
that about \$400 is now due us on sub-
scription. About one-half of our sub-
scribers pay their subscription in advance
or when due, (God bless them) and we
wish that the other half would follow
their example. One dollar is the actual
cost of producing fifty-two numbers of
the ENTERPRISE, and therefore it is very
necessary that our subscribers pay their
subscriptions—at least when due. We
desire to make more improvements in
the ENTERPRISE office during the year
we have just entered upon, and if our
patrons do their part we will be able
to do. This is the first time we have
"dunned" our subscribers and we assure
you that it is no pleasure on our part. If
sickness, taxes, or other good reasons
make a dollar exceedingly precious to
you at present, bring along at once some
good wood and we will allow you the
highest market price.

Marriage Licenses.

Jesse W. Withey, Cass City.....28
Nettie A. Brown, Cass City.....28
Charles Henry Schlund, Unionville.....38
Anna Lena Roser, Unionville.....19
H. A. Rosecrants, Tuscola.....32
Jessie Smith; Arbela.....20
Charles Hutehinson, Ellington.....24
Sarah Vyse, Uby.....20
Allen Felen, Gifford.....21
Ella Sylvester, Gifford.....17
C. R. Barringer, Columbia.....28
Valinda Roseley, Columbia.....16
Ira K. Reid, Elkland.....35
Ella Dillman, Elkland.....18
William Ewald, Columbia.....21
Leafy Dudenhoffer, Elmwood.....20
Benjamin Hall Jr., Mayville.....75
Jane Smith, Dayton.....72
Charles Vaughan Jr., Faargrove.....28
Mary E. Hern, Almer.....19
Frank B. Barnsford, Caro.....26
Margaret Johnstone, Caro.....20
William White, Caro.....29
Rena A. Barnett Caro.....20
Samuel Rosenberger, Akron.....31
Lucy Binagum, Canada.....25
John McPherson, Elmwood.....30
Rosa Webber, Parry Co. Mich.....23
William Jamieson, Cass City.....24
Ada Butler, Cass City.....22
George N. Pierce, Caro.....25
May McWetley, Caro.....19

A Challenge.

I hereby challenge any democrat in the
township of Elkland, Tuscola county,
Mich., to meet me in public debate and
discuss affirmative side of the following
question: "Resolved, That the prin-
ciples of the democratic party platform
are better for the American people than
the principles of the industrial independ-
ent party, as held by both parties in
the last campaign." B. P. DEMING.

With his thumb, a boy is said to have
saved the Netherlands from inundation.
Many people have been saved from the
invasion of disease by a bottle of Ayer's
Sarsaparilla. This medicine imparts
tone to the system and strengthens every
organ and fibre of the body.

Veni, Vidi, Vici! This is true of Hall's
Hair Renewer, for it is the great con-
queror of gray or faded hair, making it
look the same even color of youth.

School Notes.
Handed in by Principal Conlon.

School opened Monday with the largest
attendance that we have ever had.

The arithmetic class in the high school
numbers thirty-six.

Five pupils more and our enrollment
will be three hundred.

It is evident that we must have more
room for our school children before very
long. The daily attendance in the pri-
mary room last term was between eighty-
five and ninety, and more names have
been added to the roll this term.

New pupils in each department this
term.

The school lyceum was organized
Wednesday night with the following
persons as officers:

Pres.—Nelson McClintock.
Vice-Pres.—Eva Wickware,
Sec.—Belle McKenzie.
Treas.—Belle Muirroe.

The seniors are to have charge of the
lyceum and are to be assisted by the
juniors. The first meeting will be held
next Friday night. Program commences
at 8 o'clock, local time. A cordial in-
vitation is extended to all.

School Report.

Report of Cumber school, district No.
3, Austin township, for first three
months of term:

No. days taught.....	20	20	3rd
No. pupils registered.....	52	77	82
Aggregate days attendance.....	700	852	905
Average daily.....	35	43	54
No. perfect in.....	5	4	13
No. " " punctuality.....	15	19	27
" " deportment.....	18	25	23
" of visitors.....	3	5	7

The following pupils were present each
day: 1st month—Emery Meredith,
Jennie and Willie Mulloy, Amanda John-
son and Grace Brown. 2nd month—
George and Amanda Johnson, Grace
Brown and Christie Gray. 3rd month—
Lizzie and Emery Meredith, Christ-
ine Gray, Alex. Bradshaw, George and
Amanda Johnson, Grace Brown, Nina
McClulloch, George W. Robinson, Lizzie
McMahon, Christie McColl, John Mulloy
and Lizzie McClulloch. Parents are
earnestly requested to send children
regular and promptly; also to visit the
school and assist in having lessons pre-
pared at home.

A. C. GRAHAM, Teacher.

STATE NEWS.

A Decatur farmer saved 40 big walnut
trees from the ax and now has refused
\$4,000 for them, standing.

R. G. Lyon has been elected president
of a Vassar boom organization. It is
to be another bonus town.

A Port Huron boy gets the severe pun-
ishment of 10 days in jail for shying a
snow ball through a residential window
glass.

A lot of unpaid laborers and other
creditors at Flint are anxious to know
where Charles E. Mark, laundryman, is.
He moved from town when it was dark.

Chas. H. Hopkins, who made the
Oscoda Times one of the brightest papers
in northern Michigan, has sold the plant
to N. P. Keyes and J. F. McGilvary.

The territory tributary to Saginaw
raises annually 3,000,000 bushels of
wheat and 5,000,000 of corn and yet
the consolidated has no grain elevator.

Gideon Brown went to prison from
Tecumseh for killing his wife, on a life
sentence. He has now become a model
convict, and his friends are working for
pardon.

"Well, landlord, let's have your cellar
key, and here's 10 cents for its use."
That's what the men say in South
Haven, and South Haven is a local
option county.

A lot of burglars entered Bergerman's
grocery at Bay City at noon Monday
and secured \$80 from the cash drawer.
The men then drove to Saginaw, with
the officers hot after them.

A Pontiac hunter shot a \$150 Gordon
setter instead of the rabbit. Like Homer,
the dog enhanced in value after death
and now a suit for 500 is talked.

Bad Axe Tribune:—Complaint was
lodged against Mrs. Saline Demonsier,
of Caseville, this week, charging her with
the murder of an illegitimate child, which
was born early Christmas morning. It
seems from what can be learned and
from statements made by her, that the
child was born alive, and that the
mother, being alone, wrapped it in a
blanket and laid it in the bed. Mrs.
Demonsier states that she then fell
asleep or became unconscious and on
waking found that the child had died,
probably from suffocation. She then,
to conceal the matter, buried it in the
cellar. A statute covers this case, and
the woman will probably be arrested
under that statute, for concealing the
death of what, it had lived, would have
been an illegitimate child. The inquest
over the remains of the child was held
yesterday, the result of which we have
not yet learned. Mrs. Demonsier is
a widow and supports four children.

More State News on last Page.

MY NEIGHBOR JIM.

Everything pleased my neighbor Jim;
When it rained,
He never complained,
But said we weather suited him.
"There's never too much rain for me,
And this is something like," said he.
When earth was dry as a powder mill
He did not sigh,
Because it was dry,
But said if he could have his will
It would be his chief, supreme delight
To live where the sun shone day and night.
When winter came, with its snow and ice,
He did not cold,
Because it was cold,
But said: "Now this is real nice;
If ever from home I'm forced to go,
I'll move up north with the Esquimaux."
A cyclone whirled along his track
And did him harm—
It broke his arm
And stripped the coat from off his back;
And I would give another limb
To see such a blow again," said Jim.
And when at length his years were told,
And his body bent,
And his strength all spent,
And Jim was very weak and old,
"I long have waited to know," he said,
"How it feels to die," and Jim was dead.
The angel of death had summoned him
To heaven or—well,
I cannot tell;
But I know that the climate suited Jim,
And cold or hot, it mattered not—
It was to him the long-sought spot.

A TEAMSTER'S STORY.

On a ranch near San Antonio lives Thomas Cullen, a veteran of the Texas revolution. He is indeed the veteran of three wars, having fought under Hotston at San Jacinto, Taylor at Buena Vista, and Albert Sidney Johnston at Shiloh.

It is the old man's greatest delight to recall the memories of his adventurous past, and he will spin yarns of the olden time by the hour to any one who will do him the grace to listen. Among the rest he tells a tale of the early days of Corpus Christi.

"I was a teamster them days," he says, "and hauled goods for Col. H. L. Kinney. There warn't no blamed railroads runnin' all over the country then, and a man that owned a good wagon and team was sure of a livin'. Lord! I mind well how Texas looked them days! The peraries stretchin' out on every side as far as the eye could reach, just covered with wild flowers of all kinds and color, and dotted all over with cattle, and maybe a long train of white-topped wagons movin' along the road. Some folks think it looks a sight prittier now, all fenced in and planted, but I ain't one of 'em."

There warn't no way of carryin' goods then, except haulin', and every settlement of the coast had to depend on teams for everything in the way of dry goods and groceries. And, I can tell you, when the teamsters held the road everybody, stage drivers and all, had to turn out and give 'em room.

"Well, as I was sayin', I teamed for Col. Kinney, who was the first man that settled Corpus Christi and held the place in spite of Injuns and Mexicans till a sort of a town grew up around him. He had a lot of wagons haulin' goods all through the country, and I tell you for a fact, most of the goods we hauled was smuggled across the Rio Grande. Lord! how them greasers did cheat their government, to be sure! Fine face mantillys, Mexican blankets, saddles and bridles, all shiny with silver work, besides great droves of cattle and mustangs, all slipped over the river right under the noses of the comisiones who, for the most part, was said not to keep their eyes skinned too clean. Then they'd take back goods for our side, and not a cent of duty paid either way.

"Kinney's Ranch, as Corpus was called in them days, was the headquarters of this trade, and what with teams haulin' goods from the river and teams startin' off with goods through the country, crowds of pressers and gringos laughin', talkin', drinkin', and shootin',—them was lively times, I tell you, at Kinney's ranch.

"Specially when the teams got back from a trip with the goods all safely delivered and the teamster got paid off. Dollars was plentiful then, and the way we made them spin was a caution. Gamblin' was the favorite way of chuckin' 'em about. The greasers played monte, of course, but the games with the gringos was draw-poker and seven-up.

"I wasn't 20 years old then, a slim young slip of a feller, with nary a sign of this here hiar brush of a beard, and a skin as air and smooth as a girl's. But I soon got tanned inside and out. I'd have been done brown enough to eat and been eat up alive if it hadn't been for some fellers from the states that took a fancy to me and sorter stood 'twixt me and harm. They were older'n me and knew the ropes a sight better'n I did.

"Well, as I was sayin', when we warn't teamin' we were gamblin' most of the time, and rough as the crowd was I will say for 'em that in general they played on the square. Fact is, I've noticed when guns are pulled on such short notice folks generally mind their eye and are mighty cautious how they step. Anyhow, them that lost, lost by wazt of luck or skill, not by cheatin'; and we'd rather, any of us, been stood up agin a tree and riddled with bullets than caught in any tricks.

"One night I was havin' a tremendous run of luck and the other fel-

lers were lookin' sorter blue, but they took it quietly, bein' used to ups and downs of that sort. Just as I was doin' my level best there walked up to our campfire a big six-foot feller from Arkansas. He warn't a teamster, but belonged to a company Col. Kinney kept on guard at the ranch. He was a quarrelsome, bullyin' sorter feller and none of us liked him much. To-night he was chockful of whisky and just spillin' for a fight.

"He sat down close by and begun to brag. He could do this and he could do that. He could back the buckin'est broncho on the ranch; he could hit the eagle's head on a dollar with a bullet at twenty paces; he could carve live meat better'n any butcher in Texas; he could bluff any man alive at draw-poker; he could plank down \$2 to any other man's \$1.

"Nobody paid any 'tention to him, and seeing he couldn't stir up the crowd he jumped on me, partly, I suppose, because I was young and green and he thought I was safe game, partly because it riled him to see me rakin' in the dollars so fast.

"He swaggered up, put down his dollars, and began bettin' high. He lost agin and agin, which didn't sweeten his temper a bit. All of a sudden he brought his big foot down on the ground with a thump that made me jump.

"I'll be— if I stand this any longer. That young buck ain't won his money fair, and I ain't goin' to pay nary nother continental red. Look ye here, young feller, just hand me back that money you've cheated me out of or it'll be bad for your health."

"At the last ward his pistol was out, but quick as he was, the men round about was quicker. Before his gun was well pulled a dozen cowed he looked. They'd got the drop on him and no mistake.

"A dozen agin one ain't fair play," he muttered, thrusting the pistol back.

"We'll see fair play, don't you be skeered of that, my buck," says a chap named Alston, from Alabama. "We'll see it all fair and square, but the man who tries to bluff this crowd had better get measured for his coffin first and make a contract with a grave-digger, 'cause we don't want the trouble and expens of burying him. Now, Tommy," dropping his hand on my shoulder, "what'll you do to give the gentleman satisfaction?"

"By this time I was as mad as a hatter and as reckless as the biggest daredevil there.

"I'll play him either at draw poker or old sledge and you'll see fair play."

"Done!" cried the bully. "Here's my dollars ready."

"Stop a minute, my friend, if you please," says I, as cool as a cucumber and as polite as a French dancing master. "I don't want your dollars. I've dollars enough of my own. You say I've cheated you. If I have I deserve killin'. If you've lied on me you deserve the same. To settle the matter I'll play you the best game in three for the first shot. If I win I shall have the pleasure of blowing out your brains, and if I lose you may do the same to me."

"The men round about shouted.

"That's your sort, Tommy. That'll settle it one way or t'other, and we'll see fair play, d-d if we don't!"

"Our Arkansas friend didn't seem to fancy the notion much, but after all his bluster he couldn't refuse just for shame.

"I'll play you at seven-up," he grunted out.

"We took our places opposite one another and set to work. The crowd closed around us, and Alston, my Alabama friend, stood at my back.

"While the three games lasted I don't believe he once took his eyes off the man from Arkansas. I don't believe he even so much as winked.

"Well to cut a long story short, I won the first game, the bully won the second, and then we set to on the third, final, and fatal game. There warn't a word spoken 'mongst the crowd, and, 'cordin' to the old sayin', 'twas so still you could have heard a pin drop. You see a man's life was at stake, and though human life wasn't thought much of in them diggin's, the whole proceedin' was so queer that the boys was sorter struck of a heap, and watched us 'thout hardly drawin' a long breath.

"The first hand I held high and low, t'other feller turned the jack and made game. So far we were even. I begged in the next hand, and the feller, havin' a pretty good show, and thinkin', I suppose, from me beggin' that I hadn't a trump, gave me one rather than run the cards. He played ace for high, and tray for low, but I happened to hold the deuce and cut under him. I had gift and low, he scored high and game; the jack warn't out and were even yet.

"I dealt the last hand and I'm proud to remember now that my fingers didn't tremble any more'n the bluff Kinney's ranch was built on. I won't say but a thought of home and mother went through me sharp as the bully's knife could have done, but I'd have been shot, not once but twenty times, before I'd have shown a glimpse of the white feather then.

"He took up his hand, I can't for my life tell you why but I never touched mine. I just set still and stared at the other man. He looked sorter glum, hesitated a minute, then begged.

"I felt desperate and determined to end it one way or the other. It seemed to me 'twouldn't make no sorter difference what our cards was, I felt like something, I can't say

what, had taken the matter clean out of our hands and was going to settle it for us.

"I'll give you one," I said quietly. "What! without looking at your cards?"

"Yes, without seeing my cards?" "He tried his best to keep his face straight and look solemn, but his mouth would grin and his little pig eyes twinkled.

"With a boastful flourish he led out the king of trumps. Then, at last, I took up my hand. Ace, deuce, jack and queen stared me in the face. Never in my life, before nor since, did I hold such a hand at cards!

"I took his king with my ace and led back the queen, on which he played the trey.

"I recon that's low, anyhow," said he, but he didn't look quite so pleasantly as before.

"I recon not," said I, and coolly showed him the deuce.

"His jaw dropped and his eyes looked like they would pop out of his head. In a minute more I led out the jack and his ten-spot tumbled to it. Then the man shouted 'High, low, jack, and the game, by—!'"

"Before the shout half died away a pistol shot went off with a sharp crack right over head, and the Arkansas bully jumped three feet in the air and fell dead with his drawn revolver in his hand.

"You'd a sharp squeak for your life that time, Tommy," said Alston, returning his smoking gun to his belt. "If I'd been a second later you'd have been lying where he is. The mean cuss! He's gone where he may cheat the devil if he can, but he won't play no more tricks in Texas. We play on the square here. Reckon he knows it by now."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Dear at the Price.

A change of mind has often occurred after the marriage banns have been published. A clergyman tells recently of a man having put in the banns, and after they had been twice published asked if he might substitute the name of another girl for the first one entered, adding by the way of explanation: "I think she will suit me better in the long run."

On being told that the change could not be effected unless the first banns were withdrawn, others substituted, and fees paid a second time. Also that the full interval, including three Sundays, must elapse before the marriage could be celebrated, the man hesitated. "Do you mean to say that I should have to begin all over again?" he asked. "Certainly," was the reply, "the banns must be published three times in the names of the persons who are actually to be married." "And must I pay it all over again if I have the other girl?" "Yes," said the clergyman. "Well, I call that too bad."

The candidate for matrimony remained for some moments in a brown study, then broke out with: "Then I shall stick to the first girl. I'm not going to pay twice over for any body." He was married during the following week in accordance with this decision, evidently considering the proposed substitution would be too dear at the price of double fees. This did not say much for No. 2, as the would-be bridegrooms are usually of all people most inclined to be liberal.—Ladies' Treasury.

Matrimonial Reminiscences.

When Mr. Duds had reached the age of seventy and had for a year been without a wife, albeit he had in his time lived to bury three of them, he concluded to espouse Mrs. Temple, a well preserved matron of sixty-five, who had for a second time been widowed at about the same epoch which ushered him again into widowhood. About a week after the wedding the newly wed pair were sitting together, and the grandson of the bridegroom over heard them discuss the funeral of a common acquaintance who had lately departed this life.

"He looked younger in his coffin, I thought," the bride observed, "than he did the last time I saw him."

"Yes," Mr. Duds replied, "I thought he did. It is strange," he went on to add reflectively, "how different some people look after they are in their coffins. Now the first Mrs. Duds—Martha, you know—she looked thirty years younger in the cask. I could hardly believe my eyes."

"Yes," the newly made Mrs. Duds assented. "And that was just the way it was with my last husband. Mr. Smith that I married first didn't look any younger after he was dead than when he was alive, but Mr. Temple, he looked just as young as he'd lived when we were married, and we'd lived together for almost twenty years, too."

And with such cheerful discourse did they beguile the cheerful hours of the honeymoon.

Loved His Future Queen.

The recent death of Lord Ellenborough recalls the romance of his youth. Long ago he was a not disagreeable suitor for the hand of Queen, then Princess Victoria. The wisecracks who ran the government frowned on the young lord's wooing, and he was given an army commission and packed off to India. He achieved distinction in war, and his love affair was made the subject of a popular ballad beginning as follows:

I'll hang my harp on a willow tree,
I'll off to the wars again;
A peaceful home has no charms for me,
The battlefield no pain;
The lady I love will soon be a bride,
With a diadem on her brow,
Oh, why did she flatter my boyish pride,
She's going to leave me now.

THE CAMP FIRE.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED MATTER FOR OLD SOLDIERS.

A Gallant Charge—What Smokeless Powder Will Do—An American Torpedo Boat—Etc., Etc.

A Gallant Charge.

The following is an account of a charge made in the Shenandoah Valley by 50 men belonging to the 22d Pa. Cav., under the command of Jas. P. Hart, Gen. Duffey, commanding our forces, started the valley about July 20, 1864. On the 23d he encountered the enemy's skirmish line at or near Kernstown. Our lines were drawn up in the old orchard on the left of the pike and came to a halt, when the keen eyes of Duffey discovered a battery of four guns on a knoll with a stone fence in front, and the battery apparently without any support. So he ordered Capt. Hart—better known among his old comrades as "Biddy"—to take 50 carabineers and take that battery. The captain rode along the line and gave the command: "Count off by four, and every fourth man ride to the front!"

I happened to be "No. 4." Not one of the comrades knew what we were expected to do. The captain ordered us forward, and we marched out to the pike and halted. Then the captain rode along the line and told us we were to take that battery. He said that it would be hot as hell, and if any comrade didn't want to go he should ride to the front. Not one advanced. The captain told us that the signal would be fired about a mile to the rear on the pike, and at the sound we were to charge down the pike and bring the battery in.

We waited patiently for the signal. At last it came, and away we went at that battery; but we did not bring it in, for a storm of musketry met us that was not expected. It came from a brigade of infantry lying behind a stone fence, which opened on us when we were within 100 yards of the battery, and compelled us to retreat.

The captain, myself and one of the company, John Regester, were near together until we reached a strip of woods, where a shell struck the horse of Comrade Regester, killed the horse and cut the comrade's leg off, from the effects of which he died. Looking back, I saw a regiment of cavalry in pursuit. Coming along to a ditch in which a comrade's horse had slipped and fallen, Captain Hart spurred his mare and cleared the fallen horse. Then came my turn. I plunged in the spurs, and my horse made the leap, but the fallen horse arose, catching my horse on the knees, throwing him, I think, twenty feet, and me over his head. When I got up there were seven cavalry men around, and I was looking down seven revolver barrels, and seven fellows were saying: "Halt, you old soldier understands the meaning of that term. I halted. For a few days the rebels marched us up and down the valley, and then to Winchester, where we were put in jail, but as it was not large enough we were removed to the outskirts of the town and placed in a swamp. On the night of July 28 I made my escape with a comrade of the 53d Ohio by the name of Proctor. If this meets the eyes of Comrade Proctor, I would like to hear from him. We made our way across the mountains over 100 miles to Cumberland, Md., meeting with many rebel citizens and hiding from rebel soldiers.—J. B. Shalzenberger, 22d Pa. Cav.

What Smokeless Powder Will Do.

The smokeless powder renders more important the role of the artillery in the future. That of the cavalry will, for the same reasons, be more conspicuous, for though this arm can not operate at hazard, for fear of being annihilated, it can by watching its chances, render its charges more effective. What a spectacle a field of battle will present in the future. Every part of it, barring those marked by woods or inequalities of the ground, will be visible like the stage of a theatre to the spectators or to the generals commanding. Each commander will be able to move his forces like the men upon a chess-board. The thunder of artillery and the rattle of musketry will be greatly diminished in volume. If the day is not decided by the artillery, and the infantry comes to close quarters, the slaughter will be such as is almost impossible to conceive, even to those who have seen many bloody battle fields. The mowing down will be no longer figurative, but horribly literal. Of regiments placed face to face one will quickly disappear, killed to a man, possibly both, to be replaced by others destined to the same fate. Charges against breastworks will be hopeless. The retreat of a shattered brigade will not help it for those whom the musketry has spared will be overtaken and annihilated by the artillery. Battles, and perhaps the fate of nations, will be quickly decided unless the generals of both sides pursue a Fabian policy, and fearing the destruction of a hand-to-hand combat, try to accomplish their purpose by maneuvering for the best positions and artillery duels at long range. Altogether the prospect is not cheerful. The only hope of the advocates of peace rests on the spark of humanity remaining in the breasts of leading statesmen and warriors, which even now makes them hesitate to trust their countries to the arbitrament of arms on account of the slaughter that is sure to follow and which, it is hoped, may lead to a general disarmament.

Where Gen. Grant Died.

While at Mount McGregor I visited the Grant cottage. It is in the same condition now as it was when Grant died. The same furniture stands in the same places, and the tallow candle half burned down to the socket stands on the table, besides the two great armchairs in which he breathed away his last hours. Pieces of his last writing, consisting of slips from his pad, are shown, and there is a tall, fine-looking soldier in uniform who sleeps in the cottage and takes care of the relics. There are, on the average, about 24,000 visitors a year, and many pathetic incidents occur. Nearly every one that comes wants to take away some memento of the place, and many pick up the gravel of the walk around the house, supposing they are carrying off stones trodden by the foot of Grant.

The truth is that this gravel has to be renewed every month on account of these relic hunters, and the stones they carry away have never seen Grant. Mr. Arkell, who owns the mountain, tells me he was offered \$35,000 for the cottage, and that the men who offered this were western men, who said they wanted to cut up the cottage and sell it for relics. The probability is that they would have taken it to pieces, have carried it off to Chicago and shown it there at the exposition, in the same way that other relics are to be shown.—Cor.

More Money for Soldiers and Sailors.

Second Auditor Patterson has reported to the Secretary of the Treasury that during the last fiscal year his office examined and settled 37,581 accounts involving the sum of \$31,553,615. He estimates that the next fiscal year will be required during the next fiscal year for the payment of soldiers' and sailors' claims for arrears on pay and bounty due for services in the late war, being \$320,000 more than was estimated for in December last.

Stories of Lincoln.

"Uncle Billy" Green is one of the most interesting of the historical characters of Illinois. He was born in

Tennessee in 1812, in what was then Overton county. He came to Illinois in 1820 with his parents, who settled near old Salem. He met Abraham Lincoln soon after that awkward young man landed from the flatboat which floated down the Sangamon to Salem on the high water following the "deep snow" of 1831. He was intimately associated with Lincoln ever afterward. He says of him: "I thought the first time I ever met Abe Lincoln that he was the greatest man living, and I am thankful I lived long enough to know I was right."

He was Lincoln's partner in the grocery at Salem, and at night, when customers were few, he held the grammar while Lincoln recited his lessons. To his sympathetic ear Lincoln told the story of his love for sweet Ann Rutledge. He saw the happy pair strolling through the woods about old Salem, or boating on the river, or lingering long over the bucket of water which Lincoln drew from the well for Ann. He offered what comfort he could to his friend when poor Ann died, and Lincoln's great heart nearly broke.

"After Ann died," says Uncle Billy, "on stormy nights, when the wind blew the rain against the roof, Abe would set thar in the grocery, his elbows on his knees, his face in his hands, an' tears runnin' through his fingers. I hated to see him feel so bad, an' I'd say: 'Abe, don't cry; an' he'd look up an' say: 'I can't help it, Bill; the rain's a fallin' on her.'"

Green saw his friend rise in greatness and favor with the people until he was elected President of the Nation. At Lincoln's first inaugural banquet Green sat at the table on the President's left, with the dignified Secretary Seward on his right. Lincoln presented the two men to each other, saying, "Secretary Seward, this is Mr. Green of Illinois." Seward bowed stiffly, when Lincoln exclaimed: "Oh, get up, Seward, and shake hands with Green. He's the man who taught me my grammar."

The Cushing.

European countries have built large numbers of these boats. Italy has now about 200; England, 175; France, 150; Russia, 130; Germany, 100; and Spain, 20. On this side of the Atlantic the Argentine Republic has 18; Brazil, 15; and Chili, 10.

Of course you wish to know how many our own nation has. Well, we have one. It was recently launched, and if you read the papers you will no doubt see accounts of its trials for speed. It is a big one—a "deep-sea" boat—very much like the Italian Nibbio in appearance, but not in any way designed after that boat. It was built by the Messrs. Herreshoff at Bristol, R. I. This firm has built some very fast launches and yachts, and can no doubt prove equal to the best foreign builders in constructing torpedo boats should others be demanded.

Our torpedo boat is named the Cushing, after a famous naval officer who during the rebellion sank a confederate ironclad with a torpedo rigged out on a spar projecting from a steam launch. Torpedo boats are not always named. It is the custom of foreign countries to give names only to their "deep-sea" torpedo boats. The smaller ones are simply numbered.

I know you are wondering why we have only one torpedo boat and would like to ask me if we don't need more. Perhaps we do. The United States has a longer sea-coast and more important seaports than any other country; but the United States is deliberate and thoughtful.

The present secretary of the navy has asked congress to appropriate money for five torpedo boats in addition to the Cushing, and no doubt successful trials of these will bring about the immediate building of many more.—John M. Ellicott, U. S. N., in St. Nicholas.

Where Gen. Grant Died.

While at Mount McGregor I visited the Grant cottage. It is in the same condition now as it was when Grant died. The same furniture stands in the same places, and the tallow candle half burned down to the socket stands on the table, besides the two great armchairs in which he breathed away his last hours. Pieces of his last writing, consisting of slips from his pad, are shown, and there is a tall, fine-looking soldier in uniform who sleeps in the cottage and takes care of the relics. There are, on the average, about 24,000 visitors a year, and many pathetic incidents occur. Nearly every one that comes wants to take away some memento of the place, and many pick up the gravel of the walk around the house, supposing they are carrying off stones trodden by the foot of Grant.

The truth is that this gravel has to be renewed every month on account of these relic hunters, and the stones they carry away have never seen Grant. Mr. Arkell, who owns the mountain, tells me he was offered \$35,000 for the cottage, and that the men who offered this were western men, who said they wanted to cut up the cottage and sell it for relics. The probability is that they would have taken it to pieces, have carried it off to Chicago and shown it there at the exposition, in the same way that other relics are to be shown.—Cor.

More Money for Soldiers and Sailors.

Second Auditor Patterson has reported to the Secretary of the Treasury that during the last fiscal year his office examined and settled 37,581 accounts involving the sum of \$31,553,615. He estimates that the next fiscal year will be required during the next fiscal year for the payment of soldiers' and sailors' claims for arrears on pay and bounty due for services in the late war, being \$320,000 more than was estimated for in December last.

Stories of Lincoln.

"Uncle Billy" Green is one of the most interesting of the historical characters of Illinois. He was born in

FARMERS COME HIGH.

How the Railroad Attorney Settled With Widow Boffin.

It was a clean case of negligence on the part of the engineer. He should have whistled at the crossing and slowed up. He did neither. Farmer Boffin driving into market with a load of hay was half way across the tracks when the express struck the wagon. For suddenness it beat electrocution all fow. Farmer Boffin and the two horses never knew what struck them, and their remains were collected with difficulty.

These facts were laid before Julius Burnett, solicitor to the railroad, and he said in his pleasant way: "Farmer Boffin will cost about \$5,000 more than he was worth if the case goes to court. We must settle with the widow at once."

So Mr. Burnett adjusted his clerical white tie—a bit of dress he was most particular about in his negotiations with widows—and took the first train for Moon's Rest. It was a hot and dusty walk to the Boffin farm, but when he clasped Mrs. Boffin's hand and murmured a few words of apologetic sympathy the attorney was the cooler of the two. Then he began: "The Atlantic & Northwestern Railroad Company have sent me, madam, to offer their deepest sympathy. No accident that has ever happened on our line has been so deeply regretted. I assure you, madam, an—"

"Them horses was with a plum \$200," broke in the widow, rubbing her eyes with the corner of her apron. "Joshua wouldn't take less, he tol' Zeph Hanks las' April."

"As I was saying, madam," continued Mr. Burnett, "our company is deeply grieved—Mr. Boffin was a—"

"An' the wagon's kiddin' wood," interrupted Mrs. Boffin's retort.

"That's precisely what I came to see you about," said the attorney changing his course to catch the wind. "In an hour like this, when the heart is bowed down, a little ready money is often very desirable, and I see you are a woman who believes in doing business in a business-like manner. Now those horses Mrs. Boffin, I feel sure our company would like to replace them. It can be done for \$150, can't it? Say, one fifty?"

"Two hundred dollars won't buy them horses' equals," said Mrs. Boffin decidedly.

"Then we will pay \$200 for the horses," cheerfully assented the lawyer. "Now for the wagon—we are prepared to be liberal, Mrs. Boffin; we know what it is to lose a wagon in this heart-rending way—shall we say \$25 for the wagon?"

Mrs. Boffin nodded her head and murmured, "It's nothin' but kindlin' wood," adding sharply: "You've gotten the hay and the harness—they ain't no good to me now—an' that harness war nearly new."

"Certainly, Mrs. Boffin," the lawyer said. "I was coming to that—\$15 ought to cover that—you regard that as satisfactory, of course. Let's see—\$225 and \$15 is \$240. And now, madam, as to that excellent husband of yours it is my melancholy duty," here he paused, and Mrs. Boffin took up the parable with: "Joshua was a powerful worker—nigh on twenty year he ran this farm—and hired men's sc' wuthless."

"Precisely, Mrs. Boffin. Let's say \$14 for Mr. Boffin, and I'll draw you a check eight now for \$250."

And a check of that size went into Mrs. Boffin's bank account that very day.

Electricity and Injuns.

Away up in the North one time I was sitting on the veranda of an Indian agent's house talking with the agent himself, when I suddenly caught sight of a dusky face peeping slyly out of the store-room window, says a writer in the Brooklyn Eagle. I was going to give the alarm, but the agent made me a sign to keep quiet, and I subsided and watched. By wriggling along the ground like a snake an Indian had passed in front of us, concealed by the veranda platform, and had gained the side of the house, got in a window and was now engaged in stalking a demijohn of fine old whiskey which stood in plain sight only a few feet away from us. He proposed to get that demijohn and gulp down a quart of the fire water the moment our heads were turned.

Meanwhile he was lying low, with his eye on us. The agent called my attention to the boat on the river. I looked at it. As I did there rose from the store-room a volley of sharp yells. Turning my head once more I saw the noble savage dancing frantically about with the demijohn in his hands. His contortions were a caution to Carmenita and the natch girls, and his vociferations would have thrilled an Italian prima donna with envy. Looking at the agent I saw him engaged in turning the crank of an electrical machine.

When the entertainment had lasted long enough he desisted, and the Indian shot out of the store-room window and fled across the prairie. Just a puff of brown dust passing out of sight like a shooting star. That was all we saw of him. Evidently he had received a surprise for once in his life, and was not so reserved as usual in letting the fact appear.

Compliment to His Dog.

A very delicate compliment was lately bestowed by a dog-lover upon the intelligence of his Skye terrier. The owner of the dog was sitting in his fice, apparently alone, when an acquaintance entered. "Glad to find you alone," said the visitor, "because I have a confidential communication to make to you, which no one else must hear." Hold on a minute," said the other, checking him; and then he called out: "Here, Spot!" A small terrier crawled out from under the table, wagging his tail. "Go out, Spot," said his master. The dog went out. "Now then," said the owner, "you may go out with your confidential communication. We are alone."

Old Battersea bridge, the solitary surviving pile bridge on the lower Thames, is to be pulled down.

THE MERRY CHRISTMAS TIME.

BY IONE L. JONES.



ING the bells, ring the bells, Christmas is here! Dear, blessed Christmas, best time of the year; Day of the children, day of good cheer, Here's to the world a greeting; Banish grim sorrow, bid merriment reign, Let not rare laughter be echoed in vain, Short, idle and lasses, again and again; Christmas joys are fleeting.

Fair are the parlors with mistletoe dressed, Sweet are the kisses on ruby lips pressed, Young hearts beat warmly at true love's behest, And heed not the words of the scorneer, Smoother the wrinkles on Grandfather's brow, Mother is smiling, pray look at her now; Hidden the mile-stones to which mortals bow, While the old clock ticks in the corner.

And the little one there, with his mother so poor, God walked beside when they entered your door, His blessings upon you—and would there were more, Who heeded its loving warning; What greater blessing can a mortal desire, As he sits in the glow of his Christmas fire, Than sweet notes of joy from poverty's lyre, And smiles on the face of mourning.

CHRISTMASIDE.

The Rest and Joyousness It Brings of Incalculable Benefit to Mankind.

The intensity of modern life and the deepening of consciousness through intelligence breed sadness. We think too much and work too hard to have time for enjoyment, and if we suddenly discover that we have need of it, we take it in inordinate quantities, rather than in simple and natural ways; we go out and buy pleasure at so much the hour instead of somehow contriving to live a fruitful life. Close observers of modern society, like Walter Besant, have discovered that a main lack in the lives of the poor is that of cheer, and he argues that philanthropic plans should embrace measures for daily brightening the lives of the people by some simple experience of a pleasurable sort. It would be a sadder fact if the number of those who live through a day without a laugh or even a smile could be ascertained—a strange miscarriage of Nature, since man is the only being within her dominion who is capable of that action.

Christmas has rendered the world this good service, that now for many years it has called men to sympathetic cheerfulness. It comes, indeed, but once a year, but for some days the cloud on the brow of humanity lifts a little and the wail dies out of his voice. At times it has been too obstreperous in its mirth and called for Puritanic check, but for most it has been true to its origin and stirred the human heart to sympathetic gladness and hope.

We shall soon hear the growls of the pessimistic critic over the wastefulness of Christmas mirth. Heed not him; he does not know that the key-note of this universe is joy, and that Christmas laughter is only a stray echo of an eternal hymn, and nearly the only one that has reached us, and that it is worthy of being caught if we would ever hear the whole. Therefore, fathers, give gifts to your children, even if you have to lessen the daily portion, remembering the wisdom of Mahomet, who said that if "he had two loaves of bread he would sell one and buy hyacinths, so they would feed his soul." And, ye children, stir up your fathers to mirth Christmas comes but once a year, and the years left to them may not be many.

Merry Christmas for All Nations.



Santa Claus' trip from the north pole to the children of the world.

"Christmas."

The word "Christmas" is not found in the English language until after the time of the Conqueror, and in 1091 was spoken of as "Christes Maesse," showing Catholic origin and Christ's mass. Up to that time it was "Yule," a word derived from the turning of the sun.

The ancient festival of "Yule," by the gothic nations of Europe was celebrated at the winter solstice, and became blended with that of Christmas on their conversion to Christianity. Even the roast beef and plum-pudding of old England is said by some to be remnants of old pagan days.

CHRISTMAS.

Christ, the Lord, is born to-day! Hang the house with holly gay, Ring the tuneful bell In the churches, vast and dim, Solely for the love of him, The Te Deum swell! Meet the poor with open hands; Ask that Christ's divine commands Sweetly in thee dwell!

THE HOLLY.

The Plant Is Called Christmas by the English.

By the common people of England, holly is called Christmas from its use for so long a period of time at that holiday. Poor indeed must be the family in London that cannot afford to get a sprig for the window.

In an old ballad of the cries of London of 1722 occurs:

"Holly and ivy or mistletoe; Do you want any greens your houses to strow?"

The holly was supposed in ancient times to have mystic virtues as a dream-plant at Christmas. In the northern counties the anxious maiden pinned three leaves over her heart on her night-dress, which, under certain conditions, would reveal to her her future husband.

Mr. Conway says: "It was to the ancient races of the North a sign of the life which preserved nature through the desolation of winter, and was gathered into pagan temples to comfort the sylvan spirits during the general death." And also adds: "It is a singular fact that it is used by the wildest Indians of the Pacific coast in their ceremonies of purification."

Old Culpepper says of "holly, holm, or hulver-bush" (all old English names of the holly): "The tree is saturating, for to describe a tree so well known is needless. Pliny saith the branches of the tree defend houses from lightning and men from witchcraft."

The name "holly" is taken to be a corruption of the word holy, as it was formerly called holy-tree, the German name "Christdorn," the Danish "Christorn," and the Swedish "Christorn" seeming to justify the supposition.

CHRISTMAS FUN.

The butcher's Christmas goose will taste better if your Christmas goose is paid for.

Pity the poor Boston girl whose innate modesty will not allow her to hang up her stocking.

It has just got out why Santa Claus didn't complete his round last year. He happened to look down into the stocking Miss Breezy, of Chicago, had hung up, and grew dizzy and fell in.

Don't fail to say "Ooh-aah!" when they throw open the folding-doors and disclose the loaded Christmas tree.

Boycott the vinegar-faced old maid who wears a spray of mistletoe in her hair.

If you live in Charlestown, surprise your wife and give her a merry Christmas by coming home sober.

An Appreciated Arrangement.

Farmer Hennkoop (evening)—Too near New Year's, I reckon, not to guard against every precaution. There, these fowls be tied tight enough now, sure!



Bill Dark (night)—Now, dis is what I calls one of dem modern improvements to 'concom' labor.

CHRISTMAS JOYS.

SANTA CLAUS can hardly be called a saving clause. He comes high, but we must have him.

CHRISTMAS comes but once a year, but as one grows older one doesn't mind that so much, since Christmases come nearer together.

If your wife doesn't want to know beforehand what you are going to give her for Christmas, send for the doctor. She obviously doesn't expect to live till then.

"GET any presents to-day, Willie?" "Yes, tw. Pa gave me a drum, and ma gave me a beating."

"HELLO, Brown, your on earth have you those plugs in your ears?" "To keep my wife from telling me what she's going to give me for Christmas."

JOHNNY—Say, pa, to-day is Christmas. Mr. Squeers—that's so, my boy! Well, I'll let you go without a spanking to-day. No child of mine shall ever lack something to remember Christmas by.

SANTA CLAUS (to new deputy)—Say, see here! What sort of a break was that you made in Chicago? I hear that only one girl in the whole city found anything in her stocking. New Deputy—The deuce! Why, the first house I came to, I concluded all the girls had clubbed together, so I dumped the whole Chicago consignment into that stocking.

A Christmas Recipe.

Take about eight quarts of unselfishness and unadulterated charity; mix briskly with a liberal supply of generosity, kindness and forbearance; simmer gently over a slow fire of forgiveness, good-will and good-fellowship. Put in a dash of cheerfulness and a plenteous sprinkling of smiles, and serve piping hot with your Christmas dinner.

SONG OF CHRISTMAS.

Sound over all waters, reach out from all lands The chorus of voices, the clashing of hands; Sing hymns that were sung by the stars of the morn, Sing songs of the angels when Jesus was born.

With glad jubilation Bring hope to the nations! The dark night is ending and dawn has begun.

Rise, hope of the ages, arise like the sun, All speech flow to music, all hearts beat as one.

Sing the bridal of nations with chorals of love, Sing out the war vulture and sing in the dove, Till the hearts of the people keep time in accord.

And the voice of the world is the voice of the Lord! Clasp hands of the nations In strong congratulations; The dark night is ending and dawn has begun.

Rise, hope of the ages, arise like the sun, All speech flow to music, all hearts beat as one.

Blow, bugles of battle, the marches of peace, East, West, North and South let the long quarrel cease! Sing the song of great joy that the angels began.

Sing of glory to God and good-will to man, Hark! Joining in chorus The heavens bend o'er us; The dark night is ending and day has begun.

Rise, hope of the ages, arise like the sun, All speech flow to music, all hearts beat as one.

—John G. Whittier.

A Wise Precaution.

Suppose he isn't coming at all—that something has kept him at home? Her eyes grew so pathetic, her mouth took a mournful curve. "Wheee!" she cried for its own. "But what is this? Wheee! Surely the sound of wheels! Instantly, as



Little boy—I say, pa, do you see this cooper shop?

Father—Of course I do.

Little boy—Well, Christmas will be along in a few days; hadn't you better let one of these coopers put a hoop or two around you?

HER PRESENTS.

The Christmas sun, nine o'clock high, peering into the old red barn through a rime-fringed knot-hole on the side toward old man Rankin's, finds me still doddering around in an attempt to fool myself into the belief that I am busy. Chores all done in spite of my care to make them string out as long as possible. Whistle weak but cheerful, preening softly the same old love tune that I whistled another Christmas morning, long ago, when, like to-day, I was just a doddering around, kind of waiting for—expecting—I scarcely knew what. Just a "hand" then I was, working for old Squire Hale, who—but it was not of the old Squire that I was thinking that morning, but of Addie. I had been thinking all the morning of how like an angel she—I have learned since that there never were any angels in that part of Indiana—looked as

There was a little swish behind me, a pair of soft hands were clasped over my eyes, a sweet, fluttering breath fanned my cheek as a dimpled chin rested on my shoulder, and a roguish voice chirped: "Guess!"

Didn't I know? Wouldn't the dainty perfume that floated around me have told me, if nothing else did?

"Santa Claus!" I answered, intent upon prolonging the time of sweet captivity. "What shall my Christmas gift be?"

The little hands over my eyes trembled a trifle, the breath on my cheek fluttered faster. After a little pause, the soft voice whispered shyly: "This Santa Claus has only one thing to give—myself!"

Many years have passed since little Addie gave me that blessed Christmas gift. The old Squire gave us the home place when he died—his wife had gone before—and they call me "Squire now."

Same old love tune softly preened, same old sun shining through the same old knot-hole, same—a soft step behind me, a hand on my shoulder, a voice in my ear: "Your wife's Christmas present to you, 'Squire."

"A what, Doctor?" "A boy, that's all!" "The thirteenth, Doctor!" "I wish you a merry Christmas, 'Squire."

"The same to you, Doctor!"

The Mistletoe.

The mistletoe is supposed to be of Druidish origin, probably also by way of Scandinavia; at any rate, in early Scandinavian mythology it is related that Nanna, one of the goddesses, took a shaft or stick of mistletoe to collect certain tears on, and he who examines will find them yet on the fruitful bush of the mistletoe, in the form of little white berries, to this day.

So much for sentiment; and much connected with this peculiar plant is of that character, as, unlike the holly and other decorative plants, it has not much in itself to recommend it. Its sale, however, is increasing year by year. But a few years ago it was seldom asked for in the trade, but then it is the same with other "greens."

AT CHRISTMAS TIME.

In olden time ye mayden faire Did droope and blush with modest showe When courtly beau en powdered hair Led her beneath yv mistletoe.

Our modern maids though just as sweet, Make no display of shirking fear. They look just good enough to eat And bang around the chandelier.

Nothing Wonderful Either.

Gazzam (breaking in on the conversation)—Well, the woods are full of them. Mrs. Gazzam—Full of what? Gazzam—Christmas trees.

"THE DUCHESS."

A Tale of Irish Country Life.

BY THE "DUCHESS."

AUTHOR OF "PHYLIS," "MOLLY BAWN," "A MODERN CHIEF," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER X.

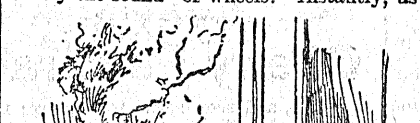
"And truth and hope are sunlight in your eyes."

Time that runs over with a swift foot and light, such hours as we are happiest, seems to the Duchess to crawl with a slow and sultry step for the next three weeks. This she would not acknowledge, even to herself; yet never in all her young life did the days hang so heavily upon her hands; never did the daily accustomed tasks show themselves so devoid of interest. But all things end, and tantalizing Time is at last conquered, and here dawns the day that brings Denis back again to Ballyhinch.

The Duchess, gowned in a charming cambric of the palest pink, a quite new gown, selected from amongst those she had been making for her visit to Madam Delaney, is looking very sweet, very lovely, in a little paler than usual. There is a touch of restlessness about her all the morning that she strives, but vainly, to conceal, and which betrays itself most frequently in a wild desire to prove that the clocks are wrong.

What ails them? Why don't they go faster? Has any one been meddling with them? She is growing positively careworn in expression by the time the ancient eight-day clock in the hall strikes two, proclaiming the hour when he should arrive.

Suppose he isn't coming at all—that something has kept him at home? Her eyes grew so pathetic, her mouth took a mournful curve. "Wheee!" she cried for its own. "But what is this? Wheee! Surely the sound of wheels! Instantly, as



she throws her arms around his neck, if by magic, the cloud is swept from her face; a brilliant color springs into her cheek, her eyes grow bright, her step buoyant. Down the hall like a small whirlwind she rushes, pulls open the door, faces down the steps, to find herself face to face with him.

Yes, there he is, before her. For a moment she hesitates, if there might perhaps be hidden down somewhere in the memory of a dark saying about the impropriety of embracing young men as a general rule, but if so it escapes her now. Her lips part in a lovely smile, and flinging everything to the winds, forgetful indeed of everything save the one dear fact that he has come back again to fill her days with gladness, she throws her arms around his neck and presses her velvet cheek to his.

"You've come!" she says, crying aloud this self-evident delightful truth as though the very utterance of it is a joy in herself. "Oh! come in. Dad will be just as pleased as I am. How nice you look!" drawing back from, though with her hands still clasped in his, the better to see him. "Those are new clothes, aren't they, your extravagant boy? Well, so are mine! How do you like this dress? Do I look well in it? Oh, dear! with a little sigh of utter content, and a loving smile. "How good it is to see you again!"

The openness of her heartfelt joy, the innocence of her lovely eyes, the almost childish fervor of her manner, all betray the fact that she does not love him in a love of which she herself is ignorant. He is her cousin, her dear friend, her "chum," as it were; but as a lover she had not once thought of him. To Denis this eager greeting, devoid as it is of shyness, or consciousness of any sort, seems to speak only of a heart quite free. To that greeting he had made no answer. It seems to him as though speech is beyond him. After that first wild thrill of passionate delight that had been his when his arm closed round her there had come a sense of despair sufficiently keen to render him silent. It is with a pale, unsmiling face he now follows her into the hall.

"Why," says she, stopping short and gazing at him, "I don't believe you are a bit glad to see me. How pale, how miserable you look! Is it possible, changing color, 'that you are sorry to come back?'"

"No. That would be of all things the least possible," replied he, making an effort to smile. "But—I have got a headache—that is all."

"And had enough, too," says she, shaking her head sympathetically. "Go into the study; you will find dad there; and I will go and get you something after your journey. By and by, if your head is better, I'll take you for a nice cold walk; and that will make you all right again."

She runs lightly away, and Denis, opening the study door, is soon receiving a hearty welcome from his uncle.

"I've something to tell you," says the squire, about half an hour later, leaning forward and assuming an air of deep mystery. "Such a thing has happened since last you were here; just about a week after you left. 'Tis about the Duchess."

"Yes," said Denis, regarding him fixedly.

"She's had a Troposal!" says the squire, making the capital quite enormous. "Think of that now! And the child she is!"

"Well!" says Denis, a terrible tightening at his heart warning him that he had better brace himself to receive the deadly news he anticipates, lest he let his secret escape him. He feels the blood is forsaking his face; so getting up from his seat with what carelessness he can muster, he goes over to the window and stands there gazing with unseeing eyes upon her garden beneath.

"Who is it?" he asks.

"It's Kilmartin. No less. They've been a good deal together; their lives up to this, and he evidently thought it a desirable thing to make such arrangements as would keep them together for the remainder of them, and faith I didn't wonder at it," says the squire, mildly. "It's the biggest grain of sense he ever showed."

"It will be an excellent match," says Denis in rather a stifled tone.

"That's what I'm saying. The best match he's ever likely to get."

"Well—and for her too—in a more worldly point of view."

"I dare say it would. Yes, no doubt it would," returns the squire, thoughtfully, scraping his chin with his hand in a meditative way.

"It would?" Denis wheels round from the window. "Why, what does that mean? Are you going to tell me that she has—has—"

"Refused him! That's just it!" says the squire, tranquilly. "He was well enough a friend you'll find; but anything closer than that you'll not find. She'd be sure to let even her worst enemy (if she could have one, bless her!) down easy. So it's off. I pitted the poor boy with all his heart; but he is of that stuff wherein wounds cure quickly. Well, that's my story. A good one, eh? Ch! by the by, how d'ye think that bay colt sold? I took him to—"

"But, my dear sir—my dear uncle—do you know what she has refused?" says Denis, unable to discuss the matter now she has refused it. "Four thousand a year and a title. The money is small to keep up a title, certainly; but four thousand a year is something."

"Well, yes. It sounds a pity doesn't it?" says the squire, knocking the ashes out of his pipe in a lazy but careful fashion. "But if she didn't like him—why, that's all about it, you see."

"But did you say nothing to—influence her—to induce her to think of it?" asks Delaney, studying his uncle as though he were a new specimen—which perhaps he is.

"Divil a word!" stolidly. Then, after a reflective draw or two from the pipe: "What for? To induce her to marry a man for whom she doesn't care two straws? She's that way with her. A queer thing of that kind, no, my lad; but you're coming to do it always. I'm young enough still to believe in that blessing called love; and old enough, too, for the matter of that. For with age comes wisdom, or at all events it should. My little Duchess shall marry just whom she pleases, always provided he is a gentleman in the fullest sense of the word; or she shan't marry at all, just as she pleases, too."

"But such a chance to fling away!" persists Denis, curious now to read the other's mind on the subject thoroughly.

"Did you ever hear such a fellow? What ails the boy?" says the squire, regarding him with a humorous and rather puzzled eye. "Why, where is the good of forty thousand a year if you hate the very bread you break with the owner of it? D'ye think I'd see the light die out of her pretty eyes and her lips grow smileless, all for the sake of making her a madam? Would I watch her steps to become less joyous, and listen in vain for her laughter? I tell you no, man, not for all the money this world holds! And besides, what would it all do for her, my Bonnie bird? Shall I tell you? It would kill her; and that would kill me! That," says the squire, contemptuously, throwing himself back, and putting his pipe once more between his lips, "What folly it all is!"

Denis, coming over from the window, lays his hand lightly on his shoulder. The touch, light as it is, is in a sense a caress, and for a moment the two men look at each other steadily, the squire with a gentle wonderment, but a great friendliness in his handsome eyes.

"Well, I take great pleasure in the thought that I am your nephew," says Denis, simply.

CHAPTER XI.

"Oh, how the spring of love resembleth The uncertain glory of an April day!" It is drawing toward evening, and though the sun still rides triumphant in the heavens, long shadows are stretching themselves here and there, and the voices of the birds are growing faint and fainter. A little wind has arisen that the languid morning had not known, and now sighs through the trees and rustles the leaves as it rushes through them. There is a great calm everywhere, and a sense of tranquility, vague but strong, that has evidently communicated itself to the breasts of the two now walking silently through the scented wood.

Side by side they move, but with closed lips, the first mild attempts at conversation having fallen away from them beneath the languorous influence of the dying moon. All the sweet wild life of nature seems indeed to be dropping asleep, and scarcely a sound disturbs the mystical quiet of the early evening.

"Only the patter of a green rain. That'll ever foster and foster, and then filtered to silence again."

The entrance into a broad bit of green, open, across which the tremulous sunbeams are still wandering, restores the Duchess to a desire for speech—a desire never far from her.

"I wonder how I shall find this time tomorrow," she says, with a little nervous laugh that shows where her thoughts have been roaming. "We shall be at the Castle then, eh?"

"Yes. About five or five-fifteen. Did you get my mother's last letter?"

"I had one this morning. Such a kind letter; with so many sweet messages in it for dad that it took my heart captive. As for dad, it has quite turned his head. There is no managing him ever since. Do you know," glancing at him, "that I am going to stay with you for a very long visit? Months! Well, instead of dad's lamenting his fate over this last move—which will leave him of course by himself for a very much longer time than he first anticipated—now what do you think is the new role he has arranged for himself?"

"How could I think?" laughing at the pretended look of disgust on the pretty, plump face.

"To be delighted then; charmed at the prospect of being left solitary until Christmas! Do you believe in him? I don't! I am certain now that he is a dark schemer and that there is more in this than we can see yet. He declares that it is all for my good; that now at last an opening has been made for me; and that I am very likely to make what he calls 'a good match.'"

"You might do that without stirring, perhaps," Delaney, slowly.

Has she forgotten all about that late proposal? Has that unfortunate young man's misery (of course he is miserable) passed from her mind? Yet she had undoubtedly led him to his doom. It had all come in Delaney's opinion from sticking straws in his hair until he was mad as Ophelia.

Now here she was, apparently oblivious of any straws, any broken spirit's woe.

The Duchess, indeed, has evidently for a moment forgotten the Kilmartin affair altogether in her desire to analyze her father's motives.

"There is something I don't like about his manner," she goes on. "One would think he wanted to get rid of me. Of me, mind you! But if any such wild dream as the hope of shaking me off has entered his head I can tell him he is making a grand mistake; that's all. If ever I do marry I shall carry him along with me wherever I go, be it to the Sandwich Islands or the wide world of Central Africa."

"Let us hope, for 'his' sake, that your future husband will 'have no business on either of those delightful spots,'" says Denis, rather heavily.

"I don't believe he will have business anywhere," says the Duchess in an aggrieved tone. "I don't believe he exists, or that I shall ever get as far as even a possible husband."

"How can you say that?" exclaims he, almost roughly. "Have you already forgotten Kilmartin?"

"Oh!" coloring hotly from chin to brow, "You mean Othello! Did dad tell you about that? Very mean of him, I call it!"

"You forgot it was only in me he confided. I am nothing. A cousin would naturally be told anything of that sort, and the news could not, of course, concern, or hurt me in any way."

"No; of course not," slowly.

"Well, at Ventry, as you say, or rather as your father says, you will perhaps find some one who—"

"At Ventry," with a little frown, "you won't know me. I certainly shall not be attractive."

"But why?" impatiently.

"For one thing I shall be afraid to speak. I shall, recovering herself a little—sufficiently to allow an irrepressible laugh to fall from her lips—"he lost in a desire to conduct myself with propriety. I shall be lonely, too," with a touch of prospective misery. "No one will call on Nora here. Not a soul will think of me as the 'Duchess.' I shall be Miss Delaney. Oh, how unfriendly it sounds!"

"Not worse than Miss anything else."

"Far worse to me. But I know what I shall do," brightening. "The very instant I begin to know any one a little better I shall entreat him to call me Nora."

"I hope you won't," hastily turning to her a face full of an angry frown.

"Hope in vain, then," eagerly. "I shall, indeed. I shall never feel at home until every one calls me by my first name."

"And is that your idea of conducting yourself with propriety?" with ill-repressed wrath. "If you persist in that course, Nora—if you permit every man you meet to call you, after a few days' acquaintance, by your Christian name, it's my duty to warn you that there is yet another name by which you will infallibly be called."

There is perhaps rather too much vehemence in his manner.

"And that?" questions she, in a tone that should have warned him that she is making ready for battle.

"A flirt! a coquette!"

He has grown very pale, and there is a frown upon his brow. A frown, however, that sinks into insignificance beside the one that she now makes him a present of.

"A flirt! a coquette!" Not all the titles or notes of admiration in the printer's power could give an adequate idea of the concentrated indignation she throws into her repetition. "If I must say you haven't improved in your manners since last I saw you! So that is what you call me!" The flagrant injustice of this accusation is evidently apparent even to herself, because she hurries on as if to forbid the protestation he vainly attempts. "At all events," contemptuously, "you have nothing to complain of on that score. I have never flirted or coquetted with you!"

"Certainly not," angrily. "You forget I am your cousin"—he clings to this fact with a melancholy strength, as though desirous of receiving moral backbone from it—"and cousin, we all know, is quite the same as—"

"No, it isn't. It isn't the least bit in the world like a brother," interrupts the Duchess, abruptly. "I know all about that. There was Kitty French—Kitty's sister—and she had a cousin who came down here and called himself her brother, and made violent love to her notwithstanding, and when he went away at last they found he was engaged to another girl all the time, and he married her, and Kitty was quite broken hearted for months and months afterward. So cousins aren't brothers, you see; and therefore they have no right to be rude and interfering."

There is much righteous anger in her tone, and the glance she deigns to cast at him is full of triumph. As for Denis, it seems to him as though a small, cold, remorseless hand has fastened on his heart. How that story had come home to him! But in his case the tables are indeed turned. He is the one who will suffer, not this clear-eyed, impetuous child. Suffer, not for months only, but forever. Well, thank Heaven, the pain will be all on his side, and—no one the wiser.

They have come to a wide stream, shallow in parts, but always deep enough to give the unucky croaker who should miss the stepping-stones a severe wet

Exchange Bank.

E. H. PINNEY, -- BANKER.

RESPONSIBILITY \$33 000.

Commercial Business Transacted.

Drafts available Anywhere in the United States or Canada bought and sold.

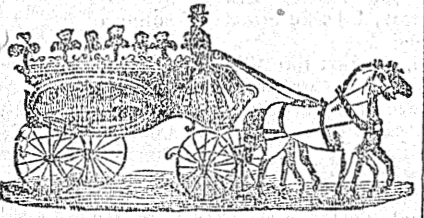
Accounts of Business houses and Individuals Solicited.

Interest Paid on time Certificates of Deposit.

A. H. ALE, Cashier.

Pinney's new block, Main St., Cass City.

A. A. McKenzie,

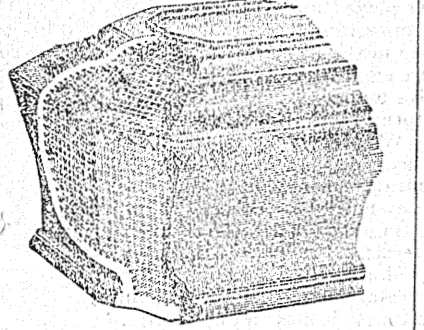


UNDERTAKER

And Funeral Director.

A complete stock of Coffins, Caskets and Undertaker's Supplies on hand.

INDESTRUCTIBLE BURIAL CASKET. (CEMENT.)



The expense of the above Casket is but a trifle more than that of a wood Casket.

Three Cent Column.

All advertisements inserted in this column at Three Cents per line for each insertion.

F 6 years old. Inquire of WM. E. RANDALL.

HOUND FOR SALE—A first class rabbit and fox hound. Apply at THIS OFFICE.

CUTTER—New cutter to exchange for wood. Inquire at THIS OFFICE.

MONEY TO LOAN on real estate. For further information address J. C. LAING.

FOR SALE—10 acres of land 2 miles west of Cass City, mostly improved, good orchard and good house. More particularly known as the Levegood farm. Inquire of M. SHERMAN or J. D. BRIDGEMAN. 1-2-4.

QUAYED—into my enclosure two small pigs. On or about Jan. 1, owner please call pay charges and take same away. F. C. LEE, three miles south of Cass City. 1-9-1.

LOTS FOR SALE—Best location in the city. Will sell on time if desired. T. A. CONLON, 7-14-4.

WANTED A SAW MILL—to saw out 200,000 feet of pine, hemlock and hardwood logs, in the vicinity of Cass, Hickman, Wickliffe, and the Levegood farm. Inquire of M. SHERMAN or J. D. BRIDGEMAN. 1-2-4.

FARM FOR SALE—80 acres with 65 acres improved, known as the Doying farm. Easy terms. Apply to J. C. LAING, 9-12-4.

FOR SALE—One good farm horse. Inquire of A. E. BOULTON, 3 miles north of Cass City. 9-12-4.

MARE FOR SALE—Cheap, or will exchange. 9-12-4 for colt. A. A. MCKENZIE.

FOR SALE—A brick store now occupied by Chas. St. Mary, excellent living rooms 10-24-4.

FOR SALE—A young horse, sound and a good driver. Cheap for cash. G. M. LIVINGSTON, Hallowbrook, 10-24-4.

FARM FOR SALE—19 acres; soil clay loam; all cleared and fenced; small house, barn 56x11, nearly new; basement stable, young orchard, near school; good neighbors; price low; terms easy. 1-9-4 E. H. PINNEY, Owner.

QUAYED RAILS AND POSTS—for sale. Inquire of J. D. TUCKER, one and one fourth miles west of Cass City. 1-9-4.

QUAYED from my premises about the last of N. July, one small red yearling bull. Finder will be rewarded by informing the owner. HALPH BALLENGER, Owenton, Mich.

I WILL SELL—One four-year-old horse a lot of fine cattle, one span of four-year-old mares, good workers, on time to suit purchaser. J. H. STRIFFLER, 1-9-4.

CSSO BUYS 40 ACRES—Cleared, good house, 5 acres and water, known as the H. Weymouth place. \$200 buys 40 acres, unimproved, no swamp. \$1500 buys the brick block occupied by Chas. St. Mary. DR. McLEAN, 1-9-4.

FOR SALE—A house and one acre of ground in the village of Cass City, known as the Wm. Walker property. Will take stock as part payment. Inquire of A. E. BOULTON, 7-14-4. Three miles north of Cass City.

FOR SALE—Eighty acres of good farming land. The east half of the west half of the S. W. quarter of section 31, township of Austin, same county; about 20 acres cleared. Small payment down, balance on time. DEWEAN McDONALD, Argyle P. O.

SAVE MONEY—By calling on the undersigned which will sell you a sewing machine cheap. I have secured the agency for the celebrated American sewing machine which I am selling cheaper than ever before in this county. Yours respectfully, CHAS. D. STRIFFLER, Cass City, Mich. 1-13-4.

FOR SALE—A splendid improved farm of 150 acres, good buildings, 2 1/2 miles northeast of Cass City and known as the Jacobs farm. This farm must be sold at once to close an estate, and it will go cheap. Apply to Administrators, C. J. LOWRIE, Detroit, or J. M. MARMON, Cass City 1-11-4.

FARMING LANDS FOR SALE—\$800 an acre will buy your choice of the following descriptions in 400 acres, viz: S. E. 1/4 of N. E. 1/4 of section 1, W. 1/4 of N. E. 1/4 of section 30; W. 1/4 of S. E. 1/4 of section 31, N. E. 1/4 of S. W. 1/4 of section 30; all in Novesta township; E. 1/2 of N. W. 1/4 of section 14, Ellington; N. E. 1/4 of N. E. 1/4 of section 30, Ellington. Terms—One dollar per acre down, balance to suit purchaser. Also 40 acres green timber for sale. E. H. PINNEY, Owner. 12-29-4 wks.

CORRESPONDENCE

KARIUS CORNERS.

Frank Martin has departed for Batté Creek.

Robert Mark has returned from Oscoda county.

Mr. Snarrey has returned home from near Bad Axe, where he has been working for some time.

Grace Karr has returned home from Oscoda county, where she has been engaged in teaching school.

The latest "by word" had its birth up here. It is "Do you think it would be appropriate for the occasion?"

George Charter has traded 40 acres of land lying in Huron county, to M. C. Tanner for 40 acres in section 5, Tuscola county.

The man who wore an apron tied about his leg walks without the apron nowadays. His knee which was slightly cut is better now.

Neil McLaren has hired to Allen Marshall for another year. The people rejoice to know that a young man of such excellent qualities will remain in their midst for another year.

Philosophy tells us that action and reaction are equal and opposite in direction; but we think that the action of the storm on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday was a little more than equal.

Mr. Brown, of Novesta, lectured at the Winton school house last Saturday evening, for the benefit of the alliance organization, after which Mr. Butler, of Cass City delivered a short but interesting address for the industrial party.

EVERGREEN.

Very little more snow would make sleighing.

John Parrott is running a lumber camp up the river.

Miss Lotfy Lewis, of Cumler, is visiting friends in this vicinity.

Mrs. Osborn is gaining slowly from a severe attack of erysipelas in the head.

Miss Mattie Jones has returned to her home at Yale, after a short visit with friends here.

The oyster supper at Shabona on New Years Night was a failure, on account of the rain.

We are informed that H. S. Wait has purchased a thoroughbred berkshire boar, from parties in Austin.

A petition to build a town hall is in circulation at present. We hope it will be a success as it is much needed in the town.

The P. of I. have arranged a debating club in connection with their association, which makes the meetings more interesting than ever.

The Christmas tree at Proctor's school house on Christmas Eve, was a grand success in every way. The program was well rendered in every particular.

Good natured friend, James Peauterbaugh who has kept bachelor's hall in the east part of the town for years, looks better natured than ever. Report says he has taken a little wife to make his days more pleasant saying nothing of the nights. May success and happiness attend all of their days is the most wishes of their many friends.

DEFORD.

S. Shirk has returned from his visit in Ont.

Mrs. McCain suffers from a crippled foot.

"A beautiful thought is a mental sun beam."

J. R. Lewis spent New Years Day in Lapeer county.

Thos Power, of Pontiac, was a caller here last week.

Arthur Whale is home on a visit from the Marlette country.

"Any mind that is capable of a real sorrow is capable of good."

Peter Daugherty is a No. 1 cedar buyer and pays the highest price.

Wm. Schanck and Edward Tyler of Almont were here on New Years.

Merchant Baker's kindred were here in numerous quantities on New Years Day.

Dance at O. Niles' on the 6th. O. N. lives one mile north of Novesta post office.

We have now two good stores and are willing to quote prices with any firms in the county.

Life is a book, every day we add a page. It is read by our fellowmen, the majority of whom misunderstand it.

Deford Markets, Monday, Jan. 5th: Butter, 18c; eggs, 22c; live chickens, 5c; per lb; dressed hogs, \$4.00 per cwt.

Let us begin 1891 with purpose pure, and speak a shade more kindly than the year before. "Pray a little oftener; love a little more; cling a little closer to the father's love. Life below shall liker grow to life above."

GRANT.

Mrs. Mathew Vallauce is reported sick with typhoid fever. Dr. Morris, of Gagetown, is attending her.

SPECIAL -:- SALE!

We are Closing Out our Winter Goods

REGARDLESS OF COST!

The Special Attraction of this Sale will be the Big Cut on price of Ladies Cloaks. This is a sample of our Bargains:

Ladies New Markets down to \$1.50. Ladies Plush Sacques down to \$8.00.
Ladies Plush Jackets down to \$11.00. Children's Cloaks down to 90 cents.

A Large Line of Quilts and Blankets at a

BIG REDUCTION.

Call and get our Prices.

-2-MACKS-2-

Charlie Watters has been on the invalids list for some time past. Charlie never consulted Dr. Etherinton and his remedies or he would not be sick.

Christmas day up in this corner was observed in a very quiet way. Not a sound was to be heard but the woodpecker tapping on some hollow Beech tree.

A social hop at Jas. Quinn's on Christmas Eve. T. Walters' band furnished the music on the occasion and they all danced until they went to their respective homes.

If that trouble called the LuGrippe should file its appearance this winter, Dr. Etherinton wants to be hustling around with his preventive Kaskarilla. An eye to business Dr. John, is necessary.

The clover hulling machine has been on the stocks for repair ever since the noise of the escaping steam frightened the short legged well borer so badly. He says he would rather be killed than frightened to death.

We forgot to report last week of an orange oyster supper, held at Ashmore's hall on Monday night, Dec. 22nd. This is somewhat of a novelty in these parts and an old relic of Irish religious Bigotry of 1690. Old fogies are not all dead yet.

Well, brother of Deford, we would like to deal in some spark shooting, but alas! our privilege is nipped in the bud and the church rules the roast. How about the Goddess of liberty, do you think she is dead or gone unto oblivion for a time more liberal?

We notice that Hugh Walters has become an apprentice in the printing office and we are glad to hear it. When he lived among us he was considered a nice little fellow and if he has to act as devil for a while it will not make no difference as he will be but a harmless one, and with his stick and rule we wish him success.

An oatmeal mill is badly wanted either at Gagetown or Cass City. Four cents per lb is rather too much to pay for oatmeal and thousands of people living in the surrounding counties would have oatmeal if it could be had at a reasonable price. Who will come forward and embark in the enterprise, and let us have a good mill at either of the above places? The enterprise is a good one. Hurry up, some pushing man.

Our Greenleaf friend seems to think that the freedom of thoughts should be denied the privilege of publicity in this so-called age of civilization. But we would inform our friend that he cannot get his wishes for we have the Boston Investigator and the New York Truth Seeker, also the 20th Century, the Banner of Light Secular, Thought the Boston Index, the Independent Pulpit, and hundreds of other of free thought journals publishing our sentiments in every country in Europe. This may be strange news to our Greenleaf friend, but it is true nevertheless. You cannot keep us down.

A Beautiful and Valuable Book.

That ambitious paper, The Detroit Journal, is unwilling to play second fiddle to any, and its new Year Book for 1891 completely bears out its claim of being finer than any previous work of the kind ever issued. This book contains in its 148 pages a remarkable amount of valuable information, alphabetically arranged, and among other things, the complete 1890 census figures, election statistics in full, etc. It is also profusely and beautifully illustrated with over one hundred "half-tone" engravings (from photographs), all made expressly for the book, and is printed on fine paper and bound in a beautiful cover. It is an immense improvement on its two predecessors and should be found in every home. It is given free to all subscribers of the Detroit Journal, but others can have a copy mailed them by remitting 30 cts. in stamps to The Detroit Journal.

His Daughter Suffered From Eczema.

My daughter suffered for five years with an attack of Chronic Eczema, that baffled the treatment of all the best practitioners. I then concluded to try a course of Swift's Specific (S. S. S.) She began to improve from the first dose, and before she had completed the second bottle the irritation had disappeared, and she is now well and enjoying unexcelled health. These are plain and simple facts, and I will cheerfully answer all inquiries, either in person or by mail. V. VAUGHAN, Druggist, Sandy Bottom, Va.

It is The Best.

I have used Swift's Specific for cleansing the Blood of impurities, and find it to be the best in the market. It not only purifies the blood, but is a most excellent tonic, and builds up the general health promptly. J. MUNDAY, Litchfield, Ill.

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. SWIFT SPECIFIC Co., Atlanta, Ga.

The best anodyne and expectorant for the cure of colds and coughs, and all throat, lung, and bronchial troubles, is, undoubtedly, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Ask your druggist for it, and, at the same time, for Ayer's Almanac, which is free to all.

Ladies!

For novelties and all the new improvements in corsets and corset-waists go to Mrs. E. K. Wickware's.

Remarkable Rescue.

Mrs. Michael Curtain, Plainfield, Ill., makes the statement that she caught cold, which settled on her Lungs; she was treated for a month by her family physician, but grew worse. He told her she was a hopeless victim of consumption and that no medicine could cure her. Her Druggist suggested Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption; she bought a bottle and to her delight found herself benefited from the first dose. She continued its use and after taking ten bottles, found herself sound and well, how does her own horse work and is as well as she ever was.—Free trial bottles of this Great Discovery at Fritz Bros.' Drug Store large bottles 50c. and \$1.00.

Happy Hoosiers.

Wm. Timmons, Postmaster of Ida ville, Ind., writes: "Electric Bitters has done more for me than all other medicines combined for that bad feeling arising from Kidney and Liver troubles." John Leslie, farmer and stockman, of same place, says: "Find Electric Bitters to be the best Kidney and Liver medicine made me feel like a new man." J. W. Gardner, hardware merchant, same town, says: "Electric Bitters is just the thing for a man who is all run down and don't care whether he lives or dies; he found new strength, good appetite and felt just like he had a new lease on life. Only 50c. a bottle, at Fritz Bros.' Drug Store.

A Wonder Worker.

Read the following: Mr. C. H. Morris, Newark, Ark., says: "Was down with Aches of Lungs, and friends and physicians pronounced me an Incurable Consumptive. began taking Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, am now on my third bottle, and able to oversee the work on my farm. It is the finest medicine ever made." Jessie Midlaw, Decatur, Ohio, says: "Had it not been for Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption I would have died of Lung Troubles. Was given up by doctors. Am now in best of health. Try it. Sample bottles free at Fritz Bros.' Drug Store.

The First Step.

Perhaps you are run down can't eat can't sleep, can't think, can't do any thing to your satisfaction, and you wonder what ails you. You should heed the warning you are taking the first step into Nervous Prostration. You need a Nerve Tonic and in Electric Bitters you will find the exact remedy for restoring your nervous system to its normal healthy condition. Surprising results follow the use of this great Nerve Tonic and Alternative. Your appetite returns, good digestion is restored and the Liver and Kidneys resume healthy action. Try a bottle. Price 50c. at Fritz Bros.' Drug Store.

"I'm Just Going Down to the Gate" and 86 other Popular Ballads, in book form, size 8 1/2 x 11. Sent, post-paid, for ONLY FOUR CENTS. Stamps taken. AMERICAN PUBLISHING CO. 2500 Fairmount Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

HARD FACTS

Meaning the price of course. Prices until after Christmas that will beat even our own record for selling cloaks cheap.

CLOAKS CUT HALF IN TWO!

No finer goods can be had than those we are now showing, made in new and fashionable styles.

Our Stock of Underwear is Complete!

And at Prices to suit the most Fastidious.

Why Shiver with the Cold?

When you can get a Good Blanket for only \$1.00.

OUR STOCK IS UNSURPASSED!

We have about 1,000 yards of excellent Print, which we offer at 5cts. per yard. We always carry a Complete Line of Dress Goods, Hosiery and Notions. We also carry a full stock of Gent's Furnishings, Groceries Crockery and glassware.

FROST & WEBBWHITE.

FRITZ BROS.,

—Have Just Received a Complete Stock of—

HOLIDAY GOODS

Their long experience has enabled them to select the BEST GOODS and buy at the Lowest Figures. They intend to give you BARGAINS in Holiday Goods. Remember the place when you want any Albums, Toilet Cases, Work Baskets, Work Boxes, Smoking Sets, Mirrors, Photo Frames, Collar and Cuff Boxes, Books, Bibles and many other articles that will make

VALUABLE PRESENTS!

Howe & Bigelow,

—Don't Claim to Give Goods Away or Make—

Great Reduction Sales.

—But Sell all the Year Round at a Fair Margin a General Line of—

- HARDWARE,
- MACHINE OIL,
- BELTING LACE,
- AINTS & OILS,
- GAS PIPE,
- TINWARE,
- STOVES,
- & PUMPS.

We Have Just Secured the Services of our Former Tinner, MR. J. KLINE, and are now Prepared to any Kind of Job Work.

RAYETROUGEING A SPECIALTY

A DIAMOND two and a quarter inches long was recently found in South Africa. All the crowned heads of Europe are bidding against each other for this wonderful jewel, but it will doubtless be carried off by some American hotel clerk.

It is a curious fact that, familiar as the general public is with the newspaper, the idea still prevails that the newspaper business is a kind of home missionary enterprise, whose object is the intellectual and moral advancement of the people.

THERE is a certain amount of responsibility to readers resting upon all newspapers and periodicals that the advertisements they present in their columns represent only enterprises containing some degree of merit. No good paper can afford to advertise a fraud. But the best papers are sometimes imposed upon by the shrewd and unscrupulous advertiser of fraudulent wares.

It long ago became apparent that so long as the Indians were to be treated as wards they should be massed at a few places, where they could be easily and economically guarded. As it is now they are scattered over thousands of miles of country, and it is practically impossible for an army the size of that at present maintained in America to keep an efficient watch upon them.

FINANCIERS who would like to follow Jay Gould's methods might take a useful lesson from one of his latest reported sayings, which is: "I'm not buying anything I can't pay for." It is a homely remark, but it has a world of wisdom in it about this time. Following this "pointer" the man of moderate means may not get rich, but on the other hand the rich man will not be reduced to poverty.

DESERTIONS from the army are decreasing slowly, but as the benefits of the new law become more evident, the evil of running away from Uncle Sam's care will diminish. About nine men in every hundred deserted last year, which was a much larger proportion than dodged when the civil war made doing one's duty most dangerous. There is no glory in doing menial work in garrisons, and this demoralizes the men who do not see the true nobility of the slightest true service.

PROF. SHALER has small faith in the permanence of the rock masses which have become so valuable commercially in western Pennsylvania and the neighboring states. At the existing rate of demand for these light and heat giving gases, he says, it is doubtful if in fifty years from the present time they will have any place in our economies, and in the regions of most extended consumptions. It seems quite certain that the exhaustion of the store will be accomplished in much less time.

In nothing is our journalism more American than in the opportunity it gives to the people for expressing their grievances or for discussing matters that affect the well-being of the community. While the press avoids taking sides in anything that hints of private quarrels the humblest citizen, if he have just cause of offense against a public or private corporation, however large and influential, is sure of having a hearing if he appeals to the press. And in many cases the abuse is remedied simply from the fact that it is in the power of the individual to appeal to the press.

In another year the proposed railroad from Jaffa to Jerusalem will be built and in operation, and then the question whether Mohammedans shall continue to hold the Holy City, or whether it shall pass under the sway of Greeks, Latins or Protestants, will acquire a new interest. The orthodox Jews of Europe, who adhere to the literal interpretation of the Old Scriptures, believe that Jerusalem is reserved, not for Greek Christians, nor Latin Christians, nor Protestant Christians, but for themselves—and they confidently await the time when the Jews shall return from all the ends of the earth to re-occupy Palestine, and the City of David, rebuilt, repopulated and beautified, shall be "the joy of the whole earth."

We are all struggling here for bare existence, and the true stress of the struggle is not so much against the powers of nature as against one another. It is competition that cuts our throats, fills our prisons and asylums, augments our poor rate. It is the vain and restless human heart, the insatiable and feverish human brain that force us to these lifetimes of empty toil. Empty—because, when all is done, we have as best but saved ourselves from being trampled on by trampling on others. The reason we make grand discoveries, and achieve all our triumphs of civilization, is not for the sake of posterity—not at all; but in order that we may avoid being crushed and starved by our fellow men. If it were in our power to live in luxury and peace and freedom without doing another stroke of work, posterity might go to the deuce.

PURSUIT OF A TIGER.

We—that is, the major, doctor and myself—had been pottering about the outskirts of the Terai for some days, hoping to get news of a tiger, says a writer in Harper's Weekly. We had just pitched our camp when our shikarri, Ali by name, came hurriedly to our tent, saying that the headman of a neighboring village wished to speak to us. With him were some of the villagers, who came as a deputation, praying us to rid them of a tiger that was playing sad havoc with their cattle. The proposition was jumped at, and with Ali and two of his assistants I returned to the village with the headman. A wretched specimen of a bullock was bought for a few rupees, and was led out into the jungle.

A good spot was found in an open space that at some time or another had been cleared for cultivation. A dead tree stood conveniently near the dense forest, and to this the bullock was tied, and we left the poor brute to its fate, while two men climbed into a tree to watch. Dinner was ready by the time I returned to camp and the major told us of some of his previous experiences with tigers. The doctor had been on many a tiger hunt, but had never yet bagged one of the royal quarry. The fact of the matter was he was mad on ornithology, and he confessed that on more than one occasion he had been watching some rare specimen of the feathered tribe and lost the golden opportunity for a good shot.

We turned in early, and soon the camp was hushed in silence, but the forest was alive with animal and insect life. Thousands of stridulating cicada seemed to make the very air vibrate, while here and there among the bushes the fire-flies flashed to and fro. Above all, the insect chorus, however, could be heard the howl of the hyena or the bark of the prowling jackal.

Daylight saw us stir, and with it came the welcome news that the tiger had killed our bait during the night. Chautahazri, consisting of coffee and eggs, was soon disposed of and we climbed into the howdah, strapped to our solitary elephant, and started for the village. Here all was excitement when we arrived. The headman had already mustered all available hands for beaters. Tom-toms, tin cans, and short cudgels formed their armament, and it was a motley crew that marched out of the village that morning.

As we walked silently along the jungle path, for we had left the elephant at the edge of the forest, getting more and more wet every step from the dewdrops we shook from the tall grass and overhanging boughs, the whole line was suddenly brought to a standstill.

In front was the village shikarri, then followed the doctor. The latter was the cause of the halt. As the major and myself pushed to the front we saw him cautiously pointing to a tree above him with one hand while the other was stretched out for his shot-gun.

"What the deuce is it?" asked the major.

"Don't you see it?" answered the doctor, excitedly. "Where's that fool with my gun."

"Do you mean that infernal little bird?" questioned the major.

"My dear major, that's one of the rarest of finches. Where's my gun?" continued the doctor, in Hindostanee.

For the moment we were speechless, but the sight of the half-frighted servant coming up with the gun loosened at least the major's tongue. He seized the gun himself, and turning to the doctor said: "Do you mean to say you are thinking of shooting that bird?"

"Of course I am," answered the astonished doctor.

"And give the tiger notice of our approach? I've a hanged good mind to shoot you first," angrily retorted the major.

"By Jove! I forgot all about the tiger."

There was no doubt he had.

As we entered the open space signs were not wanting that the bullock had been killed, for sitting on the boughs of trees were vultures, while others were circling above in the air. As we came in sight of the carcass two jackals were seen running for the shelter of the neighboring jungle, while some of the carrion were gorging themselves on the corpse. The tiger had made a meal of the hindquarters and we could easily trace its spoor down toward the nullah, or water course.

The doctor, who had won first choice of station, determined to take up his position in the fork of a tree that commanded the open patch and also a short stretch of the nullah. The major and myself had to make do for the open space, and as in all probability "stripes" would conclude to cross it and seek for shelter in the dense jungle beyond.

Half an hour saw us in position. The major ensconced himself behind a rock, with a capital view of the now nearly dry river bed and a friendly tree in his rear, while I commanded a long stretch of the same, which just at the foot of the rock on which I lay took a sharp turn to the left. I also had a partial view of the patch that the doctor was supposed to guard. Word was sent to the beaters, and I, at least, waited anxiously for coming events.

There are few things more exciting than waiting to get your first sight of a tiger. Despite the knowledge that one must keep cool, the nerves got the upper hand, and it seemed as though the holding of the rifle steady had become an impossibility. Now and again the long grass that bordered the nullah stirred, as some deer, hog or jackal, fearful of the din, would dash across the yellow stream and vanish in the jungle that stretched for miles behind me.

I was peering into the thick undergrowth, when suddenly Ali touched me and whispered "Baghl baghl!" (tiger, tiger) pointing toward the plot.

Yes, standing out in the opening, with its head turned in the direction of the din and hubbub, angrily twitching its tail, stood a magnificent tiger. For some seconds they seemed an hour—that tiger stood there some 200 yards from me and then turned back into the woods. The noise of the beaters grew louder and louder, and I was beginning to fear that the beast intended to break through their line, when, almost exactly opposite me, the tall grass was gently pushed aside and out into the full glare of day stepped the tiger. It started to pass down the nullah, but for a second halted on a slab of rock to listen to the noise of its enemies.

It was a splendid shot. A sharp crack of rifle and then to my joy I saw the quarry lying on its stomach, tearing up the ground around in its impotent rage and growling as only a tiger can. There was no necessity for a second shot, for as we scrambled to the top of the rock that had concealed us the royal brute rolled over on its side, while a stream of blood from its mouth made assurance doubly sure.

Seven Wonders of Gorea.

Corea, like the world of the ancient, has its "seven wonders," says the St. Louis Republic. Briefly stated they are as follows:

1. A hot mineral spring near Kin-Shantao, the healing proprietors of which are believed to be miraculous. No matter what disease may afflict the patient, a dip in the water proves efficacious.

2. Two springs situated at considerable distance from each other; in fact, they have the breadth of the entire peninsula between them. They have two peculiarities. When one is full the other is always empty; and, notwithstanding the obvious fact that they are connected by a subterranean passage, one is the bitterest bitter, and the other pure and sweet.

3. The third wonder is Cold Wind cave, a cavern from which a wintry wind perpetually blows. The force of the wind from the cave is such that a strong man can not stand before it.

4. A forest that can not be eradicated. No matter what injury is done to roots of the trees, which are large pines, they will sprout up again directly—like the Phoenix from her ashes.

5. The fifth is the most wonderful of the seven natural curiosities of the peninsula. It is the famous "floating stone." It stands, or seems to stand, in front of the palace erected in its honor. It is an irregular cube of great bulk. It appears to be resting on the ground, free from supports on all sides, but, strange to say, two men at opposite ends of a rope may pass it under the stone without encountering any obstacle whatever!

6. The sixth wonder is the "hot stone," which from remote ages has lain in glowing white heat on top of a high hill.

The seventh and last Corea wonder is a drop of sweat of Buddha. For thirty paces around the large temple in which it is enshrined not a blade of grass will grow. There are no trees or flowers inside the sacred square. Even the animals decline to profane a spot so holy.

A Thoughtful Parent.

Petted Daughter—"Papa, what has come over you? I never had a wish you were not anxious to gratify, and you even anticipated my wants, and handed me money for all sorts of things I hadn't even thought of. But now I have to ask you for every cent I need, and you growl and grumble, and ask if I think you are made of money, and you rail at women's extravagance and invariably ask me what on earth I did with the last check, or dollar or dime you gave me. Don't you love me any more?"

Papa—"My darling, I love you as much as ever, but you are soon to be married, and I am trying to gradually prepare you for the change."—New York Weekly.

A Mean Man.

Detroit Free Press: A citizen of Cass avenue stood at his gate the other day and offered a boy 10 cents to rake the leaves off his lawn. The lad said he hadn't time, and the citizen was about to go for a rake and take hold of the work himself when a man came along with a big sack and asked: "Would you object to my carrying off these leaves?"

"What for?" "To bed my horse."

"H'm. Make good bedding?" "First-rate." Then you may have 'em for a quarter. Leaves have advanced 50 per cent. this fall.

A LADY of Newburyport was greatly astonished to see a live pickerel weighing about 1½ pounds drop in the road at her feet. Glancing upward she discovered hovering about the spot a large American eagle, which had evidently secured the fish from one of the neighboring brooks and had dropped it.

WHERE "SARDINES" ARE CAUGHT.

Sooping Up Thousands of Herring for the Eastport Factories.

All over and around Quoddy bay and the inlets and rivers tributary are hundreds of weirs where are captured the young herring which the Eastport factories cure and pack into boxes for sardines. These weirs are really traps of a rude sort where these midguts are imprisoned at high tide and released (into boats) at low tide. Seen from a steambot these appear mere bits of the bay—a few acres in a place fenced in with bean poles that rise considerably out of water when the tide is out. The fence is built around three sides of this enclosure, the upright stakes being horizontally watted with willows and other little saplings and then filled in with brush so closely as to furnish an obstruction to the herring infants which thoughtlessly drift into the open gate with the falling tide. Then, at the right time, boats go in armed with seines and take captive the bewildered shiners. A boat load will sometimes sell for \$20 or \$30.

The eight-hour law is not enforced in Eastport because a sardine factory is liable to start up at any hour of the day or night and must keep going as long as there is anything to do, lest the tender catch should spoil. They are apt to work more by night than by day, because the piscatorial small fry can be best taken at the daylight high tide. When the catch is washed and dressed, baked, oiled and boxed, then the hands go to bed and catch their forty winks, more or less, before they are summoned again to the loud smelling factory.

When the boat comes back from its little cruise the skipper signals to the lookout at the factory the measure of his success and the hands are called from all parts of the town. To this end bells are rung, and each factory has a different code, so that its employees know who is calling and what is expected of them.

This dwarf herring is first cousin to the clupe which forms the sardine of France. It is not quite so hard and the cottonseed oil in which it is embalmed is not quite so savory as is the olive oil in which its aristocratic cousin of Concarneau lies entombed. But he is as numerous and he is easier caught.

When the French skipper of Concarneau desires to get a boatload of clupes he must first purchase most seductive bait—the roe of cod—which costs about \$20 a barrel. This expensive luxury he must spread upon his net before he dips it in the sea and scatter it upon the waves afterward to entice the wary and insignificant fishling. But the Eastport skipper uses no bait and no auxiliary save the mighty tide, which leads the diminutive wanderer within the sound and leaves him helpless there. The whole of the French coast, according to Henry Haynie, produces annually about 60,000,000 boxes of sardines, and Eastport, Me., produces about a third as many.—Washington Star.

Praising the Newspapers.

A very satirical form of expression, which most of us have used in our school days, says the Youth's Companion, consists in making a serious statement with the addition "over the left." This indicated that the declaration was not to be taken for the truth. "Left-handed compliments" are of the same nature, and though they may be innocently intended steep the soul of those who receive them in sadness and mortification. A certain editor says that he has recently been afflicted with more than his share.

"My husband has been threatening to stop your paper," said a lady to him one day, "but I wouldn't hear of it for a moment."

"I am delighted," said the gratified newspaper man.

"It's the best shape in the world for patterns," continued she. "And then it never tears. Now the Mercury is just as large, but very thin and flimsy."

Not long after the same editor received a letter from a friend at a distance beginning with the sentence: "I fully believe your paper has saved my life."

Who would not have read further in pleased anticipation? Yet this was what followed:

"Yesterday I took a long drive into the country. The morning was fine, but at noon a terrible east wind came up and began to chill me to the bone. Last spring, if you remember, I was ill with pneumonia, and my lungs have since been delicate. What could I do without extra wraps, in my thin spring overcoat? I called at a farm house and asked for an old newspaper. One was given me bearing the familiar imprint of your office. I laid it across my chest, buttoned my coat over it, and drove on triumphantly."

And now if this editor is, by some happy chance, told that he has a good paper, he replies whimsically, "Well, yes, it's a good large paper."

City of the Unknown.

"During frequent visits I have made to Mexico," said a mining engineer to a Philadelphia Inquirer reporter, "I have come in contact with many of the Indian residents there and have heard some very singular stories. One, which all the Indians unite in telling, is that far in the interior exists an enormous city never visited yet by white men. It is described as peopled by a race similar to the ancient Aztecs, who are sun worshippers and offer human sacrifices to their deity. The race is said to be in a high state of civilization, and the Indians say that the city is full of huge structures which are miracles of quaint but beautiful architecture, and are situated on broad, paved streets, far surpassing those of the City of Mexico.

"One Indian, I recollect, assured me that he had seen the city and its inhabitants with his own eyes, but had been afraid of being captured and had fled. Of course, I did not believe him, but, all the same, it is not a little strange that the accounts of the Mexican Indians relative to the mysterious and magnificent interior city agree perfectly."

It is stated on good authority that the factories of England, France, Germany and Holland produce about 77,000,000 pins daily. But where do they all go to?

Astonished Britons.

He who attempts to say how far an American girl will go when she is not restrained by the fear of Mrs. Grundy is indeed a bold man, and an Englishman who has been in America this summer is probably not the one to play so daring a role.

The Englishman in question has long had strange ideas about American girls, and it is not impossible that the expression which he gave to his feelings had something to do with the hoydenish actions of Miss Daring. At any rate she had never behaved before with such recklessness as she did last summer while on a yachting trip where the Englishman and his extremely proper mamma, a corpulent and severe British matron, were also guests.

The things which Miss Daring did to shock that proper British matron cannot be told in anything short of a complete novel, but her crowning feat, which made the British matron take her offspring under her arms at the next port and depart with all speed, may be put in a paragraph.

The yacht was lying becalmed in the sound one fine August day, and the company were on deck under the awnings lounging about in costumes more comfortable than elaborate when the Englishman appeared clad in white canvas, wonderful and spotless. He seemed himself to have starched for the occasion, and the company exchanged glances as he came forward with the splendidly upholstered British matron on his arm.

"Light of my eyes!" Miss Daring cried out as he approached her; "thou art more resplendent than the full moon in its rising!"

The British matron glared at the girl, who was provokingly pretty, and well dressed in a gown of Quaker gray batiste.

"I have never been able to see," she returned, ponderously, "why the fact that one is on a yacht is an excuse for going about in negligé costume."

"Nor I," the other assented with mock deference. "If there is one thing as vulgar as to overdress on a yacht, it is to fail to be dressed well enough."

The British matron gave a snort in reply, and established herself in a comfortable seat. Her son, as the moth flies on the candle, made his way at once to Miss Daring.

The girl rose as he approached her. Her eyes were full of mischief, and she threw a saucy glance around the circle, ending with a look at the British matron which sent cold shivers down the respectable backbone of that eminently proper individual.

"I can swim like a fish," she said. "Come Mr. Montgomery."

And before any one could divine what she meant to do she had seized the Englishman by the arm and deliberately, though swiftly leaped overboard into the blue, calm water. The Englishman, taken completely by surprise, lost his balance and pitched awkwardly into the sea after her. Miss Daring let go of his arm at exactly the right moment and buoyed up her garments, managing to keep her head from going under the water, so when the discomfited gentleman came spluttering to the surface she was ready to greet him.

"Isn't it delightful, Mr. Montgomery?" she said. "Do call out to your mother that you are all right, or she will hurt herself screaming so."

For in truth the worthy British matron was screaming with all the force of her well developed lungs.

How they got the pair out of the water, and how the men laughed and the champerons scolded, and the Englishman swore, and his mother sulked, would take up too much space in the telling, but it may not be amiss to add that it afterwards transpired that the whole scheme had been carefully planned by the wicked young woman, who had on bathing clothes under her demure-looking quaker gray batiste. The British matron will never forget and never forgive, while the son is more deeply in love with Miss Daring than ever.

And she is engaged, so the papers announce this fall, to the owner of the yacht whereon this bit of farce-comedy was enacted.—Boston Courier.

The Dead Languages.

The late Justice Miller was one of the class who think it "better for a man to know something in one language than to be ignoramus in half a dozen." Although himself fluent in Latin and Greek, he often expressed himself as opposed to a student's wasting four years of his life in the study of dead languages, and shortly before his death he said:

I think that the dead languages are unnecessary and impracticable for the average man. They may do for rich people's sons who will have an independent income and who are training themselves for a purely literary life. As to boys who have to make their way in the world, I think they are useless, and that the scientific studies are far more important.

Hard on the Playwright.

Playwright—I would like to know the fate of the three-act comedy which I submitted for your approval. Have you accepted it?

Theatrical manager—I submitted your comedy, sir, to three literary gentlemen, and they informed me that one entire act must be stricken out. Unfortunately each of them insisted on the incision of a different act.—Fliegende Blätter.

THEY COULDN'T BE "THRIPPED."

Pat Callahan's "Game Chickens" That Had Webbed Feet.

When the care of collecting the rents of a row of tenements is off his mind Patrick Callahan is "a bit of a sport," and his knowledge of horses, dogs, and chickens is not to be questioned in his presence. It is seldom that Pat is taught on anything pertaining to his hobby, and if anything of that kind happens he is loath to acknowledge it. The proprietor of the dispensary on the South side where Pat generally does his drinking became the owner of a choice variety of game chickens, and one morning when Pat came in for his "nip" he showed the Irish-American landlord over his coop with a liberal display of pride.

"No use talkin', Johnny," said Pat, stroking his fringe with the air of a connoisseur, "but thim do be folne burrids."

"That's what they are, Mr. Callahan."

"Well, noo, Johnny," rejected Pat with a confidential wink, "do you know, now, I'd like howl' o' some o' that breed."

"Well, it's just like this, Mr. Callahan," said the proprietor seriously. "This here breed is mighty scarce. I'm the only one in Chicago that's got 'em; but if you want to get hold of 'em; pretty bad and don't mind payin' the price, I might let you have a few eggs."

"An' what's the price o' the eggs, Johnny?"

"I think I ought to get \$5 a pair for them, but seein' it's you, I'll let you have three pair for \$10."

"Well," Pat almost gasped, "that's purty steep. But, with a burst of generous enthusiasm, 'I'll go yez.'"

"Johnny" skirmined around and gathered six nice, clear, pale-tinted duck eggs, which Pat carried home and carefully placed under the broad chest of a Cochon-China hen.

For the next three weeks that hen and those eggs were Callahan's only care. He looked at them before breakfast, before dinner, and before going to bed. When the schedule time, twenty-one days, was up, Pat was in a fever of pleasurable anticipation. The twenty-first day passed without the sign of the cracking of a shell. Another day, and he became anxious. Another, and he was alarmed. The twenty-fourth day he examined the eggs carefully, and all at once it dawned upon him.

"If that dom scoundrel Jack Farrell hasn't played a thrick upon me I'm a goat!" he exclaimed, jumping to his feet. "But I'll not give him and his crowd of loafers a chance to get the laugh on me."

Sure enough when the hen had been sitting four weeks she became the foster-mother of six fine yellow ducklings.

"Good morning, Mr. Callahan," was Farrell's cheerful salutation as the landlord entered one morning. "Low're the chickens comin' on?"

"Quite well, I thank ye, Johnny," returned Callahan, with quiet dignity. "They've been out now a week or ten days. An' Johnny, whisper, they are the finest I ever clapped an eye upon. An' they'll make grand fighters, too. I'll warrant ye. Begob, I wouldn't part wid 'em for a house an' lot."

"What makes you think they'll make great fighters, Mr. Callahan?" asked the proprietor.

"Well, I'll tell ye, Johnny; they have feet on 'em that the devil himself wouldn't thrip up."—Chicago Times.

A Mexican Snake Story.

The old traveler was in the story-telling mood and spun this yarn: "Lying in a deep ravine in the mountains of Santa Clara county, Cal., is the little village of New Almaden. So narrow is the gulch that only one street is possible, and down the length of this ripples a stream of limpid water, fresh from mountain snows. Flowers throng along the roadsides, and the roses fling themselves over the sides of the adobe houses.

"High up on the mountain is the entrance to the quicksilver mines, from which the village takes its name. Up the keen slope, in the sultry mornings, the miners take their way in heavy-footed bands, and plunge into the bowels of the earth. Beside the quicksilver there are other products—Mexican children and rattlesnakes. It is necessary to set sharp-pointed stones on the threshold of each house to keep out the serpents.

"One day a Mexican mother sat her little dusky daughter on the floor, and went out to bake her bread in the brick oven, which several of the neighbors used in common. She was gone some time and when she came back she found her baby surrounded with the beautiful reptiles—beautiful and hideous things which filled the room. Paralyzed with terror, she could not speak or move. And the little one was in ecstasy. It gave vent to little rapturous cries. Its black eyes danced with happiness. She played with the glittering things, and let them envelop her. Not one of them tried to harm her. They treated her with something like reverence.

"At last, with a scream of desperation, the mother snatched up her protesting baby and called for help. The big miser women drove out the intruders amid the lamentations of the baby. And afterward, from childhood to maidenhood, this girl could wander at will through the canyon, without fear of molestation from any reptile, and the miners crossed themselves when they saw her, and said that she bore a charmed life."

Tea Drinking in Russia.

The Russian saloon for tea-drinking is an interesting feature of life in Russian cities. The waiters are attired in white from head to foot, with a large black purse at the waist, and all are men. Tea is drunk alone or with lemon, and the sugar eaten from the land. Fifteen cups are not too many for an old tea-drinker.

W. J. Vaderwikelstein, who introduced into Australia the rabbits which have been for years the pest and the despair of that vast country, is still living in Melbourne, broken-hearted and weary of life because of the anguish which that great mistake has brought him.

The first water mill ever built was erected on the river Tiber, at Rome, A. D. 50. Wind mills were in original use in the twelfth century. Tide mills were operated in Venice about 1703. Saw mills are said to have been in use at Augsburg, Germany, about 1332.

The king of France had a falcon which escaped from Fontainebleau, and in twenty-four hours was found in Malta, a space computed to be at not less than 1,850 miles, a velocity equal to fifty-six miles an hour, supposing the hawk to have been on the wing the whole time.

It is said that once a certain person asked Robert Browning as to the meaning of one of his poems. The poet started to explain and said its meaning was so and so. Then he stopped explaining and said: "I am not certain what I meant. Ask the Browning society. It knows."

The richest professional mendicant in the country is "Blind Johnny" of Philadelphia. He is 60 years of age and is worth about \$20,000. He travels from Chicago to Washington, from there to Baltimore, and ends up in Philadelphia, spending about three months in each city. He has made all his money as a mendicant.

Strictly speaking, the only precious stones are the diamond, ruby, sapphire and emerald, though the term is often extended to the opal, notwithstanding its lack of hardness, and to the pearl, which is not a mineral, but strictly an animal product. Popularly a gem is a precious or semi-precious stone, when cut or polished for ornamental purposes.

The great Lethbridge coal fields lie just across the Canadian border from Montana, and are tapped by a branch of the Canadian Pacific and the new Galt Railway from the Great Northern, in Montana. The coal company owns 65,000 acres of land in and around Lethbridge, for which they paid the Dominion government \$10 an acre.

Herodotus tells of sorcerers who once in every year had the power of assuming the semblance of wolves for several days at a time. Marcellus Sidetes also tells of men who at the beginning of every year were afflicted with a form of madness, during which they believed themselves to be wolves or dogs, and spent the night prowling about burial grounds.



Copyright, 1920.

Help yourself if you're a suffering woman, with the medicine that's been prepared especially to help you—Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It will do it where others fail. For all the diseases peculiar to the sex—dragging-down pains, displacements, and other weaknesses, it's a positive remedy. It means a new life, and a longer one, for every delicate woman. In every case for which it's recommended, it gives satisfaction. It's guaranteed to do so, or the money is refunded.

It improves digestion, invigorates the system, enriches the blood, dispels aches and pains, produces refreshing sleep, dispels melancholy and nervousness, and builds up both flesh and strength. It is a legitimate medicine—not a beverage. Contains no alcohol to inebriate; no syrup or sugar to sour or ferment in the stomach and cause distress. As peculiar in its marvelous, remedial results as in its composition. Therefore, don't be put off with some worthless compound easily, but dishonestly, recommended to be "just as good."



"WE ARE HAPPY, ENI MY BOY? Wearo happy because of our glorious health; for Health, my boy, is Happiness."

What picture can equal that of a young mother and child in perfect health? and what a rare sight it is. **LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S** Vegetable Compound possesses those health-giving properties so important to both mother and child. It is the only Legitimate Remedy and Positive Cure for these peculiar weaknesses and ailments incident to women. Every Druggist sells it as a standard article, or sent by mail, in form of Pills or Lozenges, on receipt of \$1.00.

Mrs. Pinkham freely answers letters of inquiry. Enclose stamp for reply. Send stamp for "Guide to Health and Happiness," a beautiful illustrated book. Lydia E. Pinkham Med. Co., Lynn, Mass.

DRINK LION COFFEE
A True Combination of MOCHA, JAVA and RIO
Picture Card Given With every pound package. For Sale everywhere. Western Base Co., Toledo, O.

A BRAVE WARRIOR.

DR. TALMAGE PREACHES ABOUT JOSHUA'S MIGHTY VALOR.

The Man Through Whose Instrumentality Jordan Was Parted, the Walls of Jericho Were Blown Down and the Sun and the Moon Stood Still.

BROOKLYN, Dec. 21.—Dr. Talmage preached the following sermon this morning in the Academy of Music in this city, and again in the evening at the service in New York. His text was Joshua 11: 5: "And when all these kings were met together, they came and pitched together at the waters of Merom to fight against Israel."

We are encamped tonight in Palestine by the waters of Merom. After a long march we have found our tents pitched, our fires kindled, and though far away from civilization, a variety of food that would not compromise a first-class American hotel, for the most of our caravan starts an hour and a half earlier in the morning.

We detain only two mules carrying so much of our baggage as we might accidentally need, and a tent for the noonday luncheon. The malarial air around this Lake Merom is so poisonous that at any other season of the year encampment here is perilous, but this winter night the air is tonic and healthful. In this neighborhood Joshua fought his last great battle. The nations had banded themselves together to crush this Joshua, but along the banks of these waters Joshua left their carcasses. Indeed it is time we more minutely examine this Joshua of whom we have in these discourses caught only a momentary glimpse, although he crossed and recrossed Palestine, and next to Jesus is the most stirring and mighty character whose foot ever touched the Holy Land.

For the most part, when the general of an army starts out in a conflict he would like to have a small battle in order that he may get his courage up and he may rally his troops and get them drilled for greater conflicts; but this first undertaking of Joshua was greater than the leveling of Fort Pulaski, or the thundering down of Gibraltar, or the overthrow of the Bastille. It was the crossing of the Jordan at the time of the spring freshet. The snows of Mount Lebanon had just been melting and they poured down into the valley and the whole valley was a raging torrent. So the Canaanites stand on one bank and they look across and see Joshua and the Israelites, and they laugh and say: "Aha! aha! they cannot disturb us in time—until the freshets fall; it is impossible for them to reach us." But after a while they look across the water and they see a movement in the army of Joshua. They say, "What's the matter now? Why, there must be a panic among these troops, and they are going to fly, or perhaps they are going to cross the river Jordan." But Joshua, the chief, looks at his army and cries: "Forward, march!" and they start for the bank of the Jordan.

One mile ahead of two priests carrying a glittering box four feet long and two feet wide. It is the ark of the covenant. And they come down, and no sooner do they just touch the rim of the water with their feet than by an almighty fiat, Jordan parts. The army of Joshua marches right through without getting their feet wet, over the bottom of the river, a path of chalk and broken shells and pebbles, until they get to the other bank.

But this is no place for the host to stop. Joshua gives the command, "Forward, march!" In the distance there is a long grove of trees, and at the end of the grove is a city of towers, a city with walls seeming to reach to the heaven, to buttress the very sky. It is the great metropolis that commands the mountain pass. It is Jericho. That city was afterward captured by Pompey, and it was afterward captured by the Mohammedans; but this campaign the Lord plans. There shall be no swords, no shields, no battering ram. There shall be only one weapon of war, and that a ram's horn.

The seven priests with the rude musical instruments pass all around the city walls on the first day, and a failure. Not so much as a piece of plaster broke loose from the wall—not so much as a loosened rock, not so much as a piece of mortar lost from its place. "There," say the unbelieving Israelites, "didn't I tell you so? Why, those ministers are fools. The idea of going around the city with those musical instruments and expecting in that way to destroy it! Joshua has been spoiled; he thinks because he has overthrown and destroyed the spring freshet, he can overthrow the stone wall. Why, it is not philosophic. Don't you see there is no relation between the blowing of these musical instruments and the knocking down of the wall? It isn't philosophy."

Joshua's stock was down. The second day, the priests blowing the musical instruments go around the city, and a failure. Third day, a failure; fourth day, a failure; fifth day, a failure; sixth day, a failure. The seventh day comes, the climacteric day. Joshua is up early in the morning and examines the troops, he walks all around about, looks at the city wall. The priests start to make the circuit of the city. They go all around once, all around twice, three times, four times, five times, six times, seven times, and a failure.

There is only one more thing to do, and that is to utter a great shout. I see the Israelitish army straightening themselves up, filling their lungs for a vociferation such as was never heard before and never heard after. Joshua feels that the hour has come, and he cries out to his host: "Shout; for the Lord hath given you the city!" All the people begin to cry: "Down Jericho, down Jericho!" and the long line of solid masonry begins to quiver and to move and to rock. Stand from under! She is here! Crash! go the walls, the towers, the towers, the palaces; the air blackened with the dust. The huzzas of the victorious Israelites and the groan of the conquered Canaanites commingle, and Joshua standing there in the debris of the wall, hears a voice saying: "There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life."

But Joshua's troops may not halt here. The command is, "Forward, march!" There is the city of Ai; it must be taken. How shall it be taken? A scouting party comes back and says: "Joshua, we can do that without you; it is going to be a very easy job; you just stay here while we go and capture it." They march with a small regiment in front of that city. The men of Ai look at them and give one yell, and the Israelites run like rabbits. The Northern troops at Bull Run did not make such a time as these Israelites with the Canaanites after them. They never out such a sorry figure as when they were on

the retreat. Anybody that goes out in the battles of God with only half a force, instead of you taking the men of Ai, the men of Ai will take you. Look at the Church of God on the retreat. The Borneian cannibals ate up Munson the missionary. "Fall back!" said a great many Christian people; "Fall back O Church of God! Borneo will never be taken. Don't you see the Borneian cannibals have eaten up Munson, the missionary?" "Fyrdall" delivers his lecture at the University of Glasgow, and a great many good people say, "Fall back O Church of God! Don't you see that Christian philosophy is going to be overcome by worldly philosophy? Fall back!" Geology plunges its crowbar into mountains, and there are a great many people who say, "Scientific investigation is going to overthrow the Mosaic account of Creation. Fall back!" Friends of the Church have never had any right to fall back.

Joshua falls on his face in chagrin. It is the only time you ever see the back of his head. He falls on his face and begins to whine, and he says, "Oh, Lord God, wherefore hast thou at all brought this people over Jordan to deliver us into the hand of the Amorites, to destroy us? Would that I had been content and dwelt on the other side of the Jordan! For the Canaanites and all the inhabitants of the land shall hear of it, and shall environ us round and cut off our name from the earth."

God comes and rouses him. How does he rouse him? By complimentary apostrophe? No. He says: "Get thee up. Wherefore liest thou upon thy face?" Joshua rises, and I warrant you with a mortified look. But his old courage comes back. The fact was, that was not his battle. If he had been in it he would have gone on to victory. He gathers his troops around him and says: "Now let us go up and capture the city of Ai; let us go up right away."

They march on. He puts the majority of the troops behind a ledge of rocks in the night, and then he sends comparatively small regiments up in front of the city. The men of Ai come out with their small regiments of Israelites in stratagem fall back and fall back, and when all the men of Ai have left the city and are in pursuit of the scattered, or seemingly scattered, regiments, Joshua stands on a rock—I see his look lying in the wind as he points his spear towards the doomed city, and that is the signal. The men rush out from behind the rocks and take the city, and it is put to the torch, and then these Israelites in the city march down and the flying regiments of Israelites return, and between these two waves of Israelitish prowess the men of Ai are destroyed, and the Israelites gain the victory; and while I see the curling smoke of that destroyed city on the sky, and while I hear the huzzas of the Israelites and the groan of the Canaanites, Joshua hears something louder than it all, ringing and echoing through his soul, "There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life."

But this is no place for the host of Joshua to stop. "Forward, march!" cries Joshua to the troops. There is the city of Gibeon. It has put itself under the protection of Joshua. They send the word, "There are five kings after us; they are going to destroy us; send troops quick; send us help right away." Joshua has a three days' march more than double quick. On the morning of the third day he is before the enemy. There are two long lines of battle. The battle opens with great slaughter, but the Canaanites soon discover something. They say, "That is Joshua, that is the man who conquered the spring freshet and knocked down the stone wall and destroyed the city of Ai. There is no use fighting. And they sound a retreat, and as they begin to retreat, Joshua and his host spring upon them like a panther, pursuing them over the rocks, and as these Canaanites with sprained ankles and gashed foreheads retreat, the catapults of the sky pour a volley of hail stones into the valley, and all the artillery of the heavens with bullets of iron, pound the Canaanites against the ledges of Beth-horon.

"Oh!" says Joshua, "this is surely a victory. But do you not see the sun is going down? Those Amorites are going to get away after all, and then they will come up some other time and bother us, and perhaps destroy us." See, the sun is going down. Oh, for a longer day than has ever been seen in this climate! What is the matter with Joshua? Has he fallen in an apoplectic fit? No, he is in prayer, not out when a good man makes his prayer, and as they begin to retreat, Joshua and his host spring upon them like a panther, pursuing them over the rocks, and as these Canaanites with sprained ankles and gashed foreheads retreat, the catapults of the sky pour a volley of hail stones into the valley, and all the artillery of the heavens with bullets of iron, pound the Canaanites against the ledges of Beth-horon.

"Oh!" says Joshua, "this is surely a victory. But do you not see the sun is going down? Those Amorites are going to get away after all, and then they will come up some other time and bother us, and perhaps destroy us." See, the sun is going down. Oh, for a longer day than has ever been seen in this climate! What is the matter with Joshua? Has he fallen in an apoplectic fit? No, he is in prayer, not out when a good man makes his prayer, and as they begin to retreat, Joshua and his host spring upon them like a panther, pursuing them over the rocks, and as these Canaanites with sprained ankles and gashed foreheads retreat, the catapults of the sky pour a volley of hail stones into the valley, and all the artillery of the heavens with bullets of iron, pound the Canaanites against the ledges of Beth-horon.

Joshua at last is brought to the close of his career. He gathers his friends around him and gives his valedictory and it is full of reminiscence. Young men tell what they are going to do; old men tell what they have done. And as you have heard a grandfather or great-grandfather, seated by the fire, tell of Monmouth or Yorktown, and then 'till the crutch or staff as though it were a musket, to fight, and show how the old battles were won—so Joshua gathers his friends around his dying couch, and he tells them the story of what he has been through, and as he lies there, his white locks snowing down on his wrinkled forehead, I wonder if God has kept his promise all the way through. Dead, the old chief must be laid out. Handle him very gently; that sacred body is over a hundred and ten years of age. Lay him out, stretch out those feet that walked dry shod the parted Jordan. Close those lips which helped blow the blast at which the walls of Jericho fell. Fold the arm that lifted the spear toward the doomed city of Ai. Fold it right over the heart that exulted when the five kings fell. But where shall we get the burnished granite for the headstone and the footstone? I bethink myself now. I imagine that for the head it shall be the sun that stood still upon Gibeon and for the foot the moon that stood still in the valley of Ajalon.

She—"John, what do you cook in those jack pots you have at the club—that you sometimes talk about in your sleep?" He—"Soup."—N. Y. Herald.

"I can't go Schubert," exclaimed Mrs. Skimgillet at the concert. "But you can go Chopin every day in the week," retorted her husband.—*London Courier.*

If it is true that philosophers are wise men, then Dr. Bull, of Cough Syrup fame, must have been one of the greatest of philosophers.

The associated banks of New York city hold \$78,200 in gold.

An exchange states that the male wasp does not sting. Before investigating the truth of this assertion, we would advise our readers to secure a bottle of Salvation Oil.

One sneers at curls when one has no more hair; one slanders apples when one has no more tooth.

Female Weakness Positive Cure. To This Editor: Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the thousand and one ills which arise from deranged female organs. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy free to any lady who will send their Express and P. O. address.

Dr. J. B. MARCHESI, 138 Genesee St., Utica, N. Y.

In condemning the vanity of women, men complain of the fire that they themselves have kindled.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria, When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria, When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria, When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

The Italian government treasury contains \$2,400,000 in silver and \$20,000,000 in gold.

Chronic Coughs and Colds And all diseases of the Throat and Lungs can be cured by the use of Scott's Emulsion, as it contains the healing virtues of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites in their fullest form. "I consider Scott's Emulsion the remedy par excellence in Tuberculous and Strumous Affections, to say nothing of ordinary colds and throat troubles."—W. R. S. CONNELL, M. D., Manchester, O.

The German Imperial bank holds \$68,000,000 in silver and \$27,000,000 in gold, and the German note banks contain \$1,000,000 in silver and \$10,000,000 in gold.

Deafness Can't be Cured by local applications, as they can not reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces. We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by Catarrh) that we can not cure by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

The knowledge of the charms one possesses prompts one to utilize them. I cannot see why women are so desirous of imitating men.

WANTED! MEN TO TRAVEL. We pay \$1000 a month for men to sell our goods. STONE & WELLINGTON, Madison, Wis.

Little Speeches For Little Folks. PRICE 10 CENTS. Lectures of Recitations, Readings, Dialogues, Plays, Charades, Tableaux, Pastimes, Books of Games, Sports and Amusements, Athletic, Gymnastic, Etc., Etc., Etc.

ON 30 DAYS TRIAL. THIS NEW ELASTIC TRUSS. It relieves all pains from all other elastic trusses. It is made of self-adjusting material, and adapts itself to all positions of the body, while the balling-in and pressure of the other trusses just as a person does with the finger. Without pressure on the liver and right, and a reliable cure certain. It is made of the best material. It is made of the best material. It is made of the best material. EGLESTON MFG. CO., Chicago, Ill.

VASELINE. FOR ONE DOLLAR sent us by mail, we will collect free of all charges of any person in the United States, all the following articles carefully packed in a neat box: One two-ounce bottle of Pure Vaseline 10 cts. One two-ounce bottle of Vaseline Pomade 15 cts. One jar of Vaseline Cold Cream 15 cts. One cake of Vaseline Camphor 10 cts. One cake of Vaseline Soap, unscented 10 cts. One cake of Vaseline Soap, scented 25 cts. One two-ounce bottle of White Vaseline 25 cts.

Or for stamps any single article at the price. If you have occasion to use Vaseline in any form be careful to accept the goods put up by us in original packages. A great many druggists are trying to persuade buyers to take VASILINE put up by them. Never yield to such persuasion, as the article is an imitation without value, and will not give you the result you expect. A bottle of Blue Seal Vaseline is sold by all druggists at ten cents. CHESBROUGH M'g. Co., 24 State St., New York.

DR. OWEN'S ELECTRIC BELT With Double Wire Suspensory. PATENTED AUG. 16, 1887. IMPROVED JULY 29, 1890.

DR. OWEN'S ELECTRIC BELT AND SUSPENSORY will cure all Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Headache, General Debility, Nervousness, Kidney Weakness, Dropsy, Stomach Disturbance, Westcough, Asthma, Catarrh of the Bladder, etc. It is made of the best material. It is made of the best material. It is made of the best material.

SEND TO RESPONSIBLE PARTIES FOR CERTAIN COMPLAINTS ON 30 DAYS TRIAL. Also an Electric Truss and Belt Combined. Send 5c. postage for free illustrated book, 25c. postage will be sent you in plain sealed envelope. Mention this paper. Address

Owen Electric Belt & Appliance Co., 306 N. Broadway, St. Louis, Mo., 826 Broadway, New York City.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, for Children. Coughs, cures whooping cough, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle.

"The food of night"—Cats that are killed in the back yard.

Washing powders are strong alkalies, and ruin clothes. The purest soap obtainable is the best and cheapest. Dobbins' Electric Soap has been acknowledged for 24 years to be the purest of all. Try it right away.

The United States treasury amounts to \$318,000,000 in silver and \$325,000,000 in gold.

A lady returned from a foreign tour claims that her health was restored by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

The German government treasury amounts to \$30,000,000 in gold.

Coughs and Colds. Those who are suffering from Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, etc., should try BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROUSERS. Sold only in boxes.

The banks of France hold \$300,400,000 in silver and \$254,000,000 in gold.

Entitled to the Best. All are entitled to the best that their money will buy, so every family should have, at once, a bottle of the best family remedy, Syrup of Figs, to cleanse the system when constive or bilious. For sale in 50c and \$1.00 bottles at all leading druggists.

The bank of Holland contains \$30,400,000 in silver and \$25,000,000 in gold.

St. Jacobs Oil CURES BRUISES, FROST-BITES, INFLAMMATIONS AND ALL HURTS AND ILLS OF MAN AND BEAST. SICK HEADACHE. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. POSITIVELY CURED BY THESE LITTLE PILLS. They also relieve Dizziness, Nausea, Vomiting, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Constipation, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels, Purify the Blood, and Strengthen the System. Price 25 Cents. CARTER MEDICINE CO., NEW YORK. Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price.

GARFIELD TEA cures Constipation and Sick Headache; restores the Complexion; saves Doctors' Bills. Sold by Druggists.

TELEGRAPHY We guarantee a good paying position to every graduate. American School of Telegraphy, Madison, Wis.

LADIES can have smaller feet. Sold by mail. The Foot and Toe Cure. MARRY. Thousands of persons have married through the use of the oldest Remedial System in this country. For particulars, send stamp for sample. List number securely wrapped in case. THE AMERICAN SCHOOL OF TELEGRAPHY, CHICAGO, ILL.

FLORIDA FREE INFORMATION. Cheap homes for all. Send stamp for map and prospectus. O. B. Crosby, 99 Franklin St., N. Y.

TRON'S CHICAGO DETECTIVE AGENCY, 157 Washington Street, Chicago. Promptly investigates all Legitimate Detective Business, civil or criminal, by skilled operatives. Strictly confidential. Moderate terms. COL. T. C. TRON, Supr.

KIDDER'S PASTILLES. A SURE CURE FOR Asthma, Cough, Bronchitis, etc. Sold by mail. Struwell & Co., Charlestown, Mass.

PISSO SCURE FOR CONSUMPTION. Best Cough Medicine. Recommended by Physicians. Cures where all else fails. Pleasant and agreeable to the taste. Children take it without objection. By druggists.

THE MAN UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THE COUNTRY, WILL OBTAIN MUCH VALUABLE INFORMATION FROM A STUDY OF THIS MAP OF



THE CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC RAILWAY, including main lines, branches and extensions East and West of the Missouri River. The Direct Route to and from Chicago, Joliet, Ottawa, Peoria, La Salle, Moline, Rock Island, in ILLINOIS—Davenport, Muscatine, Ottumwa, Oskaloosa, Des Moines, Winterest, Audubon, Harlan and Council Bluffs, in IOWA—Minneapolis and St. Paul, in MINNESOTA—Watertown and Sioux Falls, in DAKOTA—Camaron, St. Joseph, and Kansas City, in MISSOURI—Omaha, Fairbury, and Nelson, in NEBRASKA—Atchison, Leavenworth, Horton, Topeka, Hutchinson, Wichita, Belleville, Abilene, Dodge City, Caldwell, in KANSAS—Kingfisher, El Reno, in the INDIAN TERRITORY—Denver, Colorado Springs and Pueblo, in COLORADO. Traverses now across of rich farming and grazing lands, affording the best facilities of intercommunication to all towns and cities east and west, northwest and southwest of Chicago, and to Pacific and transoceanic Seaports.

MAGNIFICENT VESTIBULE EXPRESS TRAINS, Leading all competitors in splendor of equipment, between CHICAGO and DES MOINES, COUNCIL BLUFFS and OMAHA, and between CHICAGO and DENVER, COLORADO SPRINGS and PUEBLO, via KANSAS CITY and TOPEKA or via ST. JOSEPH. Through Coaches, Palace Sleepers, NEW BEDS and ELEGANT DINING CARS, and FREE RECLINING CHAIR CARS, and California Excursions daily, with choice of routes to and from Salt Lake City, Ogden, Helena, Portland (Ore.), Los Angeles and San Francisco. Fast Express Trains daily to and from all towns, cities and sections in Southern Nebraska, Kansas and the Indian Territory. The Direct Line to and from Elk's Peak, Manitou, Cascade, Glenwood Springs, and all the Sanitary Resorts and Scenic Grandeur of Colorado.

VIA THE ALBERT LEA ROUTE. Fast Express Trains daily between Chicago and Minneapolis and St. Paul, making close connections for all points North and Northwest. FREE Reclining Chair Cars to and from Kansas City. The Favorite Line to Pinebluffs, Watertown, Sioux Falls, and the Summer Resorts and Hunting and Fishing Grounds of Iowa, Minnesota and Dakota.

THE SHORT LINE VIA SENECA AND KANKAKEE offers facilities to travel between Chicago, Indianapolis, Lafayette, and Council Bluffs, St. Joseph, Atchison, Leavenworth, Kansas City, Minneapolis, and St. Paul. For Tickets, Maps, Folders, or desired information, apply to any Ticket Office in the United States or Canada, or address

E. ST. JOHN, General Manager. **JOHN SEBASTIAN,** Gen'l Ticket & Pass Agent. CHICAGO, ILL.

MEXICAN CACTUS PILLS. Agents wanted everywhere for this wonderful new remedy. Sample bottle, 50c. Circular free. CACTUS CO., Box 11, East El Paso, Texas.

BILL Posters, Agents, Women boys, everywhere. 1000 firms worth 10.00 persons per month. 10c. Particulars for a 2 cent stamp. Agents Herald, Box 212, Philadelphia, Pa.

PENSIONS NEW LAW CLAIMS. Apply Milo D. Stevens & Co. Attorneys, 1419 F Street Washington, D. C. BRANCH OFFICES—Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago.

RAISE MONEY EVENINGS, showing beautiful pictures suitable for Sunday Schools, Lodges, Church Bazaar and Home Circles, and complete. Magic Lanterns made by COIT & CO. PA. N. Y., 13 Beekman Street, New York City. Illustrated Catalogues free.

PENSION JOHN W. PROBERTS, Washington, D. C. Successfully Prosecutes Claims. Late Principal Examiner, U.S. Pension Bureau. 3 yrs. in last war, 15 adjudicating claims, city square.

DR. HUTCHINSON at his private dispensary in Washington, D. C. He has a special course given free by letter or person on special Bland and Nervous Diseases. Those requiring Electric Appliances with other remedies, he furnishes Improved Electric Appliances to be used in connection with his medicines free of cost and returned when cured. Hutchinson's new method and remedies cure quickly, permanently and with little expense.

FARMS FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE. Clear improved farms, 80 to 600 acres, live stock, utensils, crops, good soil, \$12.50 to \$20.00 per acre. In Michigan, Wisconsin, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Minnesota, Dakota, Missouri, Kansas and Nebraska. Unimproved lands, 100 to 1000 acres, for property to exchange for outside property. Write for particulars. C. W. ROBERTS, 81 Washington St., Chicago.

STEREOPTICONS Battery & Optical Co. CHICAGO, ILL. MAGIC LANTERNS, PARCHESES THE BEST HOME GAME. For 20 years on the market and exceeds all others. Price \$1.00 each, mailed post-paid. SELIGMAN & BRIGHTER, 41 JOHN STREET, NEW YORK.

MANHOOD RESTORED. A victim of youthful impudence, causing Protrusion, Pigeon Breast, Debility, Lost Manhood, etc., having tried in vain every known remedy, has discovered a simple, safe, and reliable cure, which he will send FREE to his fellow-sufferers. Address J. H. REEVES, Esq., Box 209, N. Y. City.

IF YOU want to buy a Farm, Ranch, or unimproved land, in Illinois, Iowa, Nebraska, Kansas, Missouri, Arkansas or Texas, or in any State South of the Ohio River—or if you want to exchange a farm or lands for Chicago property, write us fully just what you want or have. JONES & JONAS, 103 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

MEMORY Mind wandering cured. Book learned one reading. Testimonials from all parts of the globe. Prospectus post FREE, sent on receipt of 10c. Address: A. L. LINDSEY, 207 Fifth Ave., New York.

FARMERS Can obtain 3 valuable books on HORSEMEN, DOGFANCIERS, LOVERS OF BIRDS. Their proper care & treatment in health & disease. Free of charge. Write for them. Dr. Frazer, 403 N. 3d St., Philadelphia, Pa. Inventor of the oldest, strongest and best Catarrh Powder made. 4 doses free, by mail.

PENSIONS. The Disability bill is a law. Soldiers disabled since the war are entitled. Widows who are dependent are included. One year's deposit to-day, whose sons died from effects of Army service, will give you your claim speedily and successfully settled. Address: JAMES TANNER, Late Commissioner of Pensions, Washington, D. C.

BOILING WATER OR MILK. EPPS'S COCOA GRATEFUL-COMFORTING. LABELLED 1-2 LB. TINS ONLY. W. N. D., D.—VIII.—52.

When writing to Advertisers please say you saw the advertisement in this Paper.

FLORIDA FREE INFORMATION. Cheap homes for all. Send stamp for map and prospectus. O. B. Crosby, 99 Franklin St., N. Y.

TRON'S CHICAGO DETECTIVE AGENCY, 157 Washington Street, Chicago. Promptly investigates all Legitimate Detective Business, civil or criminal, by skilled operatives. Strictly confidential. Moderate terms. COL. T. C. TRON, Supr.

KIDDER'S PASTILLES. A SURE CURE FOR Asthma, Cough, Bronchitis, etc. Sold by mail. Struwell & Co., Charlestown, Mass.

PISSO SCURE FOR CONSUMPTION. Best Cough Medicine. Recommended by Physicians. Cures where all else fails. Pleasant and agreeable to the taste. Children take it without objection. By druggists.

THE MAN UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THE COUNTRY, WILL OBTAIN MUCH VALUABLE INFORMATION FROM A STUDY OF THIS MAP OF



THE CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC RAILWAY, including main lines, branches and extensions East and West of the Missouri River. The Direct Route to and from Chicago, Joliet, Ottawa, Peoria, La Salle, Moline, Rock Island, in ILLINOIS—Davenport, Muscatine, Ottumwa, Oskaloosa, Des Moines, Winterest, Audubon, Harlan and Council Bluffs, in IOWA—Minneapolis and St. Paul, in MINNESOTA—Watertown and Sioux Falls, in DAKOTA—Camaron, St. Joseph, and Kansas City, in MISSOURI—Omaha, Fairbury, and Nelson, in NEBRASKA—Atchison, Leavenworth, Horton, Topeka, Hutchinson, Wichita, Belleville, Abilene, Dodge City, Caldwell, in KANSAS—Kingfisher, El Reno, in the INDIAN TERRITORY—Denver, Colorado Springs and Pueblo, in COLORADO. Traverses now across of rich farming and grazing lands, affording the best facilities of intercommunication to all towns and cities east and west, northwest and southwest of Chicago, and to Pacific and transoceanic Seaports.

MAGNIFICENT VESTIBULE EXPRESS TRAINS, Leading all competitors in splendor of equipment, between CHICAGO and DES MOINES, COUNCIL BLUFFS and OMAHA, and between CHICAGO and DENVER, COLORADO SPRINGS and PUEBLO, via KANSAS CITY and TOPEKA or via ST. JOSEPH. Through Coaches, Palace Sleepers, NEW BEDS and ELEGANT DINING CARS, and FREE RECLINING CHAIR CARS, and California Excursions daily, with choice of routes to and from Salt Lake City, Ogden, Helena, Portland (Ore.), Los Angeles and San

