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The Evening Item May 17, 1890

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Wilbur Wright

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THE EVENING ITEM.

Vol. I.

DAYTON, OHIO, SATURDAY, MAY 17, 1890.

No. 16.]

A MANIAC

Newspaper Man Strangely Stricken

WITH A MANIA WHICH RESEMBLES HYDROPHOBIA.

John B. Abell, Business Manager of the Springfield, Ohio, Democrat, Screaming, Raving and in Convulsions, the Result of a Bite by a Dog Supposed to Be Sick.

SPRINGFIELD, Ohio, May 17.—John B. Abell, business manager of the Springfield Democrat has been seized with a singular case of mania. He had been bitten on the middle finger of his right hand by a dog, which had been sick for several days. The finger became swollen and very painful, and Mr. Abell was noticeably worried about it, and expressed to several friends that he was afraid of hydrophobia, as he thought the dog was mad. Mr. Abell labored under great mental excitement and was advised by friends to go home and rest.

While eating his dinner at the office he suddenly became frenzied, and commenced screaming. Attaches of the office ran to his assistance, but in his wild condition it was difficult to handle him. He suddenly fell to the floor in a semi-conscious condition, with his eyes fixed and glassy. Physicians were summoned, and he was taken home.

Dr. A. M. Potter, one of the physicians, claims that it is not hydrophobia dementia, but that the attack is due to worry about the bite of a dog. Mr. Abell has not been physically well for nearly a year.

Mr. Abell is one of Springfield's brightest young business men and a very popular figure in politics. He is 26 years of age. In 1887 he made a strong race for representative from Clark county. Some two years ago he took the position of business manager of the Daily Democrat, and has made himself many friends. He is a graduate of Ann Arbor college. His misfortune is a matter of deep regret, and his friends are very desirous for his recovery.

STATE OF TRADE

HAS IMPROVED SINCE REPORT OF LAST WEEK.

Especially in the Flooded Districts of the South—The Industrial Situation Less Disturbed—New York Flannel Sales—Bradstreet's Weekly Report.

NEW YORK, May 17.—Bradstreet's State of Trade says: Special telegrams indicate a reasonably active trade movement throughout the country, with improvement over the preceding week in Louisiana and elsewhere in the recently flooded district, which, it is reported, will be free from water in time for a crop this season. Elsewhere in the south crop prospects are excellent. The weather has been favorable for trade throughout the west, but at St. Paul the general merchandise movement for May has not equaled that for a like period last year. Only a moderate activity is reported from Philadelphia, the auction offerings at New York having drawn off attention considerably.

The industrial situation is rather less disturbed this week, there having been reported only 37 strikes; involving 4,690 employes. The strike of 3,000 tube workers was the largest single disturbance reported. For the past fortnight our records of strikes exceeds all records for any single month. These including 182 strikes, involving 37,916 strikers.

There is no gain in anthracite coal, and pig iron is as heavy as before, and southern irons are passing north with individual vigor. Steel rails have been cut \$2.50 per ton, and billets are reported at bedrock as to prices. Nails and structural iron are relatively most active. Raw sugar, is off 1/4c with refined shaded. There is no material change in coffee, which is supported mainly by active speculation. Lard and cut meats are irregular in price and weaker. Live cattle are off 10@20c per hundred on heavy receipts.

The trade sales of flannels at New York (28,000 cases valued at \$5,500,000) have now paralyzed the attention of the dry goods trade to the curtailment of regular business in this line. The results of the sale are, as a whole, unsatisfactory, the late mild winter and heavy stocks in dealers hands depressing prices five to twenty per cent. below last year, and on colored flannels generally below actual cost of production. Wool is very firm and in fairly active demand on deposited stocks. The strong demand on eastern manufacturing account at Philadelphia advanced slightly. Cotton is dull and 1-6 lower.

The week has been one of reaction in prices of breadstuffs, on a varying interpretation of the government crop reports, checked Atlantic coast sales for export and weaker calls, wheat and corn each losing two cents, and flour feeling the effect.

A Transatlantic Freight Line.

CHICAGO, May 17.—The Atchison has made a new outlet to Liverpool for grain from Kansas. The route is from Kansas points on the Atchison to Galveston, thence by boat to Liverpool. The first boat was loaded and started across the water a few days ago. The Galveston people have almost gone crazy over the vast possibilities thus opened and are now pulling every string to secure a deep water harbor and thus divert about all of the export grain from Chicago to Galveston.

What Fools These Mortals Be.

WINCHESTER, Ohio, May 17.—Charles McIntire, a farmer living near here, was seriously injured this afternoon by the bursting of a shell which he was trying to force in his shotgun by pounding it with an iron pin. Nearly all of his face was blown off. He will not recover.

It Was Loaded.

CHICAGO, May 17.—Last November William Kenton, who lives near here, filled his pipe from a new package of smoking tobacco, and upon lighting it an explosion occurred, and something struck him in the eye. It was found necessary to remove the eye-ball from the socket. Upon examination the shell of a small cartridge was found imbedded in the ball. Mr. Kenton has now entered suit for damages against the manufacturers of the tobacco.

A Convention of Editors.

ANDERSON, May 17.—A call has been issued for a meeting of the editors of papers published in "gas towns" of the state, namely—Marion, Anderson, Kokomo and Muncie—to be held at Anderson, May 23. The object of the meeting is presumably for the purpose of entering into a compact by which the editors of the various papers will agree to cease this everlasting "roasting" of rival gas towns.

Instantly Killed.

VERNON, May 17.—A passenger train going south on the Jeffersonville, Madison and Indianapolis railroad ran over and instantly killed Joseph Long in a cut one mile south of this place. Mr. Long was about sixty-six years of age, and was very deaf. He leaves a wife and three children, one of whom lives in Cincinnati.

A Peculiar Accident.

MARION, May 17.—Emery Boise, while assisting in sawing wood at David Ulsh's, where a threshing-machine was used for the power, stepped up and commenced to pull the whistle, when the rivets, to the number of a dozen, were pulled through the irons, and the steam and water scalded nearly his entire body. He may possibly recover.

Patriotic Muncie.

MUNCIE, May 17.—The Jr. O. U. A. M., of this city, presented six American flags this afternoon to the several schools of Muncie. Five thousand pupils and patrons listened to the presentation speech, which was made by Rev. George A. Little.

His Family Murdered.

PETERSBURG, May 17.—Professor A. C. Crouch, principal of the public schools here, received a despatch stating that his father, mother and brother had been murdered at their house in Pennsylvania. He started for home at once.

A Runaway Marriage.

JEFFERSONVILLE, May 17.—George A. Miller and Minnie Patton, of Portland, Ky., eloped and were married here. Miller is a son of Captain Mary Miller, the only female steambot commander on the river.

Saloonist Killed by Cars.

ANTWERP, O., May 17.—H. Bruner, saloonist, of this place, fell under the cars while on his way to Cecil, and was hurt so seriously that death resulted.

The Trail of the Serpent.

MISSOULA, Montana, May 17.—An inquest was held over the remains of Map Durfee, a member of Nat Goodwin's company, who died here. The testimony of Dr. Billmeyer, who attended her, developed the fact that her death was the result of a criminal operation performed by a female doctor at Spokane Falls. Her home was in Covington, Ky., and her husband, Mr. Shewell, is a member of the Burglar company, now touring the east.

The Methodist Conference.

St. Louis, Mo., May 17.—In the Methodist Episcopal conference, the committee reported in favor of the election of two bishops to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Bishop McTear. Rev. Dr. A. G. Haywood, of Sheffield, Ala., and D. P. Fitzgerald, of the Nashville Christian Advocate, are looked upon as favorable candidates.

INDIANAPOLIS.

Incidents of Interest in Indiana's Capital.

INDIANAPOLIS, May 17.—Many Germans attended the meeting of school commissioners to get the action excluding German teaching from lower grades of school reconsidered. There was a long debate but the board refused to reconsider the matter.

Governor Hovey attended soldier union at Orleans today.

John B. Connor, who was state statistician, when the legislature elected W. A. Peete six years ago, claims that under the recent decision of supreme court he is still the legal statistician and will endeavor to gain possession of the office and its emoluments since he was ousted.

The American ticket brokers association elected George Frey, of Indianapolis, president. The association will bear expense of the slander suit brought by E. A. Mulford against certain members who bitterly opposed his reinstatement.

HELD WITHOUT BAIL.

JOHN W. SIBERRY BOUND OVER TO THE GRAND JURY

Upon the Charge of Intentionally Shooting His Wife—The Story of the Killing Is the Only Evidence Offered On Either Side—Much Feeling Against Siberry.

BLUFFTON, May 17.—The preliminary trial of John W. Siberry for shooting his wife was held before Mayor Walbert. Prosecuting Attorney W. A. Branyan made a statement of the facts, as previously published, which was the only evidence offered on either side. The accused was bound over to await the grand jury's action and bail denied him. E. C. Vaughn and Mock & Simmons, prominent attorneys, have been retained by the defense. Siberry's father, from Jay county, was present at the trial. The defense asserts that the whole affair was purely accidental and the result of the grand jury's investigation is anxiously awaited, although there is little doubt an indictment will be found.

Much feeling was aroused in Nottingham township, where the shooting was done, and Siberry was closely watched. An attempt by him to escape would have almost certainly terminated in a lynching.

SENATOR CARLISLE

NOMINATED BY THE CAUCUS AMID GREAT APPLAUSE.

The Brilliant Kentuckian Escorted to the Senate Chamber Where He Makes One of the Most Eloquent Speeches Ever Heard in the City of the Hills.

LEXINGTON, Ky., May 17.—The democratic caucus held at Frankfort to nominate a candidate for the United States senate to fill the unexpired term of the late Hon. James B. Beck, was short, yet full of interest and excitement. Immediately upon the assembly of the caucus the withdrawal of ex-Governor Knott and the Hon. Evan T. Settle was announced, after which a ballot was taken, resulting in Carlisle receiving fifty-two votes, Lindsay thirty-three and McCreary thirty. The name of ex-Governor McCreary was then withdrawn, which left the contest between the great democratic giant and judge Lindsay, when the second ballot was taken, resulting in Carlisle's victory, the vote being Carlisle, seventy-two, and Lindsay, forty-three. A committee was then appointed consisting of the Hon. James Milligan, who nominated Carlisle, and the Hon. Claude Thomas, who seconded the nomination to notify Mr. Carlisle. They escorted him into the senate chamber with great applause, where Mr. Carlisle made one of the most brilliant speeches ever made in the city of the hills, accepting the nomination and pledging fidelity.

BOLD BURGLARS

Brought to Justice by a Washington Detective.

WASHINGTON, May 17.—Detective McDevitt left Washington for Charleston, W. Va., to aid in the conviction of an organized gang of thieves that have been ravaging that part of the country for some time. The Washington detective has been working on the case for several weeks. The thieves were well organized and bold in the extreme. Their depredations extended over a large extent of country. Some weeks ago Mr. McDevitt arrested William Lawson, alias Hagan, a well known and desperate burglar who has since confessed and implicated five others of the gang, who are also under arrest.

Three Dead Dagos.

SCRANTON, Pa., May 17.—Three Italians were killed and several others severely injured by the collapse of a coal bank at Olyphant. The mass started from the height of 100 feet and came down upon the victims with a sudden velocity. Sixty others narrowly saved themselves by getting over the cars of a construction train and plunging into the river and wading to the opposite shore.

Disastrous Fire.

LAKEPARK, Minn., May 17.—A disastrous fire occurred in which two children of J. H. Ebetlofts and Rudolph Martinson were destroyed, and owing to the gale prevailing the entire town was threatened.

Editors Enjoy a Jaunt.

BIRMINGHAM, Ala., May 17.—Fifty Mississippi editors arrived here from West Point, where they have been holding an annual meeting. They spend today in the mineral district and by a jaunt through the south.

Mining Scale Adopted.

PITTSBURG, Pa., May 17.—A convention of miners was held in this district, and a scale was adopted, fixing the rate of mining at sixty-six cents per ton.

A SWEETHEART'S FAITHLESSNESS

Drove a Brilliant Young Journalist to Drink and Death.

CLEVELAND, May 17.—It has been discovered that the young journalist, Allen Hall, who died in the infirmary in this city last Sunday was an Australian and a graduate of the Sydney university. Allen Hall was but a non de plume, over which he wrote his numerous sketches throughout the country. He died of quick consumption brought on by heavy drinking and exposure within the past six months. A letter from his sweetheart in Sidney announcing her engagement to another caused him to start drinking. The medical college students secured the body, but indignant newspaper men formed a searching committee, and after encountering a great many difficulties and many sickening sights in the dissecting rooms, they finally found the body of the once famous journalist well preserved in the Homeopathic hospital. The funeral, attended by a large number of local newspaper men, will take place Sunday afternoon.

Judge Drummond Dead.

CHICAGO, May 17.—Judge Thomas Drummond, ex-judge United States circuit court, died at Wheaton, Ill. Judge Drummond, as the leader of the whigs, was pitted against Thomas H. Campbell, a lawyer of exceptional ability and brilliancy, who was recognized as the foremost democrat west of the Alleghenies.

The deceased was eighty years old and a widower, his wife having died a few years ago.

Volcanic Eruption.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 17.—Private advices received here state that the Bogoslow volcano, forty miles west of Oun-alaska, is again in eruption since February 10. Oun-alaska people estimate the column of smoke and flame to be five miles high. Four new islands have arisen about the volcano.

Sistare Secures Bondsman.

NEW YORK, May 17.—W. H. Sistare, the Wall street broker, whose failure created such a furor recently, and who was arrested and locked up in the Ludlow street jail in default of \$75,000 bail, was released, having succeeded in securing bondsman.

Drowned in the Bay.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 17.—Alpheus Bull, vice president of the Firemen's fund insurance company, was drowned by accidentally falling from the breakwater into the bay, near Fort Point. He was aged seventy-four.

BASE BALL.

[BROTHERHOOD.]

At New York—
Postponed on account of rain.
At Boston—
Boston 4, Cleveland 10.
At Philadelphia—
Philadelphia 10, Pittsburg 11.
At Brooklyn—
Brooklyn 8, Chicago 5.
[NATIONAL LEAGUE.]

At New York—
New York 1, Cleveland 5.
At Boston—
Boston 0, Chicago 5.
At Brooklyn—
Brooklyn 6, Pittsburg 3.
At Philadelphia—
Philadelphia 1, Cincinnati 5.
[AMERICAN ASSOCIATION.]

At Brooklyn—
Postponed on account of rain.
At Rochester—
Rochester 6, Columbus 2.
At Syracuse—
Syracuse 4, St. Louis 7.
At Philadelphia—
Athletics 8, Louisville 6.

JOHN A. SCHENK,

108 South Jefferson St.,



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THE OLD RELIABLE PIANO AND ORGAN HOUSE.

Pianos and Organs Sold and Rented on monthly installments.

All goods sold upon their merits!

None Misrepresented!

all and Examine Goods and I

Will Save you Money.

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WEST SIDE Building Association

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Open Monday evening, and Saturday afternoon and evening.

Now issuing paid up stock which pays a semi-annual dividend of 7%.

Samuel L. Herr, Pres,

J. C. Patterson, Sec. and Atty,

James W. Booth, Treas.

F. M. NIPGEN,

Dealer in

DRUGS, MEDICINES.

Physicians' prescriptions carefully compounded.

S.W. Cor. Fifth and Williams Sts.

WM. TOMPERT,

DEALER IN

ALL KINDS OF FRESH & SALT MEATS

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Do all kinds of Laundry Work in First-Class Style.

Goods Called for and Delivered Free.

J. R. BLAGG & SON.

—SMOKE—

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Something New.

Stop at Store, 1031 W. 3rd St., and try one.

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Is the Leading and Acknowledged Lowest Price fine Custom Tailoring House in the City.

13 & 15 S. Jefferson St., Dayton, O.

John W. Winter

Dealer in

Fresh and Salt Meats.

Choice Meat a Specialty.

7 SOUTH BROADWAY.

Dress Cutting School.

Mrs. Williams & Miss Haines have opened a dress cutting and Dress fitting school in the new Booth building 1018, West Third street, where they will give lessons to those who desire to learn the art, from 9:00 to 11: A. M., 1:00 to 4:00 P. M., and also from 7:00 to 9:00 P. M., to accommodate those who cannot attend during the day.

ALSO PREPARED TO DO Fashionable Dress-Making

FURS STORED

AND INSURANCE GIVEN AGAINST FIRE AND MOTH.

S. B. WILLIAMS,

10 North Main Street. TELEPHONE 495.

The Evening Item.

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

Delivered by carriers to any address on the West Side Four Weeks for 25 cents. Sent by mail to any address out of the city Three Months for one dollar.

Subscriptions may be sent by postal card by giving name, street, and number of the residence.

Items for publication may be left at the office, or be sent by mail, but in every case where items are sent by mail they must be accompanied by the name of the contributor.

Stanley will draw bigger crowds in his next American lecturing tour than have been drawn by any lecturer in recent years.

John G. Carlisle was the ablest man among the candidates for the seat in the Senate left vacant by the death of senator Beck and it is to the credit of his state that he has been chosen to fill it.

Republicanism is coming to the front again even in Italy. A congress has just been held in Rome to advocate it. The government was very suspicious and had the hall well supplied with detectives.

The New York Legislature has provided for the submission of a prohibition constitutional amendment to a vote of the people of that state on the second Tuesday of April 1891. No other election will be held at that time, so it is hoped that the vote may be entirely free from party influence.

The British manufacturers, it is said, in case the McKinley tariff bill is adopted, will not send exhibits to the World's Fair to be held in Chicago, in 1892-3. Of course we would like to have the English make a display so that America could have something to compare her own with, but should they refuse, it would not seriously affect the fair.

The Buddhist religion seems to be taking a deep hold on infidel France. It is reported that there are 30,000 converts to this belief in Paris alone. Some of these are men of prominence, as M. de Rosney, the illustrious savant, and M. Villemin, vice-president of the French Academy of Medicine. In India, the home of its birth, and in China where it has been most widely accepted this religion seems to be dead or dying.

We predict that the carpenters' strike will fail. Such a strike succeeds only when the wages previous to the strike are so low that the men can not live on them, and public sentiment forces the employer to grant a raise. In this case public sentiment is divided as to whether the present wages are too low or not. Thousands of men in this city would be glad to get what the carpenters refuse. That part of the carpenters ultimatum demanding that employers refuse hereafter to employ non-union men will also alienate public sympathy. No employer who would accede to such a proposition could retain the respect of the world for a single moment. Have not men who belong to no union,

as much right to live as the men who do? Is it a crime, for which a man should be starved, that he does not belong to a union?

Edison has invented a telegraph machine by which it is possible to send an unlimited number of messages in opposite directions over the same wire at the same time. When he invented the instrument by which four simultaneous messages could be sent, it was thought to be about as far as the principle could be carried, but his latest machine shows that this was a mistake.

Any person wishing to subscribe for the ITEM may send us his name and address on a postal card or a letter. We will put your name on the list and collect at the end of the month, deducting the expense of the card or letter. Subscribe at once, and help support the West Side paper which supports the interests of the West Side. Four weeks, twenty-five cents.

General Middleton, the commander of the British forces against the half-breed rebels under Riel who rose against the Canadian Government a few years ago, has finally been convicted of appropriating to his own use about \$6,000 worth of furs which he captured. He has been dismissed from the army in disgrace. A hundred years ago he could have taken ten times the amount and nothing would have been said about it, but now times are different.

Boulanger is losing his grip in France. At the second municipal elections recently held in Paris only one of his candidates was chosen. In the new municipal council he will have only two supporters. Last year almost the whole city went for him in the elections. The fall of this upstart establishes the republic more firmly than ever. France may now for the first time in a hundred years claim to have an established government. No French government during that time has had so few active enemies.

Most persons think of nitroglycerine, gun-cotton and other high explosives as agents which destroy life or produce painful injuries, yet both of these substances are of great value in medicine. If a man gets his leg blown off by gun-cotton, the best substance that the doctor can employ to cover the exposed flesh and keep out the air, is a preparation made from this same gun-cotton. Nitroglycerine is an excellent remedy, and is being widely used in the treatment of asthma, hiccoughs, headaches, chills, sea-sickness, etc.

F. Leatherman,
Lock and Gunsmith
KEY FITTING & SAW FILING
A Specialty.
1017 West Third Street.

CHAS. WEBBERT,
Dealer in Pumps, Natural and Artificial Gas. Special attention paid to putting in Holly Water Service. All work guaranteed to be done in a good and satisfactory manner.
CHAS. WEBBERT.

A SCORE
Of Charred and Blackened Bodies

Taken From Ashley's Living Tomb.

AWFUL RESULTS OF THE CAVING MINE AT ASHLEY.

Scene at the Mouth of the Mine When the Bodies Were Being Brought Out Heartrending in the Extreme---Frantic Women and Despairing Men---The A Fair the Result of Gross Carelessness.

WALKESBARRÉ, Pa., May 17.—Exploring parties have penetrated the horrible death trap at Ashley, and nineteen miners were found dead. Six of the men are still missing, and it is more than probable that they too are dead.

The scene at the mines as the nineteen dead and charred bodies were being brought out, was heartrending in the extreme. Men, women and children, shrieking and groaning, fell upon their knees, lifted their hands and eyes towards heaven and prayed for the dead.

The work of attempting to rescue the doomed men was delayed by escaping gas. As soon as possible a large party of rescuers entered the slope and commenced work upon the cave, beyond where three men were found last night. They soon broke through and rushed into the chamber beyond where in the semi-darkness, the men stumbled over the yielding bodies. A close search revealed six blackened corpses near the opening, none of them recognizable. Further along at various places were found thirteen other bodies, all more or less burned, but most of them could not be recognized.

The sight was so horrible that two or three of the rescuers fainted. When the men appeared at the mouth of the mine bearing the body of a man on a stretcher the women tore away the blanket, but saw only the blackened and charred remains. Other bodies were brought out as fast as possible, until all but five of those who were in the mine when the cave-in occurred had been found. The excitement prevailed every part of the town, and the streets in the vicinity of the mine were completely blocked with people, many of whom came from other towns. A guard of fifty policemen has been necessary to keep the people away from the mine.

General Superintendent Phillips says: "The men lost their lives through the negligence of Assistant Mine Boss Allen, who insisted on relighting his lamp in the presence of a large volume of gas. Had he not done so the men now dead could all have been rescued alive, as there was a good current of air going through the chamber where the men had taken refuge after the cave-in had occurred."

LATER.—Another attempt was made to enter the mine, but the explosive gas and black damp was blown into the faces of the workmen and they could make no progress. The number of men still in the mine is uncertain, as Thursday was a church holiday and no record was kept of those who were at work. In many of the homes of those who were killed there is no food and the company is looking after the wants of the families.

The cause of the cave-in was the great amount of coal removed from the supporters and the thinness of the roof. James Sullivan had an extremely narrow escape. He was standing in the gangway talking to a boy when the shock came. He caught the boy up in his arms and ran for life, closely followed by John Henry. After going a short distance he heard a crash, and, looking back, saw a great pile of rock fall on Henry, crushing him.

At 8 o'clock all operations at the mines were abandoned. There are still six men in the fatal chamber. Work will be resumed Saturday and pushed forward with vigor. Six mules were taken out alive. The bodies of five Polanders were buried, no one having claimed them.

New Branch of the Baltimore and Ohio.
BALTIMORE, Md., May 17.—The Baltimore and Ohio railroad company, in order to make a direct southern connection, has determined to construct a line from Knowles station, on the Metropolitan branch, to the top of the Virginia Midland, near Alexandria, Va. The route has been surveyed and the work will be commenced in a short time. The company has purchased a tract of land at Georgetown, D. C., for coal and shifting yards.

THE MARKETS.
Chicago Grain and Produce.
CHICAGO, May 17.—Close—Wheat, May, 94½¢; June, 94½¢@94¾¢; July, 94¾¢; August, 91½¢; September, 91½¢@92¢. Corn—May, 34½¢@34¾¢; June 34¢@34½¢; July, 34½¢; August, 35¾¢; September, 35½¢@35¾¢. Oats—May, 29¾¢; June, 27¾¢; July, 26¾¢. Pork—June, \$12 76¢@12 30¢; July, \$12 85¢@12 65¢; September, \$13 00¢. Lard—July, \$6 37½¢; September, \$6 55¢@6 57½¢. Ribs—June, \$5 40¢; July, \$5 5½¢; September, \$5 65¢.

INDIANA ITEMS.
Muncie is after a new union depot. South Bend ministers risk safety cycles.

Frankfort's May festival is on this week.

Sam Basco, Brazil miner, was badly hurt by falling coal.

Tipton's outgoing council raised the saloon license to \$250.

Mrs. Ida Harper wants to get on Terre Haute's school board.

East Chicago has 1,500 inhabitants, 13 saloons and no church.

Brazil block coal drivers and day men demand scale for the year.

Whitecaps are warning Madison citizens to behave themselves.

Anderson grocers are combining to protect themselves from deadbeats.

James Elliott, Harmony, seriously hurt by falling slate in Knightstown mine.

Rev. Thompson, Montpelier, knocked out Andy Rapp over some imaginary offense.

George Godsey tried to escape from Plainfield reform school, but was captured.

Peru woolen mill weavers struck for more pay. Proprietors advertised for other hands.

Clint Lucas, coal mine driver, Knightstown, caught between loaded car and trap dyor aed badly hurt.

Terre Haute gambling dens are running wide open. The News says 5,000 men, women and children there play "policy" every day.

Trouble between Ohio and Mississippi officials and engineers and firemen settled at Terre Haute. Engineers and firemen granted increase of pay.

Milo Mauldin and divorced wife "made up" at Kokomo. When justice came to remarry them H. H. Varnes appeared, when the lady changed her mind and married Varnes.

Eckerty man has \$10 personal property, tax twenty-nine cents, and two dogs, tax \$3. The man is delinquent \$18 07. How the county is going to collect the delinquency is what agitates the treasurer.

Mulford Sues for Slander.

INDIANAPOLIS, May 17.—E. A. Mulford, the Chicago scalper, who was yesterday denied readmission to membership in the American Ticket Brokers association, has filed a suit for \$25,000 damages against G. M. McKenzie, George Frank, Isaac Frank, Levi Solomon and Edwin List, of Chicago, and George Fry, of this city, alleging the use of slanderous words in the debate over his reinstatement. He also filed a suit against the association to compel reinstatement, charging illegal expulsion.

Mysterious Disappearance.

DETROIT, Mich., May 17.—A great sensation has been caused here over the mysterious disappearance of C. H. Smith, a prominent business man, a former partner of Mayor Pingree, and president of the western knitting works. Smith had borrowed money from his friends right and left until the sum netted to over \$100,000. It is believed that he is now in Canada.

WASHINGTON.
A Day's Doings Among the Law Makers,

WHO INHABIT THE CLASSIC HALLS OF CONGRESS.

House and Senate Still Discuss Silver and Tariff.—The McCalla Verdict the Subject of Comment.—Sherman's Bill to Relieve National Banks.

Senate.
WASHINGTON, May 17.—The senate spent the entire afternoon debating the amendment offered by Senator Plumb to the silver bill now under consideration. The amendment provides that the secretary of the treasury shall at no time be allowed by law to retain and hold in the treasury department as a surplus an amount to exceed \$110,000,000. The general impression seems to be that some such proposition as this will carry, based upon the fact that the present vast accumulation of money in the treasury is needless and unwarranted. No vote was reached this evening, and on motion of Senator Ingalls the senate went into a brief executive session, and adjourned at 4:45.

House.

WASHINGTON, May 17.—Most of the afternoon was spent on the features of the tariff bill, which relate to the tariff on wool. Several amendments, most of them of minor importance were offered by the committee on ways and means, and were agreed to after lengthy discussion. The duty on woolen yarn which was fixed by the bill as twice the amount per pound of the duty on wool, was raised to two and one-half times the rate on wool, and the duty on wools of the third class valued at thirteen cents per pound or less was increased to thirty-two per cent. ad valorem, and on those valued at over thirteen cents per pound was fixed at fifty per cent. ad valorem. Mr. Lodge spoke briefly and earnestly in regard to the rates fixed on glass ware and other manufactured articles, saying that while he had a high regard for the farmers for whom so much has been said he felt that the rights of manufacturers and other workmen ought to have some consideration on the floor of the house. He cited the fact that two

large manufacturers in his own state had recently been compelled to close and been sold. A spirited discussion arose between Stroble, of Iowa, and Mansur, of Missouri, on partisan questions, and before the discussion was ended the whole house was in an uproar. After quiet was restored the house took a recess until evening for the consideration of pension bills.

MCCALLA'S SENTENCE

Is the Subject of Very Animated Conversation.

WASHINGTON, May 17.—The sentence given Capt. McCalla by court martial for ill-treating his crew, was the subject of very animated conversation on all sides at the Navy Department here and there in a conspicuous minority could, by diligent searching be found men who thought that the sentence was about what the officer deserved, while others, still fewer in number, advanced the opinion that "the old man had been treated roughly." The vast majority of officers regard the sentence as outrageously inadequate. In effect the sentence simply amounts, they say, to giving Commander McCalla three years leave with pay.

During his suspension he will receive the pay of an officer on waiting orders, which, in the case of a commander, is \$2,300 a year. He is at the same time free to engage in any outside business enterprise he may wish, and thus recruit his fortune to many times the extent of his loss. Many expressions of the feeling with reference to his sentence are heard among the naval officers here, and it seems to be the prevailing opinion that it was a light one.

To Put Money in Circulation.

WASHINGTON, May 17.—Senator Sherman has introduced a bill to reduce the amount of United States bonds to be required of National banks, and restore to the channels of trade the excessive accumulations of money in the treasury.

Mines and Mining Bill.

WASHINGTON, May 17.—Senator Stewart reported back to the senate from the committee on mines and mining, his bill relating to mineral lands and mining resources, with various important amendments.

POWDERLY INDICTED

For Alleged Conspiracy in Defeating Candidate Callahan.

PITTSBURG, Pa., May 17.—A special from Scottsdale says: A true bill was found by the grand jury in the case of Edward Callahan against General Master Workman Powderly, John R. Byrne and Peter Wise for alleged conspiracy in defeating Callahan for the senatorial nomination in 1883.

A Pioneer Dead.

WOODLAND, Cal., May 17.—Major Stephen Cooper, who was the oldest surviving settler in this state, is dead, aged ninety-three. He came to California in 1846, and was next year appointed alcalde by Governor Mason, was a participant in the war of 1812 and in the Black Hawk war of 1832.

Scientific Research.

PARIS, May 17.—A committee with Professor Pasteur as president has been formed for the purpose of encouraging foreign students in the study of Pasteur methods and specialties.

Murderer Captured.

CHARLESTON, S. C., May 17.—Henry McDowell, wanted for murder in Berkeley county, was captured at Kingstree, disguised as a woman.

Will Pray For Rain.

ST. PAUL, Minn., May 17.—Arch Bishop John Ireland, of the Arch Diocese of St. Paul, has issued a pastoral letter to all bishops and priests in the province under his jurisdiction instructing them to say after every mass a special prayer for rain, and the general welfare of the crops.

NEWS IN A NUTSHELL.

Struck big natural gas well at Pulaski, N. Y.
Eight inches of snow at Neche, N. D., Tuesday night.
Rioting miners in Portugal mines fired on by troops and several killed.
Tube works strike still on at McKeesport, Pa., and 2,000 men are out.
Elmira, N. Y., had a cloud-burst Wednesday. Considerable damage.
Senator E. O. Wolcott, of Denver, Col., wedded Mrs. F. M. Bass at Buffalo Wednesday.
Striking union carpenter at Detroit have received no aid from headquarters, and are huffy.
Got a new Irish secret society in Canada that has for its object annexation with the United States.
Von Moltke says the way to preserve peace in Europe is for each government to maintain great armies.
Allan line steamer Parisian collided with an ice-berg off Newfoundland and barely escaped destruction.
Robbers after money killed John Crouch, aged farmer near Hillsboro, Pa., his wife and son, Wednesday morning.
Attorney General Miller has begun suit at St. Louis to annul the naturalization record of Fred W. Norsch, alleging fraud.
United Irishmen held a meeting in New York Wednesday in memory of the Phoenix park murderers. Timothy Quinn denounced Parnoll roundly.

LOCAL NEWS.

A good set of teeth, \$5; best set, \$8, at Tafts, 112 E. Third street.

Gilt Wall Paper 8 and 10 cents R. A. Cunnigham, 33 East Fifth.

Miss Anna Wells, of the Conservator office, went home yesterday to spend a week visiting relatives and friends.

Bargains in Wall Paper and Borders. R. A. Cunnigham 33 East Fifth street.

The firemen at the Baxter street engine house have been busy cleaning house for the past few days.

Rev. C. L. Work, of Home avenue, will preach at the Park Theatre tomorrow night.

The West Side reporter for the Herald is taking his turn at the garden to-day.

Paints, oils, and window glass, at William P. Graybill's.

No buttons, no button-holes on our patent adjustable pants. They are immense. Try a pair. Beebe & Hartley.

Bishop M. Wright went up to Quincy Ohio, to-day to hold a quarterly meeting during the absence of the regular presiding elder.

A surprise party occurred last night at the residence of Mr. Al. Kirkland, on Dale Avenue. About fifty West Side people were present and passed a very enjoyable evening.

Frank Tribbet, of Home avenue, who has been looking out of one eye for about six weeks, is going to put on green goggles and try both eyes again, to-day.

Miss Fannie Mathews, of Mound street, who has been employed in the bindery department at Reynolds & Reynolds blank book factory, had the misfortune to have the end of her thumb cut off by the paper cutter yesterday afternoon.

An accident happened to the gasoline stove at the house of Fred. Zinkroff, on West Second street, last evening. The gasoline caught fire and blazed fiercely for awhile but there was no explosion. Damage slight.

A small boy met with a sad mishap yesterday as a result of trying to steal a ride on a street car. The driver caught him and started for town to turn him over to the police. When last seen they were still moving toward the east, the boy squalling and trying to squirm loose.

For some time there have been rumors that a fight was impending between a party of colored youths and Will Adkins a white boy. Several times it was reported that the colored gang were coming down to do Adkins up. Last night when down by the "flying dutchman" the gang showed up and picked up a fight. During the struggle one of the negroes got Adkin's finger into his mouth and bit it entirely through. It will be months before the finger will be in condition to use again.

WE WILL.

Many persons ask us to continue our bargain sale for one more week. "We will," and commencing Monday morning we will offer greater bargains than ever. We have just received 300 pairs fine lace curtains on commission. Must be sold in 30 days or returned. We will sell you curtains from 50c to \$7.00 a pair, about one-half their value. Don't forget, commencing next Monday morning our bargain sale will continue one week more. W. A. Lincoln 1130 West Third street, between Williams and Broadway, West Dayton.

Church Notices.

Summit street U. B. church.—On tomorrow morning the last quarterly communion service for the present conference year will be held. The Sabbath-school will meet at 9:30 a. m., with Dr. Landis as superintendent. At 10:30 a. m., Rev. J. W. Etter, editor of the *United Brethren Quarterly Review*, will preach and conduct the communion service. The presiding elder, Rev. J. L. Swain, of Germantown, Ohio, will preach at 7:30 p. m. Reception of members at the morning service. The Quarterly conference will meet in its session this Saturday evening. All members asked to be present. The Woman's Missionary association of the United Brethren church will meet in annual session in this church on Wednesday morning, May 21, at 9 a. m. Many delegates and visitors from different parts of the church are expected. The sessions will continue until Friday evening, May 23. The public will be made welcome to all the sessions. A very pleasant and profitable time is expected.

Broadway M. E. church.—Rev. V. F. Brown, pastor. Regular services to-morrow at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Morning and evening sermon by the Rev. D. Lee Aultman, of Cincinnati, O. Sunday-school 9 a. m. General class 2:30 p. m. A cordial invitation to all, to all these services.

CITY NEWS.

There is a good deal of kicking over the extension of the city boundaries.

The Manhattan military parade last night was a great success. About half of the people on the West Side went over to see it. The streets were so crowded that the companies could only march straight ahead, not having room for any military evolutions. The companies participating were the Phoenix Light Infantry, the Earnshaw Rifles, Hibernian Rifles and the Gem City Light Guards. Captain John A. Miller, of the Phoenix Light Infantry, acted as commander in chief.

Carpenters' Strike.

Carpenters' Union at a Meeting Yesterday Afternoon, Order a General Strike of all its Members Except those Employed by Barney and Smith.

The long expected strike of the Dayton carpenters has begun. At the meeting held at their hall yesterday, their demands not having been acceded to by the employers' union, they decided to strike. Some months ago the two Carpenters' Unions of Dayton gave notice to the employers of the city that after May 1st. they would demand wages of twenty-five cents per hour for their work. The employers then formed a counter union and made preparations for the struggle. They answered that they had made contracts expecting to get their labor for the old price and that they would lose money if they paid more. The Carpenters' Unions then presented an "ultimatum" addressed to the planing mill contractors, and all others who employ carpenters and joiners, demanding,

1. That the wages be increased to twenty-five cents per hour.
2. That the unions be recognized.
3. That non-union men be fired.

The Employers' Union refused to accept the terms, demanded by the men, and a strike was ordered yesterday afternoon.

The two local Carpenters' Unions, one English and one German, have about three hundred and fifty members, which is probably one-fourth of the number of the men in this city, who are engaged in this business.

Those members of the Unions who are employed at the Barney & Smith Car Shops are permitted to continue work at the old wages, because, a strike seems hopeless there. These men however are to be taxed ten percent of their wages to help support the strike.

It seems to be the general impression that the strike whether just or unjust will fail.

Pierced With a Sword.

A Young Man Wounded by a Sword in the Hands of the Captain of one of the Military Companies, Last Night.

Charles Baker, young man living on East First street, was seriously injured while viewing the military parade last evening. He was standing on the corner of Fifth and Jefferson when one of the military companies came along. The walk was crowded and the company had trouble to make its way through. The captain ordered the crowd to stand back when some one in the crowd yelled that they would not do it. The captain then moved against the crowd with a drawn sword and cut young Baker in the abdomen, inflicting a serious wound.

BIG THINGS EUROPE HAS.

AMERICA CAN'T BOAST OF BEATING IN EVERYTHING.

The 61,000-Ton Ship France—Krupp's Monster Gun Factory at Essen—A 22-Pound Flower—Russia's Royal Ruby—A Telescope Larger than the Lick.

Liverpool must be awarded the somewhat doubtful distinction of having the biggest workhouse in the world, says Chatter. This huge institution has ample accommodation for 5,000 inmates, which, happily, is scarcely ever needed at one time.

The biggest workshop in the world is said to be that of Herr Krupp, the famous gunmaker of Essen. The growth of this vast establishment has been wonderful. In 1833 it employed nine workmen; in 1848, seventy-four; in July, 1888, 20,960 men were employed, and the families of the workmen numbered 73,769 souls. Of these 24,193 reside in dwellings provided by the firm.

There are at Essen 1,195 furnaces of various constructions, 286 boilers, 92 steam-hammers of from 200 to 100,000 pounds, 370 steam-engines, with a total of 27,000 horse-power, 1,824 different machines, and 361 cranes. Of coal and coke 2,735 tons are used daily, and 11 high furnaces of the latest construction produce 600 tons of iron every day.

The largest sailing-ship in the world is said to be in the possession of France. Her name is the "France." She is a vessel with five masts, on four of which square-sail is carried. The length is 344 feet, with a beam of 49 feet. The cargo which the France could carry is no less than 61,000 tons. The ship is built of steel, her masts and yards being of the same material. She is at present trading between France and the Pacific.

The biggest ruby in the world is found in the Czar of Russia's crown, which has the distinction of being the finest ever worn by any sovereign. In shape it resembles a bishop's miter, and on its crest is a cross composed of five superb diamonds, which support the "biggest" ruby. A foliated arch, composed of eleven magnificent diamonds, supports this cross, and on each side of the arch is a hoop of thirty-eight pearls, than which there are none handsomer in the world.

The biggest flower in the world was recently discovered by Dr. Alexander Schadenberg. It was found on Mount Parag, which is situated on one of the southeastern Philippine islands. The native who accompanied Dr. Schadenberg called the flower "bolo."

The bolo, in bloom, is a five-petaled flower, nearly a yard in diameter—as large as a carriage-wheel. A single flower weighed over 22 pounds. The five petals of the immense flower are oval and creamy white, and grow around a center filled with countless long violet-hued stamens.

The biggest telescope in the world, erected at Edling, in England, has just

been made single-handed by Mr. Common, the astronomer. Its whole mass weighs nearly twenty tons. The enormous iron cylinder which forms the tube is 20 feet long and 8 feet in diameter, resembling the ordinary boiler of a stationary engine.

Inside this is delicately distributed some ten tons of pig iron, the whole instrument going to form the most wonderful machine which the planet possesses. Through Mr. Common's telescope it will be easy to see no fewer than 50,000,000 stars.

NEW YORK WOMEN.

A Sensible Physician Explodes Some Silly Stories.

"Is it true that New York women are learning to outsmoke and outdrink the men?" asked a woman of a well-known physician yesterday.

"No, it is not true," he said, emphatically bringing his hand down on the table with a ringing thump that did the soul of his listener good. "It is not true and it is time somebody who knows said so. I know. I've known the woman of New York for forty years as the physician alone can know them. I know their faults, their follies, their goodness, and their strength. And I am tired of all this surface talk about the wickedness of the average New York woman. New York is a great city and one can find in it just what suits one's nature, and no doubt there are women who find out and follow all the evil ways of men, and the open wrongdoing of one of these may sometimes lend color to such assertions, but I tell you the average New York woman, the women who keep our homes and teach our children or do the work of men in the world, are the sanest, sweetest, healthiest, both in morals and in body, of any women in the world. They do not smoke, they do not tiddle, they do not gamble, they do not keep late hours nor questionable companions, and they don't know all the wickedness there is in the world to know. They are earnest, simple, devout women. They instinctively turn from anything that is unworthy of their best womanhood. They have their little follies and sometimes they suffer through them—who of us does not? but they are still the best product evolution has to show. They are such women as a man may be proud to win as a wife and honor as the mother of his children. They are this and they are nothing else, and I want you to say that I said so."

Nor is the society young woman of New York anything of the frivolous, idle young creature she is represented to be, spending in society the hours she ought to be in bed and passing in bed the hours she ought to be up and doing. The society girl—even the typical one—has a round of busy activities and plenty of earnest work outside of her society life. She was not reared in ignorance and she will be found keeping up her studies—her music, her French, even sometimes her mathematics—during the morning hours. There is one young woman in the inner circle of New York society who spends an hour each day solving the most difficult quadratic equations, just because she likes it. Then she has her mission work, her charities, her lectures, her little round of duties in the family life and among her friends. She has her own share of the serious work of life to do; she does it well and worthily, and she is as heartily and seriously in earnest about it as the woman to whom it means daily bread.—[New York Evening Post.

WANTED—A situation as a first-class nurse. Call or address 1221 Germantown street.

WANTED—Nurse girl, at 121 South Summit street.

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MAKES CARPETS TO ORDER.
Orders Promptly Filled.
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ENGLISH TRAINING SCHOOL

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Short Hand Institute.

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BECK & BECK,
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Fine Silk Umbrellas

Fine Parasols,
GOLD HEADED CANES,
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UMBRELLAS RE-COVERED

AND REPAIRING DONE AT THE FACTORY.

Prices lower than anywhere else at

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FULL LINE OF GROCERIES

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N. M. HULL'S,

316 SOUTH BROADWAY.

LOW PRICES TALK.

Here they are, and will compare favorably with those of any other house in the city.

Men's fine Shoes, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75 and \$2.00.

Men's fine Shoes, Extra Quality, \$2.50 to \$4.00.

Women's fine Dongola Shoes, \$1.25 \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75, \$2.00, \$2.50 and \$3.00. Women's Hand Turns in C, D, and E widths, \$3.00 worth \$4.00.

Women's Oxford Ties, 75cts, to \$2.00

My terms are strictly cash and one price for all.

C. F. SURFACE

1128 West Third Street.

THE EVENING ITEM,

The West Side Daily.

FOUR WEEKS,
25 CENTS.

Every one on the West Side should subscribe for the ITEM for the following reasons:

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2. It gives nearly two pages of the most important telegraph news of the world, which is about the same amount that is furnished by the other dailies outside of Cincinnati.
3. It discusses current events and explains the connection of the matters mentioned in the telegraphic news.
4. It booms up the West Side, and supports all measures which may tend to its advancement.
5. It costs so little that every one can take it even though they are already taking other papers. The person who can not raise twenty-five cents each four weeks to take his own local paper *must be poor indeed*. When we consider the great benefit that a daily paper must prove to this part of the city, it must be that those who do not subscribe either can not read, do not own property over here, or do not care a cent a day to know what their neighbors are doing.

Subscribe for the ITEM at once. Send in your name and address by letter or on postal card and we will begin sending the paper. When we collect at the end of the month we will deduct the cost of the letter from your bill! Send in at once. Every one should take the West Side paper.

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CONTRACTOR and BUILDER.
Takes Contracts for Every Thing Complete.
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"I Vex Me Not With Brooding,"
I vex me not with brooding on the years
That were ere I drew breath; why should I
Then
Distrust the darkness that may fall again
When life is done? Perchance in other
Spheres—
Dead planets—I once tasted mortal tears,
And waiked as now among a throng of men,
Pondering things that lay beyond my ken,
Questioning death and solacing my tears,
Who knows? Oft times strange sense have I
Of this,
Vague memories that hold me with a spell,
Touches of unseen lips upon my brow,
Sathing some incomprehensible bliss!
In years foregone. O Soul, was all not well?
Still lovelier life awaits thee. Fear not thou!
—Thomas Bailey Aldrich in the Century.

Happy Men.

The old Persians, who had many authors of singular penetration, gave the world the following proverb:
"There are two men in the world who are perfectly happy; two men whose minds may be at rest. The first is the wholly ignorant man, who is happy because he thinks that he knows everything.
"The second is the really learned man, who is happy because he knows that there will always be something for him to learn."
This proverb suggests certain maxims which were the favorites of a Massachusetts clergyman, now dead, and which were as follows:
When a man knows not and knows not that he knows not, he is a fool; shun him.
When a man knows not and knows that he knows not, he is simple; teach him.
When a man knows and knows not that he knows, he is asleep; wake him.
When a man knows and knows that he knows, he is wise; follow him.

A Confederate Shoe.

A Georgia editor has an old Confederate shoe manufactured for the government in 1864, just before the war ended. The sole is fully three-quarters of an inch thick and is made of poplar wood, evidently shaped with a hatchet or drawing knife. The upper is attached to the sole with a strip of rawhide running entirely around the shoe, the leather being held to the sole with large carpet tacks. The upper is of rough cowhide, dressed only on the inside.—[Pittsburg Dispatch]

A LONG-LOST SWORD FOUND.

Given to a Courteous Southerner and Recovered After Years.
Frederick Mather, superintendent of the New York State Fishery Commission at Cold Spring Harbor, has recently had a peculiar and interesting experience. At the outbreak of the war he enlisted in the One Hundred and Thirteenth New York Regiment, which was shortly afterward converted into twelve batteries of heavy or garrison artillery. These batteries were instructed in gun-drill at Washington, but when it became certain that there was little danger of the Confederates attacking the capital the regiment was ordered into the field as infantry. They, however, clung to their title of the Seventh New York Heavy Artillery, a designation they had received on being transformed into gunners.

On June 16, 1864, Lieutenant Mather was in command of L company, which was the color company of the regiment, and belonged to the first division of the Second Corps, commanded by General Hancock. The command was moving on the enemy's works at Petersburg, Va. On the right was the Irish Legion, and the two bodies diverged. The Confederate forces rushed through the gap, and the right of the One Hundred and Thirteenth or Seventh New York Heavy Artillery were taken prisoners. To save the colors Lieutenant Mather determined to bury them. This he did, and he was in the act of burying his sword, a presentation from Battery I, on which his name was engraved, when a Southerner stepped up and said:

"Look here, Yankee, just drop that," and ordered him to move inside the enemy's trenches.

"I obeyed the order," said Captain Mather, "and was carrying my sword in its scabbard, and belt in my hand, when a man in plain clothes demanded it of me. I saw he was a civilian, who had only come out to have a shot at us, and I resisted. During our struggle, and just as the man was about to strike me with his fist, an officer came up and indignantly asked if he was about to strike a prisoner. The man fell back, and I handed my sword to the officer, who, thinking I was wounded, offered me hospitality, and I wrote his name and address on a New York Tribune that I had in my pocket. Nothing could have been kinder than the behavior of my captor. I was subsequently confined in prisons at Macon, Ga., Charleston, and Columbia, S. C., and lost the memoranda with the name of the man who had my sword. I had some idea he was a Georgia man, and in my travels in connection with fish-culture in the Southern States have always been trying to find some trace of him.

"A few years ago Captain L. Brewster, who had served in A Company, Tenth Alabama Regiment, during the war, died. A Southern paper published that among his property was a sword belonging to Lieutenant Mather. The item was copied into the National Tribune, and I saw it. I communicated with Captain Brewster's representatives, and the 1st of this month the old sword, scabbard, and belt once more came into my possession. The scabbard has an indentation, where a ball struck it in the battle. They are relics of a by-gone feud, but I prize them very dearly."—[New York Tribune.]

A RAILWAY ROMANCE.

What Did the Fifteen Years Mean to Both.

"I plead guilty to a good deal of curiosity," said an old man with a rather florid face, kindly twinkling eyes, and friendly good natured lines around his mouth. "I would give a good deal to know all the circumstances of an unusual meeting which I saw the other day. I was in an elevated train, and on the cross-seat opposite me sat a little woman, who must have been about forty years old. She was still very pretty, although her blue eyes were a little faded. She was the kind of a woman who, when a girl, must have been plump, but who had not grown stout with years. Her complexion was as clear and soft as a girl's and the curves of her lips were very gently fashioned. I was studying over the top of my paper the graceful lines of her slender hands, when a man seated himself by my side. I saw two spots of color suddenly appear in her cheeks and then she quickly turned her head and looked steadily out of the window.

"I could not resist the temptation to take a good look at my near neighbor. He was tall and dark and in his black hair was a fine sprinkling of gray. His face was smooth-shaven save for a moustache, which, like his hair, was grizzled. Fine lines were traced beneath his eyes, and the eyes had rather a far-away expression, as if they were searching for something which had been lost. Apparently he saw nothing around him. "Finally his dark eye rested on the little woman before him, and he looked hurriedly around him as if he intended to leave his seat. The blue eyes across the way were still looking out of the window, and the pink spot had not yet faded from the one cheek which was turned toward me. The man moved uneasily in his seat."

"And then," one of the story-teller's hearers broke in, "two lovers met after long years, etc."

"No," said the story-teller, "I have not said so."

"They were divorced and this was their first meeting in a long time," ventured another with a laugh.

"Bosh!" said the narrator, with an impatient wave of his hand.

"Sister and brother parted in early youth by a cruel fate," cried a third, determined not to be outdone in suggestions.

"Wrong again, so far as I know," declared the first speaker.

"Well, the story, then," in chorus.

"Good. She shot a glance at my neighbor and their eyes met. He leaned forward and took her hand, while her face blushed like a schoolgirl's. He moved over and took a seat next to her. "Fifteen years, Mamie," I heard him say, and then she blushed again.

"My station was at fifty-ninth street, but I rode past two more stations just to watch them. What was the romance? I'll give a dinner to the man who satisfies my curiosity."

"Love-match, broken off by a quarrel," insisted Interpreter No. 1.

"The fifteen years spoils my divorce theory," said No. 2, in disappointed tones.

"Sister and brother," repeated No. 3, with deep conviction.

"I wish I knew," said the inquisitive man, plaintively.—[New York Tribune.]

THE YOUNG MAUD S.

How Her First Owner Considered Her No Good.

It is pretty generally known that Captain George N. Stone, of Cincinnati, was the original owner of the famous mare Maud S. The following incident, showing that it was a mere chance which made her his property, may not be so familiar:

Captain Stone and a fellow-townsmen, Mr. H—, decided to go down into the Kentucky blue grass region and see what they could pick up in the way of fine yearling colts. They each wanted one. Now Mr. H— was a man noted for his shrewdness and ability to get the best of everything for the least money. After skirmishing around among the stock farms, two such animals as they were looking for were obtained and shipped to the Ohio river, to be sent to Cincinnati on the steamboat. It was a curious coincidence that the two horses cost the same, and moreover, resembled each other very strongly.

The two gentlemen went back to Cincinnati by rail and were present on the arrival of the boat which brought their purchases. As the horses were brought down the gang-plank, the first one appeared with its coat in good condition and spirits way up. The second was rather rough-coated from rubbing against the stall and came meekly along. Mr. H— sized up these appearances and said he guessed he'd take his colt up himself, at the same time reaching forward for the halter of the first horse. Captain Stone said, "H—, I think that one is mine."

"Oh, no, it isn't, Stone," replied H—, "I remember mine had a smooth coat of hair."

"Well, all right," remarked the accommodating Stone, "I guess there's not much difference. The horses cost the same and are the same age. Trot her off."

Captain Stone took his colt home, and when his daughter saw the meek little animal she immediately took a fancy to it and made a pet of it. So her father called it after her name, "Maud S." It is perhaps needless to say that H—'s colt has never been heard from.—[Chatter.]

THE SUN AND THE WEATHER.

Reasons for Believing That the Two Are Intimately Connected.

Mr. Henry C. Maine, in an elaborate article in the Troy Times, thus sums up his conclusions: When solar disturbances follow each other in rapid succession the storm period is prolonged. The effects of solar disturbances would break out on the sun's hemisphere turned toward us produce sudden and powerful effects in our atmosphere. Storms known as cloudbursts have been most frequently noted in connection with these sudden outbursts on the sun's face. As a rule the marks of solar disturbance cannot be seen until the storms on the earth cease. The spots form after the storm-producing eruptions. Tornadoes are most numerous during periods of violent solar agitation. The number and violence of tornadoes are directly proportioned to the number and violence of solar disturbances. Observations made during the past winter and spring show that solar disturbances are in some cases not marked by spots until a month or two after the eruptions begin. Fifty-two days after the great storm of January 9 and 10, 1889, spots appeared by the sun's rotation. Spots also appeared by rotation fifty-two days after the great Samoan hurricane of March 15 and 16, 1888, which wrecked several men-of-war in the harbor of Apia. This disturbance on the sun was followed upon re-occurrence May 29 and 30 by the floods which wrecked Johnstown, Pa., and drowned Williamsport, Pa.

The Height of Waves.

A sea captain recently took what are probably the most careful observations as to the height of ocean waves in a gale that have ever been recorded. He made them during a voyage round Cape Horn, and to do it he went up to the main rigging, to get, if possible, the top of the wave coming up astern in a line of sight from the mast to the horizon at the back. The reason he selected the mainmast was this, that, as a rule, it is nearly amidships (the actual foot of the wave below the mean draught equal to the sight elevation), and the observer necessarily is above the true height.

It was a difficult operation, but the captain obtained some good observations, marking the height of the waves on the mast. On measuring the distance from these to the main draught he found them to be as follows: 61, 64, 58, and 65 feet respectively, varying in length from 650 to 800 feet.—[American Notes and Queries.]

AN EDITOR'S PASS.

All Is Not Sunshine In Being a Dead-head.

One of the beauties and charms of an editor's life is in his deadheading it on all occasions. No one who has never feasted on the sweets of that bliss can begin to take in the glory of its happiness. He does \$100 worth of advertising for a railroad, gets a "pass" for a year, rides \$25 worth, and then he is looked upon as a deadhead or a half-blown deadbeat. He "puffs" a concert troupe \$10 worth and gets \$1 in complimentaries and is thus passed "free." If the hall is crowded he is begrudged the room he occupies, for if his complimentaries were paying tickets the troupe would be so much in pocket. He blows and puffs a church festival free to any desired extent, and does the poster printing at half rates and rarely gets a thank you for it. It goes as part of his duty as an editor. He does more work gratuitously for the community than all the rest of the population put together and gets cursed for it all, while in many instances where a man who donates a few dollars to a Fourth of July celebration, base ball club, or church is gratefully remembered. Oh, it is a sweet thing to be an editor! He passes "free," you know.—[Printers' Ink.]

A Victorious Turtle.

One of the most amusing fights that ever occurred in this neck of woods, and which was witnessed by two hunters, took place on the Warrior river, Ala., a few days ago between a blacksnake and a mud turtle. What the cause of the war was is not known, but the snake had wound itself around the turtle and was trying to make some impression on its back with its fangs.

The turtle took things good-naturedly, seemingly, and every once in a while would poke out his head to see if the snake was looking. If the snake's head was too close the turtle would draw himself back into the shell, and if the head was far enough away the turtle would seize his antagonist, and when the snake, mad with pain, tried to revenge himself, the turtle would go back in his shell. This strange warfare was kept up for several hours, when the turtle succeeded in getting his antagonist by the throat and nearly severed the head from the body. Then, with the snake still wrapped around it, the turtle reached the water and the dead snake floated off on the surface. The turtle had been victorious.—[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.]

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DAYTON, OHIO, SATURDAY, MAY 17, 1890.

SIBERIAN EXILES.

BY MRS. NAPOLEON B. MORANGE.

Russia! Russia! Art thou thy brother's keeper? Are these thy children, ever wandering deeper into that gloomy land...

FANCY VERSUS FACT.

An Old Sailor's Yarn.

If I was in your place, Cap'n, I would keep that little old well-worn Bible as long as I lived, said the lubber when the sailor rounded to in the usual resort...



like to be a sailor myself," concluded the lubber, "but I'm afraid I'm not religious enough, am I?" "Hardly," replied the Cap'n, seriously...

without saying a word to his guardian, Taffy, he plunged off the dock with his clothes on. Bilger couldn't swim a stroke, and, as his head ports were open, he filled, and would have gone to the bottom had a native not jumped in and pulled him out...



HE COULDN'T GET THE SHIRT OFF.

THE LUSCIOUS ORANGE.

THE EPICURE'S WAY OF CARVING AND SERVING IT.

Skinning and Dissecting the Fruit—There is No Economy in Buying So-Called Cheap Oranges—The Florida Product by Far the Best Sold in Our Markets—Points of Interest.

HERE is little if any economy in buying cheap oranges, writes Allen Foreman in the Ladies' Home Journal. As a rule, there is more pulp and juice in one solid "Florida," for which you will pay three or four cents during the season...

Until the last few years, since oranges have become popularized, it was a matter of no little difficulty and concern to those who desired to eat gracefully to hit upon the best way to eat an orange. The thick, easily broken skin of the Spanish and Italian oranges admitted of but little variation in method.

that craft himself and didn't want any help. So we sat down and waited while they went ahead with the performance. Up and down the beach they flew, Bilger in the lead, with Taffy close behind. Sometimes one and sometimes both of them were standing on the shirt or tearing at it with tooth and nail.

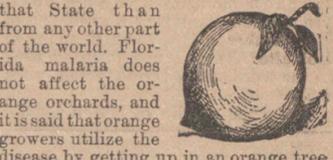
Oranges are grown all over the semi-tropical world. Spain, Italy, Northern Africa, China, Southern California, Florida, Cuba, and Palestine send their quota of the fruit to the great markets.

Another fashion of eating an orange—which is considerable trouble and has but little to recommend it on score of elegance—is to cut just through the skin at the equator and by carefully turning the peel back form a cup of the skin at each pole of the orange.



Some people thrust a fork into the core of an orange, peel the fruit, and then slice it as one would an apple, losing thereby a large quantity of the juice.

With a mandarin orange, which, as its name suggests, originated in China, none of these methods are practicable. The mandarin is a delicate little fruit, with a strong musky flavor, and its tender skin fits as loosely upon the pulp as does the silken coat of its celestial namesake.



She Followed the Fashion.

Sergeant Bagnet—Yes, my boy, this old musket's been through three wars with me. She's changed, though, from what she was once. She wore powder when in her prime.

MAKING MAPLE SIRUP.

THE OLD-TIME WAY CONTRASTED WITH THAT OF TO-DAY.

Progress in Its Manufacture Has Kept Even Pace with the Times—The Sugaring Season—Sugar Parties in the Woods—The Old and Young Make Merry.



N age ago the Vermont farmer and his boys, in the fall of the year when harvest was ended, would take their axes and hie to some hard-wooded locality well stocked with maples and lay out for a spring sugar campaign. Headquarters would be established near some mammoth rock; oftentimes this was so located that it furnished shelter in time of storm and gave a bed for the night. A plan of operations was then decided upon. Young trees about one and one-half feet in diameter were cut down, cut up about two feet in length, and then dug out, making troughs holding not far from four or five gallons. When 200 or 300 of these had been manufactured, large maples were selected, and by the side of each was placed one of these troughs. Then a cord or two of wood was gathered and piled up against a rock, two big logs—called back-logs—were placed in position to support the kettle, and some large tree near by was cut down and that dug out into one immense trough for storage. This work would use up the best part of a week, one of the number going home at night to look after the stock and to bring back in the morning the brown bread, pork and beans.

About the middle of March the old



STARTING FOR THE WOODS.

"five-pail kittle" was unearthed; the hand-sled which had been doing service all winter was ordered up; pork, beans, a few potatoes, and several loaves of home-made bread, with a few dozen of eggs, were gathered together, placed on the sled, and the kettle turned over them; and two young men, with snow-shoes, an ax, two or three pails, the family flint-lock, some powder and shot, and a good supply of "punk"—an article found in decayed wood, which is about as combustible as tissue paper or young oratory—and two blankets, started out for nearly two months of "sugaring." Upon reaching the rock the first thing in order was a fire, but there were no matches then, so the old musket was brought into service. One man held the "punk" near the flint-hammer and caught a spark. This he nursed, and soon had shavings from a shingle ablaze, and later a big fire, which was never allowed to go out until of no further use. At once the old troughs were looked up, an ugly gash was made in a fine maple, then "gouged," and a spout was driven in to carry the sap to the trough, and when the sun shone sufficiently the tree gave forth its sweetness. Then the manufacturers of sugar saddled their neck-yokes and gathered in the sap, oftentimes walking one-half a mile to secure two pailsful, which made about one-half of a pound of sugar, such as it was. An early breakfast, dinner as near meridian as the eye and stomach could judge, and "tea" when work was done, comforted the inner man. For Java and Mocha sirup was a substitute, for sirloin of beef a fine slice of pork or the best of ham broiled on coals, and an ample supply of brown bread and roasted potatoes made up a repast that would do the stomach of royalty good. For din-

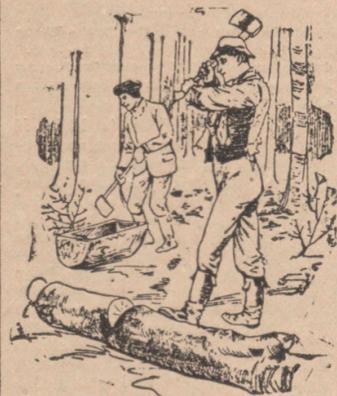


BRINGING THE DINNER.

ner a few boiled eggs broke the monotony, and "at tea" most anything that was left was eaten. At the end of six weeks, when the party took account of stock, they usually had, all told, 200 pounds of sugar as black as Ethiopia and flavored with snow, rain, everything that came off the trees, and now and then the body of a forlorn mouse or daring chipmunk who ventured too near the trough. This was pure Vermont maple sugar something like 100 years ago.

Another generation realized that the

world moved, and we find a shanty in some fine grove of maples filled with 300 or 400 buckets, and sometimes more. Outside is an arch for a kettle, not built of cut stone, but of material easiest at command. This is not an isolated spot; people here come and go; the "sugar place" is near-by home; the wife or daughter at noon time brings up the dinner, and a good dinner it is; there is a small kettle at command and a "sugar off" is then in order, and an hour's sport that king, prince, or potentate might envy, but not covet. To the assuming daughter of papa, to say nothing of the complacent manipulator of the type-



MAKING SAP TROUGH.

writer, the idea of a girl tramping a mile or two in the woods, carrying dinner for men dressed in coarse woollens, may not be pleasant, but could they see that girl with her dinner-pail or "waxing sugar" with honest, hardy men, they would realize that there is such a thing in life as enjoyment. Oftentimes it is found necessary to boil sap all night in order to catch up with the flow of sap, and during a "big run" this sometimes lasts for a week. Then nearly the entire family moves to the bush. The head of the house gets a little sleep while the wife or some of the children keep the kettle full and the fire "a-humping." A "humping fire" is what the sugar-maker always enjoys. Oftentimes these sugar orchards are near each other, and family visits are in order, and some love-making is indulged in. Lads and lasses play "high-low-jack," and watch the fire, kettle, and each other.

In the old days a very respectable quality of sugar was made, but only a little more than was necessary for home use, although 100 pounds or so sometimes was exchanged for store pay. The farmer who then controlled a sugar orchard of 300 or 400 trees was recognized as one of the biggest men in town. At the present time the farmer is not content with less than 1,000 trees, and he holds them as precious as the owner of an orange orchard does his fruit trees. Every young maple is carefully looked after. If there is a scrub oak, beech, birch near by to im-



THE OLD-TIME SUGAR-HOUSE.

pede its growth it is cut into firewood. Many an orchard-to-day is so cleared of fallen timbers and underbrush that in the summer months one can drive over nearly every portion of it with a horse and buggy. The small streams are bridged and good roads are found on all sides. If there be a cheerful spot on earth during the summer months it's the farmer's sugar place. Here are the finest songsters in the world, and the squirrel is the prince of the field. Many farmers will not allow a gun to be taken into a sugar-bush and oftentimes in the spring they place in easy reach of the squirrels near the sugar-house a few ears of corn, because they enjoy the company of the lively creatures, which often are quite domestic.

To-day the maple sugar-bush is in every way truly homelike. Near the center of fifty or more acres of hard-wood timber land—mostly maple, a few beech and birch—you find a commodious sugar-house, one room of which is much larger than the entire house of seventy years ago. In this well-floored room are stored the buckets during the summer, and in the springtime it is used for kitchen, reception-room, parlor, or dance hall. In it you will see a fine brick arch, an evaporator, and ample storage-room for the sap, while outside is a thrifty pair of oxen yoked to a gathering sled, on which is a tub holding from twenty-five to forty pails. Like the rest, the oxen take their dinner in the woods, and five or six "rounds" are considered a good day's work. Three hundred pails a day is called good work. This sap is drawn to the sugar-house, and from a long spout is conveyed to large storage-tubs, and thence to the evaporator, or

pan, kettles having long since been discarded. The evaporator is of malleable iron partitioned off. The sap, entering at the head of the arch, meanders across the pan a dozen times or so, and on reaching the foot a heavy, clear, and pure sirup is produced. This is carefully set aside until "sugaring-off" day comes, when it is cooked still more and is ready for the tub or caking.

About twice each week the owner of a sugar bush has a sugaring-off party. First all the old folks for miles around come in on ox-sleds and on foot, and a good old-fashioned time is enjoyed. No one seems to realize that they are growing old. Later on the coming generation are on hand and buxom girls, hopeful young men, maidens, and boys gather at the sugar-house. They are in for a good time. First there may be a tug-of-war, with snow-balls, in which the girls take an active part, and a Vermont girl can throw a snow-ball with hitting effect. She uses more precision firing at a young man for whom she has no admiration than when she tries to "shoo a hen" off the garden patch. When the war is over the manufacture of paddles is in order. To eat sugar with a spoon in the woods would be regarded as a violation of all the rules of etiquette. So the young man takes his "best girl" one side, and selecting a sofa—usually a large log, or if lighter furniture is required two buckets are inverted—they sit down and commence work on their paddles. The paddles being made, down to the sugar-house they go, secure a pint or more of the sirup, and start for a snow-bank, upon which they pour it. This at once hardens and furnishes a sugar repast that can not be excelled. For a quarter of a mile about the sugar-house you will see these pairs cooing and eating maple sugar in its primitive state.

General Nelson Appleton Miles.

The promotion of Brigadier General Nelson A. Miles to the rank of Major General is a matter of greater interest to Chicago than to the rest of the country, as the impression is general that he will succeed the late Major General Crook as commander of the Division of the Missouri, with headquarters in this city. But it is noteworthy chiefly as the promotion to the highest rank in the army of an officer who was never at West Point.

General Miles was born in Westminster, Mass., August 8, 1839. He received an academic education, and was engaged in mercantile pursuits in Boston when the civil war began. On September 9, 1861, he entered the volunteer service as Lieutenant in the Twenty-second Massachusetts Infantry, and was commissioned Lieutenant Colonel of the Sixty-first New York Volunteers, to date from May 31, 1862. He was engaged in the battles of the Peninsula, before Richmond, and at Antietam, and on September 30 was made Colonel of his regiment. Col. Miles fought in all the battles of the Army of the Potomac, with one exception, up to the surrender of Lee at Appomattox Court House, Va., and was wounded three times. He was rapidly promoted for gallant services in the field. He was commissioned a major general in 1865, and in 1866 was mustered out of the volunteer service and received an appointment in the regular army as Colonel of the Fortieth Infantry. He was transferred to the Fifth Infantry in 1869, defeated the Cheyenne, Kiowa and Comanche Indians on the borders of the Staked Plains in 1875, and in 1876 subjugated the hostile Sioux and other Indians in Montana, driving Sitting Bull across the Canada frontier. In the fall of the same year he captured the Nez Percés under Chief Joseph in Northern Montana, and in 1878 captured a band of Bannocks near the Yellowstone Park. He was commissioned brigadier general of the United States army in 1880, commanded for five years the Department of the Columbia, in July, 1885, assigned to the command of the Department of the Missouri, and in April, 1886, was transferred to Arizona. After a difficult campaign against the Apaches under Geronimo and Natchez, he compelled those chief to surrender September 4, 1886.—Chicago Ledger.

"De Old Hoss, He Died."

A very good and true story is reported, by Prof. Marsh, of New Haven, Conn., in the title role. While walking near his home not long ago he remarked a horse attached to a dilapidated ash-wagon driven by an aged negro, which animal had on its leg a queer bone formation. The Professor stopped the team, made a cursory examination of the protuberance, and concluded the interview by saying, in a half-joking way, that when the horse died he would like that leg for scientific examination, and would give \$5 for the same delivered to his house. A couple of hours later, on his return home, he found a long, awkward bundle at his front door on the veranda, and it required no careful examination to reveal the leg of a horse. "You see, sah," the owner of the ash-wagon remarked, with a peculiar look in his eye, "de old hoss he died."

Peculiarity of the Fair Sex.

Harry—When a woman is mad with you, you are likely to hear some plain truths from her.
Barry—Yes?
H.—I have observed it. Moreover, careful as she is about keeping from you the knowledge of how old she is ordinarily, it seems she is not so cautious when in a passion.
B.—No?
H.—No. When she is thoroughly mad she never seeks to conceal her age.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

AN INTERESTING AND INSTRUCTIVE LESSON CONSIDERED.

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

The lesson for Sunday, May 18, may be found in Luke 9: 28-36.

INTRODUCTORY.
We are taken up in this lesson unto the blessed mount of transfiguration. It is well for us if we mark the setting of this incident. There were two things that seem to have given occasion for it. One coming before, the other after. Just a few days prior to the vision Christ had been telling his disciples of the death he was to die on Calvary. It startled them, almost benumbed them. Then came the wonderful scene on the mountain, how to reinvigorate their faith and to lead them stimulus and confidence as they went along the way toward Jerusalem. And then, just beyond the mount, at the foot of the hill of beauty, was there the young lad waiting to be healed. The painter has put the two scenes together. In order to prepare for the labors and burdens that lay beyond Christ must needs give his disciples, along with himself, this glimpse of the powers that wrought for them and with them. For comfort after sorrow, for redemption before toil. We need like diligence to-day.

WHAT THE LESSON SAYS.
As he prayed or was praying. Greek present infinitive, in the to pray or in the praying.—The fashion of his countenance, appearance, or look. It is this same word that is used at Luke 3: 22 of the "bodily shape" of the Holy Spirit.—Changed, or simply different from usual (steros). Far-ther justly notes that Luke, writing for Greek readers, avoids the with them hazardous word metamorphose, used by the other evangelists (Mark 9: 2; Matt. 17: 2).—White and glistening. Literally, whiteness gleaming forth.

Behold. Noting something extraordinary.—There talked with him. More accurately and graphically. Were talking with him. (imperfect tense).—Which were. The Greek student will notice a loose use of the Greek pronoun here ('oi-tines), frequent in New Testament Greek. (Of Luke 2: 4).—Moses and Elias. One representing the law, the other the prophets, both peculiar in their departure from this life. (Deut. 31: 6; 2 Kings 2: 1, 11).

Appeared in glory. Referring to their glorified manifestation.—Spoke. Were speaking (imperfect tense).—His decease. Rather, departure. Literally exodus. The same word used by Peter of his own death, referring to this same divulgence. (2 Peter 11: 15).—Should accomplish. Rather was about to accomplish or fulfill. See Variations. The cross was itself the fulfillment of long stretches of prophetic history.

Peter. The prominent member of the trio.—They that were with him. James and John.—Heavy with sleep. Or burdened. The same word is at 2 Cor. 5: 4. "We that are in the tabernacle do groan, being burdened." It was probably right, as at Luke 6: 12.—When they were awake. Or waking up. Participial form. The verb ordinarily means to keep awake, but as used here, in the Aorist tense, probably signifies to become wide awake. (Diatheke verb).—Behold. His glorious appearance.—The two men. Along with Christ's glorious form his heavenly visitants.

As they departed. More literally, while they were parting from him.—Master. The proper word for a teacher or Lord. Generally used by Luke 5: 5; 8: 24, 45, etc.—Three tabernacles. Rather tents or booths. Such as could be readily constructed. Not knowing what he said. Dazed by the marvellous sight which burst upon them as they waked. Peter said the first thing that came to him, and naturally it was a word of hospitable intent.

WHAT THE LESSON TEACHES.
As he prayed. 'Tis mercy's hour; rather, may we say, it is the moment of glory. It was while Paul was upon his knees that the hour of his gracious visitation struck.—Behold he prayeth. It was while Moses prayed on the mount that God's glory passed by, it was while Stephen was looking devoutly and steadfastly up into heaven that he "saw the glory of God and Jesus standing on the right hand of God." Yea, it was after this, while our Savior prayed in deep distress, that there "appeared an angel unto him from heaven, strengthening him." Let any one look back along the path of Christian experience he has trodden. Where and when was it that he received his new views of God, new gifts, new liberty of utterance, new power to do and dare. These three words mark every spot. It was "as he prayed."

When they were awake, they saw his glory. Truly our physical weakness keeps us from much of spiritual apprehension. It was so in the Garden of Gethsemane; it is so here. Take it in its broader application, our mortal heaviness of eye and sluggishness of spirit withhold from us the greater part of the high, celestial privileges of the soul. We do not know much of that glory on the mountain the disciples missed while they slept. Once in a while our own earth-bound spirits wake, and O, what a blessed time we have upon the mount. But it is only for a moment. Presently we are back in the old somnolence again. Too many of us are content to sleep through this life—soul-sleepers here, indeed—expecting only to be awakened when Christ comes in the glory of the father and with the holy angels. There is some occasion for that transformation of the old song, dear to us still, which we have somewhere read:

There's a land that is fairer than day,
And by faith we see it afar.

For the Father awaits o'er the way,
To prepare us a dwelling-place there.

Master, it is good for us to be here. Peter was right. It was a good place to be. Heaven could be scarcely better. This was a very paradise on earth. Where Jesus is manifest by his power and blessedness, there is peace and joy. Let us often seek these mountain tops of clear and ennobling apprehension. Let us get away with Jesus and the holy men of old in his word, till we seem as it were caught up into a new and celestial atmosphere. Rather let us so constantly abide in his presence that every day we may get sweet glimpses of his face and blessed draughts of heaven's air. This our prayer, for this life, as well as for that which is to come: "Thou wilt shew me the path of life; in thy presence is fullness of joy; at thy right hand there are pleasures forevermore."

This is my beloved Son, hear him. Listen for no other voice. Not Moses or Elias. They were speechless here on the mount, speechless because they had already spoken. Dives asked that Lazarus be sent again to earth and received for an answer: "They have Moses and the prophets, let them hear them." Not angels. "Are they not all ministering spirits?" Yes, but they ever minister the things of Christ, themselves unseen, unheard of men. Not even the Holy Spirit himself lets us hear his voice or behold his separate presence. It is always the things of Christ that he brings to our remembrance, and the token of his coming is a new beholding of Christ, a new audience with Christ. Jesus himself is our day's man. Listen. Moses himself is speaking—and mark you, it was Peter himself who later quoted thus the great prophet and lawgiver (Acts 3: 22): "A prophet shall the Lord your God raise up unto you of your brethren, like unto me; him shall ye hear in all things whatsoever he shall say unto you." No one else. "This is my beloved Son, hear him."

Next Lesson—"The Mission of the Seventy."—Luke 10: 1-16.

THE LITTLE FOLKS.

Gimlet Soup.

One fine Saturday Willie went to visit his old nurse, and it being a long walk, he was both tired and hungry when he got there.

Nurse Brown had something cooking on the stove which smelled, oh! so good to the hungry boy, and when dinner was ready it tasted just as good as it smelled.

"What is this?" he asked.
"It's gimlet soup," said Nurse Brown.
"Do you like it?"
She needn't have asked, for the way Willie was eating it told the whole story.

"It's awful good," he said, "but how did you make it?"
"Oh! I buy the giblets in the market; they come all strung together. It makes a cheap soup, but we all like it."

When Willie was on his way home he had to pass the market, so he went in and asked a dapper young clerk: "Do you keep giblets here?"
"This isn't a hardware store, young man," the clerk said.

"Well, have you any giblets all strung together ready to make soup of?" Nurse Brown said you kept 'em."
"Nurse Brown must be mistaken, then," the young man said, and Willie went out disappointed.

He told his mother about it when he got home, and though the family all laughed at the idea of gimlet soup, he still stuck to his text, until the next time his mother saw Nurse Brown, when she found out about the matter.

Jimmy and the Calf.

Once there was a little boy named Jimmy and he was thought to be a very brave little fellow by all his relations and friends, because he was not afraid of the dark and did not seem to be afraid of anything else.

Jimmy himself often boasted of his courage and quite looked down on those of his playmates who did not dare to go out of the house after night-fall. But the time came when his pride had a fall, for, having occasion to step outside of the door one evening, he had scarcely closed it behind him when his parents heard a shrill scream. Then came a rush and a scramble, followed by the bursting open of the door, and Jimmy's appearance on the threshold with pale face and dilated eyes.

"Why, Jimmy," asked his father, "what is the matter?"
"Oh!" replied Jimmy, in a voice that he tried to make steady, "how I did scare that calf. I scared him awful."

It seems a little calf had chosen the sheltered corner of the house for a lodging place that night, and startled by Jimmy's sudden appearance, it sprang suddenly to its feet, nearly knocking the small boy over as it did so, and I'll leave it for my young readers to judge which was the most frightened for the moment.

Anyhow Jimmy has never heard the last of scaring the timid little calf, although he is a man now, as you will know when I sign myself

JIMMY'S WIFE.

—Detroit Free Press.

"The Way He Fetched 'Em."

Ezek Jones, like many diminutive men, was conceited beyond description. He was known through his native county as the greatest braggart within the knowledge of the oldest inhabitant. His stories of his own exploits were hardly surpassed by those of Baron Munchausen.

It was Ezek who once ran up to a couple of Irishmen that were scuffling, with the determination to part them. One of the combatants paused long enough to give Ezek a back-handed blow which caused him to turn a rear somersault. Springing to his feet he delivered a prodigious kick at the men, who were fully a rod beyond his reach. "There, take that!" he exclaimed, walking away. "The next time I'll half kill you."

One afternoon and evening Barnum's circus showed in Sykesville. After the performance several of the gymnasts visited the village inn and indulged in something of a lark. They became so boisterous in the bar-room that several of the spectators who knew Ezek's peculiarities went to him.

"It's a shame," said one of them, "that such things as this should be allowed. It ought to be stopped."
"That's so," assented Ezek, compressing his lips and shaking his head indignantly; "shall I stop it?"
"I wish you would," said the landlord, coming up just then.

"All right; just give me room. I'll teach 'em better."

Ezek seized the largest of the athletes.

"See here, my friend, this has gone far enough—"
At that instant the circus man, who had got a firm grip on the peace-maker's coat collar, gave him a whirl which caused his heels to strike the ceiling. The next instant he dropped on his back in the middle of the room with a shock that made the windows rattle.

Ezek rose briskly to his feet, brushed the dirt from his clothes, and striding triumphantly to the side of the room, shook his head and said with a proud smile. "That's the way I always fetch 'em. I just throw myself on my back and they're gone!"—Boys' Holiday.

"Yes, sir, it is a great problem: how we are going to keep the streets clean," said the absent-minded man as he slowly walked along with clouded brow. And then he threw the scraps of the letter he had been tearing up into the gutter.

OLD SOLDIERS AT HOME.

THEY TELL SOME AMUSING ANECDOTES AND STORIES.

How the Boys of Both Armies Whiled Away Life in Camp—Foraging Experiences, Tiresome Marches—Thrilling Scenes on the Battle-Field.

Brothers To-Night.

BY MRS. NAPOLEON B. MORANGE.

"Brothers to-night; to-morrow foes;
Well, give us your hand to-night,
Shall we meet again? Who knows? Who knows?
Perhaps in to-morrow's fight!"

"You are not to blame, Johnny, nor I;
You defend your flag; I mine."
And thus, with the armies camping nigh,
They meet just beyond the line.

A battle ground, this moonlit scene!
With the soft stars overhead,
And to-morrow will redder the tranquil green,
And burden the earth with dead!

The privates linger, loath to part;
'Tis sweet, this stolen calm;
The peace of Nature is in each heart,
And the dew falls like a balm.

Their murmured tones have a shade of sorrow;
Neither speaks of North or South;
But how will it be on the dreadful morrow,
When they face the cannon's mouth?

They turn like ghost from the neutral ground
And pass through the moonlight;
Yet the night breeze bears no cheerier sound
Than their words—"Good-night, good-night."
—American Tribune.

A Southern Hero.

BY STEWART WALLACE.



AMONG the grand heroes of the late war was Richard Kirkland of the Second South Carolina Volunteer. He was a hero in every sense, in martial courage, spirited, daring and doing. He was a sergeant in his company,

and it was at Fredericksburg that he performed his crowning act of bravery. All day after the battle of Fredericksburg a galling fire was kept up between Kershaw's Brigade (Confederate) and Sykes' Division (United States army). The ground between the famous "stone wall" and Sykes' Division was bridged by the wounded, dead and dying, and from all the ranks of the fallen men rose up the cry in agonized tones, "Water! Water!" The Confederate General sat up-stairs in a room in Stevens' house when Sergeant Kirkland burst into the room and asked indignantly:

"General, can you do nothing for those perishing men?"

"What do you mean?"

"All day and night I have listened to those men crying for water. I want permission to give them water."

"Kirkland, it is sure death."

"I know it, but I am willing to risk it."

The General took him by the hand and said, while his voice trembled with emotion:

"I ought not to permit you to run such a risk, but your motives are so noble I cannot say no. May your God be with you."

"Thank you, sir. May I show a white handkerchief?"

"I am sorry to refuse you, Kirkland, but I cannot permit it."

"All right, sir."

Kirkland ran down the stairs with a smile lighting up his handsome face. With what anxiety he was watched as he stepped over the stone wall. How their hearts beat quickly, and then seemed to stop, and then beat harder than ever! Oh, it was a grand, a glorious sight to watch that young soldier on his Christ-like errand. He reached the nearest wounded unhurt. Raising their heads, he poured the life-giving fluid down their parched and burning throats, and covered many from the cold with their army coats. Both sides now understood his mission. Firing upon and around him ceased, and for an hour and a half did he minister to their needs, not only relieving their thirst for the present but providing for their returning thirst by filling their empty canteens.

Such deeds should never die. They should be emblazoned in letters of gold upon the pages of history. Poets should embalm his noble act in undying verse, painters reproduce the scene upon their glowing canvases.

His deed should be sung at the cradle, and told to the child on the knee, as long as there lives a soldier.

Who marched 'neath the flag of Lee.

To love those who love us is human, to love our enemies is godlike.

WILLIAMSVILLE, Va.

A Firebrand in Camp.

BY J. H. THOMAS.



IN December, 1864, all of the available cavalry in the vicinity of Memphis, Tenn., were with General B. H. Grierson, making a bee line for the Mobile and Ohio Railroad, and for the purpose of destroying the same

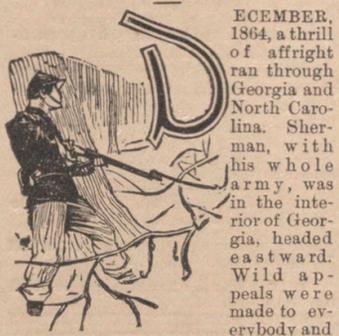
in order to cripple Hood in his advance on Nashville. At that season of the year in the sunny clime it is very wet, and in order to forward the destruction of trestle-work a quantity of naphtha was distributed among the men, with strict instructions to look sharply to its

safety. It fell to my lot to have a quantity in charge, and as it proved a good fire-kindler we appropriated one canteen for our own use.

One night as the command was filing into the timber to go to camp, I concluded to reconnoiter the plantation near by for a supply of sweet potatoes, which I found in great numbers. As I emerged from the potato house a long, lank white hound confronted me, not as an enemy, for it seemed to be pleased with my presence. I patted him kindly and invited him to camp. He accepted my invitation. I soon found my squad, and instructed the boys to saturate his tail with naphtha and apply the torch. Away shot our new-found friend, as chanced proved, making straightway for brigade headquarters with the lurid flames streaming to the rear, and yelps and cheers from a thousand throats. He dashed frantically on, heeding nothing that lay in his course. The Colonel in command of the brigade had spread his blanket and stretched himself for a short rest, as luck had it, in the very path of our fugitive. With a bound he cleared the Colonel, who very abruptly came to a sitting position. My Captain was detailed at brigade headquarters as Adjutant. He took in the situation immediately, knowing who had the naphtha. We soon saw his erect form approaching, and we prepared for the worst. As he came up I noticed a twinkle in his eye, as he addressed us with, "Boys, you ought not to have done that." Then he could not keep down the mirth that choked him, and away he went, snickering in spite of his military dignity.

BLOOMINGTON, Ill.

Commotion in Georgia.



DECEMBER, 1864, a thrill of affright ran through Georgia and North Carolina. Sherman, with his whole army, was in the interior of Georgia, headed eastward. Wild appeals were made to everybody and anybody to be patriotic and save the State. Beauregard issued a manifesto to the Georgians.

"Arise for the defense of your native soil," he said. "Destroy all the roads in Sherman's front, flank and rear. * * * Be confident and resolute, and trust in Providence."

"Let every man fly to arms," wrote the Confederate Secretary of War, Seddon. "Remove your negroes, horses, cattle, and provisions from Sherman's army, and burn what you cannot carry. Burn all the bridges and block up the roads in his route. Assail the invader in front, flank, and rear, by night and day. Let him have no rest."

Governor Brown ordered a levy for war of all the white male population of Georgia between 16 and 45 years old. He also offered pardon to all penitentiary convicts who would become Confederate soldiers, but only a hundred availed themselves of the offered freedom. A number of these were captured in their striped prison garb by the Union army. Benjamin H. Hill, a member of the United States Senate in 1882, was in 1864 Senator from Georgia to the Confederate Government. He sent from Richmond a proclamation to Georgians, saying:

"Every citizen with his gun and every negro with his spade and ax can do the work of a soldier. You can destroy the enemy by retarding his march. Be firm, act promptly, and fear not!"

But none of these efforts were able to arouse serious opposition to Sherman's advance.

The New Major General.

THE rapid advancement of General Nelson A. Miles was a marvel even to his friends, and although he belongs to the most jealous body of men in the United States, the army, he has the friendship of most of them.

He was a brave soldier during the war, but no one prophesied great things for him. It was only when he married the adopted daughter of Senator Sherman, who was a daughter of Judge Sherman, of Cleveland, and sister of Mrs. Donald Cameron, that he became prominent. The Shermans are all proud of him. They claim that they first saw the merit in him, and Senator Sherman grows warm in his praise, while the old General, with many choice epithets, characterizes his nephew-in-law as a "good fighter."

There is a touch of old-time chivalry in the new Major General's nature that was brought out in his treatment of the poor white immigrants whom Geronimo's band plundered and murdered.

There is one case especially which he rarely tells, but when he does, it is with clenched fists and tear-filled eyes. There was a poor white family, named Wilson, crossing the plains when the savage Apaches overtook and made them captive, in time killing the father and mother and oldest children, leaving two young girls, whom General Miles, by a clever ruse, rescued. He

took the two little waifs to the fort, put them in his wife's charge and kept them for nearly two years out of his own pocket. He then succeeded in getting good homes for them, and his friends say that to this day—that was eight years ago—he has kept watch over them, sending them gifts of money from time to time.

The Irishman and the Colonel.

BY JOSEPH M. WALDORF.



MY regiment, the Twenty-fourth Ohio, was organized at Camp Chase, Ohio, in the spring of '61, and of course we were a green set of boys to begin with. But then we knew it all, and were as patriotic as a last year's pullet with one chicken, and could whip the Johnnies in three months. Those Ohio boys who were at Camp Chase in 1861 know the situation there better than I can tell it. We drilled eight hours a day, and no let up. Our Colonel (Ammen) was bound that we should be soldiers. At first we were armed with cornstalks, sticks, broomsticks, anything to drill with. We finally got some old muskets, and—well, we were ready to meet the foe.

In a regiment of a thousand men there are odd characters, and Company C had her quota. It happened that, shortly after receiving our muskets, I and an Irishman by the name of Denny were detailed for camp guard. We got along very nicely, and put on considerable style. About midnight I heard some one coming down the guard line, and, of course, according to regulations, I challenged the advancing party, who proved to be our Colonel making the grand rounds alone. He had the face to ask me for my gun, saying that he wanted to drill me. I was a beardless boy of 18 summers; the Colonel was a tiger on drill, and drilling made me tired. "Not much, Colonel; you don't get my gun." After posting me as to my duty while on guard, he passed on.

Our Denny was on the next beat, and he saw the Colonel coming.

"Good-evening to yez, Colonel," says Denny.

"Let me have your gun," says the Colonel.

"Sure yez can have it," says Denny; "and sure and sure its a dom fine man yez are."

With this, he gave the Colonel his gun, remarking: "O'll be afther going to the guard-house and light my pipe."

And walked off, leaving the Colonel standing guard.

I had to call the corporal of the guard, who relieved the Colonel by sending another guard. Denny finished smoking in the guard-house, where he was locked up.

"The devil take the Colonel! Afther asking a man for his gun, he locks him up for obeying orders!" was Denny's lament.

READING, Mich.

The Andersonville Hanging.



W. RINER, late a member of Company G, First Ohio Volunteers, and now a resident of East Portland, Oregon, contributes the following to the Portland Oregonian: I have seen several accounts in your paper written by those who claim to have been inmates of the never to be forgotten prison pen of Andersonville. There were never ten men hung there, but we did hang six men, on the 11th of July, 1864, and I tell you we did not ask one man to do the hanging, for if there was any one within the stockade that was opposed to the hanging outside of the candidates themselves, they were men that were in some way implicated in the same crimes for which we were hanging those six.

We tried them by a court-martial, the same as in the army, and found those six guilty of murder. We passed sentence of death on them, and old Wirz would not let us hang them for fear our men in the North would retaliate and hang six of their men. We of the jury that had tried the prisoners wrote up a petition stating what the condemned men had done and why we had thus passed sentence on them. We sent the petition through our lines to Atlanta to General Sherman. He signed the petition to hang them and sent the papers back to us, and then Wirz gave his consent and furnished us lumber wherewith to build the scaffold. Now I am one that had a hand in all the proceedings, and we all thought at the time, and I think to this day, we did a good thing for ourselves and the world at large when we strung them up. Now, the paper from Springfield says the veterans shunned the man Nichols on account of his work of hanging the men at Andersonville. I will say here that is a falsehood, and I am one that took part in all the proceedings and hanging, and am a member of the G. A. R., and I am not afraid of my comrades shunning me for doing what I thought best there.

I was a prisoner in Andersonville, eighteen months and nineteen days, and am acquainted with all that transpired in that place during that time.

THE new postage stamp is red, but it is printed on paper as thin as a politician's promise.



GORMANDIZING.

or overeating, or the partaking of too rich and indigestible food, is a common cause of discomfort and suffering. To relieve the stomach and bowels from such overloading, a full dose of Dr. Pierce's Purgative Pellets is the best remedy. They operate gently, yet thoroughly and without griping, nausea, or other unpleasant effects.

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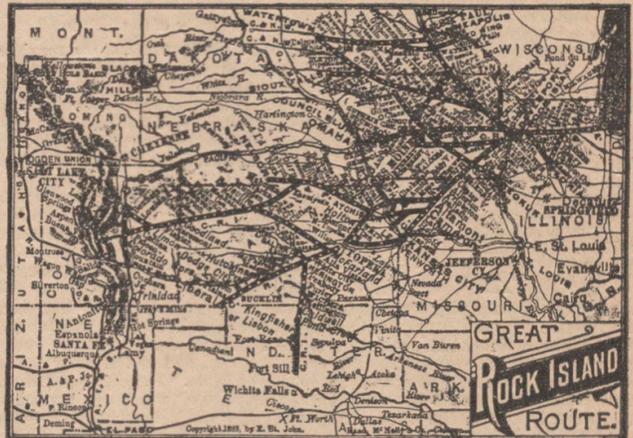
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THE GOSPEL OF GRACE.

EXPUNDED BY OUR RELIGIOUS EDITOR

Perished Ideals—The Sheep Followed Him for They Know His Voice—Woman's Place and Work—How We Shall See Heaven—An Easy Place.

A dear sister inquires whether we shall see Heaven the first day we get there. No, my sister, no more than you can see London in a day, or New York in a week. You cannot see Rome in six weeks. You cannot see Venice in a month. And you cannot see the great city of the New Jerusalem in a single day. No; it will take all eternity to see Heaven, to count the towers, to examine the trophies, to gaze upon the thrones, to see the hierarchies. Ages on ages will roll, and yet Heaven will always be new. The streets new! The temple new! The joy new!—Talmage, in Ladies' Home Journal.

Perished Ideals.

Speaking of perished ideals, Dr. Joseph Parker, of London, remarks:

Elijah in his younger days expected to be a good deal better than his fathers. He thought that he would carry things a good deal further forward, and there was a time when events seemed to justify that expectation. Elijah had done wonders on Carmel. In answer to prayer, the Lord had sent down the fire from heaven which consumed the burnt sacrifice and the wood and the stones, and in the spirit of riotous triumph licked up the water like a thirsty tiger. Elijah had seen God's answer to prayer, and had put the prophets of Baal to death. Then came the conflict with Jezebel and her message, and the prophet despaired of seeing his cherished hopes fulfilled. So we look back on the bright dreams of early life. The scholar was to read more books; the poet was to sing as never a poet sang before; the lyre was to vibrate as never before when it was touched with the finger of sympathy and genius. Did it all come to pass? Was it a failure? By what standard do we judge? Do we keep a true balance? We ought to be very careful how we judge that any life has been a failure; we ought to be very careful when we say it of our own lives, if we are praying earnestly and working faithfully, but yet see no result.

An Easy Place.

A lad once stepped into our office in search of a situation. He was asked: "Are you not now employed?" "Yes, sir." "Then why do you wish to change?" "Oh, I want an easier place." We had not a place for him. No one wants a boy or man who is seeking an easy place; yet just here is the difficulty with thousands. They want easy work, and are afraid of earning more than their wages. They have strength enough to be out late at night, to indulge in vices, and habits which debilitate them. They have strength enough to waste on wine, or beer, or tobacco, all of which leave them weaker than before; they have strength enough to run, and leap, and wrestle, but they think they have not the strength to do hard work.

Will the boys let me advise them? Go in the hard places; bend your backs to the task of showing how much you can do. Make yourself serviceable to your employer, at whatever cost to your personal ease; and if you do this, he will find that he cannot spare you. And when you have learned how to do work, you may be sent to teach others; and so, when the easy places are to be had, they will be yours. Life is toilsome at best to most of us, but the easy places are at the end, and not at the beginning of life's course. They are to be won, not accepted; and a man who is bound to have an easy place now may as well understand that the grave is about the only easy place within the reach of lazy people.—Little Christian.

The Sheep Followed Him for They Knew His Voice.

A gentleman traveling in Spain, writes the Rev. Wayland Hoyt, stopped to watch three shepherds who were watering their flocks at a well. The three flocks were inextricably mixed; to the traveler's eye the mass seemed one. Presently one of the shepherds stood forth and began to call out "Menah!" the Arabic word for "follow me." Thirty sheep immediately separated themselves from the indiscriminate mass and began to follow the shepherd up the hill. Then a second shepherd began to cry "Menah! Menah!" and a second flock separated from the others and started after the second shepherd.

The traveler was astonished; and as he saw the third shepherd preparing to depart, laying his hand to his crook, and beginning to gather a few dates that had fallen from a palm beneath which he had been resting, the traveler stepped up to him, and asked: "Would your sheep follow me if I called them?" The man shook his head. "Give me your shepherd's crook and crook, and let me try," the traveler said. He even went the shepherd's turban round his head. Then he stood forth, and began to cry, "Men-ah," "Men-ah," "Men-ah," but no sheep stirred; they only blinked at him lazily as he stood there in the sunshine. "Do they never follow anyone but you?" asked the traveler, frowning of the experiment. "Only when a sheep is sick; then the silly creatures follow anyone," the shepherd said.

What a perfect commentary was this little scene upon the greater Shepherd's words as He tells us of His sheep: "I am the good Shepherd. When He putteth forth His own sheep He goeth

before them, and the sheep follow Him, for they know His voice. And a stranger will they not follow but flee from him, for they know not the voice of strangers." And what a sure sign of spiritual sickness it is, when one of the greater Shepherd's sheep ceases to hear His voice, and follows any other voice, and so goes straying into dangerous and forbidden places.

Dishonesty Pained Him.

"Everything's dead wrong in this world," said a shabby man who was sitting on a park bench the other day to his companion, "and I ain't got no confidence in human nature left. Everybody is skinnin' everybody else, it seems to me, and genovine old-fashioned honesty's all gone to the dogs. The country is so wicked that even the ignorant immigrant sucks in dishonesty with his first whiff of Battery air."

"I was a-walking down there only this morning, when an innocent-looking Pole comes up to me and begins to jabber at me in the worst attempt at English you ever heard."

"What do you want?" says I, taking pity on him, for he looked so confused and lost-like.

"Wanta finda inspector man," says he.

"What for?" says I.

"Give heem thisa," says he, pulling a fat envelope half-way out of the inside pocket of his waistcoat and ramming it back again in a jiffy.

"What's his name?" says I.

"Forgetta," says the poor devil with a most perplexed look. "De boss will sack me," and he began to cry.

"Well, I learned from his actions and his horrible words, after a good deal of trouble, that he had only been in this country a month and had got his first job that week. That the boss sweater for whom he worked had sent him down to the Battery to deliver a letter to a customs inspector, whose name he, the poor Pole, had forgotten.

"Let me see the package," says I; 'can't you read the address?"

"No reada," he says, dolefully, as he pulled open his waistcoat just far enough for me to see the top of the letter.

"Well, I can't help you," says I, 'unless you let me see the address?"

"He was afraid to let it out of his hands for a minute, but finally I got hold of it, and could tell at a touch that it had a roll of bills in it. Besides that it was marked in small characters up in the corner, '\$23; pay messenger 50 cents.'"

"Why, it's addressed to me," says I, surprised like. 'I've been looking for this all the morning. It's mighty lucky you found me. You must be more careful to remember names that are told you after this till you have learned to read the English. I've a good mind to tell your boss of your carelessness.'"

"The poor creature fairly squirmed with fear when I said that and begged me not to report him."

"Well, I'll not do it this time," says I, savagely. Now get back as quick as you can and say to your boss that I said it would be all right."

"As soon as he was gone I opened the envelope, and, would you believe it, there was nothin' inside but paper."

"How kin a man retain any confidence in human nature" under such discouragement? Me!—Bunco Pete!—skinned by a greasy emigrant just landed! The perfidians protection just as bad as any other trade from European pauper competition.—New York Tribune.

Sagacity of Shell-Fish.

A correspondent of Nature furnishes to that journal some curious observations upon the habits of common shell-fishes. The shrewdness shown by these unsightly creatures will lead the reader to place them in a higher order of beings than they have been classed with heretofore.

An interesting fact, illustrating the ingenuity shown by more than one species of crustacea in concealing themselves, came under my notice last summer. Having dredged a number of Amphipoda, I placed them in a vessel of sea-water till I could examine them.

Among them I noticed what seemed to be a piece of dead weed swimming rapidly about, and occasionally falling to the bottom. Examination showed that the piece of weed was carried by an amphipod, which grasped it by the two first pairs of walking legs. When it came to the bottom, the animal concealed itself beneath the weed, which was much larger than itself.

In connection with this habit it may be mentioned that another species resembles the first-named minutely in every respect but one, namely; that the first has the claws immensely developed, while at the base of the next joint are two or three strong, blunt spines or tubercles, into which the point of the claw fits. This appears to give the latter species a great advantage over its congener in grasping an object for purposes of concealment.

Another species has the last or hind-most pair of legs of a shrunken and apparently almost abortive form. They appear to be used for walking, and are generally carried turned up on the back; but they are sometimes utilized to carry the valve of a bivalve mollusk over their back, under which they can squat and hide.

From this it is an easy transition through various stages to the hermit crabs which ensconce themselves altogether in a univalve shell, and use the curiously abortive hind limbs to cling to the inside whorls. My friend, Surgeon-Major Archer, has seen crabs protecting themselves, probably from the scorching tropical sun, at low tide, on the mud flats at Singapore by carrying large leaves over their backs.

When on the High Seas.

On the rail, on a steamboat, aboard a fishing smack, or yachting on the coast, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters will be found a reliable means of averting and relieving ailments to which travelers, mariners, and emigrants are peculiarly subject. Sea captains, ship doctors, voyagers, or sojourners in the tropics, and all about to encounter, unacclimated, an unaccustomed, or dangerous climate, should not neglect to avail themselves of this safeguard of well-ascertained and long-tried merit. Constipation, biliousness, malarial fever, indigestion, rheumatism, and affections of the bladder and kidneys are among the ailments which it eradicates, and it may be resorted to not only with confidence in its remedial efficacy but also in its perfect freedom from every objectionable ingredient, since it is derived from the purest and most salutary sources. It counteracts the effects of unwholesome food and water.

Society Note.

Napoleon Van Slyck is a New York society dude and a great lady-killer, notwithstanding that he is married. Not long since he was ogling the passing females from a Fifth avenue club window, when one of his friends remarked: "I say, Van, didn't I see you in the park yesterday with Miss Highflyer?"

"I suppose so,"

"Didn't I see you at the opera with Miss Rapid?"

"May be so. I was there with the lady you mention."

"Well, your wife is so much better looking than any of those girls that I am surprised that you never go out with her."

"Me deah fellah," replied Van, languidly, "I've got a prejudice against married ladies."—Texas Siftings.

DR. L. L. GORSUCH, Toledo, O., says: "I have practiced medicine for forty years; have never seen a preparation that I could prescribe with so much confidence of success as I can Hall's Catarrh Cure." Sold by Druggists, 75c.

A Mere Literary Pleasantry.

Miss Minerva Beacon-Hill (who indulges only in jokes that have a literary flavor)—Do you know, Mr. Spoopendyke, I think that the Czar must be fond of Mr. Howells' novels?

Mr. Spoopendyke (who never has read a line of Howells, but hasn't courage enough to confess it)—You really think so, Miss Beacon-Hill? Why?

Miss Minerva Beacon-Hill (with a ghastly suggestion of a smile) Because he hates plots.—Life.

A Woman Two Hundred Years Old.

A case is on record of a woman who lived to this advanced age, but it is scarcely necessary to state that it was in "the olden time." Nowadays too many women do not live half their allotted years. The mortality due to functional derangements in the weaker sex is simply frightful, to say nothing of the indescribable suffering which makes life scarcely worth the living to so many women. But for these sufferers there is a certain relief. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription will positively cure leucorrhoea, painful menstruation, prolapsus, pain in the ovaries, weak back; in short, all those complaints to which so many women are martyrs. It is the only guaranteed cure, see guarantee on bottle-wrapper.

CLEANSE the liver, stomach, bowels, and whole system by using Dr. Pierce's Pellets.

Tabooed by Society.

Emma—I notice you don't speak to Miss De Conye anymore.

Lucy—No; I haven't any use for a girl who wears a blue gown with a brown dog.—Dry Goods Chronicle.

The Great Spring Medicine.

It will be gratifying to all who realize the vital necessity of purifying the blood to know that Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup can be relied upon as a blood medicine. Mr. B. C. Robinson, of Marshall, Mich., says: "GENTLEMEN—I have suffered intensely from biliousness and rheumatism for over three years, and had tried so many remedies that I had lost all faith. Hearing of Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup I bought a bottle and found it helped me. I have now used four bottles, and it has restored my liver and kidneys to healthy action, and done more to purify my blood than anything I have ever taken. I am pleased to recommend it as a wonderful blood medicine. Very truly yours, B. C. ROBINSON, Marshall, Mich. Sold by all druggists. Prepared only by The Charles Wright Medicine Company, Detroit, Mich.

NEWSPAPERS in reporting the ground rents made by earthquakes generally give the hole particulars.

The Handsomest Lady in Town

Remarked to a friend the other day that she knew Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs was a superior remedy, as it stopped her cough instantly when other cough remedies had no effect whatever. So to prove this and convince you of its merit, any druggist will give you a Sample Bottle Free. Large size, 50c and \$1.

"I WISH I was a pudding, mamma." "Why?" "Cause I should have lots of sugar put into me."

Six Novels Free, will be sent by Cragn & Co., Philadelphia, Pa., to any one in the U. S. or Canada, postage paid, upon receipt of 25 Dobbins' Electric Soap wrappers. See list of novels on circulars around each bar. Soap for sale by all grocers.

NINE theaters in London are managed by women. It is safe to say that there are no flies on them.

No Opium in Piso's Cure for Consumption. Cures where other remedies fail. 25c.

SPEAKING about alacrity, you should observe a clerk tuck up an early-closing notice on a store door.—Boston Globe.

Your Blood

Needs a good cleansing this spring, in order to overcome the impurities which have accumulated during the winter, or which may be hereditary, and cause you much suffering. We cordially recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla as the very best spring medicine. By its use the blood is purified, enriched and vitalized, that tired feeling is entirely overcome, and the whole body given strength and vigor. The appetite is restored and sharpened, the digestive organs are toned, and the kidneys and liver invigorated.

"I was feeling very much worn out, and found nothing to benefit me till I took Hood's Sarsaparilla. I have now taken several bottles and it has made me feel perfectly well." I was also troubled with sores breaking out in my mouth, but since taking Hood's Sarsaparilla have had no further trouble from them. I have recommended it to others, who have been very much benefited by using it." Mrs. MARY ADERLY, 627 North Water Street, Decatur, Ill.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

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100 Doses One Dollar

Syrup of Figs,

Produced from the laxative and nutritious juice of California figs, combined with the medicinal virtues of plants known to be most beneficial to the human system, acts gently on the kidneys, liver and bowels, effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds and headaches, and curing habitual constipation.

A Hint to Landlords.

Departing Guest—Mr. Landlord, my expenses at your hotel have been greater than I anticipated, and as I am a little short of money, you will have to wait until I return before I can liquidate your bill.

Landlord—Don't bother yourself about such a trifle. I'll just make a memorandum of it on the door here until you return.

"But everybody shall read my name there, and I shall be scandalized." "Yes, that's a fact, but I can remedy that. Just leave your fur trimmed overcoat with me and I'll hang it on the door over your bill, and nobody will ever see it."—Texas Siftings.

Adam's Height.

A French scientist declares that Adam was sixteen feet nine inches high, and that man has been growing shorter ever since; that in the year 4000 the people will be only fifteen inches high, and they will keep on dwindling until they become reduced to mere nothingness, whereupon the earth shall suddenly collapse. The theory is possible; but it is man who generally collapses when he becomes so frightfully "short." And won't Barnum feel sad when he learns that Adam was over sixteen feet tall, or twice as high as any of his giants.—Norristown Herald.

Hibbard's Rheumatic and Liver Pills.

These Pills are scientifically compounded, uniform in action. No gripping pain so commonly following the use of pills. They are adapted to both adults and children with perfect safety. We guarantee they have no equal in the cure of Sick Headache, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Biliousness; and, as an appetizer, they excel any other preparation.

THE indiscretion of our first parents was a mighty good thing for tailors and dress-makers.

In 1850 "Brotten's Bronchial Troches" were introduced, and their success as a cure for Colds, Coughs, Asthma and Bronchitis has been unparalleled.

A WOMAN'S rites are usually dedicated to a male god.—New Haven News.

A box wind matches free to smokers of "Tansil's Punch" 5c. Cigar.

THE fruit peddler never resorts to legal measures.—Puck.

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I have CURED with it; and the advantage is that the most sensitive stomach can take it. Another thing which commends it is the stimulating properties of the Hypophosphites which it contains. You will find it for sale at your Druggist's but see you get the original SCOTT'S EMULSION."



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